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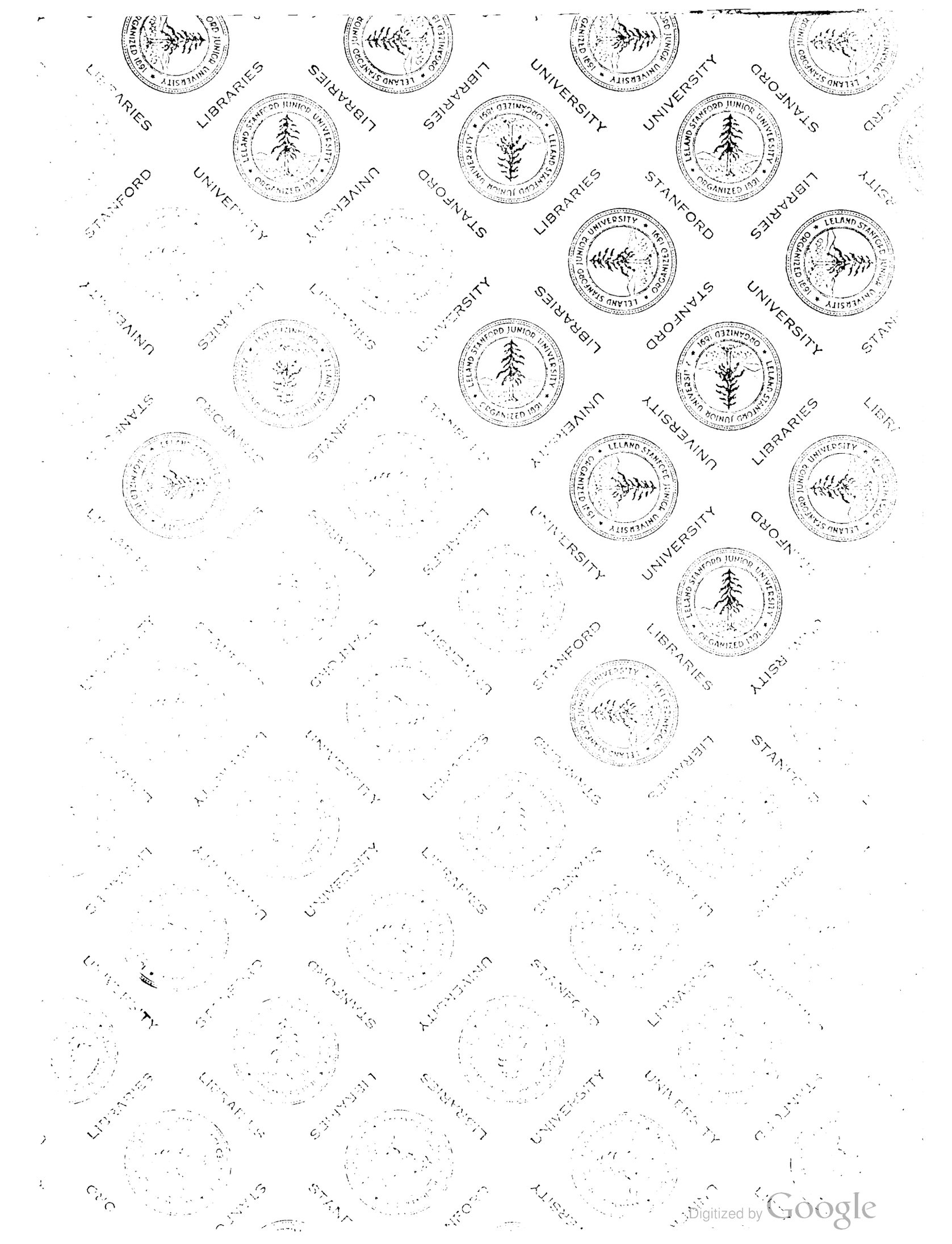

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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXV.

LITERATURE.

REVIEWS.

PAGE
Ainsworth's (W. F.) *Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition* ... 5
Alcott's (A. B.) *Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Seer* ... 422
Arnold's (Sir E.) *With Sa'di in the Garden* ... 67
——— (M.) *Reports on Elementary Schools* ... 369
Austin's (A.) *Love's Widowhood, and other Poems* ... 160
Balzani's (U.) *The Popes and the Hohenstaufen* ... 108
Bartlett's (R. E.) *The Letter and the Spirit* ... 70
Bateman's (C. S. L.) *The First Ascent of the Kasai* ... 231
Beaufort's (Duke of) *Driving* ... 250
Beecher and Scoville's *Biography of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher* ... 215
Benjamin's (S. G. W.) *Persia* ... 5
Blackie's (Prof.) *Scottish Song* ... 144
Blind's (Miss) *The Ascent of Man* ... 406
Böhm-Bawerk's (Prof.) *Kapital und Kapitalzins* ... 301
Bonvalot's (G.) *Through the Heart of Asia* ... 51
Booth's (C.) *Life and Labour* ... 439
Bradshaw's (J.) *New Zealand of To-Day* ... 89
Broadfoot's (Maj. W.) *Career of Major G. Broadfoot in Afghanistan and the Punjab* ... 106
Bryce's (J.) *The American Commonwealth* ... 49
Cecil's (E.) *Notes of my Journey round the World* ... 281
Church's (Rev. A. J.) *Henry V.* ... 300
Colocci's (A.) *Gli Zingari* ... 373
Courtney's (W. L.) *Life of John Stuart Mill* ... 123
Curtis's (G. W.) *Correspondence of J. L. Motley* ... 177
De Vere's (A.) *Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical* ... 441
De Windt's (H.) *From Pekin to Calais by Land* ... 353
Dickson's (W. J.) *Gleanings of Japan* 390
Dunlop's (R.) *Life of Henry Grattan* 408
Ebsworth's (J. W.) *Roxburghe Ballads* 251
Elliot's (Hon. H.) *Life of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin* ... 18
Emerson's (E. W.) *Emerson in Concord* 422
Encyclopaedic Dictionary, The ... 421
Farrar's (F. W.) *Lives of the Fathers* ... 195
Fay's (E. A.) *Concordance of the Divina Commedia* ... 124
Field's (M.) *Long Ago* ... 388
Fiennes' (Celia) *Through England on a Side-Saddle in the Reign of William and Mary* ... 334
Fredericq's (Dr. P.) *Corpus documentorum Inquisitionis haereticae pravitatis Neerlandicae* ... 283
Froude's (J. A.) *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy* ... 316
Gardiner's (S. R.) *History of the Great Civil War* ... 351
Gillow's (J.) *The Haydock Papers* ... 145
Gore's (C.) *The Ministry of the Christian Church* ... 106
Gosse's (E.) *History of Eighteenth-Century Literature* ... 141
Halford's (F. M.) *Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice* ... 337
Hannay's (D.) *Life of Frederick Marryat* ... 335
Hassall's (A.) *Bolingbroke* ... 52
Heanley's (Rev. R. M.) *Memoir of Edward Steere, D.D.* ... 113

REVIEWS—*continued.*

PAGE
Hendriks's (D. L.) *The London Charterhouse* ... 405
Henry VIII. of England, Chronicle of 181
Hill's (Dr. B.) *Letters of David Hume to William Strahan* ... 1
Hillard's (Miss) Translation of Dante's *Convito* ... 264
Hohenlohe Ingelfingen's (Prince) *Letters on Artillery* ... 197
Holmes's (T. R. E.) *Four Famous Soldiers* ... 372
Ingram's (T. D.) *Two Chapters of Irish History* ... 424
James's (F. L.) *The Unknown Horn of Africa* ... 125
Jefferies' (R.) *Field and Hedgerow* ... 143
Jennings's (L.) *Speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill* ... 336
Jessopp's (Rev. A.) *Visitations of the Diocese of Norwich* ... 3
Kebbel's (T. E.) *Life of George Crabbe* 179
Kempis's (T.) *The Imitation of Christ* 407
Knight's (W.) *Wordsworthiana* ... 229
——— (F. A.) *By Leafy Ways* ... 298
Kraushara's (A.) *Czary, na dworze Batorego* ... 232
Laurie's (S. S.) *Addresses on Educational Subjects* ... 68
Law's (E.) *History of Hampton Court Palace* ... 280
Le Gallienne's (R.) *Volumes in Folio* ... 200
Mackie's (J. B.) *Life and Work of Duncan McLaren* ... 37
Marzials' (F.) *Death's Disguises, and other Sonnets* ... 232
Matthews's (B.) *Pen and Ink* ... 4
McCulloch's (H.) *Men and Measures of Half a Century* ... 265
Mombert's (Dr. J. I.) *History of Charles the Great* ... 230
Moore's (Dr.) *Contributions to the Textual Criticism of the Divina Commedia* ... 315
Morris's (W.) *The House of the Wolfings* ... 85
Murray's (W. H. H.) *Daylight Land* ... 20
Nash's (T. A.) *Life of Lord Westbury* 3
Nettleship's (R. L.) *Works of T. H. Green* ... 297
Noel's (Hon. R.) *A Modern Faust, and other Poems* ... 33
Norton's (Prof.) *Letters of Thomas Carlyle* ... 214
O'Brien's (B.) *Two Centuries of Irish History* ... 161
O'Grady's (S.) *Red Hugh's Captivity* 316
Oman's (J. C.) *Indian Life* ... 181
Pattison's (Mark) *Essays* ... 159
Porter's (Maj. Gen.) *History of the Corps of Royal Engineers* ... 213
Prothero's (G. W.) *Memoir of Henry Bradshaw* ... 68
Qvigstad and Sandberg's *Lappiske Eventyr og Folkesagn* ... 318
Rein's (J. J.) *The Industries of Japan* 317
Ritchie's (D. G.) *Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle* ... 439
Roberts's (W.) *Earlier History of Bookselling* ... 196
Robinson's (Mary F.) *The End of the Middle Ages* ... 20
——— (Mr. Serjt.) *Bench and Bar* 443
Ross's (Mrs.) *Three Generations of Englishwomen* ... 142
——— *The Land of Manfred* ... 424
Sachau's (Dr. E. C.) translation of *Alberuni's India* ... 263
Salmon's (Dr. G.) *The Infallibility of the Church* ... 333
Salt's (H. S.) *Life of James Thomson* ... 247

REVIEWS—*continued.*

PAGE
Sandford's (Mrs. H.) *Thomas Poole and his Friends* ... 105
Sharp's (W.) *American Sonnets* ... 371
Sheridan, R. H., Personal Memoirs of 87
Skeat's (Rev. W. W.) *Chaucer's Minor Poems* ... 178
Smith's (G. A.) *The Book of Isaiah* ... 86
——— (G.) *Stephen Hislop* ... 163
State Trials, The ... 34
Stead's (W. T.) *The Truth about Russia* ... 35
Swinburne's (A. C.) *Poems and Ballads* 279
Symons's (A.) *Days and Nights* ... 266
Ten Brink's (B.) *Geschichte der englischen Litteratur* ... 249
Thomas's (E. C.) *The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury* ... 280
Thomson's (J.) *Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco* ... 370
Tsagarelli's (A.) *Memorials of Georgian Antiquity in the Holy Land, &c.* ... 354
Tunison's (J. S.) *Master Virgil, the Author of the Aeneid, as he seemed in the Middle Ages* ... 390
Umlauft's (Prof.) *The Alps* ... 107
Villari's (Prof. P.) *Life and Times of Savonarola* ... 248
Ward's (W.) *William George Ward and the Oxford Movement* ... 387
Ward's (A. W.) *The Counter-Reformation* ... 389
Watts's (H. E.) Translation of *Don Quixote* ... 50, 352
Werner's (J. R.) *A Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard at Major Barttelot's Camp on the Aruhwimi* ... 440
Whitman's (W.) *November Boughs* ... 127
Wicksteed's (P. H.) *The Alphabet of Economic Science* ... 71
Williams's (F. W.) *Life and Letters of Samuel Wells Williams* ... 198
Wingfield's (Hon. L.) *Wanderings of a Globe-Trotter in the Far East* ... 281
Wordsworth's (W.) *The Recluse* ... 17
Wordsworth, William, Complete Poetical Works of ... 17
Yeats's (W. B.) *The Wanderings of Oisin, and other Poems* ... 216
Zehden's (Dr. C.) *Commercial Geography* ... 217

NOVELS.

A Dreamer of Dreams. By the Author of "Thoth" ... 233
Alexander's (Mrs.) *A False Scent* ... 302
Ashworth-Taylor's *A Social Heretic* ... 319
Balguy's (Guy) *The Maids of Dulverton* 146
Barker's (Jessie M.) *Our Boy* ... 7
Bates's (Arlo) *The Philistines* ... 145
Beale's (Anne) *Restitution* ... 110
Bellamy's (E.) *Looking Backward* ... 284
Besant's (W.) *For Faith and Freedom* ... 127
Black's (W.) *The Penance of John Logan* ... 288
Blackett's (B.) *My First Offer* ... 72
Bland's (F.) *The Prophet's Mantle* ... 38
Blue Ribbon, The. By the Author of "St. Olave's" ... 91
Boevey's (S. M. C.) *Beyond Cloudland* ... 71
Bourget's (P.) *André Cornelis* ... 129
Bramston's (M.) *In Hiding* ... 338
Brighouse's (J. H.) *A Midnight Pastime* ... 444

NOVELS—*continued.*

PAGE
Brinsley-Richards's (J.) *Prince Roderick* 444
Burnett's (Mrs.) *The Pretty Sister of José* ... 356
Burnham's (Clara L.) *Young Maids and Old* ... 72
Butler's (Maude M.) *Adèle's Love* ... 319
Caird's (Mona) *The Wing of Azrael* ... 355
Cameron's (Mrs. H. L.) *This Wicked World* ... 38
Carter's (Mary E.) *Mrs. Severn* ... 268
Châteauclair's (W.) *The Young Seigneur* ... 218
Claire. By the author of "Vida." ... 6
Clavering's (V.) *Barcaldine* ... 182
Clynton's (R.) *The Life of a Celebrated Buccaneer* ... 268
Collins's (Wilkie) *The Legacy of Cain* 21
Colmore's (G.) *Concerning Oliver Knox* ... 6
Corelli's (Marie) *Ardath* ... 420
Corbett's (J.) *Kophetua the Thirteenth* 301
Corkran's (Alice) *The Fatal House* ... 234
Craddock's (C. E.) *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove* ... 294
Crawford's (F. M.) *Greifenstein* ... 338
Cromie's (R.) *For England's Sake* ... 252
Crommelin and Brown's *Violet Vyvian, M.F.H.* ... 90
Cumberland's (S.) *A Fatal Affinity* ... 233
——— *The Vasty Deep* ... 302
Curtis's (Ella J.) *A Game of Chance* ... 146
Dalton's (H. R. S.) *Lesbia Newman* ... 208
Danby's (F.) *A Babe in Bohemia* ... 373
Davidson's (H. C.) *The Old Adam* ... 6
Diehl's (Alice M.) *Iris Dacre* ... 410
Dolaro's (Selina) *Bella-Demonia* ... 183
Donovan's (Dick) *Caught at Last* ... 200
Douglas's (C. H.) *Two Daughters of one Race* ... 338
Dowling's (R.) *An Isle of Surrey* ... 443
Doyle's (A. C.) *Micah Clarke* ... 200
Drage's (G.) *Cyril* ... 109
Ede ... 444
Edmonds's (Mrs.) *Mary Myles* ... 22
Elizabeth. By the author of "Miss Molly." ... 302
Fane's (Violet) *The Story of Helen Davenant* ... 71
Farjeon's (B. L.) *Toilers of Babylon* 53
Fenn's (G. M.) *The Lass that loved a Soldier* ... 199
Fleming's (G.) *Clement Ker* ... 164
Forbes's (Hon. Mrs.) *Her Last Run* ... 72
Fothergill's (Caroline) *Diana Wentworth* ... 410
Gerard's (Frances A.) *Audrey Ferris* 410
Gibbon's (C.) *Blood Money, and other Stories* ... 339
Gift's (Theo) *Not for the Night-time* 356
Gordon's (G.) *The Very Same Man* ... 91
Gray's (M.) *The Reproach of Annesley* ... 391
Green's (E. E.) *Monica* ... 146
Greville's (H.) *Nikanor* ... 392
Grey Lady of Hardcastle, The ... 91
Greystone Grange ... 22
Grove's (W.) *A Mexican Mystery* ... 128
Haggard's (H. R.) *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.* ... 21
Halse's (G.) *Graham Aspen, Painter* 200
Hardy's (Robina F.) *Johnnie* ... 356
Harte's (Bret) *Cressy* ... 128
Henderson's (W.) *Clues* ... 362
——— (Edith) *In Vain* ... 320
Heron-Allen's (E.) *Kisses of Fate* ... 219
Hoey's (Mrs. C.) *The Queen's Token* 110
Homer's (A. N.) *Red Ruin* ... 444
Hoppus's (Miss) *Masters of the World* 163
Howe's (E. W.) *A Man-Story* ... 38
Howells's (W. D.) *Annie Kilburn* ... 6

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NOVELS—*continued.*

PAGE

Huberto's *The Ghost of Dunboy Castle* ... 72
Hudson's (F.) *A Very Mad World* ... 302
Hume's (F.) *The Girl from Malta* ... 284
Ivaniona's *Casga* ... 426
Jackson's (L. D'A.) *The Bulbul and the Black Snake* ... 38
James's (C. T. C.) *Galloping Days at the Deanery* ... 38
——— *Against the Grain* 252
——— *A Bird of Paradise* 310
——— (H.) *A London Life, and other Stories* ... 374
Jamieson's (Jane H.) *Sir John's Ward* 110
Jocelyn's (Mrs. R.) *A Distracting Guest* ... 252
Johnston's (H.) *Chronicles of Glenbuckie* ... 350
Jones's (E. R.) *Una Montgomery* ... 302
Kappey's (Sophie) *A Modern Martyr* 128
Kemble's (Frances A.) *Far Away and Long Ago* ... 410
Kennard's (Mrs. E.) *Landing a Prize* 426
Kettle's (Rosa M.) *The Sisters of Ombersleigh* ... 38
King's (Capt. C.) *Dunraven Ranch* ... 302
Knights of the Lion, the ... 444
Land of Darkness, the. By the author of "The Little Pilgrim" ... 53
Lang and Sylvester's *The Dead Leman, &c.* ... 218
Law's (J.) *Captain Lobe* ... 319
Layard's (Florence) *A Witness from the Dead* ... 200
Le Clerc's (M. E.) *Mistress Beatrice Cope* ... 38
Le Fanu's (J. S.) *The Wyvern Mystery* 374
Lee's (Margaret) *Faithful and Unfaithful* ... 90
Levy's (Amy) *Reuben Sachs* ... 109
Little's (J. S.) *Doubt* ... 164
MacColl's (H.) *Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet* ... 410
Macdowall's (C.) *A Queen among Queens* ... 200
MacMahon's (Ella) *Heathcote* ... 444
Macquoid's (Mrs.) *Elizabeth Morley* ... 284
Maginn's (J. D.) *Fitzgerald the Fenian* 164
Mann's (May E.) *A Lost Estate* ... 90
Marryatt's (Miss) *On Circumstantial Evidence* ... 355
Marsh's (Miss E. M.) *Saved as by Fire* 251
——— (J. B.) *Lady Godiva* ... 268
Martin's (Mrs. H.) *Common Clay* ... 302
McCarthy's (Justin H.) *Dolly* ... 233
Mennell's (P.) *In Australian Wilds* ... 219
Merriman's (H. S.) *The Phantom Future* ... 100
Michell's (Josephine) *Anstruther's Wife* 338
Mitford's (B.) *The Fire Trumpet* ... 426
Montrésor's (C. A.) *More Sail than Ballast* ... 252
Murphy's (J.) *The Haunted Church* ... 426
Murray's (D. C. & H.) *A Dangerous Catspaw* ... 100
——— (D. C.) *Schwartz* ... 217
Musgrave's (Mrs.) *Miriam* ... 319
O'Hanlon's (Miss) *Chance or Fate?* ... 164
Ohnet's (G.) *The Marl-Pit Mystery* ... 218
——— *The Rival Actresses* ... 284
Oliphant's (Mrs.) *Neighbours on the Green* ... 182
Ouida's *Guilderoy* ... 410
Paton's (F. N.) *Body and Soul* ... 183
Peard's (Frances M.) *The Country Cousin* ... 218
Phillips's (Mrs. A.) *Daphne's Daring* 234
Pigot's (F.) *The Strangest Journey of my Life, and other Stories* ... 146
Pinkerton's (T. A.) *John Newbold's Ordeal* ... 164
Pirkis's (C. L.) *The Road from Ruin* ... 6
Pollock's (W. H.) *A Nine Men's Morrice* ... 91
Price's (Eleanor C.) *Red Towers* ... 53
Pryce's (R.) *The Ugly Story of Miss Wetherby* ... 183
Quincey's (J. P.) *The Peckster Professorship* ... 54
Randolph's (Mr.) *The New Eve* ... 267
Repentance of Paul Wentworth, the ... 319
Riddle's (A. G.) *The Tory's Daughter* 54
Rock's (G.) *The Crime of the Golden Gully* ... 22
Rost's (Miss) *Ulli* ... 219
Russell's (Dora) *A Strange Message* ... 164
——— (R.) *Fate's a Fiddler, Life's a Dance* ... 330
Schofield's (A. T.) *Queen Anne's Hospital* ... 110
Secret of the Lamas, the ... 392
Sergeant's (Miss) *Esther Denison* ... 145
——— *Deveril's Diamond* ... 374
Sharwood's (T. S.) *For a King* ... 234
Smart's (H.) *Long Odds* ... 267
——— *The Last Coup* ... 444
Smith's (Rev. J.) *The Dalbroom Folks* 38
——— (Saqui) *The Serpent Tempted Her* ... 268
Stockton's (F.) *Amos Kilbright* ... 22
——— *The Great War Syndicate* ... 128
Stuart's (J. I.) *A Ghost's Philosophy* 38
——— (Esmé) *One for the Other* ... 128

NOVELS—*continued.*

PAGE

Swan's (Annie S.) *St. Veda's* ... 54
Swoop of the Eagles, the ... 426
Tasma's *Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill* ... 22
Taylor's (M. S.) *Sam Saddleworth's Will* ... 183
Tellet's (R.) *Prince Maskiloff* ... 302
Tolstoi's (Count) *A Russian Proprietor* 22
——— *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch* ... 22
——— *The Cossacks* ... 22
——— *The Invaders, and other Stories* ... 128
——— *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* ... 128
Trollope's (Frances E.) *That Unfortunate Marriage* ... 6
Tytler's (Sarah) *A Houseful of Girls* ... 356
Vicars' (E. S.) *The Young Queen, and other Stories* ... 392
Victor's (Major) *Egypt and the Soudan* 392
Von Francois' (Louise) *The Last Von Reckenburg* ... 54
Walford's (L. B.) *A Stiff-necked Generation* ... 109
Warden's (Florence) *St. Cuthbert's Tower* ... 233
——— (Mrs. H.) *The Fog Princes* 426
Waters's (W. G.) *A Vagabond Will* ... 284
Weber's (Alice) *In the Spring Time* ... 374
Westall's (W.) *Birch Dene* ... 283
Whims. By Wanderer ... 410
Williams's (T. M.) *The Land of My Fathers* ... 234
Wilton's (A. E.) *On the Wrong Tack* ... 72
Winter's (J. S.) *Harvest* ... 252
——— (Mrs.) *The Castle and the Manor* ... 392
Wood's (H. F.) *The Englishman of the Rue Cain* ... 183
——— (Mrs. H.) *Featherston's Story* 374
Wylde's (Mrs. H.) *Severed Ties* ... 338
Yonge's (Miss) *Beechcroft at Rockstone* 146
Yorke's (C.) *The Brown Portmanteau* 54
Yrla's *Three Friends* ... 320

MINOR NOTICES.

Abram's (H.) *A Ride through Syria* ... 73
Accent and Rhythm ... 111
Adams's (W. H. D.) *The White King* ... 120
Anderson's (J.) *History of the Linen Hall Library* ... 236
Arm-chair Essays ... 8
Axon's (W. E. A.) *Stray Chapters in Literature, Folklore, and Archæology* ... 111
Baedeker's *Greece* ... 165
Bailey's (J. B.) *Modern Methuselahs* ... 285
Baker's (O.) *Ludlow Town and Neighbourhood* ... 375
Balderston's *Ingleton: Bygone and Present* ... 375
Bayley's (Mrs.) *Life and Letters of Mrs. Sewell* ... 112
Brassey's (Lady) *The Last Voyage in the "Sunbeam."* ... 164
Brown's (J. M.) *Powder, Spur, and Spear* ... 164
Bruce's (A. B.) *The Life of William Denny* ... 23
Bryan and Hendy's *History of the Roman Republic* ... 91
Burt's (B. C.) *Brief History of Greek Philosophy* ... 427
Clegg's (J.) *Directory of Second-hand Booksellers* ... 237
Cobham's (C. D.) *An Attempt at a Bibliography of Cyprus* ... 237
Collens's (J. H.) *Guide to Trinidad* ... 165
Comba's (E.) *History of the Waldenses of Italy* ... 320
Coupland's (W. C.) *The Elements of Mental and Moral Science as applied to Teaching* ... 235
Courtney's (W. P.) *Parliamentary History of Cornwall* ... 321
Coxwell's (H.) *My Life and Balloon Experiences* ... 285
Edgcumbe and Wood's (Ladies) *Four Months' Cruise* ... 73
Edwards's (C.) *Rides and Studies in the Canary Islands* ... 72
——— (Sir H.) *How to Pass the Winter* ... 165
Ellis's (Ethel E.) *Memoir of William Ellis* ... 111
Everett-Green's (E.) *Dulcie and Tottie* 7
Field's (H. M.) *Gibraltar* ... 268
Findlay's (J. J.) *Teaching as a Career for University Men* ... 235
Francis, John, Publisher of the "Athenæum" ... 110
Frank's (G.) *Ryedale and North Yorkshire Antiquities* ... 375
Free's (R. W.) *Lux Benigna, being the History of Orange Street Chapel* 321
Frothingham's *Christian Philosophy* ... 357
Gilbert's (J. T.) *History of the Irish Confederation and the War in Ireland* ... 320

MINOR NOTICES—*continued.*

PAGE

Gisborne's (W.) *The Colony of New Zealand* ... 269
Gleichen's (Count) *With the Camel Corps up the Nile* ... 73
Goldsmid's (E.) *The Elzevier Presses* 236
Gordon's (W. J.) *The Captain General* 7
Gough's (H.) *Scotland in* 1289 ... 320
Green's (Mrs. J. R.) *Henry II.* ... 129
Habel's (P.) *De Pontificum Romanorum inde ab Augusto usque ad Aurelianum Condicione Publica* ... 91
Harrison's (F. B.) *The Battlefield Treasure* ... 8
——— *Contemporary History of the French Revolution* ... 320
Hodgkin's (T.) *The Dynasty of Theodosius* ... 321
Hogan's (J. F.) *The Australian in London and America* ... 269
Holtzapfel's (L.) *Beiträge zur Griechischen Geschichte* ... 339
Howlett's (R.) *Parish Register of Bircham Newton* ... 370
Hude's (C.) *Commentarii Critici ad Thucydidem pertinentes* ... 340
Hunt's (W.) *The English Church in the Middle Ages* ... 129
Immorality of Idolatry, the ... 356
Indian Mutiny, History of the: "Cabinet Edition" ... 24
Industrial Rivers of the United Kingdom ... 411
Jacobi's (C. T.) *The Printer's Vocabulary* ... 236
Johnson's (C. P.) *The Early Writings of Thackeray* ... 236
Jusserand's (J. J.) *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages* ... 7
Koelle's (S. W.) *Mohammed and Mohammedanism* ... 285
Knbitschek's (J. W.) *Imperium Romanum Tributim Discriptum* ... 91
Lang's (A.) *The Gold of Fairnilee* ... 7
——— *Letters on Literature* ... 236
Le Conte's (J.) *Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought* ... 357
Leslie's (R. C.) *Life Aboard a British Privateer* ... 7
Lewis's (Rev. A.) *George Maxwell Gordon* ... 23
Lichtenfeldt's (Dr.) *De Q. Asconii Pediani Fontibus ac Fide* ... 91
Lowndes's (Mrs.) *Miss Hope's Niece* ... 7
Macaulay's Works, "Popular Edition" of ... 24
Macdonald's (F. W.) *Life of William Morley Punshon, LL.D.* ... 23
Magnus's (Sir P.) *Industrial Education* 234
Maisel's (J.) *Observationes in Cassium Dionem* ... 91
Martin's (Frances) *Elizabeth Gilbert and her Work for the Blind* ... 111
Masson's (G.) *French Literature* ... 111
——— *Mediæval France* ... 129
McClure's (Rev. E.) *A Chapter in English Church History* ... 321
Ménard's (L.) *Histoire des Grecs* ... 339
Michie's (C. T.) *The Practice of Forestry* ... 410
Miller's (Rev. G.) *The Parishes of the Diocese of Worcester* ... 375
Mulholland's (Rosa) *Giannetta* ... 7
Murray's *Handbook for Holland and Belgium* ... 165
Neroutsos Bey's *L'Ancienne Alexandrie* ... 339
Newall's (Capt. J. T.) *Scottish Moors and Indian Jungles* ... 105
Pask's (A. T.) *The Eyes of the Thames* 411
Payne's (J. O.) *Records of the English Catholics of* 1715 ... 320
P. & O. Company's Pocket-book Guide 165
Poole & Fletcher's *Index to Periodical Literature* ... 110
Ragozin's (Z. A.) *Media, Babylon, and Persia* ... 321
Random Recollections of Courts and Society ... 285
Rawlinson's (G.) *Phœnicia* ... 321
Rees's (J. R.) *The Brotherhood of Letters* ... 236
Richardson's (C. F.) *American Literature* ... 110
Rickaby's (J.) *The First Principles of Knowledge* ... 357
——— *Moral Philosophy* ... 357
Ritchie's (D. G.) *Darwinism and Politics* ... 284
Rodd's (R.) *Frederick III., Crown Prince and Emperor* ... 22
Rogers's (Prof.) *Holland* ... 129
Satow's (E. M.) *The Jesuit Mission Press in Japan* ... 237
Schopenhauer's (A.) *Two Essays* ... 357
Sharpe's (R. R.) *Calendar of Wills in London* (1258-1358) ... 374
Shillito's (A. R.) *Plutarch's Morals* ... 427
Sluys's (A.) *Manual Training* ... 236
Smith's (Rev. J. G.) *The Ethics of Aristotle* ... 427
Sonnenschein's (A.) *Educational Codes of Foreign Countries* ... 235
Stewart's (A.) *Seneca on Benefits* and *Seneca's Minor Dialogues* ... 427

MINOR NOTICES—*continued.*

PAGE

Stock's (St. G.) *The Meno of Plato* ... 427
Theal's (G. M.) *History of South Africa* ... 209
To Gibraltar and Back in an Eighteen-Tonner. By One of the Crew ... 73
Tönnies's (Dr. F.) revised text of Hobbes's minor works ... 357
Tredwell's (D. M.) *Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana* ... 427
Veselius-Sheldon's (Louise) *Yankee Girls in Zululand* ... 269
Walker's (Mrs.) *Untrodden Paths of Roumania* ... 73
Watson's (J.) *Sylvan Folk* ... 411
Whibley's (L.) *Political Parties in Athens during the Peloponnesian War* ... 339
Wood's (C. W.) *Letters from Majorca* 73
Worsley-Benison's (H. W. S.) *Haunts of Nature* ... 411
Younghusband's (Lieut.) *Eighteen Hundred Miles on a Burmese Tat* ... 73

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Awdry's (H.) *Caesar de bello civili* ... 55
Bévenot's (C.) *Select Passages from French and German Poets for Repetition* ... 147
Compton's (W. C.) *Caesar's VIIth Campaign in Gaul* ... 303
Dimsdale's (M. S.) *Livy* ... 393
Dymes's (T. J.) *Selections from Lucretius* ... 393
Geddes' (W. D.) *Compendious Greek Grammar* ... 55
Gepp and Haigh's *Latin-English Dictionary* ... 54
Green's *Short History of the English People* ... 147
Grenfell's (A. G.) *Greek Copy-Book* ... 147
Hadley's (W. S.) *The Hippolytus of Euripides* ... 303
Howson's (E. W.) *English Verse* ... 147
Inge and Macnaghten's *Selections from Lucian* ... 54
Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* ... 147
Lewis's (C. D.) *New School Dictionary* 392
Lupton's (J. H.) *Introduction to Latin Lyric Verse Composition* ... 54
Paul's (G. T.) *Cæsaris Commentarii de Bello Civili* ... 394
Sargent's (J. Y.) *Easy Passages for translation into Greek* ... 54
Schoolmaster's Calendar, The ... 147
Schuckburgh's (E. S.) *Herodotus* ... 303
Stock's (G.) *Deductive Logic* ... 146
Strachan & Wilkins's *Analecta* ... 54
Turner's (B. D.) *The Republic of Plato* 394
Warren's (T. H.) *The Republic of Plato* 146

THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Auchmuty's (A. C.) *Dives and Pauper and other Sermons* ... 39
Belsheim's (J.) *Codex 2a Corbeiensis sive Quatuor evangelia ante Hieronymam latine translata* ... 303
Blaikie's (W. G.) *The Preachers of Scotland from the Sixth to the Nineteenth Century* ... 39
Bright's (W.) *The Seven Sayings from the Cross* ... 39
Campbell's (Rev. W.) *St. Matthew in Sinkan-Formosan* ... 303
Comprehensive Teachers' Bible, the ... 8
Delitzsch's (F.) *Biblical Commentary on the Psalms* ... 219
Doré's (J. R.) *Old Bibles* ... 303
Findlay's (Prof.) *The Epistle to the Galatians* ... 8
Goesseling's (Dr.) Adrian's *εἰσαγωγὴ εἰς τὰς θείας γραφάς* ... 183
Harnack's (A.) *Augustin's Confessionen* ... 184
Harper's (W. R.) *Elements of Hebrew Syntax by an Inductive Method* ... 219
Humphry's (W. G.) *Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament* ... 6
James's (H. A.) *School Ideals* ... 39
Kautzsch & Socin's *Die Genesis mit äusserer Unterscheidung der Quellenschriften übersetzt* ... 219
Le Savoureux's (E.) *Le Prophète Joël* 219
Maturin's (W.) *The Blessedness of the Dead in Christ, and other Sermons* ... 39
Olden's (Rev. T.) *The Holy Scriptures in Ireland One Thousand Years Ago* 303
Strack's (Prof.) *Aboda Zara* ... 219
——— *Einleitung in das Alte Testament* ... 219

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THEO. LITERATURE—*continued.*

PAGE

Usteri's (Dr.) *Wissenschaftlicher und praktischer Commentar über den ersten Petrusbrief* 183
Van Lennep's (J. W.) *De zeventig jaarweken van Daniel* 219
Whitelaw's (Rev. T.) *The Gospel of St. John* 8
Wickham's (E. C.) *Wellington College Sermons* 30
Woodford's (Bishop) *Sermons* 30

MINOR POETRY.

Armstrong's (G. F.) *Mephistopheles in Broadcloth* 201
Craigmyle's (Bessie) *A Handful of Pansies* 253
De Vere's (A.) *Saint Peter's Chains* ... 201
Durant's (Miss) *Dante* 446
Hewlett's (H. G.) *A Wayfarer's Wallet* 201
Higginson's (T. W.) *The Afternoon Landscape* 445
Larminie's (W.) *Glanlua, and other Poems* 253
Morison's (Jeannie) *Gordon* 252
Pfeiffer's (Mrs.) *Flowers of the Night* 444
Platt's (A.) *Marpessa* 445
Sayle's (C.) *Erotidia* 445
Somerset's (Lord H.) *Songs of Adieu* ... 253
Todhunter's (J.) *The Banshee, and other Poems* 200
Winter's (W.) *Wanderers* 253

ORIGINAL VERSE.

Albinia 185
Amor in Extremis 341
As we view it 270
"Bury her at even" 429
Darkness and Light 304
Dead Leaves in Spring-time 255
Funeral in Spring 220
"Hark, the Herald Angels sing," translated into Latin 9
Helen at Troy 75
In Vain 305
John Bright's Funeral 238
Memoirs 132
New Year Joy 25
Nocturnal Vigils 50
Nunc Formosissimus Annus 447
On the East Coast 113
Pleasure and Pain 359
Quaker's Grave, the 40
Return of the Birds, the 322
Seafarer, The 92
Snowfall 167
Sonnet to the Sea 287
Spectrum, the 412
Spring 238
To a Master in Paradise 149
To a Nightingale 377
White Violets 203

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

American Jottings 234
Copyright in Canada 132
German Pilgrims to the Holy Land ... 113
Greek Professorship at Cambridge, the 341
Lausanne, Notes from 204
Montenegro, the Civil Code of 167
Renan, M., on Modern France 140
Report of the Commissioners on a University for London 429

ORIGINAL ARTICLES—*continued.*

PAGE

Slavonic Publications 94
University Jottings 56, 74, 92, 131, 148, 166, 185, 203, 304, 322, 340, 358, 376, 394, 412, 429, 447
Vevey, Notes from 57
Vigfusson, Gudbrand: in Memoriam 131, 149

CORRESPONDENCE.

Americanisms 151
Aristotle (Latin) of 1482 114
Arrowsmith, the friend of Thomas Poole 96
Basque Names in Nova Scotia ... 60, 96
Beckford's *Vathek* from an Oriental original 114
"Blaze," the verb 168
"Bore," a tiresome talker 10, 28, 43
"Brereton in Sakarran" 257
Buddhist Literature and the Gospels, Coincidences in 27
Cambridge University Local Examinations and Lectures 239
"Canterbury Poets" — "W. S. Landor" 450
"Capstan," origin of the word 396
Chaucer's "Eclympasteyre" 10
——— "A B C," the origin of 115
——— Second Nonne's Tale, sources of 133, 222
——— "Puella" and "Rubens" 150
——— Descriptions of Mars, Venus, and Diana 168
——— "Book of the Duchesse" ... 205
——— "Minor Poems" 222
——— "House of Fame" and Prof. Ten Brink" 305, 342, 379, 413
"Chouse" 151, 222
"Clever," etymology of 240, 272
Cliff of the Dead, the, among the Teutons 43, 59, 168
Codex Amiatinus, the 41, 59
Corssen, Dr., on *Old Latin Biblical Texts* 323
Commodianus, the only known MS. of 115
Cone-fruit, the, of the Assyrian Monuments 432
"Court of Love, the" 431
Coverdale's Bible, an unknown edition of 362
"Cursumbor," the old Northumbrian word 223, 256
Dante's References to Alexander the Great 58, 75, 96
——— Prose Works, English translations of 151
Dante and Arnaut Daniel: a Note on "Purg." XXVI., 118 256
Dante Crux, a 307
——— two references to, in Early French Literature 449
Date-Palm, Fertilisation of the, in Ancient Assyria 396
Eadwine's Canterbury Psalter 240
"Elmawes," the Old English Gloss 76, 94, 115, 134
"Flower and the Leaf, the" 448
Folk-lore in the *Divina Commedia* ... 396
Geoffrey Hamlyn 240
"God," etymology of the word 307, 413, 432
Gray, the Bibliography of 204, 223
Guillaume de Deguilleville 95, 186, 206, 222
"Halimot," the derivation of 449
Hamerton's (P. G.) *French and English* 43
Hamlet's "sea of troubles," the end of 360
Harvest Moon, the 188, 206
Hastings, Warren, the Father of ... 133, 288
Hatch's (Dr.) *Essays in Biblical Greek* 324
Heine, Translations of 10
Herder's *Cid* and its Spanish original ... 272
"Hermes Ballenus" 287, 307
"Hospitality" Myths 239, 256
Hwætmundes Stane—Newgate Market 43
"Ibsen in London" 432

CORRESPONDENCE—*continued.*

PAGE

Irish Items 221, 238, 256
Johnson, Dr., Letters of 9
"Ka," the Egyptian, and Schopenhauer's "Will" 27
"Keel," etymology of 450
"Latch, to," Shakspere's use of the verb 323
"Lither" 240
Lowell, Mr., on the "English Poets" ... 257
Malory's "Morte Darthur," the facsimile pages in Lord Spencer's copy of 95, 288
"Masters of the World" 188
"Mazarin" or 42-line Bible, the 151
Measures of Distance, Primitive 324
"Miching Malicho" 271
Milton and Cædmon 10
"Mind and Matter" 10
Mombert's *Charles the Great* 307
MS. in Trinity College Library, Dublin, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, 180, 205, 222, 230
"Never Correct your own Proofs" 433
Oldest Animals, Legends of the ... 60, 77
Old-Irish Glosses in Palatine 68 361
Old Northumbrian Glosses in the Vatican 342, 440
Oxford School, the first 360
Palæographical Puzzle 186, 205
Poet of the "Seasons," a Letter of the 114, 151
Pope and Addison 94, 115, 133, 168
——, a Continental misprint in 324
Portus Adurni and the River Adur ... 271
"Reinaert," the, of Hinrek van Alkmar 151
Rowney's *Wild Tribes of India* 205
Russian, the first, in England ... 60, 77
Shakspere's "Ballow" 76
Shakspere and Marston in 1598 306
Shane O'Neil, the Murder of 95
Spicilegium Vaticanum 26
Suum Cuique 76
Swiftest Messengers, Legends of the ... 77
Swedish MS., the oldest, a facsimile of 221
Webster, John, and Thomas Adams ... 133
Wordsworth's "Recluse" 167
Zeus=Serapis in Inscriptions 343

OBITUARY.

Barnard, Dr. F. A. P. 341
Baur, Prof. Gustav Adolf Ludwig 379
Bright, John 238
Cecchetti, Commendatore Bartolomeo ... 221
Chandler, Henry William 377
Edmonds, Thomas Rowe 185
Elze, Friedrich Karl, Ph.D., LL.D. ... 74
Gidley, Rev. Lewis 305
Hall, Samuel Carter, F.S.A. 220
Halliwell-Phillipps, James Orchard, F.R.S. 25
Hennessy, William Maunsell 56
Kennedy, Dr. Benjamin Hall 255
Noiré, Dr. Ludwig 255
Onions, John Henry 378
Osborn, Colonel Robert Duric 304
Riant, Count 93
Simcox, Rev. William Henry 323
Sutton, R. H. 166
Tiele, Dr. P. A. 93
Vigfusson, Gudbrand 131, 149
Wright, Prof. William 378

NOTES.

Beginner's Guide to Photography ... 358
Books, analytical table of, for 1888 ... 9

NOTES—*continued.*

PAGE

Brooke, Mr. Stopford, on the lyric poetry of Shelley 446
Colvin's (Dr. Mary N.) edition of Caxton's *Godfrey of Bologne* 24
Italian Prose, the oldest document written in 286
"Lotos Series," the 8
Marlowe Committee, appeal by the ... 9
Masonic reprints, a volume of 440
Oriental Translation Fund, the 428
Printing, the origin of 202
Provincial records, the safe custody of 202
Roos, in Holderness, parish registers of 286
Ruskin, Mr., bibliography of the works of 428
Swedenborg Society's publications ... 440
"Temple Library" series 254
Threlkeld's (Rev. T. E.) dictionary of the language of the New South Wales aboriginals 428
"Welsh Classics for the People" 148
Zehden's (Prof.) *Handels-Geographie* 24

CONTENTS OF THE MAGAZINES.

Altpreussische Monatsschrift 113, 323
American Journal of Psychology 287
Antiquary ... 9, 40, 130, 185, 203, 358, 447
Archæological Review 40, 112, 113, 167, 255, 286, 323, 412, 447
Atalanta 112
Boletin of the Real Academia de la Historia 113, 305, 448
Brain 287
Cassell's Magazine 203, 358
——— Saturday Journal 203
Century 40, 203, 286, 429
Century Guild Hobby Horse 447
Classical Review 255
Contemporary Review 447
East and West 305
English Historical Review 270
Expositor 25, 93, 167, 238, 305, 395
Figaro Exposition 203
Folk-Lore Journal 184, 359
Highland Monthly 106
Illustrations 203
Jewish Quarterly Review ... 40, 93, 271, 447
Journal of American Folk-lore 359
Journal of Education 40
Le Livre 40, 75, 132, 271, 350, 448
Library 185, 220, 255, 323
London Society 112
Lyceum 358, 429
Magazine of Art 270, 358
Masonic Review 428
Michael's Magazine 358
Mind 56, 202, 287
Monthly Packet 40
National Review 202, 270
Newbury House Magazine 428
New Magazine 395
Political Science Quarterly 106
Popular Poets of the Period ... 24, 113, 184
Revista Contemporanea 113, 412
Revue des Etudes Juives 93, 305
Revue Universelle 395
Santa Lucia 148
Scottish Art Review ... 203, 270, 358, 428
Scribner's 202, 270, 358
Stationery and Bookselling 166
St. Nicholas 40, 203, 286, 429
Sunday at Home 148
Theologisch Tijdschrift 25, 186, 341
Theologische Literaturzeitung ... 26, 341
Time 130, 203, 270, 358, 430
Tinsley's Magazine 395
Trubner's Record 130
Universal Review 24
Universal Republic 148
Wit and Wisdom 286
Woman's World 40
Work 148

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SCIENCE.

REVIEWS.

PAGE

Alexander's (S.) *Moral Order and Progress* ... 414
Allman's (G. J.) *Greek Geometry from Thales to Euclid* ... 380
Case's (T.) *Physical Realism* ... 77
Chavannes' (C. G.) *La Religion dans la Bible* ... 60
Croll's (J.) *Stellar Evolution and its Relations to Geological Time* ... 272
Earle's (J.) *Handbook to the Land-Charters, and other Saxonic Documents* ... 28
Fausset's (W. Y.) *M. Tullii Ciceronis pro A. Cluentio Oratio* ... 109
Hale's (W. G.) *The "Cum" Constructions in Latin* ... 433
Hardy's (E. J.) *The Epistles of Pliny to Trajan* ... 308
Hatch's (E.) *Essays in Biblical Greek* 152, 288
Hetley's (Mrs. C.) *Native Flowers of New Zealand* ... 240
Hirschfeld's (Dr.) *Grcek Tomb-Inscriptions* ... 223
Kittel's (R.) *Geschichte der Hebräer* ... 60
Leaf's (W.) *The Iliad, XIII.—XXIV.* ... 362
Maass's (E.) *Scholia Townleyana in Iliadem* ... 362
Mivart's (St. G.) *On Truth* ... 325
Monro's (D. B.) *Homer's Iliad, XIII.—XXIV.* ... 362
Rieu's (C.) *Catalogue of the Turkish Manuscripts in the British Museum* 116
Romanes' (G. J.) *Mental Evolution in Man* ... 134
Rosenbusch's (H.) *Microscopical Physiography of the Rock-making Minerals* ... 257
Sayce's (A. H.) *Records of the Past* ... 43
Smith's (R. H.) *Graphics* ... 397
Van Leeuwen & Da Costa's *Iliadis Carmina* ... 362
Venn's (J.) *The Principles of Empirical or Inductive Logic* ... 344
Verschoyle's (Rev. J.) *History of Ancient Civilisation* ... 188
Von Bunsen's (E.) *Die Ueberlieferung* ... 60

MINOR NOTICES.

American Journal of Mathematics ... 242
Basset's (A. B.) *Treatise on Hydrodynamics* ... 207
Bonitz's (H.) *Platonische Studien* ... 451
Boulger's (G. S.) *The Uses of Plants* ... 398
Bradshaw's (J. G.) *Course of Easy Arithmetical Examples for Beginners* ... 242
Callendar's (H. L.) *Manual of Cursive Shorthand* ... 243
Carr's (H.) *Key to Mr. J. B. Lock's Elementary Trigonometry* ... 242
Dixon's (C.) *Our Rarer Birds* ... 180
Dodgson's (C. L.) *A New Theory of Parallels* ... 96
Dyer's (T. F. T.) *The Folk-lore of Plants* ... 224
Elementary Mathematics ... 243
Fisher's (W. W.) *Class-Book of Elementary Chemistry* ... 170
Freudenthal's (J.) *Ueber die Theologie des Xenophanes* ... 451
Galloway's (W. B.) *Science and Geology in Relation to the Universal Deluge* 11
Gray's (A.) *Absolute Measurements in Electricity and Magnetism* ... 207
Hall & Stevens's *Text-Book of Euclid's Elements* ... 96

MINOR NOTICES—*continued*.

PAGE

Linnean Society of New South Wales, Proceedings of the ... 44
Liversidge's (A.) *The Minerals of New South Wales, &c.* ... 11
Lobley's (J. L.) *Geology for All* ... 11
Lockwood's (S.) *Animal Memoirs* ... 224
Maiden's (J. H.) *The Useful Native Plants of Australia* ... 393
Marshall and Welsford's *School Arithmetic* ... 242
Meyer's (W. A.) *Hypatia von Alexandria* ... 451
Michelis' (D. F.) *Aristotelis περὶ Ἑρμηνείας* ... 451
Migration of Birds, Ninth Report on the ... 274
Newman's (E.) *Birds-nesting and Bird-skinning* ... 274
Pelton's (W. F.) *Companion to Hamblin Smith's Algebra* ... 242
Plowright's (C. B.) *Monograph of the British Uredineae and Ustilagineae* 189
Reid's (Capt. M.) *The Naturalist in Siluria* ... 224
Reusch's (Dr. H.) *Bömmelön og Karmöen med omgivelser* ... 11
Rideal's *Practical Organic Chemistry* 170
Russell's (J. C.) *Geological History of Lake Lahontan* ... 11
Schrader's (E.) *The Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament* ... 258
Smith's (C.) *Solutions of the Examples in a Treatise on Algebra* ... 242
Stein's (Dr. L.) *Die Psychologie der Stoa* ... 450
Tait and Crum Brown's *Scientific Papers of Dr. Andrews* ... 170
Thomson's (Sir W.) *Popular Lectures and Addresses* ... 206
Troosta's (Th.) *Inhalt und Echtheit der Platonischen Dialogue auf Grund logischer Analyse* ... 451
Victoria, Royal Society of, *Transactions* of the ... 44
Watts's Dictionary of Chemistry ... 160
Wormell's (R.) *Plotting or Graphic Mathematics* ... 96

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Anthropological Jottings ... 258
Darmesteter, Arsène, the Scientific Remains of ... 363
Latin Etymologies ... 97

CORRESPONDENCE.

Arzapi's (King of) Letter ... 98
Babylonian Contract Tablet, New ... 274
Burgess's (Dr.) New Impressions on the Rock-Edicts of Aśoka ... 170, 208
Chinese Characters, the oldest ... 415
Etruscan "Ten"-forms—"Tezan" ... 97
———, the Verb-substantive in ... 451
Fisher's *Class-Book of Elementary Chemistry* ... 208
Führer's (Dr.) New Jaina Inscriptions from Mathurâ ... 381
"Graphics" ... 433, 452
Hardy's *Epistles of Pliny to Trajan* ... 326
Hind's (Mr. Archer) "Last Word" ... 309

CORRESPONDENCE—*continued*.

PAGE

Hittite Tablets (alleged) in Berlin ... 79
Indian Inscription, New ... 29
Indo-European, the Augment in ... 44
Khammurabi and Burnaburiash ... 224
"Marunux," the Etruscan title ... 308
Plato, emendations in the Text of ... 136
Sabean, the Dual in ... 97
σαβρός, the derivation of ... 116
Serbian Grammar ... 415
Venice Athenaeus, the ... 451
Writing, Ancient, in Babylonia and in China ... 345

OBITUARY.

Bristow, Henry William ... 434
Damon, Robert ... 327
De la Rue, Warren ... 290
Lees, Major-General W. Nassau ... 180
Percy, Dr. John ... 434
Von Dechen, Prof. Heinrich ... 170

SCIENCE NOTES.

Beach-lines, the displacement of ... 136
Burma, report on the ruby mines of ... 116
Daviesite ... 452
Davis's (G. E.) *Practical Microscopy* 400
Geikie's (Prof.) *History of Volcanic Action during the Tertiary Period in the British Isles* ... 30
Geological Society's Medals ... 79
Geometrical Teaching, Association for the Improvement of ... 79
Jade, the, of Burmah ... 30
Laverty's (W. H.) *The Laws of Motion* ... 363
Mendeléef, Prof. ... 417
Metamorphism, statical ... 390
Mineralogy, British, the renaissance of 225
New South Wales, mining statistics of 290
Nickel and Cobalt, the decomposition of 79
Quartzite beds near Inverary, organic bodies from ... 62
Rubellite in Burma ... 225
Scientific Memoirs by Medical Officers of the Army of India ... 363
Turquoise-blue enamel of the old Egyptians ... 363
United States Geographical Survey ... 290
Yellowstone National Park, geology of 153

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

American Oriental Society ... 309
Arcado-Cyprian dialect, the ... 382
Beal, Prof., and the works of I-Tsing ... 12
Böhtlingk's (Dr.) Shorter Sanskrit Dictionary ... 258
Einenkel's (E.) *Streifzüge durch die Mittelenglische Syntax* ... 327
Gomperz's (T.) *Zu Aristoteles' Poetik.* 117
Gröber's *Grundriss der romanischen Philologie* ... 116
Hamilton's (G.) *The Moods of the English Bible the same as in Latin and Greek* ... 400
Hatch's (Dr. E.) *Essays in Biblical Greek* ... 30

PHILOLOGY NOTES—*continued*.

PAGE

Hebrew, the evolution of ... 80
Hyperides, papyrus containing a speech of ... 153
Religious Tract Society's publications in new languages ... 434
Shin-shin sect of Buddhists ... 452

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Anthropological Institute . 154, 190, 382, 434
Aristotelian Society 45, 90, 138, 172, 243, 259, 327, 401
Browning Society ... 98, 171, 259, 327
Cambridge Antiquarian Society ... 117, 208, 304, 417
Cambridge Philological Society ... 117, 363, 400
Clifton Shakspere Society ... 12, 90, 190, 310, 346, 452
Edinburgh Mathematical Society ... 44, 191, 364
Elizabethan Society ... 62, 137, 171, 274, 431
English Dialect Society ... 250
English Goethe Society ... 209, 226
Entomological Society ... 80
Folk-lore Society ... 172, 226
Hellenic Society ... 172
Historical Society ... 226
Linnean Society ... 401
Manchesther Goethe Society 98, 154, 209, 275
Meteorological Society ... 80
New Shakspere Society, 45, 118, 209, 309, 453
Philological Society, 117, 190, 225, 323, 400, 434
Physical Society ... 153
Royal Asiatic Society ... 80, 154, 225, 291, 453
Royal Microscopical Society ... 171
Royal Society of Literature ... 80
Shelley Society ... 346
Society for Psychical Research ... 80
Society of Literature ... 171
University College Literary Society ... 191

CONTENTS OF THE JOURNALS.

Asiatic Society of Japan, Transactions of ... 452
Babylonian and Oriental Record, 30, 98, 171, 243
Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift ... 363
Classical Review ... 136, 417
Encyklopaedie der Wissenschaften ... 346
Epigraphia Indica ... 62, 400
Geological Magazine ... 309
Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie 44
Journal of Philology ... 44
——— of the Anthropological Institute ... 98, 309
Mineralogical Magazine ... 225, 452
Orientalische Bibliographie ... 363
Oxford Magazine ... 400
Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales ... 309
Proceedings and Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal ... 434
Revue Archéologique ... 98
Revue Critique ... 171
Trübner's Record ... 452

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FINE ART.

REVIEWS.

Armstrong and Graves's *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters* ... 454
Boutkowski's (A.) *Le Petit Mionnet de Poche* ... 401
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers ... 173
Day's (L. F.) *The Application of Ornament* ... 173
Dilke's (Lady) *Art in the Modern State* 310
Earwaker's (J. P.) *The Recent Discoveries of Roman Remains in Chester* ... 435
Hamerton's (P. G.) *Portfolio Papers* ... 275
Hodges' (C. C.) *Ecclesia Hagustaldensis* ... 226
Huish's (M.) *Japan and its Art* ... 173
Lanciani's (R.) *Ancient Rome in the light of Recent Discoveries* ... 155
Montelius's (Prof. O.) *Civilisation of Sweden in Heathen Times* ... 418
Rajon's (P. A.) *Twelve Etchings* ... 191
Stevenson's (S. W.) *Dictionary of Roman Coins* ... 401
Wood-Martin's (W. G.) *The Rude Stone Monuments of Ireland* ... 364

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

American Decorative Art ... 384
Art Sales in Edinburgh ... 211
Berlin-Hamilton MSS., sale of the ... 382
Delft, Portuguese ... 133
Egypt, Letters from ... 47, 173, 312
——— Exploration Fund ... 211, 291
French Jottings ... 403
Gardner's (Mr. B.) Drawings in Black and White ... 402

ORIGINAL ARTICLES—*continued.*

Glasgow Institute, the ... 119
Grosvenor Gallery, the ... 80, 118, 347, 366
"Ka," the Egyptian, nature of ... 12
Miniatures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club ... 276
Mummies, Royal, of Deir-el-Bahari ... 383
New English Art Club ... 294
New Gallery, the ... 347
Numismatics, Indian ... 243
Provincial Exhibitions ... 103
Pyramid of Hawara, opening of the 64, 102
Rembrandt's Drawings ... 100
Royal Academy, the ... 328, 365, 435
Royal Scottish Academy, the ... 155
Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, the ... 192
Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, the ... 210
Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the ... 312
Secretan Collection, the ... 437
Stuart, Exhibition, the ... 45
Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy ... 30, 62, 100
Yates Chair of Archaeology at University College, London ... 313

CORRESPONDENCE.

Baghdâd, Old, the Site of ... 139
Del Sarto's (Andrea) "Carita" ... 102, 120
Dionysos, Theatre of, at Athens ... 313
Duccio of Siena ... 227, 330, 367, 419, 454
Eastlake's Handbook to the Royal Gallery at Venice ... 14
Graves and Walls, early, in Sicily and Italy ... 244
Lykia, the Ancient History of ... 329
Pelasgic Civilisation, Progress of ... 294
Roman Inscriptions, new ... 330

CORRESPONDENCE—*continued.*

Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours ... 343
Trinity College Diptych in the Stuart Exhibition ... 81

OBITUARY.

Smith, Henry Ecroyd ... 174

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Allingham's (Mrs.) water-colour drawings ... 330
Bieber's cabinet of English coins ... 330
Burgess's (Dr. J.) *The Antiquities of Dabhoi* ... 367
Durranni coins ... 385
Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, art books in ... 260
EXHIBITIONS:
Société d'Aquarellistes, in Paris ... 228
Naval and Military, in Edinburgh ... 454
Fresco found in St. Anselm's Chapel, Canterbury Cathedral ... 139
"Hermes," the, of Praxiteles ... 139
Huish's *The Year's Art*, 1889 ... 294
Jacquemart (Jules), series of drawings by ... 330
Medallists, Society of, prizes awarded by ... 259
Meissonier and the decoration of the Pantheon ... 212
Menpes's (Mr.) new plate ... 83
Mordant, M. Daniel, two etchings by ... 103
Narducci's (P) *Sulla fognatura della Città di Roma* ... 403

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY *continued.*

National Portrait Gallery, Catalogue of the ... 313
"Nuremburg," etching by Mr. A. W. Rimington ... 294
O'Shea's (H.) *La Tombe Basque* ... 277
Painting with petroleum ... 403
Petrie's collection of Greek portraits from the Fayum ... 419
Saint John the Baptist, bronze statue of at South Kensington ... 343
Salamis, excavations at ... 454
Stones, inscribed, found in the Valley of Kabul ... 294
Wilson's (W. H.) pictures of Sicilian scenery ... 385

CONTENTS OF THE JOURNALS.

American Journal of Archaeology ... 228
Art Journal ... 14, 244
Art Magazine ... 31
Bookbinder ... 244
Century Guild Hobby Horse ... 14, 250
Decoration ... 244
Gazette des Beaux-Arts ... 31
L'Art ... 259, 385
Magazine of Art ... 259
National Academy Notes ... 385
Portfolio ... 259
Revue Universelle ... 244
Scottish Art Review ... 14, 102, 259
Studio ... 244
Trübner's Record ... 260
World of Fashion ... 244

THE STAGE AND MUSIC.

THE STAGE.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Duke's Boast, the ... 245
Fantastic Comedy, a ... 47
Good Old Times, at the Princess's ... 120
Hamlet, at the Princess's ... 83
Ibsen in London ... 419
Love Story, The ... 139
Macbeth, at the Lyceum ... 14
Merry Wives of Windsor, at the Haymarket ... 82
Now-a-Days, at the Princess's ... 174
Old Home, The, at the Vaudeville ... 455
Panel Picture, The, at the Opera Comique ... 245
Prodigate, The, at the Garrick ... 403
Richard the Third, at the Globe ... 277
School for Scandal, the at Globe ... 121
Silver King, The, at the Princess's ... 277
Tares, at the Opera Comique ... 65
That Doctor Cupid, at the Vaudeville 47
Weaker Sex, The, at the Court Theatre 261
Wealth, at the Haymarket ... 330

NOTES.

A Clerical Error, at the Princess's ... 367
A White Lie, at the Court Theatre ... 395
Ben-my-chree, at the Princess's ... 367
Chatterton, at the Princess's ... 367
Claudian, revival of, at the Princess's 313
Doubt, at the Strand ... 404
Dr. Cupid, at the Vaudeville ... 194
Dregs, at the Vaudeville ... 367
Farm by the Sea, The, at the Vaudeville 396
Glyn, Mrs. Dallas, death of ... 363
Grandsire, The, at Terry's ... 396
Her Father, at the Vaudeville ... 367
Her Own Rival, at the Opera Comique 331
Paul Jones, at the Prince of Wales's ... 193
Shakspere Reading Society's entertainment ... 156
Silver Falls, The, at the Adelphi ... 32
Still Waters Run Deep, at the Criterion 65
Ward, Miss Genevieve, in *Forget-me-Not* ... 349

MUSIC.

REVIEWS.

Chesney's (F. R.) *Operatic Tales* ... 246
Mercy-Argenteau's (Contesse de) *César Cui* ... 156
Niecks's (F.) *Life of Chopin* ... 102

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Musical Publications ... 15, 48, 228, 246, 314
Royal Italian Opera 364, 380, 404, 420, 438

OBITUARY.

Hueffer, Dr. Francis ... 60
Ouseley, Sir Frederick Arthur Gore ... 261
Rosa, Carl ... 314

NOTES.

Argent's (W. I.) *Half a Century of Music in Liverpool* ... 104
CONCERTS:
Monday Popular 32, 65, 83, 104, 123, 175, 194, 212, 229, 278
Saturday Popular 48, 65, 83, 103, 121, 140, 157, 175, 194, 212, 228, 246, 278
Hackney Choral Association ... 48, 278
London Symphony ... 48, 65, 122
Novello ... 65, 157, 212, 261
Hegner's (Otto) recitals ... 83, 140, 157
Henschel's ... 83, 104, 140, 157
Dannreuther's ... 140
Bach Choir ... 175, 331
Westminster Orchestral Society ... 194
Philharmonic Society 212, 246, 278, 386, 420
Richter ... 331, 349, 368, 404, 438, 455
Halle ... 349, 369, 386
Sarasate ... 349, 368, 386, 404, 420, 438
"Elijah" at the Crystal Palace ... 455

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889.

No. 870, *New Series.*

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It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, *and not to the* EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Letters of David Hume to William Strahan. Now first edited with Notes, Index, &c. By G. Birkbeck Hill. (Clarendon Press.)

DR. BIRKBECK HILL is certainly one of our most indefatigable literary men. It is only eighteen months since we reviewed in the ACADEMY his excellent edition of Boswell's Johnson, the result of nearly a lifetime's research. Since then he has brought out *The Wit and Wisdom of Samuel Johnson*, of which we have not met with a copy, but it is said to be a well-arranged compilation. His new work is a collection of letters from David Hume to William Strahan, carefully edited with very copious notes. The series is not quite complete, a small portion having been previously disposed of by a former owner. We have recently come across one of the missing letters, which is not, however, of any importance; and we fancy that the present collection contains all that was best worth publishing.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill is a born annotator; and most persons will think that, though some of these letters contain curious information, and afford us vivid glimpses of eighteenth-century life and manners, they are of less interest than the editor's scholarly notes. To give an instance how thoroughly the work is done, we may mention that one letter of scarcely three pages has eighteen small type pages of notes, and another letter of about the same length has fourteen pages of notes; and, though some of these notes are rather discursive, not one appears to be inserted for a mere display of knowledge. Many of them are naturally biographical and historical, referring to persons and events mentioned in the letters; others illustrate such subjects as the national debt, official franks, the British Museum, stage coaches, the post office, copyright, &c.; and to those who remember Dr. Hill's edition of Boswell, it is needless to state that no literary allusion in the text is left unexplained. From the note on copyright most readers will learn with surprise that, so late as 1774, owners of copyright were supposed to hold their property in perpetuity. Dr. Hill tells us that

"Wm. Johnston, a retired bookseller, in the evidence which he gave two or three weeks later [than February, 1774] before a committee of the House of Commons, said that he had held in whole or in part the copyright of Camden's *Britannia*, Dryden's Works, Locke's Works, and Steele's *Tatler*, and that, by the threat of filing a bill in Chancery, he had restrained a Coventry bookseller from publishing an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*" (p. 275).

In a note on Arlington Street, the editor quotes from a letter of Horace Walpole, who writes (December 1, 1769):

"From my earliest memory Arlington Street has been the ministerial street. The Duke of Grafton is actually coming into the house of Mr. Pelham, which my lord president is quitting, and which occupies too the ground on which my father lived; and Lord Weymouth has just taken the Duke of Dorset's" (p. 95).

The passage requires further annotation to show how well Arlington Street deserved the epithet "ministerial." The Duke of Grafton was at that time prime minister, and his secretary of state for the Northern Department was Lord Weymouth, whose maternal grandfather, Lord Granville, better known as Carteret, had also been a resident in the same street. Henry Pelham, chief of the Broad Bottom administration, had occupied a house erected on the site where Sir Robert Walpole had lived during his tenure of office, and Sir Robert's next door neighbour had been Pulteney. "My Lord President" was Earl Gower, who, when "Pelham fled to heaven," appears from the rate-books to have purchased the house from his widow, Lady Catherine. We may add that Lord Salisbury occupies the family residence in Arlington Street, which thus retains its ministerial prestige.

But we must leave these interesting notes, and turn our attention to the more immediate subject of the work before us. The editor has very properly prefixed to the letters Hume's well-known autobiography and a brief memoir of William Strahan.

During his life Hume held almost the first place among men of letters, and his reputation was greater abroad than in his own country. But his writings are now neglected, and their author is little remembered. His History is to a great extent superseded, and his philosophical opinions have been considerably developed by their modern exponents. Hume was born in 1711. His career was singularly happy and successful, though he was always a determined grumbler. Very early in life he resolved to devote himself to literary pursuits, which to the last were his ruling passion. Soon after his second published work he accompanied General Sinclair as secretary and aide-de-camp in a military expedition to France, and afterwards acted in a similar capacity to the same officer during his mission to the courts of Turin and Vienna. The final volume of Hume's History appeared in 1761, and two years later he was appointed acting secretary to Lord Hertford's embassy in Paris, where he remained three years, the most brilliant, if not the happiest, of his life. Nothing could exceed the warmth of his reception in the French capital. Grimm writes:

"M. Hume doit aimer la France; il y a reçu l'accueil le plus distingué et le plus flatteur. Paris et la cour se sont disputé l'honneur de se surpasser" (p. 51).

Hume himself writes on the same subject to Robertson:

"Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers" (p. 52).

Walpole declared that Hume was the only thing in which the French implicitly believed. It is not easy to understand this extraordinary success, though it was doubtless in a great measure owing to Hume's reputation as an author and a freethinker; and the French, moreover, had always a rage for literary celebrities. Hume's personal appearance was not prepossessing. Lord Charlemont, who met him in Turin, wrote:

"His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility. His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher."

Hume's powers of conversation were as little calculated to win favour as his face and figure. In Mdme. d'Epinay's *Mémoires* a story (quoted by Dr. Hill Burton) is told of Hume acting in some charades where the dialogue was to be improvised. He was assigned the part of a Sultan endeavouring to overcome the resistance of two obdurate beauties.

"On le place," we read, "sur un sopha entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve jamais autre chose à leur dire que: 'Eh bien! mes demoiselles. Eh bien! vous voilà donc . . . eh bien! vous voilà . . . vous voilà ici?'"

Another instance of Hume's want of fluency of speech is related by Rousseau. The incident happened soon after the commencement of their well-known quarrel; a temporary reconciliation had been patched up, and a meeting arranged between the two estranged friends. At first they were both rather embarrassed, and little conversation was exchanged.

"Bientôt," writes Rousseau, "un violent remords me gagne; je m'indigne de moi-même; enfin dans un transport que je me rappele encore avec délices, je m'élance à son cou, je le serre étroitement; suffoqué de sanglots, inondé de larmes, je m'écrie d'une voix entrecoupée: 'Non, non, David Hume n'est pas un traitre'; . . . David Hume me rend poliment mes embrassemens, et tout en me frappant de petits coups sur le dos, me répète plusieurs fois d'un ton tranquille: 'Quoi, mon cher Monsieur! Eh, mon cher Monsieur! Quoi donc, mon cher Monsieur!' Il ne me dit rien de plus" (p. 81).

But some of the friendships which Hume formed in Paris were enduring, and his correspondence with the charming Mdme. de Boufflers was continued as long as he lived.

Hume's political sagacity was not great, though he was one of those who foresaw that it was impossible to retain our American colonies. Through life a strong Tory, he dreaded any encroachments on the rights of the crown.

"Only consider," he writes in June 1771, "how many Powers of Government we lost in this short Reign. The right of displacing the Judges was given up; General Warrants are lost; the right of expulsion [from the House of Commons] the same; all the coercive Powers of the House of commons abandon'd; all Laws against Libel annihilated; . . . For God's sake, is there never to be a stop put to this inundation of the Rabble?" (p. 201).

Hume's character in private life was amiable, but we fear we must agree with Dr. Hill that his principles of honour were not high, though, perhaps, his practice was better; he certainly was much beloved by friends,

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like Adam Smith and others, who knew him well. His antipathy towards England was very great. "Hume, in his abuse of the English," writes the editor, "as much surpassed Johnson in violence as he was inferior to him in wit" (p. 56).

Of Hume's opinions on religious subjects and ideas of a future state, we know nothing positive. Dr. Hill speaks of him as an Epicurean, and this is probably the best description that can be given. He certainly had no fear of death, and was singularly cool and collected in his last moments. A few days before he died, when his medical adviser told him that all would soon be over, he considered the prediction as good news; "for of late," he writes in his last letter to Strahan, "within these few weeks, my Infirmities have so multiplyed that Life has become rather a Burthen to me. Adieu, then, my good and old Friend." These lines, of which a facsimile is given in this volume, were written in a clear and legible hand on August 12, 1776. Hume died on August 25.

William Strahan was born at Edinburgh in 1715; and, "having served his apprenticeship in his native town," writes Dr. Hill, "he was enchanted, like so many of his countrymen, by 'the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees,' and took 'the high road that leads to England.'" He set up as a printer in London, and was so successful that in 1770 he purchased "a share of the patent for king's printer." His business establishment was in New Street, Fetter Lane, where his descendants, Messrs. Spottiswoode, still carry on the works. In 1774 he was returned to parliament for Malmesbury as the colleague of Charles James Fox. Strahan was a friend of Johnson, and is frequently mentioned in Boswell's Life. His son, Dr. George Strahan, was appointed vicar of Islington in 1773, and it was to his house that "Johnson went sometimes for the benefit of good air." The old vicarage, we are informed by the present incumbent, was pulled down four years ago, and its site is now occupied by the premises of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. William Strahan died in 1785.

We have left little space for extracts from the letters. The earlier portion of them is a good deal taken up with directions for the publication of his works, but occasionally we come across notices of important contemporary events. Soon after the accession of George III. Hume writes:

"Is this new Reign to be the Augustan Age? or have the Parsons got entire Possession of the young Prince? I hear that they brag much of their Acquisition; but he seems by his Speech to be a great Admirer of his Cousin of Prussia, who surely is no Favourer or Favourite of theirs" (p. 32).

A few months later he writes to introduce James Macpherson with a very warm letter of recommendation. Like many others, Hume was for some time convinced of the truth of Macpherson's pretensions. Gibbon not only believed that Ossian's poems were authentic, but, as late as 1776, quoted from them in the *Decline and Fall*. Horace Walpole, referring to the subject, wrote in 1761: "My doubts of the genuineness are all vanished." To the names of these believers may probably be added another still more illustrious—that of Edmund Burke. The editor supposes (and we entirely agree with him) that Burke was the writer of a review of Ossian's poems in the *Annual Register* for 1761. The following passage is certainly either by Burke or by a very clever imitator of his style:

"The editor has recovered from the obscurity of barbarism, the rust of fifteen hundred years, and *the last breath of a dying language*, these inestimable relics of the genuine spirit of poetry" (p. 37).

Sturdy old Johnson, as is well known, declared from the first that the poems were a forgery, and the correctness of his judgment was soon almost universally acknowledged.

In 1765 Hume wrote from Paris an account of a grand dinner at the English embassy in honour of George III.'s birthday, and requested that the event might be recorded in the *Chronicle*, of which Strahan was then printer. The request was duly complied with, in the impression of June 13, by a paragraph which differs only in slight details from the description in the newspapers of similar festivities in 1888, though probably few of Lord Lytton's guests on that occasion appeared in "new and rich cloaths." Wilkes, who was in exile at Paris, wrote on June 5 of the previous year: "Lord Hertford gave yesterday a grand dinner to all the English here except *one*" (p. 69).

From the year 1769 the letters become more interesting. It was in that year that Hume settled down in Edinburgh to pass the remainder of his life. At first he lived in comfortable rooms purchased by him some years before in "James's Court," in the same house, but not on the same story, where Boswell afterwards entertained Johnson during his visit to Edinburgh. On October 25 Hume writes to Strahan:

"I never enjoyed myself better, nor was in better spirits, than since I came down here. I live as I please, spend my time according to my fancy, keep a plentiful table for myself and my friends, amuse myself with reading and society, and find the generality of the people disposed to respect me more on account of my having been well received in greater and more renowned places" (p. 112).

Hume's position was certainly a pleasant one. His means were ample, his health was good, and he had every prospect of some years of enjoyable existence. He had many friends, whom he entertained with splendid hospitality, and was especially proud of his old mutton and his old claret. Though himself a temperate man, he was a member and regular attendant at the meetings of the Poker Club—a convivial body whose direct and specific object, according to Dr. Hill Burton, was the consumption of claret. His leisure was employed in corresponding with friends at a distance, and making corrections for new editions of his works. He often quoted a saying of Rousseau that one half of a man's life is too short to write a book, and the other half too short to correct it. To a great extent the prejudices raised by Hume's philosophical writings had died away, though to the last he was sometimes subjected to annoyance from over-zealous believers. A tradition exists in Edinburgh that on one occasion when he had slipped into the boggy ground at the foot of the castle rock, he was rescued by a woman, who, when, however, she discovered that he was "Hume the Deist," refused to help him till he had repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. But this intolerance was rare, and Hume had little cause to regret his loss of office or the choice of Edinburgh as a residence.

London in the year 1769 was not a pleasant place to live in, especially for a Tory and a pessimist like Hume. In a letter already quoted from he writes: "As to my Notion of public Affairs, I think there are very dangerous Tempests brewing, and the Scene thickens every moment" Burke writes in the *Annual Register* that "the nation had been in a great ferment during the whole summer—the like had scarcely been ever remembered"; and again, in *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*: "Good men look upon this disordered scene with sorrow and indignation." The capital was a scene of daily riot. Bands of armed men wandered about committing every sort of outrage, and scarcely an attempt was made to repress them. The government had lost all power. The Duke of Grafton, a young man of dissolute life, was prime minister, but the king was supposed to be still under the influence of Lord Bute. In the House of Commons the ministry had lost the confidence of its supporters; and was assailed with insults and derision by its opponents, which it did not venture to resent. Lord Granby, the popular commander-in-chief, was notoriously unfavourable to the administration, and had already on one occasion voted with the opposition. In this year, too, commenced the letters of Junius, and were causing an extraordinary sensation (now rather difficult to understand); but the chief thorn in the side of the government was Wilkes, whose case had been mismanaged in every possible way. Dr. Hill writes in a note: "Had the pardon for which, in 1766, he [Wilkes] sued from the prime minister, the Duke of Grafton, been granted, he might have sunk altogether into oblivion" (p. 120). This is not quite accurate. The Duke of Grafton was not prime minister till the end of 1767; but there is little doubt that if Wilkes had been offered a place or a pension "he would have ceased to be a Wilkite many years before he did." There is a good deal of information about Wilkes in the editor's notes; but we wish he had added an interesting item of literary interest—that in the contest between Wilkes and Townsend for the mayoralty the latter was assisted by Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote paragraphs in the papers in support of his friend. Dr. Hill has, however, further on noted the curious fact that, in a letter written by Strahan to Hume, five days after Goldsmith's death, no allusion is made to the event (p. 285).

Early in 1770 the Duke of Grafton resigned; Lord North became prime minister; and the letters soon show that in home affairs, at least, his tact and common-sense had produced a marked change. In May Hume writes: "We are very happy that this Session is got over without any notable disaster" (p. 145); and some months later: "It is a pleasure, however, that the Wilkites and the Bill of Rights-men are fallen into total and deserved Contempt" (p. 161).

In June of this year (1770), Walpole was able to write to Mann:

"This is a slight summer letter, but you will

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not be sorry it is so short, when the dearth of events is the cause. Last year I did not know but we might have a battle of Edgehill by this time. At present, my Lord Chatham could as soon raise money as raise the people; and Wilkes will not much longer have more power of doing either . . ." (p. 153).

The remaining part of the volume must be glanced at briefly. We have said nothing of Hume's literary judgments, and they will hardly commend themselves to the present generation. He preferred Home's "Douglas" to the plays of Shakspere; and with the light literature of his own time he appears to have been little acquainted. He writes in 1773:

"For as to any Englishman, that Nation is so sunk in Stupidity and Barbarism and Faction, that you may as well think of Lapland for an Author. The best Book that has been writ by any Englishman these thirty Years (for Dr. Franklyn is an American) is *Tristram Shandy*, bad as it is. A Remark which may astonish you; but which you will find true on Reflection" (p. 256).

The remark is certainly astonishing when we consider that "in these thirty years" (as Dr. Hill points out in a note) had been published *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, the Great Dictionary and *Rasselas*, Collins's Odes and all Gray's Poems; and (we should certainly add) Burke's political pamphlets. The editor suggests that Hume wished to pay a compliment to Franklin, who would probably see the letter.

We must pass over in silence the allusions to the dispute with Spain about the Falkland Islands, and to the revolt of our American colonies; but we cannot refrain from quoting one more extract, which contains a curious illustration of the manners of those days. When Hume, not long before his death, was travelling to Bath, he stopped for a short time at the inn at Speen Hill, and he writes on May 10, 1776:

"When we pass'd by Spine Hill, near Newbury, we found in the Inn Lord Denbigh, who was an Acquaintance of my Fellow Traveller [John Home]. His Lordship inform'd him that he, Lord Sandwich, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Banks, and two or three Ladies of Pleasure, had pass'd five or six Days there, and intended to pass all this Week and the next in the same Place; that their chief object was to enjoy the trouting Season" (p. 324).

Lord Sandwich was the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Mulgrave was one of the junior lords. We learn from a note by the editor that in November of the same year,

"soon after the opening of Parliament, Mr. Luttrell moved an Address to the King for the removal of Lord Sandwich from office. . . . Lord Mulgrave defended his chief. 'The British nation,' he said, 'had never known a First Commissioner of the Admiralty equal to the present in capacity and meritorious services'" (p. 328).

The motion was negatived without a division.

We cannot conclude better than by repeating our praise of this interesting volume. We have never seen a work better edited or better annotated, and there is an excellent index.

F. Grant.

Life of Lord Westbury. By Thomas Arthur Nash. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

In spite of the essentially defective plan on which this book has been written, a very readable and interesting Life of Lord Westbury has been produced. It is, perhaps, in one view a merit that the effect is not at all what it was expected to be—for instead of the study of the cynical, sharp-tongued wit, whose motto might be *tot verba tot verbera*, we have a picture of the benevolent and industrious paterfamilias, devoted to his pigs and his poultry, forced by adverse fate into being the best advocate, one of the ablest politicians, and the most reforming of lawyers of his day.

It is well that the domestic and private side of Lord Westbury's character should have been revealed to a world that in the end used him more hardly and harshly than he was supposed to wish to use the world. But it cannot but be considered an essential defect in a biography that it throws into the shade and hardly displays at all the qualities of the man which made him famous, and for which, after all, the public demanded that his life should be written and for which it will be read, but read almost in vain. The catastrophe of his life, that which has made him stand out from all other chancellors of the last 200 years, is told with so much reticence as to be absolutely unintelligible. Mr. Nash has apparently adopted the wrong view of the sensation caused by the Life of Bishop Wilberforce; and, instead of taking with the necessary grain the outcry of critics against wounded feelings and injured susceptibilities, he has taken it with grand seriousness, not remembering the zest with which, while the critics struck, the public listened and read. The result will be that, while the Life of Bishop Wilberforce is passing through edition after edition, the life of Lord Westbury will, like virtuous coldness in general, be praised but left out in the cold. The absurdity of it, too, is that while the chief offence caused by the Wilberforce memoirs was caused by the revelation of private opinions and confidential utterances not before known, Lord Westbury's views of men and things were no secret, and his satire and sarcasm were almost public property. As for the story of his fall, the care taken in telling it to avoid wounding susceptibilities is simply misplaced, since anyone who likes can read the whole story in Hansard; and any harm that could be done to the persons concerned was done twenty-three years ago, and is past praying for. In the interest of his hero himself, Mr. Nash has been very ill-judged in this respect. Any impartial person who reads the whole story in Hansard can hardly avoid the conclusion that Lord Westbury was made the victim of party passion and personal malice, as was shown by the attempt made to implicate Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Palmerston during the debate on the vote of censure forced on at the fag end of a session, when a dissolution had already been announced. But Lord Westbury had offended two powerful interests—the High Churchmen and the high and dry lawyers—and has aroused personal animosities; and they found their revenge for a few biting phrases in the wreck of the career of the greatest chancellor of the century.

With his vivid wit, his reforming and constructive energy, and his constant reference to principles instead of rules and routine, Westbury stands out among the mere used-up lawyers or precise formalists who have usually adorned the woolsack before and after him, very much as Carlyle among historians or Latimer among preachers. Among chancellors, he was of the school of the Broughams and Thurlows rather than of the Eldons or the Hatherleys. He was supposed to be cynical and ill-natured by many who had suffered under his wit; but, in fact, he was only cynical as to views in which he did not believe and as to people whom he did not trust, and his ill-nature was no more than the surface irritability of a superior but impatient mind. It seems to have been purely intellectual, and his most ill-natured sayings were merely the flashes of an uncontrollable wit. Mr. Nash's pages amply demonstrate that Lord Westbury was never cynical in things which he thought important, such, for instance, as law reform, nor ill-natured to those who "knew him at home." He had a hard struggle in early life; and, unfortunately, the very qualities which gave him his paramount position in his profession—his power of sarcasm, his want of respect of persons, that is, his carelessness of what other people thought of themselves, and its correlative, carelessness of what other people thought of him—provoked and gave the opportunity to those who eventually hustled him off the woolsack. It was hard, too, on one who had throughout life depended on himself that in the crisis of his career he was attacked under circumstances in which he had to depend on others. Had he been in the House of Commons, if he had not obviated defeat, he would at least have left on record a speech as brilliant as that in which he annihilated Bishop Wilberforce in the House of Lords on the condemnation of *Essays and Reviews*, or the speeches in which he met Mr. Gladstone's onslaughts on the Divorce Bill.

As it was, though cut short prematurely in his career, he had done as much, as Sir Richard Bethell and Lord Westbury, for law reform of all kinds as half-a-dozen of his predecessors or successors. And he has left behind a fountain of wit, from which it is to be hoped some more copious draughts will be given to the world. Meanwhile, we may be thankful to Mr. Nash for having done for Bethell's private character very much what Sir George Trevelyan did for Macaulay's, in showing that he had a heart as well as a head; and for the story of his university and early bar career, which may afford pabulum to Mr. Smiles to show that in the learned profession as well as in the manufacture of shoddy there is no disadvantage in beginning life with half-a-crown if there be a whole head and a sound body.

Arthur F. Leach.

Visitations of the Diocese of Norwich, A.D. 1492-1532. Edited by the Rev. A. Jessopp. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

In saying that the text of the above volume is one of the most valuable contributions to English history every issued by the Camden Society I commit myself to a very strong statement, but those who have read it will

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agree with me that it is a true one. Dr. Jessopp is to be congratulated on having unearthed the MS., and has done good service to the literary world by procuring it to be printed.

But there praise must end; for his introduction is not worthy of him, and he has not used the material ready to his hand out of which he could have made a literary success in his own style. No one was better qualified than he to touch with a light hand the most interesting facts disclosed by the book, and sketch in vivid colours the inner life of the monasteries just before their suppression, had he taken Carlyle's *Past and Present* for his model. But, as it is, the preface is obviously hastily written, and is inaccurate in fact and loose in argument. Over production for popular periodicals has left Dr. Jessopp no time to make careful research or to check statements jotted down hurriedly, and the editing is not up to the usual standard of the Camden Society.

It would be unkind to track minutely all the slips of the author's flying men, but "trepidis" (xxi.), which is fancifully explained, is clearly his transcriber's error for "crepidis," the similarity between *c* and *t* of this date being fatal. Nor should a local antiquary of repute translate *corrody* "annuity," *communaius* "chief accountant," or *pincuna* "provision-contractor." A contractor surely implies one who gets profit from what he supplies, but that any officer of a monastic community was allowed to get anything out of his fellows is a startling assertion. There are many minor slips and misprints. It is almost incredible how anyone who knows Norwich so well could pass "Lollardes, Pittes." Again, at p. viii., there is the extraordinary statement that Rushworth College, founded in 1342, was the earliest college in the diocese of Norwich. Even admitting that Bury St. Edmunds, which is said to have become a perfect college in 925, and Glemsford, "founded *tempore* Edward the Confessor," were not colleges in the sense Dr. Jessopp apparently means, it seems hard to understand how he passed over the well-known colleges of Gressenhall (founded in the reign of Henry III.), Thetford, Thompson, and Caister (in the reign of Edward I.), and the still better known college of the Chapel in the Field at Norwich before 1331.

As to why the *Visitations* include certain monasteries and omit others, Dr. Jessopp offers no suggestion beyond pointing out that certain houses (the number of which he inaccurately gives as seven—there were really more) were specially exempt from the bishop's jurisdiction. But, unless we suppose *all* five visitations are imperfect, this does not account for the omission of very many other well-known monasteries; and the real solution, of course, is that they were cells to other monasteries which were themselves exempt.

The line that Dr. Jessopp takes as to certain nameless accusations is absolutely incomprehensible. He unhesitatingly puts them down as false; and of a note in which I controverted his views elsewhere he says (xii. n.) that it will be taken for what it is worth, though he does not reply to it. After editing a volume which not only teems with accusations and reports on minor immoralities but actually (pp. 204, 250) proves that two accusations were made of a major sin, and which hints at it on pp. 200, 266, and 269, he actually reiterates his opinion. It is idle to get hysterical over hateful things, and to say that they did not exist because they were hateful—to talk of "hideous comperta," and so on, and to urge that the scandals which justified the dissolution were the "horrible inventions" of "miserable men," "hired detectives of the very vilest stamp come to levy blackmail," and so on. The evidence now printed is not that of any one of this class. It is a record never meant to be read by a layman, and it bears ample proof that everything possible was hushed up; but it proves up to the hilt that in over thirty instances monks accused monks of immorality and vice. Is it probable that *all* these accusations were untrue—that a monk would venture to accuse his superior before the official who, if he disbelieved his story, had practically the power of life and death over him? And, in any case, if all the accusations were false and the accused all innocent, how very vile and very base must have been the thirty accusers, and how unlike the blameless and bland devotees pictured in Dr. Jessopp's fancy sketch! How he can reconcile his statement on p. xii., that "no such charges or anything like them are to be looked for in the following pages," with the text and specially with his own words on p. xxxiii., that "there had been a hideous and revolting scandal among the brethren," it is, indeed, hard to say. A valuable excerpt from a visitation of St. Mary of Thame in 1526, recently printed by Mr. G. C. Perry in the October number of the *Historical Review* (p. 704), still further proves that similar charges were made and investigated by the ecclesiastical authorities, who had the best reason for denying their existence.

But enough has been said to show that the writer is not at his best when dealing with dry facts or when arguing on them. As one of the most delightful essayists of the day—one might almost say the master of antiquarian romance—he is unrivalled, and he has probably done more than anyone living to popularise antiquarian study; but his Pegasus goes very reluctantly in the shafts of hard work, and was obviously kicking over the traces in the concluding paragraphs of the introduction, which betray undisguised joy at coming to an end of his task.

Walter Rye.

Pen and Ink: Papers on Subjects of more or less Importance. By Brander Matthews. (Longmans).

There is a happy blending of wisdom and gaiety in these essays of Mr. Brander Matthews. While never profound, they are seldom frivolous. Of sound common-sense there is plenty, and philosophy and moral instruction are not wanting. But when these occur they are sure to be whimsically stated, or to be standing shoulder to shoulder with some application or comment more or less fantastic. Whatever of the useful is offered is well wrapped up in the entertaining—like a pill in a plenitude of jam—after this fashion:

"Poker is a true touchstone of character. In great trials a man generally tries to act as he ought, while in little affairs he shows himself as he really is. I know a gentleman who says he will allow no man to marry his daughter until he has tested his temper and gained an insight into his character by playing poker with him" (p. 205).

Several of the papers have been gathered from magazines, where, in some instances, they attracted considerable attention.

The papers on literary topics contain some sound criticism. Certain modern English novels might well have been in Mr. Matthews's mind when he wrote, "A brutal misuse of the supernatural is perhaps the very lowest degradation of the art of fiction." Here is a well-drawn comparison between Poe and Hawthorne:

"There is a propriety in Hawthorne's fantasy to which Poe could not attain. Hawthorne's effects are moral where Poe's are merely physical. The situation and its logical development and the effects to be got out of it are all Poe thinks of. In Hawthorne the situation, however strange and weird, is only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual struggle. Ethical consequences are always worrying Hawthorne's soul; but Poe did not know that there were any ethics" (p. 79).

A little farther on, he adds:

"In Poe's hands the story of 'The Ambitious Guest' might have thrilled us with a more powerful horror; but it would have lacked the ethical beauty which Hawthorne gave it, and which makes it significant beyond a mere feat of verbal legerdemain. And the subtle simplicity of the 'Great Stone Face' is as far from Poe as the pathetic irony of 'The Ambitious Guest.' In all his most daring fantasies Hawthorne is natural; and, though he may project his vision far beyond the boundaries of fact, nowhere does he violate the laws of nature" (pp. 80, 81).

This level of criticism is not maintained in the essays on "Two Latter-day Lyrists," where Mr. Frederick Locker and Mr. Austin Dobson are discussed. These two papers are not without their good points, but they are sadly marred by superlatives. Superlatives, like seasoning, should be used with caution, a fact which, in this instance, Mr. Matthews has quite ignored. "The perfection of daintiness and delicacy"; "as purely a lyric as the song of the thrush itself"; "a marvel of refinement and restraint"; "the spirit of all Mr. Dobson's work is beautiful"; "there is unfailing elevation"; "a happy mingling of a broad and genial humanity with an extraordinarily fine artistic instinct"—gushing phrases such as these are to be expected where some eager but injudicious log-roller strives to impose an aspiring nobody upon a guileless public; or where the aspiring nobody, for purposes of his own, seeks to flatter an author of renown. But that a humourist of Mr. Matthews's calibre, who is also something of a critic, could write them, is wonderful. Nor does it seem complimentary or altogether just to Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson to make them the subjects of such extravagant eulogy.

The paper, "On the French spoken by those who do not speak French," is a protest, much needed, against a prevalent literary vice. Mr. Brander Matthews is sorry Thackeray did not write one of his "Roundabout Papers" on the subject, for

"it is a subject which seems most suitable for the author of the *Book of Snobs*; for, above all things, is there snobbishness in the affecta-

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tion of being on speaking terms with the French language, when, in very truth, it barely returns your bow" (p. 168).

For a stern moralist on this matter, Mr. Brander Matthews is himself too prone to drop into French; but his own deficiencies in this particular do not detract from the justice, though they may diminish the force, of his precepts. In his case, as in that of some other preachers, "Do as I say and don't do as I do," is a good motto. But for his own sake Mr. Matthews should not neglect the admirable warning given by no less an authority than himself, that the habit of dropping into French "is as enfeebling as the habit of punning." In this particular the writer of an English book for English readers ought to be a total abstainer.

"A national hymn," says Mr. Matthews in the paper on "The Songs of the Civil War," "is one of the things which cannot be made to order. No man has ever sat him down and taken up his pen and said 'I will write a national hymn,' and composed either words or music which a nation was willing to take for its own."

The statement is true generally, but "never" is a strong word. Am I mistaken in thinking that the battle-song of English Jingoism, "Rule Britannia," which almost rivals our so-called national hymn, breaks Mr. Brander Matthews's rule?

The essay on "The True Theory of the Preface" was a good deal discussed when it appeared in *Longman's Magazine* not many months ago. It is an ingenious piece of work. According to Mr. Matthews "a book with a good preface is half-way on the high-road to success." A good preface is "appetizing, alluring, enticing." It is a mistake to suppose that nobody reads a preface:

"Perhaps that impalpable entity the general reader may skip it not infrequently; but that tangible terror, the critic, never fails to read the preface, even when he reads no farther. . . . The critic is a very different sort of person from the general reader, and it is meat and drink to him to read a preface."

Therefore the author should write his preface for the critic, to guide him as to the character of the book and as to the things he should say about it. The use of the term "critic" in this connexion is, of course, too general to be entirely accurate; but there are plenty of tasters for newspapers, who, assuredly, are only too glad to compile their notices from prefaces. It is not necessary to follow Mr. Matthews's argument; but a piece of advice like the following is worth quoting and has applications wider than the question immediately in hand: "Hold the head up; look the world in the eye; and he is a churlish critic who does not at least treat you with respect." It is a pity Mr. Matthews has not given us in the present volume a specimen of the ideal preface he recommends. It would have been a task worthy of his skill.

On the whole, readers have good reason for gratitude to Mr. Matthews, who has given them a book which is, what a certain popular magazine professes to be, interesting from end to end.

WALTER LEWIN.

TWO BOOKS ON PERSIA.

A Personal Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition. By William Francis Ainsworth, Surgeon and Geologist to the Expedition. In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

"The Story of the Nations."—*Persia.* By S. G. W. Benjamin, lately United States Minister to Persia. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. AINSWORTH'S narrative begins "towards the end of the year 1834," and the half century and more which has elapsed since his notes were recorded has produced a stream of works relating to every part of the countries which he traversed. We are constrained to say there is nothing of novelty, or of careful scientific research, in these volumes such as to make them worthy and welcome. Mr. Ainsworth has imposed upon us the task of reading his eight hundred pages; and we regret, for his sake and for our own, that he did not publish his narrative before her Majesty began her reign. In the Preface, Mr. Ainsworth states "that no fully detailed account" of the "Euphrates Expedition has been given"; and we thought that possibly, after fifty years, there might be some matter of permanent value to be made public. But these volumes are for the most part made up with worthless commonplace.

"The Colonel having dismounted to get a good shot, his steed bolted." "Colonel Chesney and I had ridden on to secure quarters." "There was the same cloudless sky, starry with constellations by which Abraham steered his course from his fatherland,"

are not details for which we have time and patience after the lapse of half a century.

Mr. Ainsworth was geologist to the expedition; and there is room even now for a scientific description of the most interesting and ancient monuments of Asia. After pages full of scraps of history which have no more connexion with the expedition than with Whitechapel, Mr. Ainsworth says: "The most remarkable monument still existing at Tarsus is known as the Dunuk Tash—a vast, solid parallelogram of masonry." Longing for scientific, especially geological, description, upon which the rust of fifty years would be imperceptible, this is what we obtain:

"This monument has attracted the attention of all travellers, and M. Gilet made endeavours, not without some success, to penetrate into the interior; and M. Langlois has placed on record a minute detail of its structure and dimensions."

If Mr. Ainsworth had shown these "details" to any judicious friend, he would have said: "Throw away at once and for ever all your ill-sorted pickings from ancient history, all your ill-digested Strabo and Pliny, all about Xerxes, and the rest. Keep only that which may by any decent pretext be included under the promise of your preface as details of the expedition." The result would certainly have been slender, and might be read in a comparatively short time, but Mr. Ainsworth would have been less open to reproach. As to Persepolis, Mr. Ainsworth gives us an original speculation: "Is it possible that the unicorn represents an animal that has become extinct within historical times?" But his description of the ruins is inferior to a dozen contributed by more recent visitors.

Now that the Shah has just opened the Karūn to free navigation, we turned with hope to what "the geologists to the exhibition" might say upon the rocks at Ahwas which bar the ascent against any vessel of useful size. And here then is some matter of real interest. From Mohammerah "so facile was the navigation that we effected a distance of sixty-eight miles in ten-and-a-half hours." At Ahwas, less than half the distance for which the Karūn is navigable to Shuster,

"a ridge of tertiary or supra-cretaceous sandstones cross the gentle, almost imperceptible slope towards the Kurdish mountains, some hundreds of miles away. Ledges of rock impede the navigation of the river; and a few hundred yards below the town a regular reef, called the Bund, stretches from bank to bank, giving rise to rapids which are sometimes dangerous to native boats."

This difficulty may be overcome by the construction of a canal by which vessels could pass round the rapids and into the stream, which nine miles above Ahwas is 150 yards broad. At Shuster goods may be landed 244 miles nearer to Ispahan than at Bushire, the usual port of entry.

Mr. Benjamin's conclusion that Russia "undoubtedly intends, sooner or later, to extend her sway over Persia," is not very unlike that of Mr. Ainsworth, who thinks "one of the next phases" will be Russia and England fighting for supremacy at the mouth of the Euphrates, "which Russia will probably reach by the uplands of Persia." Neither view is quite consistent with British naval supremacy in the Persian Gulf, and neither writer assumes that supremacy to have been lost. But this is almost the only remark upon contemporary affairs in Mr. Benjamin's book, which, except in its final pages, is made up of much of all the questionable information that is obtainable concerning the Persian kings from Feridoon and Shah Djemsheed down to Nazr'ed'deen Shah, Kajar, who has just now completed forty years of reign over Persia. The story of the great Rustem, and how he slew in single combat his son Sohrab, ignorant of their relation until the moment of the young hero's death, is, perhaps, the most attractive portion of the work. No attempt is made to write up to the interesting illustrations, which are taken from the works of Malcolm and Justi, and are sown with a rough broadcast upon Mr. Benjamin's pages. We do not know by what class of readers information such as this, relating to the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, is valued: "Firoozan was killed, and it is said that 100,000 of the routed army fell in the disorderly flight"; or this, with regard to Nadir's invasion of India: "It is said 100,000 people were massacred in one day in the streets of Delhi." Mr. Benjamin has, however, written a second work on Persia, and carries into his retirement a larger knowledge of that empire than is possessed by any other citizen of the United States.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

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NEW NOVELS.

Concerning Oliver Knox. By G. Colmore. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Old Adam; a Tale of an Army Crammer. By Hugh Coleman Davidson. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Road from Ruin. By C. L. Pirkis. In 2 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

That Unfortunate Marriage. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Annie Kilburn By William D. Howells. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

Claire. By the Author of "Vida." (Glasgow: Maclehose.)

Our Boy. By Jessie M. Barker. (Roper & Drowley.)

It is a real pleasure, after reading what is presumably a first attempt in fiction, to feel honestly justified in congratulating the author, and urging him to persevere in the path he has chosen. In *Concerning Oliver Knox* Mr. G. Colmore has, without doubt, written a very remarkable story, and shown dramatic powers of an uncommon order. The book is distinguished both by simplicity of material and by an intense depth of colouring. Only three characters are brought prominently into view—Oliver Knox, his wife Lavinia, and his mistress, Hester Blake, with whom, after his marriage, he carries on, *more Gallico*, an almost undisguised intrigue. Only three passions may be said to have been employed by the author for the purpose of developing his drama—love, hatred, and pitiless revenge. They are the all-absorbing motives throughout; no other considerations seem to have any place—no thought of heaven, no dread of future retribution, no regard for the opinions of mankind. The actors in the tale live a life of their own, unknown of neighbours, uncaring for religion, cut off alike from humanity and God. All this, while it forbids us to look for any sort of ulterior meaning or moral purpose in the book, undoubtedly imparts to it a weird fascination, which is, perhaps, the only effect the author intended to create. There are imperfections, no doubt, in the tale. Its incidents are intrinsically improbable, if not impossible. And there is an accumulation of ghastly horrors at the close (where the only character permitted to survive is a mouthing and moaning maniac), which suggests an almost childlike appetite for destruction on the part of the writer. Mr. Colmore may possess a healthy contempt for that modern phase of sentimentalism which would fain have Romeo and Juliet finally set up, married and happy, in a suburban villa; but he might, without risking any imputation of artistic anti-climax, have assigned some less deplorable fate than a pauper's death in a London garret to the miserable woman whose heart has been broken and temper soured, and whose twenty-two years of married life have been blasted by the merciless brutalities of the fiend she called husband. But, for all that, the book is a strong one—the strongest, perhaps, that has appeared this season—and cannot fail to make its mark. Mr. Colmore must, however, give us a longer story next time.

The author of *The Old Adam* is more to be congratulated on the treatment of his subject than on the subject itself. There is always rather an element of incongruity about the love-making of youths, who, though released from school, are still *in statu pupillari*. However, if this small difficulty can be got over, there is plenty else in the book to amuse and entertain. The easy life and rollicking pranks of a fashionable crammer's establishment furnish plenty of matter for humourous description; and the central figure, Dr. Copingstone, is really an excellent portrait of a man whose warm-hearted nature is so entirely hidden under a crust of pompous formality that he deceives even his own children. Of these, Arnold, the son, actually leaves his father's home to seek his own fortune; the daughter, Nellie, is afraid in time of trouble to confide in him. And these circumstances, together with an unfortunate element of cunning and suspicion in the doctor's own nature, are the chief causes of the complication which forms the plot of the novel. Mr. Davidson has a good deal of descriptive power, and can successfully elaborate a mystery and keep it running through three volumes without tiring the reader. As a rule, his allusions to matters of every-day fact are correct enough; but (vol. ii., p. 147), to a man standing on the sea-wall at Hastings, Beachy Head could scarcely be said to "frown out of the haze in the far *east*."

The Road from Ruin is remarkable chiefly for a hero, Gerald Chertseye by name, of provokingly weak character, who, beyond being lavishly and foolishly generous, has little claim upon our sympathy. At the opening of the story, Gerald's father, Lord Chertseye, has been dead a year, while Gerald himself, who five years previously had quarrelled with him and left England in a fit of temper, has completely disappeared. Pending news of him, his cousin, Horace Chertseye, the next heir, is presiding over Chertseye Manor by order of the Court of Chancery. Horace is a keen man of business, and fitted to make a much better manager of the estate than Gerald; but he is cold-blooded, selfish, a scoundrel, &c., &c., and the requirements of the story compel us to regard him with horror. At length Gerald, somewhere in the Australian bush, receives the news of his father's death, and immediately returns to England, almost heart-broken at the thought that his conduct may have hurried the old man into his grave. In the bitterness of his remorse, he even determines that he is no fit person to be master of Chertseye Manor, and is with difficulty saved by his friends from transferring the estate to his cousin. Though this pitch of absurdity is prevented, he persists in evading his responsibilities as a peer and a landlord; and, being supposed to have perished in a fire that has broken out in a lunatic asylum, where he had been appropriately confined, he sails again from England, leaving Horace to the enjoyment of the title and property. Worse still, he calmly resigns Violet Constable—who has loved him from a child, and for whom he himself entertains a passion—to Horace, who is also her lover, comforting himself with the reflection that she will perhaps be happier with his cousin. Meekness and resignation are estimable virtues in their place, but they are contemptible in a lover, and sure to be condemned by all novel readers.

To the jaded novel-reviewer it is a relief to come across an author whose name alone guarantees the excellence of the literary fare provided. *That Unfortunate Marriage*, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, yields to none of this lady's previous works in point of faithful and observant portraiture, with all the quiet humour which accompanies thoroughly natural description of life and manners. What more, then, is there to be said? It would be invidious to select instances of character-drawing where all, from peer to peasant, are excellent of their kind; and as for the story, that is a minor affair. One rises from the book with the feeling that one hardly remembers or cares what it has been about, in the delight of having formed a new and interesting circle of acquaintances, whose counterparts we know to exist in the world around us, and whose thoughts and ways have become so familiar that we could tell to a nicety what any one of them would say or do under any given circumstances.

As readers of Mr. Howells would be prepared to expect, *Annie Kilburn* is rather a a psychological study than a novel, having no plot whatever, and no particular ending to speak of. The heroine, or, more properly speaking, the principal subject of analysis and delineation in the book, is an unmarried woman of thirty, who desires to do some real good work with her money and her time. After a few muddles and blunders, she is just upon the point of landing herself in a situation resembling that of Alan Dunlop, so familiar to readers of Mr. Walter Besant's *Monks of Thelema*, when she is saved from committing an actual absurdity by the death of the Rev. Julius W. Peck, a devout apostle of Christian Socialism, whose example and theories have made a powerful impression upon her. No short outline could convey any idea of the quaint humour, sparkling dialogue, and subtly analytical description with which the work abounds. From this brief notice it will be gathered that *Annie Kilburn* is in a general way typical of the author's method, and exhibits no particular departure from the lines upon which Mr. Howells has earned his reputation as a writer of fiction.

Dialect is a medium which requires to be rather judiciously handled by a novelist; and to anyone intending to intersperse a work freely with it we would fain whisper, "commendat rarior usus." The Scotch of Burns, for example, has undoubted charms, which, however, are apt to produce satiety when presented in too great abundance. It is more than probable that many a reader south of the Tweed who comes across *Claire*, and glances at the opening chapter, beginning with, "Eh, Allan, lad, is that you? Dinna sit doon," &c., will close the book without going further. It is only fair to say that the base Southron who does so will miss a very pretty story. Without being exactly original, the characters are drawn with fidelity. There is also a good deal of real pathos, and here and there some touches of national humour.

A pleasant flavour of tea leaves, cathedral-town gossip, and mild flirtation pervades the

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pages of *Our Boy*, and the book will no doubt be attractive enough to the class of readers who delight in these quiet scenes of every-day life. Duke Darmyn runs away, when a boy, from his drunken father, and after a while is adopted into the family of a clergyman named Meadows. He has a talent for music, and is ultimately appointed assistant organist in a neighbouring cathedral town. In the early part of his career he becomes engaged to a shallow-minded girl named Rosalie Stroud, who throws him over on account of his father, who has become a drunken tramp. This father continues to be a bar to Duke's prospects until carried off by death, after which Duke marries Kitty Meadows, the companion of his childhood. Miss Barker might with advantage study a little more variety in her plots. Readers of *Mary Elwood*, her previous work, will notice that its conditions and those of the present tale are almost precisely similar. In both stories the hero and heroine are playmates in childhood, and, after being separated by circumstances or misunderstandings, meet again and marry at the end. The fact that Mary Elwood marries a missionary, and Kitty Meadows an organist, does not do much towards diversifying the general agreement in the plan of the two books.

JOHN BARROW ALLEN.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Life Aboard a British Privateer in the Reign of Queen Anne. Being the Journal of Captain Woodes Rogers, Master Mariner. With Notes and Illustrations by Robert C. Leslie. (Chapman & Hall.) Mr. Leslie is to be congratulated no less upon his choice of a subject than upon the manner in which he has treated it. What boy's ears will not tingle at learning that he can here read the story of a voyage round the world of two Bristol "frigots" in 1708-1711, who had the renowned Dampier for their pilot, and who rescued Alexander Selkirk from the island of Juan Fernandez? Even the romantic exploits of Sir Amyas Leigh pale before this simple narrative of hardships and dangers encountered with a temper worthy of the companions of Ulysses. From it we discover whence Defoe acquired that artless realism which is as conspicuous in *Captain Singleton* as it is in *Robinson Crusoe*. Would that our modern caterers for the appetites of boys would follow so classical an example! Mr. Leslie has unearthed his treasure from a forgotten book, of which he has unpardonably omitted to give us the full title. Wherever he transcribes from his original he uses marks of quotation; and his own comments are so apposite and illustrative that we can well believe he has left no sound ears for another to glean. To add to the charm of his volume for grown-up readers, he has had it printed at the Chiswick Press, on hand-made paper, with ample margins, and has not been sparing of italic type; while he has illustrated it with plates from his own drawings and a few woodcuts, which alike recall the old seafaring life. We know no book of this winter season which would form a more interesting and instructive present.

English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages. By J. J. Jusserand. Translated from the French by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.) As we reviewed this book at some length (ACADEMY, October 18, 1884) at the time of its first appearance under the title of *La Vie Nomade et les Routes d'Angleterre*, we must be excused now for doing no more than giving it a hearty welcome in its new dress. The French original was published by Hachette, in their "Bibliothèque variée, format en-16," at 3f. 50c. The English translation has been augmented by about one-fourth of new matter, and has been illustrated with some sixty cuts, mostly from old MSS., but also including several modern photographs of architectural subjects. The author, whose studies we may presume to have lain chiefly in literature, was well advised in accepting the collaboration of Miss Toulmin Smith, than whom there are few more trustworthy guides among the records and MSS. of the British Museum. It is from these sources that most of the illustrations have been taken—notably from the Louterell Psalter and the Ellesmere MS. of the "Canterbury Tales." The result is a handsome volume, which may be warmly recommended to all who wish to obtain a picture of one aspect of English life in the fourteenth century. For such a pleasant introduction to the history of our own country we have to thank a French scholar, who has also made a special study of the early English drama and the early English novel. Where are we to look for the Englishman who can write—we do not say school books—but serious essays of a similar character on French history or French literature?

The Gold of Fairnilee. By Andrew Lang. Frontispiece by T. Scott. Drawings by E. A. Lemann. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.) If Mr. Lang condescends to tell a fairy tale of the Scotch border to his niece "far away on the other side of the world"—where bunyips usurp the place of fairies—and to print it for the general good, it is not for critics to examine too curiously into its substance. Even the most austere will feel that the author took pleasure in calling back to mind the simple excitements of his boyish days and the legends of his own home—the country of Scott, and Leyden, and Hogg. We cannot pretend to think that an additional charm is given by the coloured illustrations, though some are better than others; and the heavily glazed paper quickly works ruination to the binding.

Giannetta: a Girl's Story of Herself. By Rosa Mulholland. (Blackie.) As a rule, autobiographies are to be avoided; but there are exceptions, and this tasteful volume is among the exceptions. Giannetta's story is perhaps improbable, and most certainly could never have been told by an Italian peasant's child; but it is nevertheless extremely well told and full of interest. But we can imagine that its readers in the schoolroom will not be all of one mind as to the "Irish business" which occupies no small portion of the tale. The Home Rule question will give rise to lively discussions, with a decided tendency to take the side of the people against the oppressing landlords. It is almost a matter of course that the representative of the latter class should be a baronet, for authors seem to have made up their minds that the "red hand of Ulster" is to be regarded as the badge of moral depravity. Giannetta is a true heroine—a warm-hearted, self-sacrificing, and, as all good women now-a-days are, largely touched with the enthusiasm of humanity. Irish evictions call forth a display of her characteristics; and we should certainly rejoice with her if they were at an end, and that cottage industries pursued by a contented and thrifty race should make Glenmalorne an example which all the rest of Ireland would be eager to follow. The mystery of Giannetta's birth is not the only one in the story; but we must not divulge the author's secrets, which are well preserved by herself. The illustrations by Lockhart Bogle are unusually good, and combine with the binding and printing to make this one of the most attractive gift-books of the season.

Miss Hope's Niece: a Story for Girls. By C. Selby Lowndes. (Seeley.) A thoroughly healthy tone pervades this pleasantly-written tale, and enables us to recommend it without reservation. The style is natural and the incidents are of the same character, being just what might happen at any time in any English country neighbourhood. The reader is not wearied by sermons in ill disguise, but is allowed to draw for herself the moral (for there is a moral) which the story is designed to teach. Mrs. Selby Lowndes reached last year a high level with the story we then noticed—*Both Sides of the River*. She has retained it this year.

The Captain General. By W. J. Gordon. (Frederick Warne.) Really Mr. Gordon quite takes our breath away by his preface. He was born too late or too early. Could anything be less in accordance with the spirit of the age than to write a story of piracy with the deliberate intention of not dwelling on the details of crime more than was necessary? And what is more strange he has carried out his intention; and, though there is plenty of downright wickedness and fighting, and any amount of material for one of the most sensational stories of the day, there is not an attempt "to pile up the agony" anywhere throughout the book. Even in the matter of bad language he has not made anything like the best of a more than usually splendid opportunity. Mr. Gordon, indeed, seems to have set himself the task of trying to realise for us, in the spirit rather of a historian than a novelist, what a voyage such as that of the *Batavia* was like in the third decade of the seventeenth century. It was a voyage in a Dutch East Indiaman, with mutineers on board—a voyage of which many authentic records have been left, and one of no little historical interest; for the *Batavia* was the flag-ship of a fleet of eleven which, freighted with emigrants, set forth on an attempt to colonise New Holland. The fleet met with a fearful storm, in which all the ships except the *Batavia* foundered, and she only escaped the winds and waves to fall a prey to the shoals of Houtman's Abrolhos. There, on the miserable coral islands, in the absence of the brave Koopman Pelsart, who had set off in search of assistance, a terrible tyranny was established by one Jerome Cornelis, the Captain General, as his dupes and accomplices agreed to call him. What revolts and murders, treacheries and slaughters, stained his short dominion, and what happened when Pelsart returned in the "Saardam," we will not say; but we can recommend all who love true tales of adventure, told in terse and nervous English, to read the book and discover for themselves. They will find the meat quite strong enough without the seasoning of superfluous expletives or extravagances of imagination. In the simple force with which the whole narrative is brought before them, they will be reminded of Defoe; and if they be politicians, they will find much wholesome food for reflection in the career of the Captain General, and those who were foolish enough to trust in him.

Dulcie and Tottie. By Evelyn Everett-Green. (Nelson.) This is an interesting and thoroughly wholesome story, in which all the characters are well-drawn, and all the incidents well-chosen and arranged; and, though we are not quite satisfied that Gilbert should take Norman's birthright, it is rather because the former was such a contemptible character than because we wish Norman to become a very wealthy banker. Dulcie and Tottie are two delightful children, and Aunt Mostyn and Aunt Susan the dearest of old maids. The contrast between the new and the "old-fashioned" systems of education is well, and not too strongly, drawn, and the religious spirit which underlies the

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whole story is wholly free from sectarianism and cant.

The Battlefield Treasure. By F. Bayford Harrison. (Blackie.) There is a good deal of antiquarian knowledge about Shropshire in this little book, and rather a thin story running through it. But the moral is excellent.

Arm-chair Essays (Ward & Downey) is, like its predecessor by the same author, *Three-Cornered Essays*, a collection of desultory papers on a great variety of subjects, mostly, however, of a familiar and homely kind. They deal with such topics as "The Ethics of Dining," "Two Peeps into Spain," "The Inner life of a London Hospital," "Some Experiences of Weddings," &c. The are very agreeably written, and are likely to subserve the armchair delectation contemplated by the author. As indicated by the title, they make no pretence at grappling with serious subjects, though they contain ample indications that the author is a thoughtful as well as a well-read man. His talent for accurate observation of the humorous aspects of human life, and for a corresponding description of them, makes his book very pleasant reading.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

The Comprehensive Teachers' Bible. Containing the Old and New Testament according to the Authorised Version, together with new and revised Helps to Bible Study, a New Concordance, and an Indexed Bible Atlas. (Bagster.) This "Teachers'" Bible has some excellent features, though we do not think that on the whole it compares favourably with the similar work issued by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode in 1880. It has nothing corresponding to the notes containing various readings and renderings by Profs. Cheyne, Driver, and Sanday, which formed the most valuable part of the earlier book; and the anonymous articles on the natural history and ethnology of the Bible, and similar subjects, though good, are not equal to those contributed by eminent specialists to Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's volume. The list of personal names, with their interpretations, is quite out of date, the results of Assyriological discovery, in particular, being almost wholly ignored. On the other hand, the account of the several books of the Bible is well-written and scholarly. The author's usual point of view is, indeed, that of rigorous "orthodoxy" with regard to critical questions; but he neither ignores the existence of views opposed to his own, nor vituperates those who advocate them. The unity of the Book of Isaiah is treated as an open question, and the late date of Ecclesiastes is admitted without hesitation (though in the "Chronological Arrangement" the book is ascribed to Solomon). In the remarks on the "Song of Songs" the writer shows no sympathy with the whimsical delusion which has converted a pretty pastoral comedy into a solemn allegory. The Concordance we cannot pretend to have examined in detail, but we note that the passages referred to seem to be judiciously selected for their intrinsic interest or their familiarity as quotations. A feature that deserves approving mention is the index of passages of the Old Testament referred to in the New Testament. The handy size of the volume is a not unimportant point in its favour. Its most serious defect as a "Teachers' Bible"—the absence of the Apocrypha—is shared, so far as we know, by all other works of similar character.

The Gospel of St. John: an Exposition, Exegetical and Homiletical, for the Use of Clergymen, Students, and Teachers. By Rev. Thomas Whitelaw. (Glasgow: Maclehose.) It would not, perhaps, be easy to say anything very new or original on the *quaestio vexata* of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and Dr. Whitelaw probably makes no pretension of the kind. But the subject, of course, falls to be discussed, and in his introduction he gives a very good summary of the leading evidence for the Johannine authorship. The main objections to the authenticity are very fairly stated, and the stereotyped answers supplied. It may, however, be pointed out that one important branch of the discussion is entirely omitted, viz., the relation of the Johannine Gospel to the Apocalypse. The exegetical commentary, while remarkably full, is at the same time a marvel of compression, and brings together in an admirable way all the best opinions upon every point of importance. Evidently, it has been a work of great labour and patience. The homiletical sections will, doubtless, prove suggestive to the preacher; and altogether the work seems to be admirably adapted to its purpose.

The Epistle to the Galatians. By the Rev. Prof. G. G. Findlay, Headingley College, Leeds. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This is a recent addition to "The Expositor's Bible," edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll; and, to those who are acquainted with the previous volumes, it can only be necessary to say that it well maintains the character of the series as a commentary on the Bible at once popular and evangelical, and of high literary excellence. Prof. Findlay divides the epistle into five sections of varying length, according to the subjects treated of, viz., The Prologue (chap. i. 1-10), The Personal History (chap. i. 11—ii. 21), The Doctrinal Polemic (chap. iii. 1—v. 12), The Ethical Application (chap. v. 13—vi. 10), and The Epilogue (chap. vi. 11-18), and devotes to each as many chapters as are required for its adequate treatment. His exposition of the apostle's doctrine is clear and able, though, of course, the propositions that "righteousness of character springs out of righteousness of standing," and that "God makes a man righteous by counting him so," will not be universally accepted as correctly summing up Paul's doctrine of justification. Still, it will be generally felt that the writer's point of view is very much that of the apostle himself. Prof. Findlay shows a generous breadth of mind in his graceful acknowledgment of the labours of Dr. Pfleiderer, "whose delicate and sympathetic interpretation of Paul's teaching (in the Hibbert Lectures) has made all students of the apostle his debtors, however much they may quarrel with his historical criticism"; and, in dealing with the practical part of the epistle, he writes with fervour and eloquence.

A Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament. By the late W. G. Humphry. New Edition, Revised. (S.P.C.K.) A new edition of this scholarly work will be welcome to all students of the New Testament. It is, in fact, a commentary on all the more important English translations, compiled with care and accuracy, and referring when necessary to the original Greek, but not so constantly or elaborately as to deprive the work of interest for those who are not Greek scholars. The author was himself a member of the company of revisers of the New Testament, and is therefore fully aware of the exact significance of all the changes made in their version. It is scarcely possible to estimate the labour bestowed on that version till we have used such a commentary as Mr. Humphry's.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Alfred Austin has in hand a new volume which, under the title *Love's Widowhood, and other Poems*, will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Messrs. Longmans have in preparation an uniform popular edition of Macaulay's Works, together with his Life and Letters by Sir George Trevelyan. The whole will make five volumes, at half a crown each. The first volume, containing one half of the History, will be published on January 15.

Messrs. Trübner & Co. announce a new series to be issued under the title of the "Lotos Series." The volumes will be printed on a specially made paper, and will be issued in a neat and artistic binding; the type will be large and legible, and the paper of excellent quality. It is intended to include only works of approved excellence; and they will either contain copyright matter—*i.e.*, matter which is to be found in no other edition, or they will be reprints of such works of standard worth as are not generally accessible in a handy form. The volumes will be issued at a uniform price of 3s. 6d., while one hundred special large paper copies, on Dutch hand-made paper and numbered, will be printed for sale, at an advanced price, to book-lovers. One of the early volumes will be a revised and enlarged edition of *The Breitmann Ballads*, by Mr. Charles G. Leland, with a new preface and additional poems.

Dr. Robert Brown has undertaken to edit for the Hakluyt Society the travels of Al Hassan ibn Mohammed Abwazzan Al Fasi, the Moorish geographer, better known as Leo Africanus, Leo Johannes, or Leo Eliberitanus. He was a Granadian of rank, who, after visiting many parts of Morocco and Eastern Barbary, still only vaguely known, was captured by Venetian corsairs when returning from Egypt, and presented as a slave to Leo X., who converted him to Christianity. It was during his residence in Italy that he wrote his famous work, though it would appear that he afterwards returned to Morocco, abjured Christianity, and died at Tetuan in the third decade of the sixteenth century. The new edition will contain a comprehensive introduction on the subject of the author and his travels. The notes, which will comprise the result of the editor's many visits to the Barbary States, and of an exhaustive study of the literature relating to them, are intended to elucidate the old traveller's narrative, and to describe the changes which have taken place since he witnessed the opulence of Al Islam in Northern Africa.

Dr. W. Robertson Smith has had printed in elegant form a memorial of the dinner in the hall of Christ's College, Cambridge, which he gave on December 11, to celebrate the completion of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. It was a notable gathering, to commemorate an event no less notable; and the guests will be glad to preserve this interesting souvenir.

Under the title *Faithful and Unfaithful*, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish an American novel on the subject of divorce, by Miss Margaret Lee. It is understood that the book has attracted the attention of Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Reginald L. Poole, one of the most energetic of the editors of the Wycliffe Society, has written a little volume on *Wycliffe and Early Movements of Reform* for the series entitled "Epochs of Church History."

Messrs. Macmillan announce a book on *The Swiss Confederation*, by Sir Francis Ottewell Adams, lately minister at Bern, and Mr. C. D. Cunningham.

The next volume in the "Statesmen" series will be *Walpole*, by Mr. John Morley.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press *Body and Soul*: a Romance in Transcendental Theology, by Mr. Frederick Noel Paton, the

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editor of a recent volume of selections from Chaucer in the "Canterbury Poets."

Cogitations and Conclusions: a Commonplace Book of Passing Thoughts, by O. F. Routh, is the title of a volume announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

CASSELL'S *Encyclopaedic Dictionary*, which has just been completed, will now be re-issued in monthly volumes, the first of which will appear on January 24.

THE Aristotelian Society will hold its first meeting for the new year on January 14, when Mr. M. H. Dziewicki will read a paper on "The Scholastic Philosophy," which will set forth the standpoint of Neo-Scholasticism. Dr. A. Bain is to read a paper on January 28 on "The Empiricist Position." Two symposia are announced—one on the subject "What takes place in Voluntary Action?" and one on "The Nature of Force," to which Dr. Bain, Prof. Dunstan, and Dr. Johnstone Stoney will contribute.

MR. JOSEPH JACOBS has been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History, at Madrid.

LORD COLERIDGE, as chairman of the Marlowe Committee, has issued the following appeal: "* * * * a subscription has been set on foot by a committee of gentlemen to erect some memorial at Canterbury in honour of Christopher Marlowe. The town council of that city are very desirous that the memorial should be placed there, and have expressed their desire formally through the town clerk. The master of the grammar school at Canterbury very cordially supports the object; and I am informed, though I cannot speak on this matter with the same certainty, that the dean and chapter are favourable to it. Cambridge, the university to which Marlowe belonged; Deptford, the place where he was killed; and Westminster Abbey, which contains the monuments of so many of his great contemporaries and successors, have, for various reasons, been deemed places less suitable than Canterbury for the site of the proposed memorial. Into the much vexed questions as to Marlowe's position among great poets, as to his disbelief in Christianity or even in a God, as to his character and death, I do not presume to enter. Three hundred years have passed away since, in 1588, "Tamburlaine the Great" was first produced upon the stage; and no one who has ever read "Faustus" or "Edward II." can doubt that Marlowe was a great poet, endowed with marvellous dramatic instincts and power of dramatic delineation. There may be, perhaps, reasons for not commemorating him in a building dedicated to the worship of Our Lord; there can be none, as I think, against endeavouring to preserve the memory of so great a genius in the city where he was born, and where he received the larger part of his education.

"Mr. F. Rogers, of Toynbee-hall, will receive any subscriptions which may be contributed to this object."

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & SON, of Bolton—well known for their enterprise in the publication of novels in serial form through newspapers—have opened an office at New York, with Mr. Phil. Robinson as manager. At Berlin, they are represented by Herr Paul Jüngling.

WE have received from the office of the *Publishers' Circular* (Sampson Low) the usual analytic table of books published in England during 1888. With somewhat mixed feelings we record that the output of the year shows a very large increase, the total number of new books and new editions amounting to 6591, as compared with 5686 in the twelvemonths previous. Indeed, we believe this total to be a "record," for, on looking back through the last half-dozen years, we find that the highest figure hitherto reached was 6373 in 1884, after which date there was a heavy fall, the number in 1886 being only 5210. Considering the difficulties of classification, it is hardly worth while to examine the several divisions; but it is probably not altogether accidental that the total for fiction has risen from 432 in 1882 to 1,314 in 1888, or more than threefold in six years. It is interesting to learn that about 40 per cent. of all publications appear in the last quarter of the year, while January and February are far the least prolific months.

TRANSLATION.

"HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING!"

AUDI angelos cantantes,
Voce clara nuntiantes:
"Regi novo gloria!
Pax in terris: jam peccata
Solvit hominum ingrata
Deus pro clementia!"

Gentes, surgite beatae;
Celebretis nunc elatae
Laudes cum caelestibus:
"Natus est in Bethlehemo
Christus noster": ita nemo
Non proclamet vocibus.

Christus caelis adoratus
Dominusque consecratus
In aeterna secula;
Satus Virgine apparet,
Quando tempora declaret
Certa aetas longula.

Ave Deum, quem velatum
Corpore et procreatum
Debili aspicimus!
Te, Immanuel dignantem,
Jesu, et associantem
Cum terrenis colimus.

Ave principem divinum
Pacis! ave genuinum
Sanctitatis Filium!
Cui surgenti pennae vita
Atque luce tam petita
Sanant mentes omnium.

Gloriam deponit volens,
Homines perire noleus
Qui errabant devii;
Natus altis ut tollantur
Caelis atque renascantur
Ipsi terrae filii.

Cairo: Christmas, 1888. A. H. S.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Antiquary* begins the new year well. Mr. Talfourd Ely's paper on "Recent Archaeological Discoveries" is very useful, as it gives in a small compass an account of much that has been done in unearthing the treasures of dead civilisations. This is only a first part. We shall look anxiously for what is to follow. No cultured Englishman can read it without a certain sense of shame and sorrow. There was a time when England took the first place in archaeological discovery. What is she doing now? Mr. Theodore Bent's article on "The Sun Myths of Modern Hellas" shows a competent knowledge of a difficult subject. Modern Greek folklore has not been neglected, but we cannot say that all has been done in the way of collection and elucidation that is needed. Wave after wave of barbarian invaders have swept over the land. Christianity has replaced heathenism, and the Moslem for many years had his hand on the throat of the Frank. The Latin and the Greek churches have made Greece their battle-ground; and, notwithstanding all that has gone by, the old fireside stories are with us still. The sun is an object of reverence (shall we say adoration?) just as he was untold centuries ago. Thomas Doggett, the actor, is the subject of an admirable paper by Mr. C. A. Ward. Doggett was a man of many activities. If he was not brilliantly successful in anything, we do not know that on that account he is less worthy of sympathetic study. Such men as he tell far more on their age than the men of one or two ideas, unless the latter are furnished with transcendent genius. Could Doggett have chosen for what he would be remembered, we do not doubt he would have said his stern, uncompromising Whiggery. "The House of Hanover and the Protestant succession" had no more devoted adherent. Such a blind goddess is fate, however, that we do not doubt that nine out of every ten who know his name have heard of it in connexion with the prize he gave for a rowing match by Thames watermen. The prize is yet given, but the contest now attracts little notice. The customs of the manor of Yeatminster are printed without note or introduction of any kind from Watkins's *On Copyholds*. We are glad to meet with them here, as they contain one or two curious things. The timber growing on the copyhold lands was the lord's, not the tenant's; but if the lord would not permit the tenant to get needful timber out of the woods, he might fell timber on his own land for his own use..

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

HERRMANN, P. Das Gräberfeld v. Marion auf Cypern. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.

HOFFMEISTER, H. Durch Süd-Spanien nach Marokko. Berlin: Wilhelmi. 3 M.

WALDNER, F. Quellenstudie zur Geschichte der Typographie in Tirol bis zum Beginne d. 17. Jahrh. Innsbruck: Wagner. 1 M. 80 Pf.

HISTORY.

BENDINER, M. Die Reichsgrafen, e. verfassungsgeschichtl. Studie. München: Buchholz. 1 M. 60 Pf.

HOUTSMA, Th. Histoire de Seldjoucides de l'Iraq, par al-Boundâri, d'après Imâd-ad-din al-kâtib al Isfahâni. Leiden: Brill. 9 M.

OTTENTHAL, E. v. Die päpstl. Kanzleiregeln v. Johannes XXII. bis Nicolaus V. Innsbruck Wagner. 9 M. 60 Pf.

REGESTEN der Pfalzgrafen am Rhein 1214-1400. 3. Lfg. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M.

ZURBONSEN, F. Quellenbuch zur brandenburgisch-preussischen Geschichte. Berlin: Nicolai. 6 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

KRAUSS, K. Ch. F. Abriss der Philosophie der Geschichte. Hrsg. v. P. Hohlfeld u. A. Wünsche. Leipzig: Schulze. 4 M.

STRÜBING, O. Die Vertheilung der Spaltöffnungen bei den Coniferen. Königsberg-i.-Pr.: Koch. 1 M. 20 Pf.

WARTMANN, B., u. Th. SCHLATTER. Kritische Uebersicht üb. die Gefässpflanzen der Kantone St. Gallen u. Appenzell. 3. Hft. St. Gallen: Köppel. 1 M. 80 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

DIETERICH, A. Papyrus magica musei Lugdunensis Batavi quam C. Leemans edidit in papyrorum graecarum tomo II. (V.). Denuo edidit, etc. A. D. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.

GIRBAUD, Le libre des salutations adressés aux nations orientales et occidentales composé pour le 8e congrès des Orientalistes qui se réunira à Stockholm en 1889. Leipzig: Drugulin. 6 M.

ZACHER, K. Die Handschriften u. Glossen der Aristophanes-scholien. Leipzig: Teubner. 6 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. JOHNSON'S LETTERS.

3, The Crescent, Oxford: Jan. 1, 1889.

I have entered into an engagement with the Delegates of the Clarendon Press to collect and edit Dr. Johnson's Letters. A very large number of them are in print, but scattered through many volumes; many others still remain in manuscript. Since I published my edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* I have, through the kindness of correspondents, received copies of not a few which I had never before seen. Many, I have reason to know, still remain hidden away in the desks of collectors of autographs.

May I through the ACADEMY appeal to the owners of such letters to furnish me with copies? If they would trust me with the originals they

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would greatly add to the favour. The registered letter-post is a very secure mode of transmission. Whatever I receive shall be returned without delay. If only a copy is sent I venture to ask that the spelling and punctuation of the original be exactly followed. In the case of those letters which have been published, I would suggest that they should be collated by their owners, and that I should be informed of any inaccuracy. Johnson's handwriting is not always clear, and not a few errors have been committed by the copyists.

As I hope to supplement this work by a similar edition of the letters of Boswell, I venture to make the same requests in his case also.

G. Birkbeck Hill.

Milton and Cædmon.

Oxford: Dec. 31, 1888.

The question raised by Prof. A S. Cook in the Academy of December 29, 1888 (p. 420) as to the supposed effect made upon the mind of Milton, in the production of "Paradise Lost," by the publication, by Fr. Junius, of the paraphrastic poem of the so-called Pseudo-Cædmon, is one which has not attracted so much attention as so curious an enquiry demanded. It may be true that Milton wrote in his commonplace book "De poeta Anglo subito divinitus facto mira et perplacida historiola narratur apud Bedam"; but neither Prof. Cook nor Sir Henry Ellis, in the introduction to his collection of plates copied from the Bodleian MS. (*Arch.* vol. 24), nor Mr. Thorpe, in his observations on the history of Cædmon (*Arch., ibid.*, p. 341), connect the "Paradise Lost" with the elaborate details given in the Bodleian MS. volume. Having had occasion some years ago to investigate this matter in my *Palaeographia*, I was convinced that the whole of the early portion of Milton's grand poem owed its origin entirely to the publication by Junius —for the following reasons.

The plot of the early portion of the Pseudo-Cædmonic paraphrastic history so much resembles that of "Paradise Lost" as to have obtained for this Cædmon the name of the Saxon Milton (Wright, *Biogr. Brit. Liter.*, p. 198). On the other hand, it appears to me that Milton borrowed his plot from the Anglo-Saxon poem, and should rather be called the English Cædmon.

The MS. of Junius was published in 1655. About this period Milton was engaged upon his History of England previous to the Norman Conquest, and it cannot be doubted that such a publication would find its way to him. "Paradise Lost" was published in 1667, but its composition occupied a number of years (see *Life of Milton*, by his nephew, Edward Philips, Pickering's edition of Milton's Poetic Works, 1826, vol. i., p. lxii.); and we further learn from Philips that it was at first intended for a tragedy:

"And in the fourth Book of the Poem there are six verses which, several years before the poem was begun, were shewn to me and some others as designed for the very beginning of the said tragedy."

These verses commence with what stands as the thirty-second line of the fourth book. Now, it will be at once remembered that the first three books of the poem are occupied with the history of the expulsion of the devil and his angels from heaven, their discussions, &c.; and it is precisely this portion of the Anglo-Saxon paraphrase which is so strikingly similar to "Paradise Lost." We cannot, therefore, suppose that Milton was ignorant of the publication of Junius, nor can we do otherwise than conclude that the first three books of "Paradise Lost" were an after-thought, entirely induced by the plot of the paraphrase and its publication.

J. O. Westwood.

Chaucer's "Eclympasteyre."

London: Dec. 27, 1888.

In Chaucer's "Book of the Duchesse," l. 167, there is mention of "Morpheus and *Eclympasteyre*, That was the god of slepes heyre." Prof. Skeat, in his excellent edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems, suggests that Eclympasteyre is a name evolved by Chaucer himself out of Ovid's *Icelon* (accusative) with the addition of *plastera* (πλαστῆρα). He supposes that Chaucer may have seen a MS. of Ovid in which *plastera* was given as a gloss upon *Icelon*. Prof. Skeat refers to other explanations proposed by Ten Brink and Mr. Fleay (who agree with him in regarding the first part of the name as a corruption of *Icelon*), and adds that "Other suggestions have been made, but are not worth recording." If none of these are better than that of Sandras (*engle imposteur ! !*), this sentence is certainly just. Perhaps the conjecture which I am about to offer may deserve no better fate. It is certainly somewhat adventurous; but I think it is at least not more so than Prof. Skeat's own.

It seems to me conceivable that some very late mythologist may have invented the word Ἐκλιμπαστήρ (as if from a verb, *ἐκλιμπάζω, suggested by ἐκλιμπάνω), intending it to mean "the god who causes ἔκλειψις, or swoon." On this supposition Chaucer's form is perfectly correct, though the question whence he obtained the name remains still unsolved. It is difficult to imagine that a name so plausibly Greek-sounding can have been the result of so violent a distortion as that assumed by Prof. Skeat.

Henry Bradley.

The Word "Bore," a Tiresome Talker.

8 St. George's Square, N.W.: Dec. 28, 1888.

The earliest instance of this got by the readers for our Philological Society's New English Dictionary, ed. Murray and Bradley, was 1812. But in looking through *The St. James's Chronicle* for 1769 I find an account of the word (in the above sense) in the number of Tuesday, August 29, to Thursday, August 31, p. 4, col. 2, by its real or apparent inventor. He says that the word has been banded about by some correspondents, who

"seem as little able to speak to the Purpose, and to its Signification, as if it was a Chinese Word. To end, therefore, all Controversy, Enquiry, and future Scribbling about this very emphatical Word, I shall at once open the Understanding of your Readers, and introduce to them a Word, a Monosyllable, that speaks and means more than Pages of other Words. I had the Honour to invent the word *Bore*, which has been received, adopted, and continually made a Flower of Speech, by those who, having more Fashion about them, and superior Ideas, should govern the Language, as well as the Country.

"In short, a *Bore*, properly speaking, is a Man that will find Tongue, if you will find Ear; but as Patience, Dullness, and many other Virtues, we have not, must constitute a proper Object for *boring*, we always steal off, and leave the Auger to bore into those Sculls, who [*sic*], having a proper Thickness and a peculiar Kind of Wood about it [*sic*], will bear the operation without murmuring.

"My Father's Word for this intolerable Animal was a *Proser*, which has some Meaning; but surely, Mr. Baldwin, there is as much Difference between *Bore* and *Proser*, as there is between the Genius of our Fathers, and the Refinement of their Sons.

"Your's, Mr. Printer,

"A Maccaroni."

We sadly want the old newspapers read and compared with our Dictionary, which is but an excellent foundation for the complete building. There are very few words and meanings for which earlier instances cannot be found.

F. J. Furnivall.

On Translating Heine.

London: Dec. 31, 1888.

While gratified by your reviewer's very kind notice of my monograph on Heine, I should like to explain that the few translations to which he alludes as unsatisfactory are in no instance my own, save the lion-fountain song in "Almansor." I despaired—as who would not?—of giving an adequate metrical translation of this exquisite fragment, and concluded that a rendering in rhythmic prose would be as much more acceptable to the reader as it would be more truly interpretative.

I cannot agree with your reviewer in his assertion as to the desirability of absolute exactitude. It seems to me that a *literal* prose rendering of an imaginative lyric is an impermissible infliction upon the reader, and an outrage to the original. I never imagined that even a reader ignorant of German would infer the literalness of my version, which is so obviously a tentative effort at the accomplishment in prose of what is practically impossible in verse. To give expression to merely a personal opinion, I would add that I think rhythmic prose is, in nine instances out of ten, superior to verse as a medium of translation. The French have long recognised this. For example, they certainly know Heine much more truly through Gérard de Nerval's and other prose renderings than do those of our countrymen who are ignorant of German through the innumerable metrical versions which have been published by English and American writers in recent years.

William Sharp.

"Mind and Matter."

Ipswich: Dec. 31, 1888.

I can give Dr. Furnivall an earlier reference for the lines—

"What is mind? No matter.
What is matter? Never mind."

than the sixties.

In that amusing but ephemeral publication called *The Month*, which was brought out by Albert Smith and John Leech during the Exhibition of 1851, there will be found on page 147 the above words without any comment or reference to author.

W. E. Layton.

Sare: Dec. 31, 1888.

Surely the germ, at least, of this dates much farther back:

"When Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter,'
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said."
(*Don Juan*, canto xi. 1.)

But I believe it to be earlier even than Byron's day. I am out of the way of books of reference, but is there not a French epigram on the subject, and an English imitation of it by the wits of Berkeley's own time, or soon after? At least, such is my impression. Prof. Key may have improved the form, but the idea is sufficiently obvious to have occurred more than once.

Wentworth Webster.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, Jan. 7, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Art and Artist-," with Illustrations, by Mr. H. Furniss.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Colours in Nature," by the Rev. Dr. F. A. Walker.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Journey over the Central Plateau of Africa, from Natal to Benguella, and past the Sources of the Zambesi to the Sources of the Congo," by Mr. F. S. Arnott.

Tuesday, Jan. 8, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Clouds and Cloudland," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, V., by Prof. Dewar.

7 p.m. Metropolitan Scientific Association: "Gasteropods," by Mr. S. Pace.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: Anniversary Meeting.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Compound Principle applied to Locomotives," by Mr. E. Worthington.

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8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Distribution and Density of the Old British Population of Hampshire," by Mr. T. W. Shore; "The Monument known as 'King Orry's Grave,' compared with Tumuli in Gloucestershire," by Miss A. W. Buckland.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture, "How Chemists work—an Example to Boys and Girls," II., by Dr. H. E. Armstrong.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Growth of Crystals in Igneous Rocks after their Consolidation," and "The Tertiary Volcanoes of the Western Isles of Scotland," by Prof. J. W. Judd.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "The Special Internal Anatomy of *Uropoda Kraneri*, by Mr. A. D. Michael; "Reproduction and Multiplication of Diatoms," by the Abbé Count F. Castracane.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "The Educational Value of Art," by Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

THURSDAY, Jan. 10, 6 p.m. London Institution: "Pygmies," by Prof. Flower.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Inaugural Address, by the President, Sir William Thomson.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "Results of substituting Differential Symbols in the General Quadric Ternary Form, and Operating on the Product of Two or more Forms of any Order in Terms of Second Differential Coefficients only," by the President; "A Theorem in Combinations," by Mr. R. W. Christie.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Jan. 11, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting. "Refrigeration and the Artificial Production of Cold," by Mr. G. A. Becks.

8 p.m. New Shakspere: "The Distinction between Classical and Shaksperian Plot, illustrated by the Recasting of 'Macbeth' in Classical Form," by Mr. R. G. Moulton.

SATURDAY, Jan. 12, 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

SOME GEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Geological History of Lake Lahontan. By Israel Cook Russell. (Washington: Government Printing Office.) In that region of the Far West which lies between the Rocky Mountains on the east and the Sierra Nevada on the west is a vast stretch of country, for the most part arid and desolate, known to the geographers of the United States as "The Great Basin." Cut off from connexion with the ocean, the surface drainage of the country collects in lakes, which are commonly saline and alkaline, while their shores form desert-like tracts, relieved only by a few salt-loving plants. Some of the shallow sheets of water are known as "playa lakes," since they evaporate to dryness in the summer and their beds become reduced to smooth mud plains, or playas. Geological exploration in Nevada has shown that at a comparatively recent period there must have existed in this area two vast sheets of water, which have been termed Lake Lahontan and Lake Bonneville. Mr. Russell, working on the geological survey of the Great Basin under Mr. Gilbert, has for some years past made a special study of the former of these lakes; and the results of his labours are presented in the work before us, which forms the eleventh volume of the fine series of Survey Monographs. The ancient lake described in this monograph takes its name from Baron La Hontan, an early French explorer of the head-waters of the Mississippi. Occupying a depression along the western border of the Great Basin, at the base of the Sierra Nevada, it must have covered a surface of more than 8000 square miles. A careful study of this fossil lake has led to the conclusion that it did not overflow; and consequently it must have retained all the mineral matter which was brought in by tributary streams, and was eventually deposited either as lacustrine sediments, or as tufaceous precipitates and other desiccation-products. Among these deposits is the curious crystalline tufa known as "thinolite," which has been elaborately examined by Prof. E. S. Dana. It may be remarked incidentally that the volume contains much good chemical work, relating especially to the composition of lake-waters and lacustrine deposits. To a geologist one of the most interesting inquiries is that relating to the age of Lake Lahontan. It undoubtedly existed during the Quaternary period, and probably did not finally dry up until comparatively recent times. Indeed, the discovery of a chipped implement of obsidian in one of the upper lacustrine deposits leads to the conclusion that the final rise of the lake must have been witnessed by man. Never before has the history of a vanished lake been so thoroughly worked out in all its aspects—geological, chemical, physical, and biological. Mr. Russell is to be congratulated on the publication of his monograph—a volume presenting that thoroughness of execution which of late years has characterised all the work of the geological survey of the United States.

Bömmelön og Karmöen med omgivelser, geologisk beskrevne. Af Dr. Hans Reusch. (Kristiania: P. F. Steensballe.) Bömmelö and Karmö are two large islands near the mouth of the Hardanger Fjord, on the coast of Norway. Their geological structure has been carefully studied by Dr. Reusch, of the geological survey of Norway, whose results are now given to the world in the form of a quarto volume of nearly 400 pages. The islands and the neighbouring mainland consist of archaean, primordial, and silurian rocks, offering in many places a fine field for observation and speculation on metamorphic phenomena. Evidence of the operation of mechanical forces in modifying the structure of the rocks is abundant and striking. Not only have the hard pebbles of certain conglomerates been so squeezed as to be pressed flat, and stretched out in definite directions; but basic eruptive rocks have become foliated, while granites have, in many cases, acquired a gneissoid structure. Dr. Reusch holds the opinion that sedimentary rocks may become altered by regional metamorphism to such an extent as to be finally protruded as veritable eruptive masses, and thus he seeks to explain the origin of certain granites in the area under examination. English geologists, whether they accept his views or not, will be grateful to the author for his concession to their linguistic weakness by having appended to his work a copious "summary" in English. They may not, perhaps, care to follow him into the details of his work; but they will assuredly be glad to learn the conclusions of so experienced an observer, especially as these conclusions may be helpful in attacking the perplexing problems suggested by the Scottish Highlands. In fact the Highlands of Scotland and the peninsula of Scandinavia form but a single orographical system, cut in twain it is true by the depression of the North Sea, yet essentially one in structure and origin. At the present time, when the subject of Highland architecture is provoking so much discussion in geological circles, Dr. Reusch's work is peculiarly welcome; for if it does not disclose any very novel views, it is at least a substantial contribution to the subject of dynamic metamorphism.

The Minerals of New South Wales, &c. By A. Liversidge. (Trübner.) Fourteen years have passed since Prof. Liversidge first published a general description of such of the minerals of New South Wales as had then come to his knowledge—a work which at once stamped him as a high authority on the mineralogy of the colony. The handsome volume now in our hands is an expansion of the original compilation, strengthened and improved, however, in a variety of ways and accompanied by the reprint of several papers on rocks and meteorites. The remarkable collection exhibited by the author in the Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington will be fresh in the recollection of English mineralogists, and may be referred to in illustration of his zeal in collecting local minerals. Most of the descriptions in the present volume are from the author's personal observation of specimens, while many of the analyses are from his own laboratory in Sydney. As coal is the most important mineral product of New South Wales, his full account of the coals of the colony and their mode of occurrence is peculiarly welcome, though fastidious mineralogists might object to the introduction of such details in a work on pure mineralogy. The subject of gold is also treated with much fulness. A striking feature in the volume is an excellent map of the colony, showing, by means of colours, the geographical distribution of those mineral substances which are of economic value. It would be well if each of the Australian colonies possessed a record of its mineral resources as complete as that which Prof. Liversidge has presented to the oldest and richest of the group.

Geology for All. By J. Logan Lobley. (Roper & Drowley.) Much of Mr. Lobley's life has been devoted to the interests of geology, and he has frequently had occasion to expound his favourite science on the platform. A course of lectures, delivered some time ago at the City of London College, forms the substance of this little volume. It is with much justice that Mr. Lobley, in his introductory chapter, laments the lack of interest shown by many intelligent people in the teachings of geology. Taking six representative counties in England, he shows that out of a population of 5,874,174 there are only 157 fellows of the Geological Society or members of the Geologists' Association. The aim of the present work is to awaken some interest in geological studies, and especially to arouse schoolmasters to the necessity of introducing the elements of the science to their classes, so that intelligent lads may not leave school without some knowledge of the structure of the land they live in. Mr. Lobley's *Geology for All*, though not free from faults, ought to assist in this laudable work. It presents in simple, clear, and readable form an introduction to the general principles of geology, and a broad sketch of the history of the stratified rocks.

Science and Geology in Relation to the Universal Deluge. By W. B. Galloway. (Sampson Low.) Dissatisfied with the glacial theory of modern geologists, the Rev. W. B. Galloway here seeks to displace it by reviving the old diluvial hypothesis, as held by Buckland and other geological thinkers of a former age. The author endeavours to explain the phenomena of the drift as the effects of a universal deluge, due to a sudden change in the position of the earth's axis of rotation. He assumes that a vast land area which formerly occupied the position of the Pacific Ocean was submerged, and thus shifted the earth's balance. From some of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism it has been supposed that the earth has a nucleus which revolves differently from the main mass of the earth; and to satisfy the conditions of this dual rotation Mr. Galloway interposes between the nucleus and the rest of the globe a layer of quicksilver, so that when the equilibrium of the earth was disturbed and the main body had altered the position of its axis, this free nucleus retained its original rotation in a mercurial bath. But perhaps the oddest notion in the book is that which is advanced to explain, in whole or in part, the submergence of the ancient land of the Pacific. The author believes that chalk and flint are of meteoric origin, and that this accession of new material caused a flow of water to the opposite side of the earth. It certainly requires some ingenuity to connect the flood with the origin of chalk and flints; but it is a pity that the ingenuity appears to be so misdirected. No amount of keen reasoning can lead to sound conclusions if the premises are utterly false; and we fear that most geologists will regard

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Mr. Galloway's premises—at any rate so far as the nature of chalk and flint is concerned—as pure figments of the fancy.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Dr. Croll, has just completed a volume on *Stellar Evolution and its Relation to Geological Time*. It will be published immediately.

The Institution of Electrical Engineers—formerly known as the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians—will hold their first meeting for the year on Thursday next, January 10, at 25 Great George-street, Westminster, when the new president, Sir William Thomson, will deliver his inaugural address.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

Messrs. Trübner & Co. will publish immediately, as a new volume in their "Oriental Series," *The Life of Hiuen-Tsiang*, by the Shamans Hwui Li and Yen-tsung, with a Preface containing an Account of the Works of I-Tsing, by Prof. Samuel Beal. The present volume is intended to supplement the *History of the Travels of Hiuen-Tsiang* (Si-yu-ki), already published in two volumes, and entitled "Buddhist Records of the Western World." The original, from which the translation is made, is styled "History of the Master of the Law of the three Pitakas of the 'Great Loving-Kindness' Temple." It was written, probably in five chapters, in the first instance by Hwui-li, one of Hiuen-Tsiang's disciples, and afterwards enlarged and completed in ten chapters, by Yen-Thsong, another of his followers. Yen-Thsong was selected by the disciples of Hwui-li to re-arrange and correct the leaves which their master had written and hidden in a cave. He added an introduction and five supplementary chapters. The five chapters added by Yen-Thsong are probably those which follow the account of Hiuen-Tsiang's return from India, and relate to his work of translation in China. Prof. Beal has not thought it necessary to reproduce this part of the original; his object has been simply to complete the "Records" already published relating to India.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Clifton Shakspere Society.—(*Saturday. Dec. 22.*) W. C. H. Cross, Esq., president in the chair.—Mr. Albert R. Frey, of New York, recently elected a corresponding member, sent some "Random Notes on Twelfth Night," dealing with a few of the obscure expressions.—A paper on "Twelfth Night," by Mr. Leo. H. Grindon, was read, in which he said that "As You like it," and "Twelfth Night," Shakspere's two most joyous plays, were evidently given to the world, not so much as products of long-continued thought and industry, as outcomes of pure hilarity of heart, when leisure gave opportunity for playfulness, and when the grave and solemn in his mighty nature was laid aside awhile for the sake of smiles and sprightliness. Of the two, "Twelfth Night" is the more mirthful, the wealthier in fun and frolic; but it is one of the most trying of all plays for performers, even of long practice, and no play shows more conspicuously how false and deleterious is the idea that amateur acting is easily managed. Acting, worthy of the appellation, is not possible without special and original aptitude followed by long and careful training. It is one of the finest of the fine arts, and is in no connexion more conclusively proved to be so than when we have Shakspere's women before us. So again with the difficult part of Malvolio. Few actors can at once maintain the dignity of the part (remembering that Malvolio is no "low steward of comedy"), and keep the character in the tragi-comic atmosphere (almost more tragic than comic) to which it properly belongs. A scene which might very nearly be considered the test of an actor's abilities is that one, in particular, with Olivia, so liable to exaggeration and demanding such thorough self-possession and self-command. In "Twelfth Night" may be seen how, without the slightest tinge of pedantry, Shakspere sets forth his knowledge of ancient fable. How aptly, for instance, come in the names of Diana and Penthesilea. His knowledge of classical authors is no more than would be expected in an age of scholarship. But, while never advertising his acquirements, he employs his knowledge with a chastity of judgment such as wins and delights without exciting the slightest idea of burnish or deliberate ornament. The like may be noticed in the manner in which he deals with his imagery drawn from objective nature. A singularly fine illustration of the great poet's way of teaching is supplied in that beautiful and fascinating passage where Viola asks Sebastian if he is "a spirit." Shakspere clearly understood St. Paul, which is more than many professional theologians have done. The true and great poet is not only a musical singer and a painter of beautiful pictures but an expositor of Divine realities. Wherefore he should always be approached with reverence and an earnest desire that we may be quickened into sympathy with him. For without sympathy there can never be any real insight. Approaching Shakspere with such desire, we soon discover that his utterances in reference to the wise and true come as an apocalypse. When people say they do not care for Shakspere, it is a confession that they are not advanced enough to comprehend him. We none of us praise him. We simply rejoice in him and are thankful. To praise him is only to be impertinent.—Mr. John Taylor read a paper entitled "Shakspere's Religion," saying that, as "Twelfth Night" raised the question of Shakspere's relation to the Puritans, it becomes an interesting study to try to discover from the plays what were his own religious views. Dr. Karl Elze in his recent work cites only passages to show that the great dramatist was an utter disbeliever in Divine Revelation and in the doctrine of a future life. But numerous quotations can be given in which the immortality of the soul is taken for granted. That there was a sentimental leaning in Shakspere towards the unreformed faith may be fairly admitted, but there are insuperable difficulties in allowing that he was an adherent of its doctrines and forms. But though in external accord, so to speak, with mediaeval ecclesiasticism, Shakspere was not a Roman Catholic, and the mere fact of his mildness towards Romanism may evince that he was not a Puritan. Though we vainly seek for passages reflecting upon or sneering at the customs and doctrines of the Church of Rome, Shakspere treats of these points only in such way as any liberal-minded member of the Church of England would at the present day speak of them without necessarily accepting them at heart. We find in Shakspere constant use of Scripture phraseology, while the doctrines of Christianity, as embodied in the services of the Church of England, are repeatedly adduced with implied acceptation.—A paper by Mrs. C. I. Spencer, on "Malvolio as the Alleged Type of the Puritan," was read, dealing with Hunter's views on the subject, as propounded in his *New Illustrations*, and showing that his whole reasoning is of the style of the inverted pyramid order of architecture. In it he has done great injustice both to Shakspere and to Malvolio. If Shakspere had intended to satirise the Puritans, he would have done it better. Malvolio is an admirably-drawn character, but he is not the Puritan as such a masterhand would have delineated him. Probably Shakspere would not have done the Puritan full justice, for his wit and humour, his theatrical associations and interests, and his rollicking life would not have disposed him to sympathise with the gravity and other-worldliness of the Puritan. Yet he would surely have given us a character of more depth than this. Poor Malvolio seems fated to be a victim. Mr. Hunter, to lend support to his argument, gives a totally erroneous view of the character, which is just one of that valuable and yet sometimes trying person—a devoted family servant of the old school, whose self-esteem does not alienate our sympathy. Olivia's kind judgment of him and the Duke's gracious command respecting him find truer echo in our hearts than Mr. Hunter's misrepresentations.—The President read an anonymous paper on "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing," taking Viola as one of that brilliant group of Shakspere's female characters who, for a time, put on man's dress under the stress of circumstances. By changing his heroines into boys, Shakspere brought them more within the power of his actors, and, in so doing, has placed them beyond the scope of our actresses. When we look at these characters as a body, we find that they comprise the most charming of Shakspere's heroines, and the way in which they preserve their higher womanly characteristics is very marked. They are all ladies from beginning to end. But this extreme femininity militates sadly against their success in the rougher part of their new life. Viola, for instance, is perfection until it comes to fighting, and then the contrast between herself and Sebastian becomes very apparent. All these ladies marry men very inferior to themselves. It would be interesting to know where Shakspere met with this type of heroine, marvellously endowed as to the affections and the understanding. It is one of the many questions which make our ignorance of his life so deplorable.

FINE ART.

THE NATURE OF THE EGYPTIAN "KA."

Since I had the pleasure—now more than ten years ago—of first introducing the *Ka* to readers of the Academy, that shadowy and fantastic personage has enjoyed a career of unexampled brilliancy. It has been his good fortune to possess a singular fascination for students of the religion and philosophy of Egypt. His nature and functions, his worship, his needs, and the extraordinary superstitions of which he became the nucleus, have been made the subject of as much patient research as if he were an undeciphered script, or an obscure natural phenomenon. The meaning of the word *Ka*, it may be remembered, was long misunderstood. Brugsch, in his Hieroglyphic Dictionary, explains it as "la personne, l'individu, l'être"; and so recently as 1877, the late Dr. Birch continued to translate *Ka* by "person"—as, for instance, in his volume of *Egyptian Texts for the Use of Students*, where "*en Ka en*" ("to the *Ka* of") is rendered as "to the person of." One year later, however, Prof. Maspero and Mr. Le Page Renouf, working at the same class of inscriptions, came independently and simultaneously to the conclusion that the *Ka* was a purely impersonal conception, answering, according to Prof. Maspero's view, to the Doppelganger of German legend, and resembling, according to Mr. Le Page Renouf, the εἴδωλον of the Greeks, the "genius" of the Romans. These new readings, supported by the evidence of a large number of texts, were so conclusive as to be at once accepted by the whole body of Egyptologists; since when the *Ka* has been understood as a sentient, bodiless, "counterfeit presentiment" of the man, inseparable from him during life, surviving him after death, and destined to be reunited with him in the world to come. That reunion, however, depended on the fulfilment of many conditions, such as the safe passage of the soul through the perils of Hades, the preservation of the body, and the continuance of food-offerings to the *Ka*. For this strange εἴδωλον needed nourishment, and was liable to perish from starvation. Hence the large amount of real property vested at all periods in the hands of the priesthood for the foundation of oblations in perpetuity. Hence, also, those stores of miniature loaves, ducks, gazelle-haunches, &c., in glazed ware, which the less wealthy were wont to bury with their dead. Want of space forbids me to enter more at length into the history of the *Ka*, about whom I have already written so frequently in these columns. It is, moreover, a subject which Prof. Maspero has made completely his own, and which is best studied in his works.

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Among the latest contributions to what may be called the literature of the *Ka* are Mr. Petrie's chapter on the so-called "Banner-name," which I especially noted when reviewing *A Season in Egypt* (The ACADEMY, May 5, 1888), and Dr. A. Wiedemann's recent article on *The Immortality of the Soul according to Ancient Egyptian Doctrine* ("Die Unsterblichkeit der Seele nach altägyptischer Lehre"), in which the *Ka* of necessity plays an important part. Dr. Wiedemann's definition of the *Ka* differs somewhat from that of Prof. Maspero, who calls it "the double," and from that of Mr. Le Page Renouf, who calls it "the genius." The *Ka*, according to Dr. Wiedemann, is "the personality," or "individuality"; that is to say, "the image which a man's name recalls to the mind's eye of those who have known him."

"Similar thoughts," he says, "have led other nations to lofty conceptions, and have moved them, as in the case of Plato, to explain personality as the antithesis of person on philosophical grounds; but the Egyptian, being incapable of abstract ideas, gave to this personality a purely material form, which exactly corresponded to the man, and was his second self, his Doppelgänger. In countless representations subsequent to 1800 B.C., we see the king in the presence of the gods, while behind him stands his *Ka*, shown as a little man with the ruler's own features. . . . Here the personality appears as companion to the person, doing what he does, and following him, as a man is followed by his shadow. So early, however, as the time of Amenophis III., about 1500 B.C., the Egyptians had gone farther than this, and had completely separated the personality from the person. Thus the king frequently appears before his own personality, which grasps the symbols of divinity, the ruler's staff and the emblem of life. Before it stands the king with various offerings, imploring heavenly gifts for himself; whereunto the personality makes answer: 'I give unto thee all life, all duration, all power, all health, all joy. For thee I conquer the people of Nubia, that thou mayst decapitate them.' . . . The separation between personality and person is not, however, thoroughly and systematically carried out. They are undoubtedly two separate beings, but they are so far one that they can only exist through and with each other. Only so long as the *Ka* is with him does the man live, and only at the moment of death does the *Ka* leave him. But herein we perceive a difference in their mutual relationship. The *Ka* can exist without the body, but not so the body without the *Ka*. Yet the *Ka* is not therefore a loftier and more spiritual being. It is to the full as material as the body itself, needing the sustenance of food and drink, and suffering from hunger and thirst when deprived thereof."

If I had not already arrived at certain other conclusions in reference to the true nature of the *Ka*, I think that the foregoing passages in Dr. Weidemann's interesting article would surely have suggested them to me. I placed those conclusions before the readers of the ACADEMY in the review of Mr. Petrie's book* already referred to, expressing at the same time the hope that I might return to the subject later on. If I now do so at an earlier date than I at first proposed, I must plead Dr. Weidemann's article as my apology.

I ventured, as it may be remembered, to suggest that the *Ka* stood for the life—in a word, for the "vital principle"; and in support of this view, I pointed out the close and significant connexion which is invariably seen to subsist between the *Ka* and the "Ankh," or emblem of life. To the illustrations which I then adduced from various monuments, it would be easy to add many more. The royal *Ka*, as Dr. Weidemann remarks, is represented in the bas-reliefs sometimes in attendance, as it were, behind the king, sometimes face to face with his royal prototype; but always, to the best of my remembrance, with the "Ankh" in one or both hands. In Plate 151 of Rossellini's *Monumenti Storici*, Amenhotep III. is depicted in the act of advancing towards Khem with a libation-vase in each hand, followed by his *Ka*; the *Ka* with the so-called "banner-name" (*i.e.*, Ka-name) on his head, surmounted by the pschent-crowned hawk, emblem of Horus. The *Ka*-figure carries a long staff terminating in a bust of the king, above which is inscribed "Suten Ka Ankh Neb Ta" (query, *Tawi*?) *i.e.*, "Royal *Ka*, Life [of the] Lord of the Land." Again, "life" as the translation of *Ka* makes sense of a passage in the *Book of the Dead* (chap. xxx.), the obscurity of which was long ago pointed out by Mr. Le Page Renouf.* The deceased, addressing the heart-scarab, says: "entuk Ka em Khat-a," which is currently understood as "Thou art [a] *Ka* in my body"—a phrase devoid of meaning if we translate *Ka* by "double," εἴδωλον, or "genius," but which is perfectly intelligible† if read as "Thou art life in my body." The same reading holds good, as it seems to me, of other texts quoted in this connexion by Mr. Renouf; and I cannot help thinking that the customary form of oath, "by the *Ka*" of the king, is interpreted with more probability by "life" than by either "double," εἴδωλον or "genius." So again, if we turn to the inscription graven on the throne of the statue of King Ra-ian (or Khian), recently discovered at Bubastis. Here, under each royal cartouche, we find the words *Ka-f Meri*, signifying "loving his *Ka*," of which M. Naville remarked in his report (ACADEMY, April 14, 1888) "that he should be the worshipper of his *Ka* (*i.e.* of himself) is a very curious circumstance." Read, however, as "loving his life," the motto is seen to be natural enough. If, in short, it be accepted as standing for the "vital principle," much that is obscure and contradictory in texts relating to the *Ka*, much that is fantastic in his cult, becomes susceptible of rational explanation.

If, however, my proposed definition throws a clearer light upon some of the phrases quoted by Mr. Le Page Renouf, I readily admit that others require to be translated as he translates them, namely, by εἴδωλον or "image." But in these and other similar instances, the word *Ka*, as it seems to me, stands for *Ka*-statue (*i.e.* the funerary statue of the deceased), in which sense the true meaning of *Ka* remains unaltered. For the *Ka*-statue, as Prof. Maspero has shown, was not a mere portrait-statue executed in memory of the dead; it was an artificial body made expressly for the benefit of the *Ka*.

"Comme sur la terre, l'homme avait besoin d'un corps pour subsister; mais le cadavre défiguré par l'embaumement ne rappelait plus que de loin la forme du vivant (*L'Archéologie Egyptienne*, chap. iii., p. 121)."

Translate *Ka* by "life," and the *Ka*-statue also becomes more intelligible than before. The "life" needed a body in which to abide, just as it needed bread, meat, fruits, wine and milk for its sustenance. Accepting *Ka* in the sense of "life," one is, however, compelled to reject the theory which interpreted the funerary statue as a material "support" for the immaterial double. The true *Ka* would inform the statue, dwell within it, feel through it, as the "life" informs, inhabits, and feels through the living body; and this I believe to have been the sense in which it was understood by the Egyptians.

The Egyptians, who defined man as consisting of a Body, a Soul, an Intelligence or Spirit, a Shadow, a Name, and a *Ka*, can scarcely be supposed to have omitted the "life" from so careful a category. Yet, if the *Ka* is not the life, that all-essential principle is unrepresented in their human microcosm. As Dr. Wiedemann justly observes, the ancient Egyptian was incapable of abstract ideas; hence it follows that vitality was necessarily conceived of by him as a separate entity. We ourselves speak figuratively of the life as "going out of the body" at the moment of death; but the Egyptians believed not only that it went out, but that it thenceforth led an independent existence. They saw that while the man lived, he nourished his life (*i.e.*, his *Ka*) with the foods and drinks which he consumed; and they naturally concluded, from their concrete point of view, that the *Ka*, on deserting the body, needed a continuance of the same support. Finding it impossible to reconcile the material needs of the *Ka* with the immaterial theory of the "double," M. Pierret, in a footnote to chap. cv. of his translation of the *Livre des Morts*, says: "Je crois que le *Ka* exprime la substance corporelle, la personne matérielle, l'individualité de la chair." The corporeal substance is, however, fully accounted for already by the body, the *Khat*, of the Egyptian microcosm; whereas, by accepting the *Ka* as the personification of the "life," we not only steer clear of contradictions on the one hand and of gross materialism on the other, but we at once understand how it was that the disembodied *Ka* became dependent upon the periodical renewal of food-offerings, and why, failing such, he perished. When he perished, the "life" of the deceased became extinct, and extinction was the greatest of calamities. It annihilated the dead man's prospects of ultimate re-union with his *Ka*, his "life," and it deprived him of immortality.

It may be that even during life, the *Ka* in some sense led a twofold, if not a distinct, existence. Those scenes referred to by Dr. Wiedemann, in which the king is represented as propitiating his own *Ka* with prayers and offerings, can scarcely be otherwise accounted for. They imply at all events a recognition of the life as something apart from the mortal man. From the words put into the mouth of the *Ka*, we gather the tenour of the king's supplications: "I give unto thee all Life, all duration, all power, all health, all joy," these being precisely such boons as the personified vital principle might be supposed to grant.

Of the vital principle *per se* something remains to be said. When I wrote upon this subject in the ACADEMY eight months ago, it would seem that I failed to express myself as clearly as I could have wished. Prof. Maspero apprehended my meaning, and does me the honour to accept my definition of the nature of the *Ka*; but I find that by some readers I was understood to mean the "breath," by others, the circulation of the blood, and so forth. But the action of the lungs and the heart are secondary causes. What I desire to

* No. 835. May 5, 1888.

* Mr. Le Page Renouf offers an ingenious explanation, founded on an apparently parallel passage in a Magical Papyrus at Leyden, where there occurs a formula for the protection of a person from the effects of *smu em Khat-f*. Here the word *smu*, signifying "image," is quoted as indicating the same meaning for *Ka*. "In both passages, the reference is to some sacred figure traced by nature or by art, or perhaps accidentally placed upon the body of a person, and acting as a talisman either for good or for ill." See Le Page Renouf "On the True Sense of an Important Egyptian Word" (*Transactions* of the Society of Bib. Arch., vol. vi., p. 498. 1878).

† The heart-scarab was a large scarabæus of hard stone, the under side engraved with chap. xxx. of *The Book of the Dead*, beginning "Oh, my Heart, which came to me from my mother! My Heart, which was mine upon earth," &c. Placed inside the chest of the mummy, this scarabæus, in virtue of its magical properties, served as a substitute for the actual heart, which had been removed by the embalmers. Seeing that the heart is the most essentially vital of organs, I venture to think that the above reading—"Thou art life in my body"—is hereby strongly confirmed.

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express by "the vital principle" is that transmitted energy which must undoubtedly have descended from the primal source of life to all who live, or have lived, upon earth. That physical first cause is a problem which the ancient Egyptians can scarcely be supposed to have considered very curiously. Yet the kings traced their descent from the sun-god; and the *Ka*-name, from its first appearance in the inscriptions of Seneferu (IIIrd Dynasty), is invariably surmounted by the emblem of Horus. It would be strange enough if modern science were some day to confirm the genealogy of the Pharaohs.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"NOTES OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES IN THE ROYAL GALLERY AT VENICE."

National Gallery: Dec. 31, 1888.

As your notice of my handbook to the Royal Gallery at Venice, which appeared in the ACADEMY of December 22, is prefaced by a remark likely to create misconception on a matter relating to my official duties, I shall feel obliged by your allowing me to correct it.

It happens that these little handbooks of mine are the result of notes made in Continental galleries during such leisure as my brief annual holiday affords. But, quite irrespective of this fact, I beg to add that I am in no way responsible for the delay which has occurred in issuing the new edition of the larger "Foreign Schools" catalogue of pictures in the National Gallery, for the simple reason that the revision of that work has not been committed to my care. CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

It was not my intention to imply that Mr. Eastlake was in any way responsible for the delay in issuing a new edition of the larger catalogue of the National Gallery (Foreign Schools), and I regret that my words were open to such an interpretation.

THE WRITER OF THE NOTICE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

BESIDES the Royal Academy, there will be opened next week two exhibitions at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street—a collection of fifty drawings of "The Queen's Navy," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; and what is described as a "champion" photographic exhibition. The Camera Club will also open on Monday the second of their "one-man" photographic exhibitions, consisting of large direct pictures in platinum, by Mr. Harry Tolley, of Nottingham. The usual winter exhibition at the Grosvenor will not, we understand, be ready till a fortnight later.

The Society of Lady Artists will hold its annual exhibition of paintings, etchings, and sculpture in the Drawing-room Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in the spring. The days for sending in paintings are March 4 and 5; for sculpture, March 11.

The January number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* is interesting from the literary, and very attractive from the artistic, point of view. The magazine is now issued directly from the Chiswick Press, so that it is under the most direct control of its editors. The principal illustration this time is a good photogravure from the Queen's Tintoret at Hampton Court—"The Nine Muses." The head and tail-pieces are, as usual, exquisite, and essentially decorative. We welcome Mr. Horne's brief and sympathetic account of James Gibbs, the architect to whom London owes the Great St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the delightful little church of St. Mary-le-Strand. But the principal literary contribution is a most excellent chapter by Mr. Kegan Paul on "English Prose Style." This was first given as a lecture at Bedford College. We hope the ladies—by whom, as a rule, the very existence of the art of style is unsuspected—marked, learnt, and inwardly digested what Mr. Kegan Paul told them. And if they did not, here is again their chance—the chance of the great public too!

Though we do not greatly care for Mr. L. Muller's etching from "School Belles," a picture by Mr. Fred Morgan, the *Art Journal* begins its new year in a promising manner with an excellent study by Mr. Claude Phillips on the French painter of romantic history, M. J. P. Laurens. Mrs. Sitwell's paper, on "Types of Beauty in Renaissance and Modern Art," is interesting; and Mr. Richard Davey's, on portraits of Mary Stuart, very opportune. The new feature of the magazine is an illustrated supplement, entitled Art and Industries. This may be made a very interesting and useful addition, if it is kept clear from all suspicion of trade advertisement.

THE January number of the *Scottish Art Review*—which is now published in London by Mr. Elliot Stock—contains two plates: (1) an etching by Mr. William Hole after James Maris, which will be familiar to those who are fortunate enough to possess the catalogue of the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886; and (2) a reproduction of a drawing of a head by George Clausen. Among the literary contents we may notice some stanzas by Mr. Gosse, entitled "Old Morality"; the first of a series of practical papers on "Etching and Etchings," by Mr. Frank Short; and an illustrated article on "Roman Models."

THE STAGE.

"MACBETH" AT THE LYCEUM.

A PERFORMANCE of "Macbeth" by actors of intelligence, the rolling forth of the great words of Shakspere, the presentation of the scenes with which his mind was inspired in the most august of its periods, could, of course, never fail to be interesting; but no performance of "Macbeth" that has been given in our time has been attended with such promise of legitimate excitement as that to which we were invited last Saturday. The policy, now seemingly established in permanence at the Lyceum—whether for good or ill—of paying the utmost attention to scenic effect, would, it was felt, at all events result in the accumulation of external adornment, of all manner of pomp and circumstance, in the representation of the play. The most engaging as well as the most original of contemporary English composers had promised music which was to supersede Lock's—which has held the stage during two hundred years. The sympathetic actress whom not to admire is, whether in England or America, to be that which Lady Teazle, with the wisdom of her sex, entirely declined to be—"out of the fashion"—was to act for the first time a part which, unlike her more familiar part of Juliet, makes from end to end upon its exponent the claim of tragedy. And how was that claim to be responded to? Lastly, the actor whose place for the last twelve years has been the leading one upon the stage was to repeat, with probably some modifications or some emphasis, and with in any case the weight of an added experience, a performance whose merits had been strongly contested, though a performance which was very far from being the failure that certain rough and irresponsible criticism had elected to declare it.

As there can be no manner of need for the discussion in the ACADEMY of all the details of a production discussed already with great elaboration elsewhere, and as I have little disposition to write the thousand-and-first paper on "Macbeth," and to narrate with cheerful air of novelty the adventures of its *dramatis personae*—as if the world were now hearing of them for quite the first time—let it be said at once, and briefly, that the promise of interest was entirely fulfilled. "Macbeth," as it is now given, will be a brilliant and a justified success; and, if one were inclined to differ far more than, with a merely superficial knowledge, one would venture to differ from the interpretation which some leading exponents therein essay to set forth, one would yet forgive much for the satisfaction of knowing that the leading actor of the time is now occupied nightly in a task quite worthy of his position and his strength. The "Faust" of Goethe is one thing. The "Faust" of Mr. Wills is another. Some debt we owe to Mr. Irving for his missionary service to the German poet—he set people reading Goethe who had listened to the verse of Mr. Wills. But now the real thing—the substance, and not the name of it—is at the theatre. No after-course is required, either as penance or as pleasure. The poet who furnishes the title furnishes, too, the matter of the evening's occupation.

On the question of scenic effect, I have to avow myself a little heretical and rebellious, and to repeat an opinion that a too great reality in the accessory and ornament does tend to divert attention from the business of the play. But, though there are plays—Sheridan's "Rivals," as it was done at the Haymarket, is one of them, and I am not sure but that "Romeo and Juliet," as it was done at the Lyceum, is not another—of which the action is somewhat effaced and its effect interfered with by a too opulent exhibition of the decorator's craft, there are others in which everything that may be done, if it be done well, is an aid to the imagination, rather than a weight about its feet. "Macbeth" is one of these. What adornment can be given to it must be given chiefly by the provision of background—background varied and significant, the true art of the scene-painter, which, unlike the parade of foreground properties, enters into no competition with the realities of the figure, but is pure art and pure accompaniment, even more when it is at its best than when it is less perfect. The scenery with which Mr. Hawes Craven and his fellows have endowed the present revival of "Macbeth," with its studied illumination, its weird obscurity, its flushed sunsets—a very "portent," like Mr. Albert Goodwin's—is conceived and executed in the spirit of the play; and one could no more find fault with it than one could find fault with the selected words in which Mr. Browning, as in "Ivan Ivanovitch" or in "The Flight of the Duchess," sets about his figures the landscape that is proper to them, or by which Mr. Thomas Hardy stretches the horizon of the heath behind the stately lines of his Ethelberta or his Bathsheba, and folds the darkness of the country night round his Eustacia Vye.

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So much then for the scenery. It is extraordinarily helpful and poetic, and those who pass before it are grouped with singular skill. Of the technical qualities of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music there can no doubt be little question; but what is yet more evident—what an outsider in these matters may quite safely pronounce upon—is its dramatic significance, its poetic suggestiveness. Whether in march-movement, in passages weird and ominous, or in a strain that is serene and radiant—like the exquisite chorus that surprises the playgoer at the end of the cauldron scene—it is alike a contribution of high value to one's entrance into the spirit of the play. And having said this, the way is cleared for some expression of opinion on the acting. Those actors who are engaged in secondary parts may possibly have perceived a measure of truth in Samuel Johnson's remark that the play "has no nice discriminations of character." They, at least, will hardly dispute the accuracy of the criticism that "the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions," and that "the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents." For that is, after all, only another way of saying that, for stage purposes, the secondary characters in "Macbeth" cannot be made extraordinarily effective. Mr. Webster's agreeable personality does, indeed, suffer him to be pleasant as Malcolm. Of course, there is no reason why Mr. Haviland should not be gracious as the King. Mr. Wenman, as Banquo, is moderately forcible. Mr. Alexander is a goodly Macduff; and in the little part of Siward we get at all events all that we have a right to expect when we can hear the ripe rich utterance of Mr. Howe. As the Porter—a character most reasonably restored, it seems—Mr. Johnson has a brief but excellent chance for the quaintest of low comedy. Miss Coleridge appears most suitably as the young gentlewoman in waiting, who has heard "what she should not"; and by allotting to three ladies the parts of the witches, generally played by the most grotesque and ungainly of men, Mr. Irving has, as far as that matter goes, done a service. But Dr. Johnson is so far right that if the secondary parts were played quite perfectly, "Macbeth" would not gain very visibly in effectiveness, while, if they were played quite poorly, the piece might remain impressive. It is the function, practically, of Macbeth and of Lady Macbeth alone, to excite now our horror and now our sympathy; and—with whatever qualifications we may choose to make—the function is fulfilled largely when those parts are in the hands of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry.

Miss Terry's being the new assumption, her's it was that excited the greatest curiosity. Persons whose conception of Lady Macbeth is sharply defined, and somewhat inflexible, and is based more or less on the stage traditions which the country actress has inherited from Mrs. Siddons—the tradition of a demon somehow not completely unsexed—cannot accept Miss Terry as satisfactory, and nobody is invited to accept her as entirely ideal. The very view she takes of the part is, at least unconsciously, one must venture to say, affected by her own personality. But how is this admission in itself to be construed into blame, when we remember that after all the personality of the player is the whole of his material? It is the instrument to which the dramatist's music has of necessity to be adapted. Miss Terry's uses of that instrument are, in certain passages of her Lady Macbeth, quite other than any she has hitherto employed. Her Lady Macbeth, instead of emphasising her limitations, reveals some hitherto unsuspected resource. Obviously, for pure terror, for a ghostly and gruesome impressiveness, she cannot do with the sleep-walking scene what, to speak of our own generation only, has been done with it by Ristori. But she fills it, for almost the first time, with infinite pathos; and if one of the functions of tragedy is "to purify by terror," the other is "to purify by pity." Effective in the murder scene, Miss Terry is almost commanding in the banquet. Gracious and earnest and serious, to Macbeth she can be exquisitely tender. The line—

"You lack the season of all natures—sleep"—

was never said to Macbeth before with so much of explanation in the tone, or with so much of comforting quietude. One criticism—in the nature of a suggestion rather—I should like to make beyond saying broadly that the performance wants without doubt some further indication of evil. In our realistic day—when the human "document" is studied by the creative artist so closely in every phase of its disease and its sanity—is there no method of implying, and no reasonableness in implying, Lady Macbeth's nervous instability at some earlier stage than that of the sleep-walking scene? From a single visit perhaps one judges wrongly and roughly; but if my memory is to be trusted, or if my observation was properly alert, the new Lady Macbeth made, with nothing less than the usual suddenness of her forerunners, the transition from vigour to collapse. I can conceive that even the line that I have quoted might be taught to bear the message and convey the hint of Lady Macbeth's own condition. Had she herself, with such a Past behind her and such a Future almost within sight—had she herself "the season of all natures"?

Macbeth—dominated by the supernatural, but of desperate courage in the presence of all possible combinations of men—who, whatever may have been "long the subject of conjugal debate" (to quote from Mr. Comyns Carr's extremely able pamphlet), was certainly a thousand times more averse to encountering the moment of the murder than to encountering any array of armed men in battle—Macbeth is presented by Mr. Irving, in the main, with extraordinary force, feeling, and subtlety. Whatever may be the theory of the actor as to the facility with which the suggestion of foul play was embraced, and whatever may be his skill—to my mind it is extreme skill—in suggesting the first fears or the last recklessness, it is certain that Mr. Irving misses no jot of opportunity in delivering with fire or pathos all that is grand in the language or touching in the thought of the character. And if, after the murder scene, nothing is fully its equal in effectiveness, until there comes the crowded hour in which Macbeth is told of his wife's death, and the moment when it is revealed to him that "juggling fiends" can

"keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope"—

that is, at least, partly because there is in the play itself a certain pause in the splendour of its action. The pause is at all events not long or not final; and now, as thirteen years ago, the play's end, as Mr. Irving interprets it, is of superb effectiveness, to summon our admiration for the courage, almost our pity for the fate, of its main character. This Lyceum revival—whether by its general spirit or by the combined breadth and sensibility of those impersonations on which attention is most concentrated—must be recognised as a boon to the public. Having regard to the immensity of the effort, the "shortcomings," are comparatively few, and no labour accomplished with such thoroughness can ever have been undertaken without delight.

Frederick Wedmore.

STAGE NOTES.

Place aux enfants! Drury Lane Pantomime was not made for them. Nothing of the kind! Adelphi melodrama was not made for them. Nothing of the kind! Then let these wait till next week. But there are three entertainments suited for children in London; and we will say what they are. One of them is Mr. Savile Clarke's version of "Alice in Wonderland." It is played daily at the Globe Theatre, by a cast not by any means incompetent to deal with it. Another is Miss Rosina Filippi's children's pantomime—"Goody Two-shoes," done every afternoon at the Court. This is arranged skilfully, and even sympathetically. Both for the book of the words and for its interpretation something is to be said. But the really beautiful thing to see—and it is happily humorous too—is of course the Opéra Comique performance of the "Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which the three chief parts are played by Mr. Somerset, Miss Mary Rorke, and the admirable child-actress Vera Beringer. The play itself is so genuinely charming that people might be impressed favourably with any decent interpretation of it. Yet it is not until Vera Beringer has been seen as the Little Lord that the best judges can express themselves as perfectly satisfied. For her performance is just as full of good breeding as it is full of cleverness, and, the part being what it is, therein lies half of the performance's merit. Mr. Somerset's more than elderly nobleman is a distinguished and engaging wreck. Miss Mary Rorke's unvarying stage tact, her womanliness, the exceptional quality of her voice—together with her knowledge how to use it—cannot but ensure for the representation of the character of the young widow something more than justice—charm.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

From Messrs. Augener & Co. we have received: *Beethoven's Nine Symphonies* arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. E. Pauer. It is only the few who can read and enjoy a full score. Most people require to hear the music played. A pianoforte is always to hand—not so an orchestra. Beethoven's master works demand constant study, so that pianoforte transcriptions of them are necessities. Musicians who first become acquainted with the Symphonies by the aid of a colourless key-board will find the music of absorbing interest, and later on the life and colour supplied by the orchestra will enhance their pleasure. And those who play them over after having heard them performed—if only they have a retentive

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memory and a little imagination—will hear mentally, not the sounds of the pianoforte, but those of the orchestra. Mr. E. Pauer has accomplished his task most successfully. Of course the transcriptions—especially of the later Symphonies—cannot possibly be easy playing, but everything has been done to reproduce fairly the composer's thoughts, and to avoid difficulty for difficulty's sake. In the second part of the ninth Symphony, the German text is given with the music.

Thalberg's *Nel silenzio fra l'orror*, Nicodé's *Elfin Dance*, Scharwenka's *Staccato Study*, Nicode's *Staccato Study*, are all useful practice and effective "Etudes de Concert." They are fingered and revised by Mr. E. Pauer.

Laubach's *Six Etudes* are thoroughly good. Various technical difficulties are neatly and pleasantly introduced.

Prelude and Fugue. By A. Napoleon. This piece may be recommended as an excellent study. The Prelude is simple and effective. The Fugue, with a good theme, begins well; but the writing soon becomes quite modern, and Rhapsody would be a better title for the piece.

Fleurs et Chansons, two Books, *Albumblätter*, *Idylles*, *Miniatures*, *Canzonette*, *Serenatelle*, by Del Valle de Paz. All these different collections of pieces are short, pleasing, and of moderate difficulty. Besides, they are well-written, and combine instruction with amusement. They are really studies in piece form, and are "morceaux de salon" in the best sense of the term. Teachers will find them extremely useful.

Danses hongroises, *Valses Styriennes*, *Danses Bohèmes Galop*, by F. Kirchner. The composer's name is well-known, and anything from his pen is sure to be good. All these pianoforte duets are attractive, and will please young players who cannot yet attempt Schubert's and Schumann's more difficult four-hand compositions.

Die Weihe der Töne. An excellent duet, arrangement for pianoforte, of Spohr's admired Symphony, by Mr. Max Pauer, a clever pianist and sound musician.

Handel's 7th *Organ Concerto*. This fine work has been edited by Mr. W. T. Best, who played it at the Handel Festival last summer. The cadenza then introduced by him in the first movement is here fully written out.

Cecilia, edited by Mr. W. T. Best. Books 35, 37, 38 and 39 of this valuable collection of organ pieces in diverse styles include compositions by Bach, Hesse, Fumagalli, Schneider, Wesley, &c.; and the editor has contributed a graceful Christmas Pastorale.

Bach's *Organ Works*, edited by Mr. W. T. Best. Part iii. includes five of the master's immortal Preludes and Fugues.

Pezzi Originale per Organo, by F. Capocci. Useful pieces for organists. The music is in many ways clever. A solid Fugue shows that the composer has studied counterpoint. The numbers which best please us are the Entrata, the Larghetto, and the Minuetto.

Theme, with Variations, for Organ. By T. T. Noble. The theme is graceful, and the variations are solid and effective.

Hermann's *Etudes Spéciales pour Violon*, parts i. ii. and iii., and Courvoisier's *Méthode de Violon*, parts i. and ii. Some of the best studies, and one of the best methods for the king of instruments.

The Flood. By Gurlitt. This is an interesting work. The words have been selected from the Bible by Mr. J. P. Metcalfe, who, in a short preface, assigns to his "Reading in Church, Recitation, and Chorus" a place somewhere between the Hymnal and the great Oratorio. It is an experiment likely, we should think, to meet with success. The choruses are of moderate length, and of moderate difficulty; while the music is fresh and tuneful, and the part-writing generally shows a skilful and practised hand. Some of the numbers are marked to be sung as choruses or solos. If the latter method—which would give greater variety—should be adopted, the work would be in fact a small oratorio.

Sacred Songs. By Molique. For one voice (Op. 48), for two voices (Op. 49), and for three voices (Op. 51). There are six in each set, and they are all melodious and charming. It must have cost the composer no small pains to keep his song so simple, his rhythm so uncomplicated, and his forms so modest.

We may further mention *Popular Pieces*, by Corelli, transcribed for the Pianoforte from the Sonatas and Concertos for strings, revised by Mr. E. Pauer. "Canzonette toscane," by Della Morea, pleasing and characteristic; "Six Songs," by F. H. Crossley, graceful and musicianlike; "Ten Songs for Children," by Reinecke, with English words—charming little numbers, with dainty accompanyments; "Scottish Songs," arranged by Laubach for viola and piano, and cello and piano, and set in quite simple fashion; and "Standard English Songs," arranged by Gurlitt, as short and easy pianoforte duets.

All these publications, by Messrs. Augener, are remarkably clear in print, and cheap in price.

From Messrs. Metzler & Co.:

Metzler's Red Album, Nos. 1-4. No. 1 contains nine songs by popular composers—Sullivan, Goring, Thomas, Berthold Tours, and others; No. 2 is a similar collection; No. 3 contains modern compositions of a light kind for the pianoforte; and No. 4 six pieces for violin and piano. Of these last we may mention Mr. Higgs's *Canzonetta* and Mr. Tours's *Swing Song* as graceful and pleasing. Each of the four numbers costs only one shilling.

Ten Songs. By Lawrence Kellie. The opening number is quiet and orderly; No. 3 ("Far Away") shows great taste and feeling, and some of the others are gracefully written; but Nos. 2, 4, 5 and 9 are rambling and scrambling.

Please sing Me a Song. By R. B. Addison. This is an album of songs for the young, with very pretty words by Mary Chater and Ellis Walton. The music is extremely well written, and shows a good deal of fancy. Children will enjoy the songs.

The Lifted Veil. By J. Barnby. A quiet, simple song for mezzo-soprano; grateful to the singer.

Midsummer Night. By Percy Reeve. A light, flowing song, with a graceful accompaniment, and an obbligato violin part.

You ask Me why I Love. By L. Kellie. A fidgetty and commonplace song.

The Vanguard March. For Pianoforte. By H. M. Higgs. An easy and well-written piece.

Christmas Album of Dance Music. This will be acceptable during the present festive season.

W. Williams's "White Mousie" quadrille, Crowe's "Rose Queen" waltz, E. Dumaine's "Pocket" polka, and Mrs. Maddison's "Diana" waltz, with an elegant lithograph on title-page, like the above album, will be found useful.

Original Compositions. For Violin and Piano. By H. M. Higgs. This collection may be recommended to young players who wish for something not too difficult and not dry. They are capital little drawing-room pieces.

From Messrs. Hutchins & Co.:

Old Time and the Maiden. By R. Harvey. A rather effective song in Old English style.

When the Soft Spring Winds are blowing. By H. Hill. A smooth, flowing song for soprano and tenor.

Not at Home. By Annie E. Armstrong. A light and not very original song. The composer has written better things than this.

Wedding March, for Organ. By W. J. Westbrook. This is an effective transcription of Sir Julius Benedict's well-known March.

Rêve d'Innocence. By H. Croft. A short and elegant "morceau de salon" for pianoforte.

The Little Drummer. By R. W. Oberhoffer. An easy pianoforte piece; a trifle monotonous, but good practice for young players.

La Cloche d'Argent. By C. de Thiere. A very simple gavotte for pianoforte. The composer ought to know that a gavotte should begin on the third beat of the bar.

De Montfort's Daughter: Cantata for Female Voices. By Julian Edwards. The music consists of solos, a duet, and choruses; and all the numbers are graceful and suitably written for the voices. There is a good deal of taste displayed in the pianoforte accompaniment. Well sung, the little work would prove effective.

From Edwin Ashdown:

A Heaven on Earth: Song. By Carl Willoughby. A quiet unpretentious composition.

Stars of the Summer Night: Song. By E. D. Palmer. An ordinary setting of Longfellow's familiar words. There is a violin accompaniment *ad lib.*

Waiting for Thee! Arabian Serenade! Little Lady Bountiful. By Michael Watson. These three songs are not of a very high order. But tastes differ, and they may please some who like light simple strains. The Serenade is the best of the three.

Un Aveu. Mélodie pour Piano. Par T. Mattei. Sentimental, yet well written, and, in its way, pleasing.

From Messrs. Beal & Co.:

In After Years. By M. Watson. An ordinary kind of ballad.

From Dark to Dawn. By O. Barri. A tuneful song which sets one thinking of certain popular composers.

Spanish Dance. By G. P. Moore. A light and agreeable little piece for pianoforte.

On the Moonlight Deep, and *Ring o' Bells.* By M. Watson. Two short easy pieces for pianoforte; well-written for the instrument.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Edward Dannreuther is writing a *History of Musical Graces and Ornaments*, with copious illustrations and examples. The work will consist of two parts, the first from Diruta (1593) to Seb. Bach (1685-1750); the second from Emanuel Bach (1714-88) to the present day. It will be issued in the course of this year as one of Novello, Ewer & Co.'s Primers, edited by Sir J. Stainer.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

No. 871, *New Series.*

THE EDITOR *cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.*

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, *and not to the* EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The Recluse. By William Wordsworth. (Macmillan.)

The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. With an Introduction by John Morley. (Macmillan.)

THE first book of the first part of "The Recluse"—some seven hundred lines—now printed for the first time, may be said to be a continuation of Wordsworth's poetical autobiography as given in "The Prelude." It tells of his arrival in Grasmere, and presents an imaginative study of the local features and spirit of the vale, a study of the character of its inhabitants, and a noble vindication of Wordsworth's devotion to the high calling of his life. Its appearance is a very important event for all who love the poetry of Wordsworth. I do not know that there are seven hundred consecutive lines to be found anywhere in his writings of greater interest than these.

With this word I dismiss the fragment of "The Recluse," for I must speak somewhat fully of the edition of the "Complete Poetical Works" now put forth, with no editor's name, but seemingly with the authority of Wordsworth's representatives. I must try to speak plainly and strongly, though I hope without heat or temper. A serious wrong has been done to Wordsworth; a serious wrong has been done to Wordsworth's readers. What strikes one in the volume from first to last is the disrespect shown throughout to Wordsworth's judgment, the entire disregard shown to Wordsworth's wishes. And as a consequence the reader of Wordsworth suffers grievous loss. I propose briefly to make good these assertions.

Wordsworth did not leave his poems at haphazard or in disarray. He arranged them in an order of his own, presenting them as he wished them to reach his readers, in certain groups and in a definite sequence within each group. He may not have been always happy in his arrangement, but it was carefully considered and had his deliberate approval. It is in part connected with his critical theories, and in part it is independent of them. He classed some of his poems, for example, under the heading of "The Fancy," and others under that of "The Imagination." That arrangement is connected with a critical theory. Whether the groups be well or ill-named, within each group the poems are placed in such an order that they often reflect interesting lights each upon the other. There is, again, a series of "Miscellaneous Sonnets" in three parts; and here no critical theory is involved. The first part begins with a sonnet on "The Sonnet," following a dedication in verse; it closes with the memorial sonnet to Raisley Calvert. The second part begins in like manner with a sonnet on "The Sonnet," and closes with a poem entitled "Conclusion to ——." Again, there is the noble series of "Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty," in two parts, each most judiciously arranged. In the present volume Wordsworth's design, in its larger lines and in its minor details, is swept away; and, as I shall presently show, some of the poems in consequence lose a special significance, and some become unintelligible.

The arrangement attempted throughout is chronological; but there are errors in the chronology. Now it is most interesting to read Wordsworth's poems in the order in which they were written. I may quote my own words from a review of Prof. Knight's edition of Wordsworth, which appeared in the ACADEMY six years ago. I considered Prof. Knight's edition to be what I called the Student's Wordsworth, with a purpose of its own, but not as one designed to replace the authorised edition, superintended by Wordsworth himself, and I wrote as follows:

"Prof. Knight proposes to print the poems in chronological order, and for such an edition as the present [*i.e.* as Prof. Knight's] this is, undoubtedly, the right plan. It has been generally felt that, with Wordsworth, the chronological study is of peculiar importance; that his poems fall naturally into groups, characteristic of his periods of visionary youth, grave-thoughted manhood, and tranquil decline. But we have felt this in a general way, and did not trace out details. Now we shall be able to follow the history of his intellect and his imagination from year to year, sometimes even from day to day."

But, then, Prof. Knight's edition was not intended, as I take it, to displace the authorised text. It was designed rather to be one of our aids to study. It was copiously annotated, so that any wrong done to the reader could be at once repaired by information conveyed in a note. It is not so in the present edition. The reader is nowhere informed that this poem or that has been wrenched from its true position. And all this has been done in violation of Wordsworth's well-known desire. In Wordsworth's *Prose Works*, vol. iii., p. 474, we find the record of a conversation given by the Rev. R. P. Graves as follows:

"I expressed to Wordsworth a wish that his poems were printed in the order of their composition, assigning as reasons for the wish the great interest which would attach to observing the progressive development of the poet's thought, and the interpretative value of the light mutually reflected by poems of the same period. I remember being surprised by the feeling akin to indignation which he manifested at the suggestion. He said that such proceeding would indicate on the part of the poet an amount of egotism, placing interest in himself above interest in the subjects treated by him, which could not belong to a true poet caring for the elements of poetry in their right proportion, and designing to bring to bear upon the minds of his readers the best influences at his command in the way best calculated to make them effectual."

Part of the force of the reason assigned by Wordsworth has passed away; that which he would not do himself may be done for him. It is well that by a knowledge of the chronology of his works we should be able to trace the development of his mind; but it is an injury to a dead poet that in the edition which seems to bear his authority he should be forbidden the right to present his poems as he decided on mature deliberation that they ought to be presented. There is a loss here of what is needed even by the historical student of Wordsworth's mind; an interesting part of the document is obliterated. And for the reader who cares for the poems simply as poems a still more serious loss is caused by the injudicious application of the chronological principle.

Let me prove my point by two or three examples. The injury to Wordsworth's poetry begins on the first page. In the later editions sanctioned by the poet himself he placed some well-known and beautiful lines in the forefront as a proem or motto for the whole—those beginning:

"If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content."

The full significance of the poem, as elevated by its author into a prologue, depends on its position. It is like the inscription over the doorway of a great cathedral. In this edition the inscription is taken down; and, after searching, we find it stowed away in the back premises, on p. 705, between a Sonnet to Haydon on seeing his picture of Napoleon Buonaparte and the lines on "A Wren's Nest." Unluckily, the new position assigned to the poem has not even the merit of being chronologically correct. It is here said to have been written in 1832, and it is printed as belonging to that year. But it may be found among "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," in the edition of 1827, and words spoken by the author to Miss Fenwick make it probable that the date of composition is much earlier.

I took this example first because it came first. But one or two others will better serve to show the deep injury that has been done to Wordsworth and to his readers. Among the "Miscellaneous Sonnets," are two connected sonnets, numbered by Wordsworth as the first and second of a pair. The first of these is that exquisite sonnet in which, by a beautiful surprise, the terror of death is transformed into a vision of loveliness. Instead of the grisly king, the poet beholds

"the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
With her face up to heaven."

We find this sonnet on p. 356 of the present edition, where it is numbered I., and the note dictated to Miss Fenwick is prefixed:

"The latter part of this sonnet was a great favourite with my sister, S. H. When I saw her lying in death, I could not resist the impulse to compose the sonnet that follows it."

But No. I. is not followed here by No. II. The second sonnet disappears; nor is the smallest hint vouchsafed to explain the enigma to the perplexed reader. Four hundred pages away I discover the companion sonnet, with no indication that it does not stand alone—a sonnet beginning with words which refer to the vision of Death—

"Even so for me a vision sanctified
The sway of Death"—

words absolutely without meaning for the reader who knows Wordsworth only in the present unhappy edition.

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"Come, lame me with reasons!" exclaims Celia to Rosalind; and if the nameless editor of the present edition made a like request, it were easy to gratify him. But it is no pleasure to me to fling stones. I desire only to protest seriously against what is a grave crime committed against an eminent benefactor of all English lovers of literature. Let one other example therefore suffice. We all remember the fine sonnet composed on the evening of Wordsworth's wedding-day, in which he describes a vision of great glories in the western sky—citadel, temple, and tower substantially expressed in the sunset clouds. We remember how the sonnet closes, with a sigh that, though all these cloudland wonders seemed so steadfast, all must fade, and that even the memory of them must perish:

"They are of the sky
And from our earthly memory fade away."

These words become the starting-point of the companion sonnet, written four years afterwards, in which the poet claims for the good realities of our human life a higher place in our affections than that granted to any unsubstantial dream of beauty.

"Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food."

In the present edition the whole of "The Prelude" and many another poem lie between the two companion sonnets, nor does any note direct the reader from the first sonnet to the second, which had been by its side from 1807 until to-day. This, indeed, is editorial work of waste and ruin.

Moreover the editor's chronology is at times erroneous. How often it is so I am unable to say. I am no specialist in the minuter facts of the chronology—facts which, though minute, make all the difference between right and wrong in an edition based on the chronological principle. I have shown how the poem "If Thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven" is misplaced by at least five years. A glance enables me to point out that "The Cuckoo-Clock," "Love lies bleeding," its "companion" poem, and the sonnet "Though the bold wings of Poesy," &c., here printed as belonging to the year 1845, are incorrectly placed. They were published in Wordsworth's "Poems chiefly of Early and Late Years," 1842. What has been gained by removing them from the position assigned to them by their author and fixing them in a wrong chronological order? The sonnet "To B. R. Haydon on seeing his Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte," here printed as of the year 1832, was in fact written on June 11, 1831 (see Graves's *Life of Sir W. R. Hamilton*, vol. i., p. 429). That beginning "Men of the Western World," here dated 1842, was written in 1839 (see letter to Prof. Reed). That beginning "People! your chains are severing link by link," here dated 1835, was written in 1831 (see note in "Yarrow Revisited," p. 264). The second of the three connected poems on Burns, here luckily left among the "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803," was not composed until many years after. In the "List of Wordsworth's Poems arranged in Chronological Order," which serves as a table of contents, and which seems to be identical with Prof. Knight's revised list as printed in the *Transactions* of the Wordsworth Society, I notice several errors as to the dates of first publication. But the list shows so much valuable research and contains so much useful information that it becomes us rather to be grateful than censorious. And in every considerable piece of work a margin of error must be allowed.

Among these errors of date is one which names the year 1842 as that in which "The Birth of Love," translated from some French stanzas described here as by Francis Wrangham, was first published. The translation of a French poem signed "Anon," and not, as far as I can ascertain, by Wrangham, appeared in the year 1795 in Wrangham's volume of "Poems." I notice the error here because the insertion of this translation without note or comment in the authorised text of the "Poetical Works" is an instance of disregard of Wordsworth's wishes against which I must record a protest. In such an edition as that of Prof. Knight, designed to be part of the critical apparatus of a student, it is right that every poem ever printed by Wordsworth should be reproduced. The editor's notes will inform the reader that certain poems were not intended by Wordsworth to form part of his authorised text, or were rejected by him as unworthy. They are nevertheless of interest to the student, and perhaps of some importance in tracing the development of his mind and art. I should have liked to see in Prof. Knight's edition Wordsworth's first sonnet—that written "On seeing Miss Helen Maria Williams weep at a Tale of Distress," and the rejected poem "The Convict." But in such an edition as the present it is a wrong to Wordsworth to reprint, as if they appeared with his sanction, such lines as those included in Wrangham's volume, or the rejected stanzas "Among all lovely things my Love has been," or the rejected "Andrew Jones." They appear as part of an authorised collection, and yet they were deliberately refused admission to his Complete Poetical Works by the author. Wordsworth's judgment is slighted and his wishes are set at nought.

Nor can I suppose that it would have pleased Wordsworth to see his poems introduced by the notes on their origin and occasions which he dictated to Miss Fenwick. These notes are of the greatest interest and importance. But the place which they occupy in this and some other posthumous editions would never, I believe, have been approved by Wordsworth. Two columns of closely printed prose are prefixed to the little poem, "We are Seven." Most valuable matter is contained in these columns; but I believe that surviving friends of Wordsworth would bear me out when I say that in many instances it was his wish to present his poems simply as they are, with a certain ideal remoteness from what is local and occasional, while he was not unwilling, as the Fenwick notes prove, that his readers should have it in their power, as a matter of historical or biographical interest, to trace the poems to their place and time and occasion.

Mr. John Morley has introduced Wordsworth to the readers of this volume in an excellent essay. If any Wordsworthian should say to me that the choice of Mr. John Morley as Wordsworth's presenter is somewhat curious, I should give a silent assent. If he should go on to assert that Wordsworth would look upon the choice of such a presenter with fervid indignation, I could not say "No"; only I would remind my interlocutor that literature is a noble eirenicon, and that in those worlds where Protesilaus and his poet dwell there is

"An ampler ether, a diviner air,"

than in our troubled planet. Mr. Morley writes as one who partakes in a large measure of Wordsworth's spirit, though, perhaps, he does not feel its finer ecstasy—

"the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring."

Devout Wordsworthians may acknowledge him as a sincere worshipper in the court of the Gentiles. Yet I confess that I should like better to read what Mr. Morley has written if it were anywhere else—if it were offered, for instance, as a pious discourse to literary Radicals in the *Westminster Review*. Wordsworth can very well stand alone. He needs no presenter now; and an introductory essay to his "Complete Poetical Works," even if the writer were Mr. Frederic Myers or Mr. Hutton, would be something like an impertinence.

Let me say at the close how, in my opinion, the edition of Wordsworth, which we all desire, ought to be planned.

(i.) Wordsworth's latest text to be given. Wordsworth's arrangement of the poems to be followed.

(ii.) A chronological table, strictly tested, to be given, so that the reader should have it in his power to ascertain the date of any poem, or, if he should please, to read the complete poetical works in the chronological order.

(iii.) An appendix of "Poems by Wordsworth not intended by him to appear in the authorised text."

(iv.) Appendix of notes dictated to Miss Isabella Fenwick.

(v.) Appendix of select various readings, presenting the earlier text in the case of poems seriously injured by Wordsworth's rehandlings. Good judgment would here be needed, but in a few pages a valuable result could certainly be attained.

(vi.) Bibliography of Wordsworth's writings, not extending beyond the year of his death.

(vii.) No introductory essay, and no author's name but that of Wordsworth on the title-page.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

The Life of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, K.G. By the Hon. Hugh Elliot. (Longmans.)

AN ever-increasing band of tourists speeds each year through the Land's End district, but not one in a hundred of them turns aside from the beaten track to view the birthplace of Sidney Godolphin. It lies about eight miles from Penzance, under the shadow of Godolphin Hill, which three centuries ago was pierced through and through by the tin mines worked under the direction of his ancestor, the most distinguished mineralogist of his day. The old banqueting hall in which the great lord treasurer used to receive on his visits to the country the squires of the neighbourhood, and to impart to them the news which Dyer's news-letter had not yet furnished, stands uninjured. The gardens, seven

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acres in all, still remain, and in them may be seen some box-trees, twenty feet high. The fish-ponds are left, but the fish which used to swarm therein were destroyed by arsenic some thirty years since. The estate has from time immemorial been held under the manor of Lambourne by a vexatious tenure, the reeve loudly knocking on Candlemas Day at the outer door, boldly entering the hall, jumping upon the table, and thrice repeating his demand, accompanied by the striking of his stick on the table, that he came to receive the ancient quit-rents. Mr. Elliot states that the custom is discontinued; but in this he errs, for it was observed so recently as Candlemas Day in 1884.

To the progenitors of Sidney Godolphin, a set of men distinguished in many varying ways, Mr. Elliot has paid due attention, and devoted many pages of his book. Two of them were conspicuous at the siege of Boulogne, and both were wounded. One of these men was the leading mine-adventurer of his time; but he was a soldier also, and to him was entrusted by Queen Elizabeth the guardianship of the isles of Scilly. To another of his ancestors Hobbes dedicated as "to my most honour'd friend" his celebrated treatise of the *Leviathan*. Sidney Godolphin, the poet, lives in the prose of Clarendon and in the poetic epitaph which Hobbes wrote to his memory. His own poems, which were famous in their age, have persistently been assigned to his nephew, the lord treasurer; but we are inclined to agree with the opinion of Mr. Elliot that the statesman, if he ever wrote any poetry at all, never soared above a set of complimentary verses. Sidney Godolphin was killed in a skirmish in the civil war in the stone porch of the inn at Chagford; but all the members of the family did not act with the king. John Godolphin was judge of the admiralty court during the Protectorate; and the head of the house, though he sympathised with the royal cause, prudently came to terms with the parliament in 1646.

In such a home as this, and with the lives of such ancestors to inspire his youthful imagination, Sidney Godolphin was born in the summer of 1645. He was not sent to the university. His education—and he was a good classical scholar—was no doubt imbibed in the grammar school of Helston, over which several well-known clergymen, such as Derwent Coleridge and Augustus Jessopp, have presided within recent years. When a youth he became a page at the court of Charles II., and it must have been within the precincts of Whitehall that he first made the acquaintance of the still younger John Churchill. The Godolphins possessed much borough influence in the West. They had some power in both Penryn and St. Ives; but the borough of Helston was then, and until the Reform Bill of 1832, almost completely under their control. Sidney was very anxious that one of the seats for the family boroughs should be occupied by himself; and Mr. Elliot has printed several letters from the Additional MSS. at the British Museum, in which he presses his wishes upon his brother. Another, and even more emphatic communication, expressing his "infinite concern" for the seat, and urging his brother to "think a little seriously" on the subject, is among the collection of Mr. Alfred Morrison. His wishes were gratified; and from October, 1668, until his elevation to the peerage, he sat, with but a brief interval, for the constituency of Helston. While on this topic, we would suggest that the names of Evitley and Grisley, printed on pages 52 and 54, should have been read as Erisey, the patronymic of a prominent squire in the Lizard district of Cornwall. A few years later (1675) Godolphin married Margaret Blague, one of the ladies about the court, whose "saintly life," as delineated by John Evelyn, has become, after it had slumbered in manuscript for more than a century and a half, one of the popular books of this generation. In three years she was dead, and her body was carried to Godolphin, in Cornwall, and buried in the north transept of the parish church, her name being erroneously entered in the parish register as "*Catherine* Godolphin."

Godolphin's active career in politics began at this date. Ten years had passed away since his election to parliament, and they had been spent in acquiring the reputation which Charles II., with his characteristic accuracy of expression, summed up in the phrase that "Godolphin was never in the way and never out of it." Then, as ever, he was reticent in speech and retiring in manners. His political conduct during the reign of Charles did him little credit. While he professed friendship for James II., then Duke of York, he was active in endeavouring to secure his exclusion from the throne. The reason for this conduct does not lie on the surface. Mr. Elliot attributes it to Godolphin's love of moderation and to his dread of James's fanaticism; and this suggestion, though somewhat fanciful, is as good as any that can be put forward. From 1679 to 1684 Godolphin was a lord of the treasury, but for a few months in the latter year he held the seals of secretary of state. He was then recalled to the treasury, and it was in that office that the greater part of his political life was spent and his reputation was earned. Godolphin had arranged a truce with James II. long before his accession to the throne, and after that event was ranked among his principal advisers. Like his colleagues in statecraft, he was distracted between acquiescence in the royal views of the divine right of kings and doubts how far the nation at large would concur in the promotion of papal designs. The priests believed that Godolphin was always on the point of adopting the Roman Catholic creed, but somehow or other he always drew back at the last moment. Neither in the last days of Charles nor during the reign of his successor had the minister's career been marked by dignity or candour; but he was one of the last to desert the fading cause of James, and he is said, poor man as he was, to have supplied the flying king with a hundred guineas to carry him to France. In the convention parliament of William he sided with those who were indisposed to create a new monarchy, and Charles Godolphin, his brother, provoked the fiercest opposition of the Whigs in the debates on the succession to James; but the new monarch was not so firmly seated on the throne that he could openly gratify his likes or dislikes to their fullest extent. These faults were overlooked, and Sidney again found a place in the treasury. Here his services were above all value. William wanted money for his wars, and no one could raise it on such easy terms as Godolphin. In the estimation of the city Godolphin always stood out above his fellows; and his promptness in raising the ways and means led his master to overlook, for many years, his hesitating support of the new dynasty.

Godolphin's supremacy in politics dates from the accession of Queen Anne. He, like Marlborough, was descended from a knightly family in the West country. They had both commenced life as pages at the royal court, and they had both selected their wives from those in corresponding positions as maids of honour. Their friendship had been drawn closer still by the marriage in 1698 of Godolphin's only son to his friend's eldest daughter. It became a matter of necessity that Marlborough should assume the position at the head of the English forces which the Dutch William had held during his reign; and it was equally imperative that Godolphin should take upon himself the control of the national finances. They became the chief members of a mixed administration of Whigs and Tories, for it was their desire to bring together into one ministry a band of officials, differing in their political views, but supported alike by the favour of their sovereign. Needless to say that the course of events proved adverse to the success of such a system. The ministry was from the first of divided counsels, and gradually passed from a confused body of discordant opinions into a united band of Whigs. In foreign affairs the two chiefs were not always of the same opinion. Mr. Elliot brings out with great force the differences between the views of Godolphin and Marlborough over the campaign against the forces of the Grand Monarque. The one was for attacking the French king through military operations in Spain, and for aiding with British troops and British money the rebellious subjects in the Cevennes whom religious persecution had driven into open revolt. The other, not unnaturally, was for forcing his way into France through the Low Countries or through the provinces of Germany, in which he had achieved so many famous victories. When the back-stairs intrigues of Harley and his still more dangerous ally, and the ill-fated prosecution of Sacheverell—a senseless proceeding which inevitably foreshadowed the downfall of the existing cabinet—had undermined the Whig party, neither of its prominent members acted with vigour or dignity. To which of them should be assigned the larger share of blame will probably always remain in doubt. History has perhaps placed on Godolphin's shoulders the greater burden of disapproval. His biographer, as might be expected, holds a brief for the minister at home, and transfers the odium to Marlborough.

Mr. Elliot claims, and is justified in his assertion, to have exhausted all the sources of information respecting Godolphin with which he was acquainted. The proofs of his industry are perceptible in every chapter. Still the statesman does not stand before us, as he lived and acted, with the vividness which might be desired. The pages are sometimes wanting in animation, and the biographer is hampered by the mass of materials at his disposal. There are several pleasant digressions in the narrative. Let

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the description of Godolphin's country residence of Cranbourne Lodge, the details of his assistance in the conversion of Greenwich Palace into a hospital for decrepit seamen, and the narrative of the changes which were effected in St. James's Park after he had constructed his house in the precincts of the adjoining palace, bear witness to the lighter hours of the chronicler's toil.

W. P. Courtney.

The End of the Middle Ages. By Mary F. Robinson (Mdme. James Darmesteter). (Fisher Unwin.)

This volume of studies falls into two divisions. The first part consists of three essays on Mediaeval Mysticism—two examples and an analysis. The second part gives us six essays whose connecting link is the relations of France to Italy, and especially the French claims to Milan and to Naples. There is a tenth essay on the Malatestas of Rimini, really a study of the life and character of Sigismondo Malatesta, which stands by itself. The author, in her dedicatory epistle, tells us that these studies are the prolusions to two larger histories—the history of the Hohenstaufen and the history of the French in Italy.

In the first essay, the story of Beguinism and of the Weaving Brothers is most interestingly told. We learn how the begging confraternity came into existence, the joint product of the physical ill-being brought upon Europe by years of Crusading, and of the spiritual outgoing towards the unknown which marked the first dawn of enlightenment. We see the development of Beguin teaching, leading them nearer and nearer to heresy and to a collision with the church. We are told how the church secured all of Beguinism that she desired, by the establishment of the tertiary orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis; how Mechtild of Magdeburg maintained for a while the prestige of Beguinism by the active benefits of her life; how, after her death, heresy spread through the order; how the order was finally suppressed, the orthodox Beguines joining the Dominicans, but carrying with them a leaven of their heresy which shows itself in the writings of Eckhart and of Tauler. In this essay the personal interest centres round the figure of Mechtild. In her mediaeval mysticism attained its finest growth, because its tenets, too apt to teach absolute inactivity, were tempered, in Mechtild, by an irrepressible natural impulse towards action. "Such a nature," says Mdme. Darmesteter, "is not by instinct a mystical nature." There is something strong and vigorous and human in her caste of mind which marks her as a creature very different from the swooning ecstatics about her. What a whole and wholesome conviction there is in her dream-born phrase "Lieb' meine, betrübe dich nicht zu sehr, die Wahrheit mag niemand verbrennen"! Mechtild is the Novalis of mediaeval mysticism, just as the dominant character in the next essay, Gertrude, is its Schleiermacher.

The essay on the Convent of Helfta is occupied with the story of the sisters Gertrude and Mechtild von Hackeborn. And here again, as in the case of the first essay, Mdme. Darmesteter handles the subject which interests her most deeply—a spiritual struggle. Mechtild, of Magdeburg, the brilliant, vigorous woman of the world, is gradually forced, under stress of spiritual storm, to adopt the semi-monastic life of Beguinism—a rule which still left sufficient scope for her instinct towards action. Gertrude, of Hackeborn, the recluse, the student, is gradually forced, under a similar stress, to renounce her beloved study of letters, her intellectual pride and superiority, and to abandon herself to the quietistic side of mysticism and to ecstatic communings with the unseen. Mdme. Darmesteter is full of regrets for the upshot of this struggle, and full of pity for the girl Gertrude, in whom the battle raged so fiercely. She thinks that Gertrude would have been happier, would even have been more useful, had she carried her learning into the life of the outer world. But in natures so complex as that of the saint a struggle was inevitable; one part of the complex whole had to triumph, and the battle preceding the victory could not help being painful. We have no right to suppose that Gertrude would have been happier had her strong love of learning gained the day. We have no warrant for asserting that she did violence to her destiny or failed to follow her major impulse in dedicating herself to the visionary life.

The third of Mdme. Darmesteter's essays is, as we said, an analysis of the roots of mysticism—of the position assumed by those who "love to lose themselves in a mystery, to pursue their reason to an *O altitudo*!" It is called "The Attraction of the Abyss." There seems to us to be some confusion and indistinctness in our author's treatment of this difficult subject. On p. 77, for example, the simile which is used to express the relation of the body to the soul is not quite clear, unless we read *body* for *spirit*, in l. 12; and, in any case, the simile does not appear to hold good according to the strictest doctrine of mysticism, if, as we understand, the argument runs thus: God is all, the soul is God, therefore the soul is all, therefore the body is nothing. We do not see how the pure colourless liquid of the soul is to be poured into nothing. Indeed, mystics appear to us never to have carried their doctrines far enough. The mystic "must see neither difference nor distinction" (p. 83), so runs one of the dogmas. This would lead to the impossibility of predication, and, therefore, of course, to the impossibility of formulating any doctrine of mysticism. True predication is impossible for us, and even if it were possible, it is useless. All predication of a subject that is true is already contained in the subject. The most man can do is to be tautological; his only safe assertion—what is, is. By predicating at all man is in imminent peril of lying; and the only time predication has any new meaning is when it is lying predication. Only lies are new; the truth is always old. When Erigena says "God is non-being"; when Eckhart asserts that "Godhead is a simple stillness—an eternal silence"—they are only showing what poor mystics they are. It is of the very essence of mysticism that it shall not offer any explanation conformable to our understanding, on pain of ceasing to be mysticism. It must, therefore live in the region of dumb negation, and be finally reduced to the true import of its name, and hold its tongue.

These considerations only apply, of course, to the intellectual aspect of mysticism. There is the other and far more important aspect of the emotional region. For knowledge, being impossible as well as useless for man, he is compelled to fall back upon feeling, the only existent which no one has ever ventured to call into dispute. The mediaeval mystics, as well as their modern German brethren, make religion consist in feeling. But the ways in which this emotion operates and manifests itself are various. We have the feeling issuing in action in Mechtild of Magdeburg as in Novalis; or we find it passing through quietism into hysteria in Mechtild of Hackeborn; or formulated into a doctrine of non-resistance to evil in Tolstoï, whose mediaeval counterpart is Ochsenstein's dictum that not even the desire of the kingdom of heaven should tempt a good man towards activity. It is natural that so elastic a foundation as feeling should produce great varieties of heights and depths in the religion based upon it.

We have left ourselves no space to talk of the two excellent historical essays on Valentine Visconti and the claim of the House of Orleans to Milan. They are written in a firm and vigorous style, except in the passages where the author is striving for effect in the accumulation of adjectives and the use of the present tense. Of their scholarship and grasp of subject it would be difficult to speak too highly. We recommend them to all who desire information on one of the principal historical causes of ruin and misery to Italy.

Horatio F. Brown.

Daylight Land. By W. H. H. Murray. (Chatto & Windus.)

The first feature which strikes us in this Christmas volume is the beauty of the tinted illustrations; and secondly, the utter inappropriateness of the text which they are supposed to elucidate. The latter, indeed, has little to do with the ostensible subject of the book, which is to describe a journey across the American continent by way of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. In reality, all the purpose the trip serves is to supply various pegs on which to hang wordy disquisitions on all manner of subjects. There are philosophical commonplaces, bombastic speeches, and a host of stories, none first-rate, and several extremely old, though they are supposed to be part and parcel of the "experiences, incidents, and adventures, humorous and otherwise, which befel Judge John Doe, tourist, of San Francisco; Mr. Cephas Pepperell, capitalist, of Boston; Colonel Goffe, the man from New Hampshire, and divers others, in their Parlor-car Excursion over Prairie and Mountain." Yet, for all the reader learns about Manitoba, the North-west and British Columbia, the journey might as lief been made through Kentucky, New England, or Switzerland. Certainly, of the 336 pages, not twenty touch directly or indirectly on the country traversed, and then almost apologetically, as if the author felt that something was due to the title of his book. What makes it worse, the little he says is not

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always accurate or of any value. For instance, from the way Mr. Murray speaks of "Siwash Indians" (p. 329) it is evident that he imagines "Siwash" to be the name of a tribe. It is the Chinook jargon word for an Indian generally, being a corruption of the French voyageur's "sauvage." Again, it might be interesting to learn what American sept uses "the Indian armour deftly quilted" (p. 332), or from what part of British Columbia came "bows and arrows from polished bone tipped with deadliest poisons" (p. 333) which the fortunate tourists saw in the Victoria "pawnshops." As a specimen of how myths grow, Mr. Murray devotes eight pages to an inflated secondhand account of what he describes as a Fourth of July incident in 1868, when, according to him, American Bar on the Fraser was tenanted by a wild pack of Californian gold-digging desperadoes, with whom the revolver was the sole legal code. In 1868 American Bar was quite deserted except by a few Chinese; and long before that date Mr. Justice Begbie had struck awe into the law-breaker. The incidents related happened not at American Bar (which was in its glory in 1858), but at Lillooett, in 1863, while the hero of the story was, so far from being a "big, offensive, red-raced London cockney," a "lofty-acting, boastful, swaggering braggart," a hard-working Fraser River boatman. He was not, perhaps, endowed with the most refined manners (which were at a discount in those days), and was certainly notable for his habitual use of the offensive adjective from which he derived his familiar designation; but he was the son of an English admiral, and quite incapable of any such verbal atrocity as "Urrah for the flag of Hold Hingland."

However, the book does not profess to be a serious contribution to North-western geography, social history, or ethnology. Our main objection to it is that after glancing at the pictorial embellishments which strew almost every page, the incautious reader might imagine it to be a grave book of travels instead of an imitation of that half-novel, half-tourist talk which Mr. Dudley Warner has brought into literary fashion; only, Mr. Murray does not write quite so well as that adroit penman. In a fine specimen of the puff direct which is appended to his volume, we are told that he is an American clergyman, "a pulpit orator without a peer," and a public reader famous for the "purity of his language, almost wholly Saxon in quiet intensity and grace of style," &c. It may be admitted that, putting aside the windy pages about nothing, the book has passages which indicate that, if Mr. Murray could now and then touch mother earth, he is capable of better things than the poor "hifalautin" of which pp. 17-24 are not the worst specimens. But when old-fashioned folks come upon such phrases as "has Phoebus loaned you his car" (p. 18), "getting a check cashed" (p. 76), "I never saw a madder man or a worse muss" (p. 78), "he dove through the door of the tent" (p. 129), and so forth, they may question whether the author's trumpeter has not been blowing too loudly.

It is not pleasant to write disparagingly of a volume the mechanical execution of which is so creditable to the Riverside Press of Cambridge, Massachusetts; for though published in London it is produced in America. Nothing in the shape of clear type, and thick, glossy paper, is lacking to set off the beautiful illustrations produced "under the supervision of J. B. Millet," though most of them seem photographs printed in tints by a peculiar process, of which we have seen too little in this country. There is not one of the 140 in the book which is not a gem; and the reader who may be disappointed with the few grains of wheat, which he will find it scarcely worth his pains to search for among such a superabundance of chaff, may be consoled by the assurance that in no other work are there views of scenery, Indians, and game animals, which afford so vivid a picture of the North West. It is a pity that they are wedded to such vapid verbiage; yet, from a mere commercial point of view, they are worth the price of the volume twice over.

ROBERT BROWN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Legacy of Cain. In 3 vols. By Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

Colonel Quaritch, V.C. In 3 vols. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)

Mary Myles. In 2 vols. By Mrs. Edmonds. (Remington.)

A Russian Proprietor.

The Cossacks.

The Death of Ivan Ilyitch. By Count Tolstoi. (Walter Scott.)

Amos Kilbright. By Frank Stockton. (Fisher Unwin.)

Greystone Grange. (Bumpus.)

Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill. By Tasma. (Trübner.)

The Crime of the Golden Gully. By Gilbert Rock. (Spencer Blackett.)

IT would be impossible for Mr. Wilkie Collins to write a dull story; and though his favourite method has no longer its freshness of interest or its potency to charm, it still, no doubt, proves attractive to many readers. The author of *Armadale*, *The Woman in White*, &c., should be able to rely on a higher inventive faculty than that indicated by the adoption of such clumsy aids to plot-evolution as the diaries of the leading characters and the collateral narratives of those incidentally introduced. There is but indifferent skill required for the marshalling of incident and episode through the mazes of a complicated plot, when the author adopts the *rôle* of an indefatigable interviewer, and, note-book in hand, jots down just what he finds needful from the fictitious individuals who await his convenience. The method has its merits, of course, just as the barrister's method has *its* merits—in the courts of justice. But then the novelist is not a barrister, and the court in which he pleads is of a very different constitution from that presided over by legal judges. Unbroken sequence of narrative is one of the greatest charms of a work of fiction; and to this end the obtrusion of the diary-record method is apt to be fatal. *The Legacy of Cain* is an exciting story, and by many will be found as enthralling as it is meant to be. It is not, however, one of the author's most noteworthy books. The invention occasionally flags, the literary subterfuges are now and again too apparent, and even the style shows a falling-off from the old crispness and vigour. Such, at any rate, is the impression made upon the present writer, who would in this instance be very glad to find that he constituted the minority of one; for he, as surely all, must ever be grateful to the kindly and delightful story-teller whose best novels are still read with avidity or remembered with pleasure. The allusion in the title is to the evil inheritance bequeathed to her child by a murderess. The story is the old tale of virtue *versus* wickedness—Eunice is charming Miss Virtue, Helena is evil Miss Wickedness. In the conclusion, as every reader of Mr. Wilkie Collins's books will anticipate, Miss Virtue triumphs and Miss Wickedness comes to a bad end. To be more exact, Helena suffers punishment and degradation, but ultimately re-appears in America as the Reverend Miss Gracedieu, of the Temple of the Worship of Pure Reason. Helena deserved to be hanged, but she hardly merited such a doom—for a young woman of her tastes—as the intellectual curacy of a few Massachusetts atheists. The weak point in the novel is the much too elaborate supernatural vision and voice which cause Eunice so much distress ere at last she gains happiness as the wife of Philip Dunboyne. The most effective of the secondary personages is the eccentric *masseuse*, Mrs. Tenbruggen, who, when not engaged in some intrigue against other people's welfare or in being interviewed by Mr. Wilkie Collins, is employed in "rubbing, tickling, squeezing, tapping, kneading, rolling, striking" unfortunate patients, and in studying their joints-anatomy, their "flexion, extension, abduction, adduction, rotation, circumduction, pronation, supination, and the lateral movements." Mrs. Tenbruggen is amusing company for a while, but the *masseur* (or *masseuse*), the hypnotist, and the esoteric Buddhist are now almost as tiresomely commonplace in fiction as the spiritualist, or even as the "patriot" of Hibernian romancists.

In his earlier books, *Dawn* and *The Witch's Head*, Mr. Rider Haggard showed capacities which justified critics in foretelling that he might one day write a memorable novel. His happy genius made him stray into the realm of adventurous romance. His best achievement, *King Solomon's Mines*, is worth a score of *Dawns* and *Colonel Quaritches*; for it is exceptional—it is practically unique—and the latter are but good examples of third-rate fiction. *She*, also, is a fine book of its kind, notwithstanding all the absurd cant of literary superior persons, who could not write an engrossing tale of adventure if their soul's salvation depended thereupon. Yet it is inferior to its predecessor just in so far as it is more pretentious, and as the reader is led to expect keener intellectual stimulus. But in the ordinary novel Mr. Haggard is too heavily handicapped. He has the imagination which can create or vivify thrilling incidents; but he has not—or at any rate has not yet displayed—the imagination which naturally occupies itself with the subtler complexities of human nature. *Colonel Quaritch, V.C*, is a capital book of its kind.

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The interest is continuous, the padding only occasionally obtrusive; and, though the style is but indifferent at best, it is freer from banalities and deadly commonplace than are most of its three-volume kindred. As he had set himself the task of writing an ordinary story of English life, Mr. Haggard would have been wiser to have left the treasure-business alone. It has not at all the effect intended, and the present writer is certain that he does not speak for himself only when he asserts that it is distinctly disenchanting. A good treasure-story is always, and probably will ever be, enjoyable; but the finding of fifty thousand pounds odd just in time to prevent foreclosure and other evil machinations on the part of the villain merely bores the discriminating reader. Much the best thing in *Colonel Quaritch, V.C.*, is the dramatic ending of the solicitor Quest and the horrible woman who is his real wife. The story is not altogether a pleasant one. Mr. De la Molle is a selfish old man—for all his eminently English manly qualities, as set forth by the author—and his daughter Ida, the heroine, is not so much a woman as the "leading female personage" of a novel; Quest is a refined scoundrel, and Edward Cossey an unadulterated blackguard; Edith Quest, *alias* the Tiger, is in her own way a much fouler individual than the objectionable old Gagool in *King Solomon's Mines*; and the other Mrs. Quest, after a very ordinary and vulgar intrigue with Cossey, becomes the saintly Sister Agnes. Colonel Quaritch himself is a fine fellow, and one is glad to have made his acquaintance. The countryman George is also a worthy individual, though he sometimes does the funny part too obviously. To say that the novel is poor would be unjust, to say that it is indifferent would be misleading; so the reviewer may fall back upon the safe assertion that it is better than *Dawn*, and from every point of view inferior to those later works wherewith the author's name is most closely identified.

Mrs. Edmonds is known to many readers by her charming *Greek Lays* and *Hesperas*; but, so far as I am aware, *Mary Myles* is her first essay in fiction. It is the story of the experiences of a beautiful and true-hearted girl, whose only drawback is that she causes too many people to fall in love with her. The reader is similarly seduced from the moment when, in company with Herbert Langridge, he sees her as a modern hamadryad, asleep below the chestnut trees, her long hair flowing about her, and her bare feet gleaming in the sunlight. I thought I could never have read another governess-story with pleasure, nor was I able to repress a wearied sigh when I discovered that Mary Myles occupied the useful, but uninteresting, position of instructress; but ere long it became possible to be interested even in the minor details of her life. The love of Dr. Grantham for his Nausicaa, as he called the beautiful girl against whom he had been prejudiced on account of her being "a sweet girl-graduate" from Girton, is sympathetically told, and its pathos is all the more touching from the author's just reserve. Any interested reader would have resented a tragic close to Mary's life, so fortunately all turns out well in due time, and the story of a good woman and her love comes to a pleasant close.

The three volumes of fiction by Count Tolstoi, which come next on my list, are a credit to everyone concerned—except, in some respects, to the translator. That the translated writings of one whom I venture to call the greatest of living novelists can be so handsomely printed and bound at so small a cost per volume is quite as wonderful as anything else in these days when esparto grass is a drug in the market. The translator, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, is evidently an American. His dislike to the close companionship of two *l*'s and to the *u* in such words as "honour" and "colour," his occasional strange idioms, and such vulgarities as "he sort of snored," mark him out as a translator more commendable for zeal than for literary style. Nevertheless, much of his work is excellent, and, so far as one can judge who cannot read the originals, as literal as is practicable. The more Tolstoi is read the more he will be admired. Like his native steppes, his genius is vast in its apparent monotony; but there is no real monotony therein. His, moreover, is that true realism which is the very breath of life. He shirks nothing that is necessary to artistic effect; but he would as soon think of the fatuous and nauseous realism of certain of his contemporaries as he would of adopting the method and subject-matter of Paul de Kock. For the issue of this series of the great Russian novelist's romances Mr. Walter Scott deserves the thanks of all who are interested in high literature; and the influence of such widespread perusal as must follow cannot but be to the welfare both of English fiction and of the readers thereof. *A Russian Proprietor* has the additional interest that the greater part of it is indirectly autobiographical; and the autobiography of such a man as Lyof Tolstoi cannot but be fascinating. *The Cossacks* is in some respects his most vivid piece of narrative, although it has not the psychical interest or significance of *Anna Karénina*. It has already been reviewed in the Academy in another translation, as has been that sombre study of physical and moral disease, "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch." In the volume that contains the latter there are several eminently characteristic, and one or two very fine, short tales and allegories. There is something of the desert, something of the sea, in Tolstoi's genius. He is so great that to small minds he seems dwarfed; but he is in reality of a wider embrace than Balzac himself, and perhaps than any other imaginative writer since Shakspere.

Mr. Frank Stockton is the quaintest of living humourists, but in his latest volume he hardly does himself justice. *Rudder Grange*, *Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*, and other charming tales have somewhat spoilt the exigent reader. "Amos Kilbright" is the first of four compositions in this little volume, and is distinctly the best. It deals with the strange experiences of a materialised spirit of the eighteenth century who successfully escapes dematerialisation and settles down happily among his posterity of to-day; and it is narrated with considerable vigour and verisimilitude. "The Reversible Landscape" is only moderately amusing, while the other pieces come perilously near the verge of dullness.

Greystone Grange is, for some mysterious reason, sub-titled "Da Due Signore," for the Italian portion of the story is of little extent or importance. The narrative is unequal, but in the main it is brightly written and is of sufficient interest to repay perusal. The closing chapters, however, are the least satisfactory.

The Crime of the Golden Gully and *Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill* are both Australian tales; but, while the former is sensational and smacks of the soil, the latter is sedately ordered and deals at some length with life on board an emigrant ship. The two books, however, should not be bracketed together; for *The Crime* is worthless as a literary production and not very enthralling as a tale, while *Uncle Piper* is a work of considerable promise and shows signs of power in the portrayal of human character which deserve hearty recognition. It is too long, and it is dull in parts; but the author has no need to shelter himself—or herself—under a pseudonym; for, if I am not mistaken, "Tasma" will yet accomplish something to redeem Australia from the reproach of literary unproductiveness, which has not been mitigated by many volumes of the *Mystery of a Hansom Cab* and *Crime of the Golden Gully* kind. The creator of the child Louey may rest assured that, as they say in the North, he—or she—has "a call" for the writing of fiction.

William Sharp.

FOUR RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

Frederick III., Crown Prince and Emperor. With an introduction by the Empress Frederick. By Rennell Rodd. (David Stott.) The genesis of Mr. Rodd's memoir of the Emperor Frederick sufficiently explains its scope and its limitations. When the Crown Prince was attracting the admiration of the English public by his heroic bearing at the Queen's Jubilee, an instinctive sympathy led him to visit the London Throat Hospital. It afterwards became the object of his consort to contribute in some way—by the work of her own hands, if possible—to the support of this institution. Other cares supervened; but in pursuance of her intention the Empress asked Mr. Rodd, a recent member of the Berlin Embassy, to write a popular life of her husband, the proceeds of the sale being devoted to the Throat Hospital. This biography, in the Empress's own words in the introduction, has for its object "to make the Emperor's name better known to the English public, and give him a place in their affections beside that of my father." Mr. Rodd has executed the task laid upon him with credit. His memoir is simple and well-written; and, though a note of generous admiration runs through it, the volume is free from extravagant eulogy. But he has naturally enough avoided all disputatious matter or partisan pleading. There is nothing to help towards an appreciation of the great problem which has divided Germans, and will continue to divide them, with reference to the late Emperor. Put briefly, that question is—with many Germans who have no concern with the bitterness of political cliques, and render just tribute to the noble and chivalrous character of Frederick III.—whether his liberalism was compatible with the present development of Germany, whether he had sufficient hardness of character for directing the empire whose very existence for some time yet depends upon considerations of mere force? But Mr. Rodd, drawing from the sources of intimate knowledge at his disposal, has been able to throw

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light upon many traits in the character of one who admittedly

"was as full of kindness as of valour,
Princely in both."

He gives several anecdotes which show the humanity and solicitude displayed by the Crown Prince during the Franco-German war, sentiments which the quick instincts of the French people soon recognised. Like many other brave soldiers and successful commanders, the Crown Prince held war in thorough detestation; and there is only one curious expression in his letters which points to his having momentarily felt the exultation of battle, the χάρμη μάχης. His success as a commander in the war was, however, as much political as military—in attaching to himself the South-Germans, who had entered on the struggle with some hesitation, and with the memories of 1866 still rankling. A story in proof of this, which we have not seen in print elsewhere, was a favourite with the Crown Prince. Upon the morning after Wörth he came upon a Bavarian trooper enjoying a quiet breakfast in the garden of a farmhouse. The enthusiasm of the trooper carried him away. "Ah!" he exclaimed; "if only we had had your Royal Highness to lead us in 1866, you would have seen how we would have thrashed those cursed Prussians." But Mr. Rodd gives us glimpses into the Emperor's home life, as well as into his conduct on the field, all of which deepen our admiration of his simplicity, consideration for others, and zeal for culture in its largest aspects. Few men have been such heroes even to their valets, and have inspired such affection. We may conclude this notice with the words of an Englishman—Sir Beauchamp Walker—who had unusual opportunities of studying his character in the most trying times:

"He was not only the most lovable, but the noblest man with whom I have ever associated—noble in his acts, noble in his speech, noble in his judgment of others. I never knew him say an unkind thing of anyone, man or woman, living or dead—not that his judgment of others was always favourable, but it was never expressed in other than the most kindly terms."

George Maxwell Gordon; the Pilgrim Missionary of the Punjab. By the Rev. Arthur Lewis. (Seeley.) We have it on high authority that the most successful missionaries in India are the Brahmans. The number of people who every year become Brahmanists exceeds the total number of annual converts to all other religions. Considering the large sums of money subscribed in England for the propagation of the Gospel in various parts of our Indian empire, the result is anything but satisfactory; and it might be as well to inquire sometimes whether missionary efforts have been turned hitherto in a right direction. The life of George Maxwell Gordon affords no little help towards removing any doubt on this point. He saw clearly that the commonest type of Anglo-Indian missionary is a mistake. What is chiefly wanted are Christian *fakirs*, who can dispense with those luxuries of existence which to most Englishmen in India seem absolutely requisite to health and well-being. The missionary must be a hermit. He must be able to live in a native hut and on native food; and he must defy the rigours of a climate usually fatal to Europeans unless they are protected by every attainable comfort. It is a hard and desperate struggle; but Gordon, a man with means of his own, and with highly cultured instincts, gave up all for what he conceived to be a duty. There have been self-devoted missionaries in India of the same stamp ever since the days of Henry Martyn; but not many have combined Gordon's zeal and determination, with, it should be noted, those intellectual attainments and powers of physical endurance without which the missionary in India must needs be a failure. Gordon was killed in a gallant endeavour to convey help to the wounded in a sortie during the siege of Kandahar, leaving behind him a record such as none who have borne his name would be ashamed of.

The Life of William Denny. By Alexander Balmain Bruce. (Hodder & Stoughton.) The portrait of William Denny, engraved by M. Jacquet, which forms the frontispiece of this volume, gives a complete index to the character of the man. The face is one of singular beauty, both moral and intellectual; but in the eyes there is a look of utter want of repose. William Denny was a partner in the well-known firm of shipbuilders of Dumbarton. Had he limited his energies to his business he would have been living at this hour, honoured and loved by all who had the good fortune to know him; but, alas! his was

"A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er informed the tenement of clay."

William Denny died by his own hand at the age of forty. This tragic event is related with commendable reticence by Mr. Bruce. We have no wish to raise the veil, but would only say that Dryden's lines seem to offer the best key to the mystery. Whatever may have led to the final catastrophe, there can be but one opinion as to William Denny's life. It was uniformly pure, truthful, and unselfish. It is impossible within our limits to do justice to his professional achievements; for these we must refer the reader to chapters vi. to x. We would rather dwell on the man as thinker than on the shipbuilder, and we specially recommend the perusal of chapter xii. to those who are interested in mental problems. We find here one who was at once intensely practical and fervently speculative—in fact, a Scotchman of the highest type. The letter to Mr. Dawes recommending Hinton's *Law Breaker* is brief and characteristic. The following extract from a letter to a lady perhaps gives the truest reflection of Denny's view of our Lord's ethical teaching:

"An eternal sleep seems vastly preferable to the hideous future of preferential happiness for a select few, and endless misery for the many. . . . What a horrible set the select few will be, if they ever enjoy one hour's happiness in their new existence, knowing the awful and utterly hopeless misery coexistent with them. They would be un-Christlike with a vengeance, and our Master reigning over such a select few is quite inconceivable. . . . The one consolation for us is that simultaneously among the best minds and spirits such hideous ideas are dying; and among the rank and file devotion to the good of others, and efforts for them, are preponderating over the theological conceptions. The spiritual world moves, and towards the truth—that truth which will set it and all of us free. The day will come when a man will think it as strange to wish himself one of a select few in heaven, as one of a select few here. When caste dies here it will die there, for life is of a piece, in spite of all our self-deception" (p. 273).

It is not to be wondered that a man whose Christianity was so little mechanical should have excited awe as well as love in those who knew him. Mr. Denny always regretted that one of the last acts of Christ—the washing of His disciples' feet—had not been commemorated as a sacrament by any of the churches: that sacrament—the sacrament of service to humanity—hallowed William Denny's daily life. The two chapters on his politics are extremely instructive. He supported Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals because they contained (in his opinion) the only scheme before the country capable of being adapted to the federal requirements of the whole empire. We have said enough to show that Mr. Bruce is fortunate in his subject. It is but bare justice to state that he has written a most interesting biography.

The Life of William Morley Punshon, LL.D. F. W. Macdonald. (Hodder & Stoughton.) We find this biography somewhat melancholy reading. The hero was, perhaps, the greatest orator of his generation outside politics. He had natural gifts which are rarely given to Englishmen.

"The difficulties involved in the preparation and delivery of sermons, which are in themselves a discipline for most young preachers, hardly existed for him. He sermonised with ease; divisions, paragraphs, sentences took shape as fast as his flying pen could fix them. There was no laborious committing to memory—that was accomplished in the act of composing. What he wrote he could recall, page after page, with perfect accuracy and freedom; while his delivery, rapid, rushing, yet subtly modulated, charmed the ear, and strangely touched the emotions."

But knowledge and scholarship do not come by nature. They must be acquired, and time must be given for the process. Unhappily, Dr. Punshon's career as a student was cut short after four months at the Theological Institution at Richmond; and he was sent at the age of twenty-one to Marden in Kent, where a secession from the parish church in consequence of "Puseyite" practices gave an opening for the founding of a Methodist congregation. "There are no Methodists in the place, and I shall have to try, under God, to *make* some." This sentence epitomises Dr. Punshon's life. Without leisure for study or thought he was kept perpetually at work, and died at the age of fifty-six of "making Methodists." We have no wish to deny or to depreciate the importance of this work; but, nevertheless, Prof. Macdonald's biography leaves us with the conviction that Dr. Punshon gave up to sect what was meant for mankind, and that the sect, as well as mankind, is a loser. We cannot feel that Dr. Punshon has left anything behind him which fairly represents his great powers and immense labours; and the reason is that the immediate work of filling Methodist churches in England and Canada occupied every corner of his whole life, and left him little time to possess his own soul, and still less to adequately express it. Sacrifices are made constantly in all the sects of victims who have the fatal gift of oratorical ability, but such victims as Dr. Punshon are rare. Prof. Macdonald is an experienced biographer, and has done his work well. He is assisted by Prof. Reynar, of Ontario, who is responsible for chapters xi. to xv., which describe Dr. Punshon's work in Canada.

SOME BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

THE authorities of the South Kensington Museum have published (H.M. Stationery Office) a Catalogue of the printed books bequeathed to them by John Forster in 1876. The name of the compiler is not given; but it seems to have been made in a scholarly manner, together with an elaborate index. Prefixed is a brief life of Forster, by the Rev. W. Elwin, whom we take to be identical with the editor of Pope; and for frontispiece there is a fine portrait, engraved on steel by Jeans. We could have desired also a memorandum of the conditions under which this library is available to readers, and some indication of the character of its contents. Apart from the show cases, it is very rich in first editions of English literature of the two last centuries, and also in historical pamphlets. As might be expected, the most attractive headings are Dickens, Goldsmith, Landor, Lytton, and Swift. The early Tennysons, Brownings, and Carlyles

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are also interesting. The first edition of *Paracelsus* (1835) is thus inscribed: "My book to my best friend, R.B."; and the library edition of Carlyle's Collected Works (1869-71):

"To John Forster, Esq^re (Palace-Gate House), my ever-helpful friend,—without *whom* this *Edit^n.*, and much else, had never been: gratefully, T. Carlyle. Chelsea, 20 Jan^y., 1869."

The total number of volumes exceeds 18,000, which are catalogued under 9729 entries. A second part of the catalogue is to follow, containing the remainder of the bequest—MSS. and autograph letters, paintings and other works of art, and modern pamphlets.

Messrs. Longmans have published this week a "popular edition" of all Macaulay's Works, including the *Life and Letters*, by Sir G. O. Trevelyan, in five volumes. Competition, due to the expiry of copyright, had previously brought down the price of the *Essays*; but the *History*, we believe, has hitherto cost 12s., and the *Life* 6s. The former can now be obtained in two volumes, of nearly 800 pages each, for 5s.; the *Life*, in a single volume of 700 pages in larger print, at 2s. 6d. The type generally might be clearer, though it is not from battered plates, such as we have seen lately in other cheap reprints. The binding is stout enough, but the edges are considerably shaved. It would, perhaps, be hypercritical to complain that the cloth covers simulate half-calf. Altogether, whether we consider the quality and quantity of the matter, or the substantial manner in which it is got up, we know not where such literature is to be obtained at such a price.

Messrs. W. H. Allen are issuing a "cabinet edition" of the *History of the Indian Mutiny*, in six volumes. The two first volumes consist of the two first volumes written by Sir John Kaye; these are to be followed by Col. Malleson's first, superseding Kaye's third; then will come two more of Malleson's, and finally, Mr. Pincott's index, forming a volume by itself. Col. Malleson, as general editor, has wisely decided to leave his predecessor's contribution untouched, except in so far as it was necessary to harmonise the spelling of native words with that now officially adopted; but he promises that his own work shall be rigorously revised. The only thing that we miss is a map, which the publishers to the India Office ought to have no difficulty in supplying.

Messrs. W. H. Allen are also issuing—in larger type and on better paper than the preceding—Sir John Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, perhaps the most popular, and by no means the least valuable, of his works.

Messrs. Macmillan have now added *Alton Locke* to their cheap re-issue of Kingsley's works. Unfortunately, the usual bibliographical statement is not prefixed; but we can well believe that *Alton Locke* was the most successful of all its author's novels (not excepting *Westward Ho!*) on its first appearance, and that it will be read scarcely less eagerly at the present time, when the subject of "sweating" has again come under attention.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. P. G. Hamerton—than whom no one has a more competent knowledge of the subject from both its sides—has collected his papers on "French and English," which appeared last year in an American magazine; and they will be published shortly in a volume by Messrs. Macmillan. They deal with such subjects as education, patriotism, politics, religion, virtues, customs, and society.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse has undertaken to write a Life of Charles Kingsley for the "Great Writers" series.

Max O'Rell's new book, *Jonathan et son Continent, ou la Société Américaine*, will appear in Paris and New York on January 23. It will also be signed by an American *collaborateur*. The English translation is by Mdme. Paul Blouët.

The forthcoming number of the *Universal Review* will contain a story, by André Theuriet, entitled "Le Trésor du Lac," illustrated by W. R. Bunny, and Guy de Maupassant's latest novelette, "Un Soir"; both of these will be in French. There will also be an article on "Hunting in the Midlands," by Mrs. Kennard, illustrated by Percy Geatherd; "The Feast of Saturn," by A. W. Verrall; "Orators in the House," by H. W. Lucy; "Beauty and Evolution," by Prof. Mivart; and "The Future of Canada," by Prof. Shaler, of Harvard.

Students of commercial geography will learn with satisfaction that an English translation of Prof. Zehden's *Handels-Geographie* is on the point of being published by Messrs. Blackie & Son. The translator is Mr. Findlay Muirhead, who has written some of the principal geographical articles in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The translation has been made from the fifth German edition, specially revised by the author for the purpose; and some alterations have been made, with the author's approval, to adapt the work for English students. Dr. Zehden's book has been adopted as a schoolbook in numerous European countries, either in the original or in translations; and latterly the original text has found its way into the German schools in the United States.

Prof. A. W. Ward, of Owens College, Manchester, has written a volume on *The Counter-Reformation*, for the series of "Epochs of Church History," edited by Prof. Mandel Creighton.

Messrs. Blackwood annonnce a modern romance, by the author of "Thoth," entitled *A Dreamer of Dreams*.

John Strange Winter's new work, *Harvest*, will be shortly produced by the Hansom Cab Publishing Company.

Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. announce for early publication a volume of stories of Australian, New Zealand and Canadian life. The editor is Mr. Philip Mensull, the London representative of the Melbourne *Age*; and among the contributors are Mr. B. L. Farjeon, Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, and Mr. Edward Jenkins.

Messrs. Longmans have in the press an investigation, by Mr. Arthur Crump, into the causes of the great fall in prices which took place coincidently with the demonetisation of silver by Germany.

Messrs. F. V. White & Co. will publish immediately *Purple and Fine Linen*, a novel in three volumes, by Mrs. Alexander Fraser.

The next number of Mr. Eyles's *Popular Poets of the Period* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) will contain a critical and biographical note, by Dr. A. H. Japp, on Mr. H. T. Mackenzie Bell. Sketches of the career, and selections from the poems, of Clement Scott, Katharine Tynan, James Ashcroft Noble, and Frederick E. Weatherly, are also to apoear.

In future, *North Country Poets*, edited by Mr. William Andrews, will not appear in monthly parts, but will be issued at once in book form. The second volume will be ready in May, and the third in December, of the present year.

A recent catalogue published by Mr. Quaritch has attracted some attention as an effort to illustrate the history of bookbinding. This art is one which, in its artistic and decorative phases, is now being much spoken of; and a number of books, giving facsimiles, have made their appearance in France, England, and Germany. Mr. Quaritch is now about to issue the catalogue in question, in its completed form on large paper, with a preface containing a sketch of the whole subject, and indexes of the books, the owners, and the binders. A companion work, also published by the same Piccadilly house, is a set of facsimiles of artistic bindings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries done in colours. It will be completed in ten parts with about ten plates each, of which the first part has already appeared.

Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, who is editing Caxton's *Godfrey of Bologne* for the Early English Text Society, has (with Prof. Paul Meyer's help) found the Latin original of the French version which Caxton englished. This is the first ten books or so of Guillaume de Tyr's *History of the Siege and Conquest of Jerusalem*. In the introduction to her edition, Dr. Mary Colvin will give an account of Guillaume de Tyr, his life, literary merits, and death; of Godfrey of Boulogne and the fictions attached to his name contrasted with historic facts, of his crusade, and of the government of Jerusalem by the French. The editor is much struck with Caxton's frequent blunders in englishing his French, his bold transfer of French words and constructions into his text, and his ingenuity in making readable English of his almost word-for-word translation.

Mr. Edmund Gosse will lecture at the London Institution on Thursday next, January 17, upon "The English Novel in the Seventeenth Century."

At a meeting recently held at the Deanery, Lincoln, presided over by the Dean, and attended by Sir Charles Anderson, the Mayor of Lincoln, Precentor Venables, &c., it was resolved to establish a Record Society for the county of Lincoln, the annual subscription to which should be half-a-guinea. The Rev. J. C. Hudson, Thornton Vicarage, Horncastle, and Mr. A. Gibbons, 4, Minster Yard, Lincoln, will be glad to receive communications of support.

The papers to be read before the Hull Literary Club during the second half of the winter session include the following: "The Characters of 'Lear,'" by Mr. H. S. Skipton; "Weber and his Operatic Works," by Herr Müller; "East Riding Folk-Speech," by Mr. John Nicholson; "In the Shakspere Country," by Mr. S. W. Clarke; "Philosophy, its Nature and Function," by Mr. A. Jordan; "The One Blot in Shakspere," by Mr. W. G. Walter; "The Lost Towns of the Humber," by the Rev. J. R. Boyle; "The Poetry of A. H. Clough," by Mr. D. C. Manwell; and "Emerson: his Descent and Training," by the Rev. J. Bell.

The Rev. Wentworth Webster has published in pamphlet form (Bayonne: Lamaignère), what was evidently read as a paper before some learned society in South-western France. Its title is "Le Mot *République* dans les Pyrénées Occidentales"; and its object is to show that not only the word, but also a very large measure of local autonomy, existed down to the end of the last century in the valleys on the French side of the mountains. Many have heard of the still surviving Republic of Andorra, and of the struggles of the Spanish Basques for their *fueros*; but it is surprising to learn that the word "republic" and its associations were so long preserved on French soil. As Mr. Webster points out, the closest analogy is to be found in the petty states (πόλεις) of ancient Greece. In an appendix Mr. Webster prints an interesting document, containing the *faceries*—or treaty

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concerning local rights—made in the year 1800, between the representatives of fourteen villages in the valley of Baztan and the town of Sare.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

NEW YEAR JOY.

THE lake is motionless, the mountains hoar,
From Glaramara to grey Wythop woods,
Lean listening through the silence to the floods
That plunge towards the Derwent's sunless shore;
The sheep are hushed, but tho' on yonder moor
The cloudy rack impenetrable broods,
A sense of cheer, a hint of happier moods,
Fills the long vale and smiles from every door.

For once again the church, in hollies drest,
Has echoed back the songs of Bethlehem;
Once more the music of our Christmas bells
Has fallen far off with blessing on the fells;
The baby year has made God's babe its guest
And lo! with joy the people follow them.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

OBITUARY.

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, F.R.S.

IT is with much regret that we have to record the somewhat sudden death of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, perhaps the most enthusiastic antiquary who has ever associated his own name with that of Shakspere—or Shakespeare, as he himself always persisted in spelling it. He had not been in his usual health, we believe, during the past summer; but he was not taken seriously ill until Christmas Eve, and he died on Thursday of last week, January 3, at his residence, Hallingbury Copse, near Brighton—which, by his unrivalled collections, he had made a place of pilgrimage second only to Stratford-on-Avon in the eyes of all lovers of our national poet.

James Orchard Halliwell was born in 1820, in Sloane Street, Chelsea, being the son of Thomas Halliwell. In 1872, he assumed the additional surname of Phillipps, under a direction in the will of Thomas Phillipps, the grandfather of his first wife. It would be impossible to enumerate here all his published works, which extend over a period of more than forty years. Some of them appeared in the *Transactions* of the Old Shakespeare and other learned societies; many were printed only in limited issues for private circulation. His magnificent edition of the Works of Shakspere, in sixteen volumes folio, illustrated (1853-1865) was published at an almost prohibitive price, and very rarely comes into the market. On the other hand, his most important work, *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, may be said to have been given away. The seventh, and last, edition of it (Longmans, 1887) consists of two handsome volumes, super-royal octavo, crowded with woodcuts and facsimiles, for which he asked the public to pay no more than half a guinea.

At first, Mr. Halliwell's antiquarian interests ranged over the whole field of early English popular literature—plays, ballads, chapbooks, &c. But he was gradually compelled to concentrate himself upon Shakspere alone, more particularly upon Shakspere's life, and more particularly again upon Shakspere's life in Stratford and its neighbourhood. Upon this last subject he both collected and printed much, and has probably left next to nothing for after-comers to glean in either respect. The *Outlines*, already alluded to, will always preserve its value as a monument of patient research, even though critics may differ from not a few of its conclusions.

But what Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps would doubtless himself wish to be best remembered by is the collection of Shaksperian rarities which he had formed during the past sixteen years at

"that quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs which has the honour of sheltering more record and artistic evidences connected with the personal history of the Great Dramatist than are to be found in any other of the World's libraries."

Of this collection he printed a *Calendar* in the summer of 1887, "for special circulation and for presents only," which all who received will treasure as the most fit memorial of the man. The lots there described number 804, thus classified: (1) early engraved portraits, (2) authentic personal relics, (3) documentary evidences regarding Shakspere's estates and individuals associated with his biography, (4) artistic illustrations connected with his personal history, (5) printed Shakspereana. Perhaps an example of each of these divisions may not be considered irrelevant to this notice. Of the first, it is inevitable to choose the Droeshout portrait in its original proof state, before it was altered by an inferior hand; and of the second, six title-deeds of Shakspere's property that must have passed through his hands. The third includes numerous documents relating to the Hathaway family and the Clopton estate; the fourth, the original drawings of Stratford made by the master of the grammar school in the middle of the eighteenth century. Among printed Shakspereana, we can only mention the unique 1568 impression of Lily's *Shorte Introduction to Grammar*, being the edition probably used at the Stratford School in the poet's time; the all but unique surreptitious edition of *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), which contains the earliest allusion that has yet been discovered to any of the works of Shakspere; and the unique portion of the first edition of the *First Part of Henry the Fourth* (1598). Nor had Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps ceased to collect. Only a few weeks ago the *Nation* printed a letter from him to an American friend:

"Among my recent acquisitions are a copy of the printed original music to 'Farewell, Dear Heart, since I must needs be gone,' quoted in *Twelfth Night* (II. 3), only one other copy being known; and a MS. book of travels of the last century, containing the earliest account of the interior of Shakspere's birth-room that has yet been discovered."

Let us hope that he was a true prophet when he wrote in the preface to his *Calendar*: "Nor is there a probability that the collection described in the following pages will ever be dispersed." In his will he has given the first offer of it, at the price of £7000, to the Birmingham corporation.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for January has several surprises for its readers. We can listen to Archdeacon Farrar discoursing genially and with knowledge of one of the most difficult portions of the Old Testament (Ezek. xl.-xlviii.). Surely no one can doubt that the imagination plays a great part in Ezekiel's descriptions, and yet recent critics may be right in regarding these chapters as containing a programme for the study of the returned exiles. We can drink in from Dr. Driver's full stream of knowledge in his "notes" on the influence of Jewish Midrash and Targum on St. Paul, can admire Epaphroditus with Prof. Beet, and rejoice at the improvement in English New Testament exegesis with Dr. Marcus Dods. But when Mr. Rendall, as good a Greek Testament scholar as can be found, asks us to accept a "scriptural" idea of priesthood which ignores Biblical criticism, we ask ourselves if recent talk about free and fair inquiry has been mere sport; and when the venerable Prof. Delitzsch, who needs so much forbearance himself, fulminates against "modern theology," positive as well as negative, and not merely professes his own contentment with old Lutheran definitions, but makes the worst he can of the rising school of "Ritschlianer," which offers a refuge to so many earnestly Christian minds in German universities, we dolorously shake our heads, and ask if evangelical theology said its last word when Delitzsch was young. The protest for essential evangelical theology might have been made so effective. One who has been so candid, at such great cost to himself, in matters of Old Testament criticism, might have said such a reconciling word in the field of theology; and the word in season has not been spoken. Still, biographically, this new "confession" (for Delitzsch's works are all full of "confessions") is of the greatest interest; and students who can make due allowance for faults which are but noble qualities carried to an extreme will be interested and, in one way or another, stimulated by this, as we hope, not farewell utterance. And, after all, how few can help being inconsistent in some points in such times as these? Lastly, the old friends of the ACADEMY cannot help rubbing their eyes when they find its own theological department, in those early days when its founder and first editor, the late Dr. C. E. Appleton, was still carrying all obstacles before him by a not unshared enthusiasm, reckoned by Mr. Nicoll as one of the factors in the new critical theological movement in the Church of England, co-ordinately with *Essays and Reviews* and Bishop Colenso's large work on the Pentateuch. It is difficult for us either to accept or to reject the praise. The theological section of the old ACADEMY was a kind of Ezekiel's "programme," if Archdeacon Farrar will permit the phrase. Has theology even yet returned from exile? Mr. Nicoll's contribution to the history of Biblical criticism in England is at any rate most welcome. He criticises Dean Burgon's account of the early works of H. J. Rose and Pusey, recognises the depressing circumstances under which the immediate subject of his article (Dr. Cheyne) began in 1868 to publish the firstfruits of study, and takes a friendly view of the results of his labours to abate the prejudice against Biblical criticism. Mr. Nicoll excuses the subject of his sketch for the "audacity" of his early theological articles, and thinks that, if other workers have stepped forward since, this does not interfere with the credit or discredit due to Dr. Cheyne for that independent international theology which through him became one feature of the old ACADEMY.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for January has a varied choice of articles. Rauwenhoff, the accomplished Leyden church-historian, gives the first part of a "study" on the task of philosophy, suggested by Windelband's *Präludien*; Bolland seeks to show the onesidedness of the standpoint of the science of nature; Dr. Meyboom's indispensable summary of facts and theories relative to Marcion and the Marcionites is reviewed by Dr. J. A. Bruins; works on comparative mythology, including that large work by O. Gruppe, of which Prof. Max Müller speaks so amusingly in his recent Glasgow lecture, are noticed by C. P. Tiele; and works on Old Testament criticism are described and briefly characterised by the great master of the subject, A. Kuenen. Among these, French and English books are not neglected. Driver's *Isaiah* is welcomed as an encouraging "sign of the times," and Cheyne's *Book of Psalms* as not less useful than his *Prophecies of Isaiah*. In the former work, the last chapter on the linguistic phenomena of Isa. xl.-lxvi. as compared with those of Isaiah is specially recommended. The book as a whole, indeed, is said to be not merely excellent for the ordinary reader. Nor is Dr. Cheyne's reticence

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on questions of date and authorship a stumbling-block to this reviewer. Questions are raised and sometimes virtually answered, though the full treatment of them is reserved.

The *Theologische Literaturzeitung* (edited by Harnack and Schürer) for December 29 contains a valuable review of Driver's *Isaiah* by K. Budde, one of those theologians who unite fearless treatment of critical questions to a warm interest in the church. Fairly and wisely the reviewer abstains from detailed criticism. He thinks that Dr. Driver has hit the right mean between popular vagueness and academic overlading. One point in the work, *pour acquit de conscience*, Budde does criticise—the too tender treatment, as he thinks it, of the conservative view of Isa. xxiv.-xxvii. Some will think that this is just one of the points which are most valuable, as proving to the conservative majority the author's willingness to meet tradition so far as he honestly can.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Amman, J. Das churpfälzische Fürstenhaus. Heidelberg: Petters. 120 M.
Carette, Madame. Souvenirs intimes de la Cour des Tuileries. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
Górski, K. Die Fabel vom Löwenantheil in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwickelung. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 60 Pf.
Graul, R. Die antiken Porträtgemälde aus den Grabstätten d. Fajjum. Leipzig: Seemann. 4 M.
Keppler, P. Württemberg's kirchliche Kunstalterthümer. Rottenburg: Bader. 8 M.
Lallemand, L. De l'assistance des classes rurales au XIXe siècle. Paris: Guillaumin. 3 fr. 50 c.
Rostand, Eugène. Les questions d'économie sociale dans une grande ville populaire. Paris: Guillaumin. 10 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Tisserand, F. Traité de mécanique céleste. T. 1. Perturbations des planètes d'après la méthode des constantes arbitraires. Paris: Gauthier-Villars. 25 fr.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

Cornez, W. Der zusammengesetzte Satz bei Nicolaus v. Basel. Leipzig: Fock. 5 M.
Köchler, E. Beitrag zum Gebrauch der Präposition 'de' im Provenzalischen. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.
Wagner, E. A. Die Erdbeschreibung d. Timosthenes v. Rhodus. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPICILEGIUM VATICANUM.

Rome: December 20, 1888.

My objects in visiting the Vatican library were two: first, to look for unpublished Celtic glosses—Irish, Welsh, Cornish, or Breton; and, secondly, to collate with the originals the texts relating to Celtic matters which have been published from Vatican MSS. by Pertz, Dziobek, Zimmer, and Greith.

I. GLOSSES.

The seeker for Celtic glosses naturally examines, in the first place, the Latin vellums written by Irish scribes. Of such MSS. I have found in the Vatican library only four, viz.:

Vatican 5755, ff. 2, 3. Fragments of a treatise *de computo*, in an Irish hand of (I think) the ninth century, inserted in a volume containing an eleventh-century copy of S. Augustine *De Trinitate*, which formerly belonged to the monastery of Bobbio. The Augustine is in a Lombardic hand.

Regina 1209. Alcuin, *De Dialectica* (Migne, Patr. Cursus, t. 101, col. 951); and a tract, entitled *Dialogus rei horicae artis*, also, apparently, by Alcuin—both in an Irish hand of the ninth or tenth century.

Palatine 65. A quarto, 200 folios. This contains, first, a psalterium glossatum in a beautiful Irish hand of the eleventh century; secondly, in the same hand, a copy of the Canticum Moysi (fo. 194); and, thirdly, in a different, but still Irish, hand, the first three leaves of a copy of Boetius *De Divisione* (fo. 198). In fo. 133 r., I found the following rhyming formula, which, though written in a continental hand, seems to be of Irish origin, for it occurs also, as Mr. Warren informs me, in Vitellius F. xi. (a tenth-century Irish psalter in the British Museum), fo. 35 v., and in the Southampton Psalter (MS. C. 9, St. John's College, Cambridge), fo. 69 v.:

> "Deus quem exercitus canit celorum
> quemque ecclesia laudat sanctorum
> quem spiritus ministrat uniuersorum
> miserere obsecro omnium nostrorum
> qui regnas in secula seculorum . amen."

There are also, in fo. 197 v., an ascription of praise, beginning thus: "Te Dominum de celis laudamus tibi ut canticum nouum cantare mereamur"; and a collect, beginning thus: "Deus qui exeunti ex egipto populo tuo maria diuisisti."

Palatine 830. A quarto, 170 folios. This is the autograph copy of the Chronicle of Mael Brigte, commonly called Marianus Scotus, who died at Mainz in the year 1082.

In none of these MSS. did I find any unpublished Irish glosses, though I discovered on the margins of Palatine 830, ff. 38 r., 40 r., 47 v., 48 r., three Irish poems, which seem to have hitherto escaped notice, and which begin, respectively, thus:

Fo. 38 r., Cenn ard Adaim, etrocht rád.
Fo. 40 r., Cethror coic[fh]ichit iarfír.
Ff. 47 v.-48 r., Ben romarbsat fir Galad.

The first declares the origins of Adam's head, breast, belly, feet, blood, and soul. The second (mere mnemonic verses) gives the numbers of his sons, daughters, &c. The third is a complete copy of the poem on the war between the tribe of Benjamin and the other children of Israel (Judges, c. xx.), of which only the second and third quatrains are preserved in a MS. in the British Museum (Harl. 1802, fo. 11 v.). These three poems will be published, with translations, in the *Revue Celtique*.

So far as regards glosses, I was not much more fortunate with the twenty-eight MSS. brought to the Vatican from the monastery founded by S. Columbanus at Bobbio. Of these MSS. (now marked Vatican 5748-5776), some are interesting palimpsests, blackened though they be by Cardinal Mai's chemicals; but they contain only one non-Latin gloss, which may perhaps be Irish. It occurs on the margin of a copy of S. Augustine's *Confessio* (Vatican 5756, fo. 7 r.): "quia ludebam pila (.i. *balla*) puer." But it is written in a Lombardic, not an Irish, hand; and it may, of course, be the O.H.G. *balla, palla*, whence the Italian *palla*, French *balle*, &c.

I was luckier with the MS. marked Regina 215. This codex contains (in ff. 88 r.-106 r.) a collection of glosses, entitled *Incipiunt glosae ueteris ac noui testamenti*, which agrees to some extent with the glossary in Codex Bernensis, 258, ff. 18, 19,* and which, though written in a continental hand of the ninth century, is certainly of Irish origin. It contains thirty-three Old-Irish glosses,† of which the following are specimens (all will appear with a commentary in the *Revue Celtique*):

89 r. Scinifes [σκνῖφες] .i. *brecnatin*.
89 v. Craticula .i. *indsin* in medio altaris [cf. *ain-ches* gl. fiscina, *ain-cis* gl. sportam].
90 v. Uallículas i. *fanlige*. Pituíta i. *calsch* ["gallorum"]. Impetiginem . genus scabiei i. *bolach* . Cratera . situla i. *cilorn*.
91 v. Stipula . stuppa i. *scart*.
95 r. Liciatorium . *claideb garmne* ["a weaver's beam"]. Formellas ["cheeses"] .i. *tangea* [acc. pl. of *tanach*].
96 r. Trahas i. *daintech* ["a harrow," instrumentum *dentatum*].
97 v. Lanugo i. *canach*. Muscipula i. *cuitech*.
99 v. Gurgustium . brancas .i. *oilech* piscium. Pera . *tiag loin*.
101 v. Pilosi demonum genera i. *geltig*. Lamia monstrumm feminae figura i. *morigain*.
106 r. Perpendiculum *mathe* cum plumbo ad maceriam dirigendam.

Of these glosses the most interesting is *morigain*, "lamia," which is = the *Mórrígain* of the Táin Bó Cúalnge, and other Irish sagas, the scribe here "singling" the double consonant, as he does also in *barchrumbac* (gl. uerticale) 89 v., for *barr-chrumb-bacc*, and *foilen* (gl. fulica) 90 r, for *foilenn* = the French *goëland*, from Bret. *gwelan*.

I found no Welsh, save a list of British towns in the copy of the Historia Britonum attributed to the anchorite Marcus (Regina, 1964); *Mauun* (*ibid.*, f. 57 v.), the British form of *Magonius*, the name given to S. Patrick when in Gaul; one or two proper names in the Life of S. Samson hereinafter mentioned; and a few words in the marginal gloss on the fourteenth-century copy of the *Prophetia Merlini*, by Johannes Cornubiensis, a hexametrical Latin poem preserved in Ottob. 1474, ff. 1-4, and purporting to be a literal translation from "nostrum britannicum" (*i.e.*, Welsh or Cornish). For this and other reasons it will be published with its prologue and glosses in the *Revue Celtique*.

Some Cornish words and phrases, such as "villam quae dicitur *Treruf*" (fo. 2 r.), "*Goen Bren*, in lingua Saxonum *Fawi mor*" (fo. 3 v.), and *pe[m]p bliden warnugens ha hanter*, "twenty-five years and a half" (fo. 2 r.), occur in the same marginal gloss.

Some Breton names of persons and places occur in two tenth-century copies of the Life of S. Samson (Regina 465, ff. 63-74, Regina 479, ff. 9-24), thus—*Riadam, Penetale, Dol*. The name *Frotgerius* (borrowed from *Hrotger*, Förstemann, *Altdeutsches Namenbuch*, i. 727), which occurs in this Life, is interesting as showing how the Bretons treated the Teutonic sound *hr*. Compare the Irish reflex of *hl* by *bl* in *Blothair* (Saltair na Rann 2371) = *Hlothari* (Förstemann, 693).

So much for the Celtic λείψανα, which I have found in the course of nearly three weeks' work in the Vatican library. It is probable that there are many more in the 17,144 Latin MSS. which that library is said to contain. But the imperfection of the lists—always excepting Mr. Henry Stevenson Junior's catalogue of the first 921 numbers of the Palatine collection*—renders the search for glosses a matter requiring far more time than I have at my disposal.

II. COLLATIONS.

I have collated three texts: first, the fragment published by Prof. Zimmer in his *Glossae Hibernicae* (Berlin, 1881, pp. 259-261), from Dziobek's transcript of Vatican 5755, printed in Bezzenberger's *Beitraege*, v. 63-67; secondly, the extracts from Palatine 830, published by Pertz (*Monumenta Historica Germaniae*, vii., pp. 495-562), and by Zimmer (*Glossae Hibernicae*, pp. 274-282); and, thirdly, the hexametrical poem,

* See Hagen's *Germanistische Studien*, ii. 297; Zimmer's *Gloss. Hib. Supplementum*, p. 2; and the Academy, No. 752, p. 228, col. 3.

† Of these three (in fo. 105 r.) were discovered by G. Löwe, and published by Zimmer in his *Gloss. Hib. Supplementum*, p. 5. They are: Trulla . id est *liag iern bis os denam macre* (an iron spoon used in building a wall). Fasciculum . id est *ere l. grimne*. Naulum . *foerais* . id est merces.

* *Bibliotheca Apostolica Vaticana. Codices Palatini Latini*, tom. i., Romae, 1886. The second volume is, I believe, in the press.

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entitled *Prophetia Merlini*, with its prologue and gloss, published by Greith in his *Spicilegium Vaticanum* (Frauenfeld, 1838, pp. 98-106). A complete list of the errors which I have detected in these publications would fill a page of the ACADEMY. Here shall be mentioned only some of the more important:

1. *Vatican*, 5755.

Zimmer, *Glossae Hibernicae.*	*Manuscript.*
P. 259, l. 5, profuerit	Fo. 2 r. *superfuerit*
7, etc.	esse
260, l. 2, prima	una
7, simul	sume
10, semper	semper adde
14, invenis	iauenies
20, quia	qui
21, adsumas	2 v. ad suas
29, 30, nec alius dies ovenientium argumentum datus (!)	regularem secundum *conuenientiam* argumenti dicit
31, 32, per aferia (!!)	*secunda* feria
33, nec generaliter	nunc generalitas
261, l. 4, septeni	septem.

So much for the Latin text and Latin glosses of this amazing edition. Prof. Zimmer's edition of the thirty-one Irish glosses in Vatican 5755 omits one, and makes in the others twenty-six mistakes, of which the following are two: *insæscni* and *decad luandasinsir*. For the former the MS. has *ais œscai* ("moon's age"); for the latter, *dec ó lúan dús in fír*. The other errors have been corrected by Dr. Güterbock, in Bezzenberger's *Beitraege*, vii. 343, and need not, therefore, be specified here.

2. *Palatine*, 830.

Zimmer, *Glossae Hibernicae.*	*Manuscript.*
P. 274, l. 11, *isimblia(din)*	F. 33a. isinbliad*ain*
12, *isinside*	isi side
14, quod	q*uia*
18, *coitcenn*	coittcenn
276, ll. 1, 2, *im cech* *	incech
20, sorores	sorores ei*us*
277, l. 6, sanctum Patricium	*sanctus* patricius
10, per	pro
278, l. 9, ubi	141b. ubi *per annos sexaginta*
24, Ebergus	162a. Ebergerus
35, filius suis (!)	163a. filius suus
279, l. 20, missalem	163b. missalem librum
31, vere	u*ero*
37 insola	insola keltr*a* †
280, l. 3 Kelta	
12, debere	deberi
19, *Donchad*	Donnchad
36, Wirziburc	uuirziburc consecratus
281, l. 9, *ifel tigernaeg cluana* ejus (!) occisus	ifel tigernaeg cluana euis occissus ("slain on the feast of [St.] Tigernach of Cluain Euis") ‡
29, *Fiache Multach letan*	15b. Fiache mull-let[h]an. §
282, ll. 4, 17, 30, *Donnall*	Domnall
7, *Donnaell*	Domnæll
14, *Donnaill*	Domnaill
27, *Irigalaig*	Irgalaig
28, *Flaithbertach*	Flaithbertach
32, *Donnael*	Domnael

* To this Prof. Zimmer appends the note: "*in Zeuss*, perperam." Perperam!

† *I.e.*, Inis Cealtra, in Lough Derg.

‡ Now Clones in Fermanagh.

§ "Broad-crown." Here *mull* is = the Anglo-Saxon *molda* or *molde*, "the crown of the head," cognate with Sanskrit *mûrdhan* "head." From this *mull* the common word *mullach* is derived.

3. *Ottob.*, 1474.

Greith, *Spicilegium Vaticanum.*	*Manuscript.*
P. 98, l. 22, R(oberte) Oxoniensis	*Roberte* praesul Oxoniensis
99, l. 6, opus clam	opuscolsm
8, cum	praesertim cum
27, Auro	Euro
32, anglis	Angligenis
100, l. 13, lambit	radit
101, l. 12, affatur	effatur
25, pedes etenim Canuti[!] truncati sunt	pedes etenim canum truncati sunt
103, l. 12, Ares	Ales
104, l. 6, Quae nostra	Quaenam
24, munisma	nummisma
105, l. 19, Kavaladro	Kadvaladro
25, Saprinum	Sabrinum

It will be seen that, as Latinists and palaeographers, there is a strong resemblance between Prof. Zimmer and Herr Greith. They are alike, also, in their dealings with non-Latin languages. Thus, as the former prints gibberish for Old-Irish, the latter gives the following as Old-English (*Spicilegium Vaticanum*, p. 45):

"This man seal thid gedrif thritan on vreom leac bladan, his naman thaer mid Eugenius . Stephanus . Portarius . Dionysius . Sambucius . Cecilius et Cyriacus."

This receipt may be found in Regina 338, fo. 88 r. It is perfectly legible, and runs thus:

"þis man sceal wiþ þ. gedrif writan on þreom leac-bladan 7 his naman þærmid Eugenius . Stephanus . Portarius . Dyonisius . Sambucius . Cecilius et Cyriacus.

that is to say:

"This shall one write against the fever, on three leek-leaves, and his name therewith: Eugenius," etc.

Compare for the names Eugenius, &c., the charm contra frigora in Cockayne's *Leechdoms*, &c., iii. 294, ll. 13-21, a reference to which book I owe to Prof. Napier.

In conclusion, I wish to warn future students in Rome against the inaccuracy of many of the references to Roman MSS. in Hardy's *Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland*. These errors have caused much waste of time and trouble, not only to me, but (what is more important) to the officers of the Vatican, Vittorio Emmanuele, and Vallicellan libraries, whose courtesy, patience, and helpfulness I desire to acknowledge with gratitude.

WHITLEY STOKES.

COINCIDENCES IN BUDDHIST LITERATURE AND THE GOSPELS.

London: Jan. 5, 1889.

In the introduction to "Birth-Story" 190 (Jātaka, ii. 111) we read of a pious disciple, firm in the faith, who, on his way to the Master, having to cross the river Aciravatī, and not seeing any boats,

"took a joyful confidence in the Buddha and crossed the river. His feet did not sink in the waters. As he went even as on dry land he beheld, coming to the middle [of the river], waves. Then his joyful confidence in the Buddha became slack, his feet began to sink. Again he strengthened his joyful confidence in the Buddha, and going [on] on the surface ['back'] of the water he reached Jetavana," &c.

I think everyone will notice the resemblance of this narrative to that of Matthew xiv. 29 (not found in the other Gospels), of Peter walking on the water. We have here the same three stages: first, Peter walking on the water in the faith of Jesus (v. 29); then, seeing the wind boisterous, he becomes afraid (his faith slackens), and begins to sink; finally (his faith reviving somewhat) he cries out "Lord, save me!" and Jesus stretches out his hand, &c. (vv. 30, 31). Only the Buddhist receives no outward help, he knows he is left to himself alone.

In the commentary on v. 79 of the Dhammapada, the story of King (in a later life, thera) Mahākappina is related, who every day sends out his four ministers on his four horses—

"Go, roam about two or three *yojanas*, and should you learn the appearance of a buddha, a law, or a community [the three *ratana*], bring me the *happy news*."

The word in the text is *sukha-sāsana*, which would be a good translation for εὐαγγέλιον ("frohe Botschaft"). When the king at last receives the longed-for *sāsana* from some wanderer, he gives him three times a hundred-thousand (viz., *kahāpana*), for each *ratana* one, by letter to the queen, while he himself, with his numerous retinue, continues his way to the Buddha, in the course of which he passes three rivers, each deeper and broader than the last, with horses and chariots, as if on stone. "Only the ends [rims] of the hoofs got wet." This he achieved by his pious remembrance of the three *ratana*. When the queen receives the king's message, she, in her turn, asks for this good news, and, in her joy, gives three times as much as the king. Hearing further that the king, with his numerous retinue, has gone to forsake the world before the Buddha, she says to her companions,

"Since the king has left his worldly estate like a lump of phlegm (*khela-pinda*) . . . who would, standing on his knees, take with his mouth this lump of phlegm, spewed out by the king."

This must remind us of "the dog who returns to his vomit" (Proverbs, xxvi. 11; 2 Peter, ii. 22). The queen then follows the king, crossing the three rivers in the same manner; and both, in due course, hear the law with the best result.

All of these resemblances can, I think, be explained in a natural (psychological) way, though at first view they might seem somewhat strange, and raise a suspicion of historical contact. And may we not take this longing after a new doctrine as a true historical trait in the above story—a longing that probably prevailed in a large part of India about the time of Buddha's appearance, analogous to the feeling of the heathen world shortly before Christ's time? Compare what Sir Alfred Lyall says in his *Asiatic Studies* (p. 300) on the "malaise religieux" to be observed in India at the present day.

H. WENZEL.

THE EGYPTIAN "KA" AND SCHOPENHAUER'S "WILL."

Selling, Faversham: Jan. 5, 1889.

Doubtless some of the numerous few who take an interest in the current speculations as to the evolution and precise nature of the Egyptian belief in—to use an easy phrase—individual-duality, as exhibited in the records of the *Ka*, will have bethought them of the Will, as expounded in Schopenhauer's philosophy.

Miss A. B. Edwards, in this day's ACADEMY, says

"the vital principle [the *Ka*] is that transmitted energy which must undoubtedly have descended from the primal source of life to all who live, or have lived upon earth."

Schopenhauer maintained that

"the Will, or thing-in-itself of all phenomena, is in nowise affected or attainted by birth or death (*Die Welt*, &c., bk. iv., § 54).

And, again:

"If the individual consciousness disappears at death, the Will, which alone fears death, survives it" (book iv., supp. xli.).

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"The conclusion is almost inevitable that the force which formerly animated the Life now actually extinct is the same which animates the Life now existing" (*ibid*).

This last passage seems to be very close to Miss Edwards's definition.

Again, Schopenhauer wrote—I carefully condense several passages: My philosophy teaches that the whole body and its activity are but the exterior phenomena, outward intuitive manifestation, or visible objectification of the Will; that is to say, they are the embodied Will; nay, more, they are the Will itself, which is equally present in every part of the body; and upon the Will depends the *vita propria* of each such part. The Will thus becomes its own representation (or idea), and is that unity which we express by Ego (bk. ii., supp. xx).

Another curiously close parallel could be drawn. Dr. Wiedemann, as cited by Miss Edwards, says that before his *Ka* the king frequently stands, in the monuments, "with various offerings, imploring heavenly gifts for himself." Whereunto the *Ka* makes answer:

"I give unto thee all life, all duration, all power, all health, all joy. For thee I conquer the people of Nubia, that thou mayst decapitate them."

In book iv., § 60, Schopenhauer remarks that

"the Will often becomes exalted to such a pitch as to overpass considerably the affirmation of the body. This condition then becomes signalised by violent emotions, by energetic passions, under the domination of which the individual is not contented with merely affirming its own existence, but denies the existence of others, and endeavours to suppress that existence wherever it proves itself an obstacle."

The theory of the *Ka* may admit of further illustration from the Zoroastrian *fravashi*; the Hindu and Scandinavian "Thumbling"—which last corresponds somewhat to the diminishing of the *Ka*; and the animal soul of archaic Chinese belief. A comparative study in these and other directions might tend to elucidation, but it would entail a communication too lengthy for your columns.

JOHN O'NEILL.

THE WORD "BORE," A TIRESOME TALKER.

London: Jan. 8, 1889.

Mrs. Cowley's lively farce, "Who's the Dupe?" written in 1777, contains a good definition of the word *bore*:

"*Charlotte.* Knowledge, as you manage it, is a downright *bore*.

"*Gradus.* Boar! Why what relation, Madam, can there be between knowledge and a hog?

"*Char.* How ridiculous! You have spent your life in learning the dead languages, until you are ignorant of the living. Why, Sir, such words as *bore* are all the *ton*.

"*Grad. Ton! Tin!* What may that be? It cannot be orthology! I don't recollect its root in the parent languages.

"*Char.* Ha! ha! ha! Better and better! Why, Sir, *ton* means——. *Ton* is——. Pho! What signifies where the root is? Such words are the shorthand of conversation, and convey whole sentences at once. All that delights the town is *ton*, and all that disgusts is *bore*."

EMMA PHIPSON.

Budleigh Salterton, South Devon: Jan. 7, 1889.

Immediately before reading Dr. Furnivall's letter in the ACADEMY of January 5, I chanced to find a reference to the word *bore* in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1780. It occurs in a review of Malone's "Supplement to the Edition of Shakespeare's Plays published in 1778, by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens, &c." After the quotation from "Henry VIII.," Act i., Scene 1,

"He *bores* me with some trick,"

follows the remark:

"As old things often become new, it might have been added that this is now again a cant-word among the great vulgar."

The use of the word in the passage quoted from Shakspere has, however, no connexion with its "cant" signification, as the context will show.

At the risk of earning for myself a place among the "intolerable animals" whom A. Maccaroni and his father distinguished by those valuable additions to language, "Proser" and "Bore," I have ventured to send you this chance gleaning.

FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 14, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Lower Limb," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.
5 p.m. London Institution: "Recent Babylonian Explorations," by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Starting-point and First Conclusions of Scholastic Philosophy," by Mr. M. H. Dziewicki.

TUESDAY, Jan. 15, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: "The Amount and Incidence of Imperial Taxation in Different Countries," by Mr. J. S. Jeans.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "British West Africa and the Trade of the Interior," by Mr. H. H. Johnston.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion—"The Compound Principle as applied to Locomotives," by Mr. Edgar Worthington.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Some New Species and a New Genus of Araneidea," by the Rev. O. P. Cambridge; "Additions to the Echinoderm Fauna of the Bay of Bengal," by Prof. F. Jeffrey Bell; "The Anatomy of *Rhinoceros lasiotis*," by Messrs. F. E. Beddard and Frederick Treves.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 16, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Lower Limb," II., by Prof. J. Marshall.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Channel Tunnel," by Col. Hozier.

THURSDAY, Jan. 17, 6 p.m. London Institution: "The English Novel in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. E. Gosse.
8 p.m. Linnean.
8 p.m. Chemical: Contribution from the Laboratory of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; "A Cubical Form of Bismuthous Oxide," by Messrs. M. P. Muir and Arthur Hutchinson; "The Oxides of Copper," by Mr. Douglas Carnegie; "The Periodates," II., by Mr. C. W. Kimmins; "Compounds of Arsenious Oxide and Antimonious Oxide with Sulphuric Anhydride," by Mr. R. H. Adie; "A Compound of Boron Oxide with Sulphuric Anhydride," by Mr. R. F. D'Arcy.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "History and Assassination," by Mr. Herbert Haines.

FRIDAY, Jan. 18, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Hittites and their Inscriptions," I., by Mr. T. Tyler.
4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Lower Limb," III., by Prof. J. Marshall.
8 p.m. Philological: A Dictionary Evening, by Mr. H. Bradley; with a Report from Oxford.

SCIENCE.

A Handbook to the Land-Charters, and other Saxonic Documents. By John Earle (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THIS volume consists of 450 pages of Anglo-Saxon charters, an introduction of 110 pages, and notes and indices. To students who have not access to Mr. Birch's unfinished *Cartularium*, or to the earlier collections of Kemble and Thorpe, this handy selection will be highly acceptable; and beginners in the study of Old English charters will find it an advantage to have the documents classified approximately in the order of the relative strength of the evidence for their genuineness. About 250 pages of the book are occupied by "Genuine Records Dated": *i.e.* the dated documents down to the eleventh century, which are preserved in original or nearly contemporary MSS., with, however, the addition of a few that are taken from cartularies which there are reasons for believing to be especially trustworthy. These are followed by "Genuine Records Undated"; and the remainder of the text consists of what Prof. Earle calls "Secondary Documents," which are divided into fifteen "groups," beginning with the records extant in non-contemporary MSS. not later than the eleventh century, and ending with the jingling rhymes of the fifteenth century, professing to record grants made by Anglo-Saxon kings. Apart from inconsistencies of detail, to some of which Prof. Earle himself calls attention in his preface, this arrangement appears convenient and useful. The inclusion of specimens of the spurious documents, and of those which are probably genuine documents modernised, is quite justifiable; but some of the space occupied by these might better have been devoted to an exhaustive index of words and matters, which would have more than doubled the value of the book. One of the advantages of a small selection of this kind is that it admits of being thoroughly indexed, which is not possible in the case of a complete collection. It would be quite worth while to issue a supplementary volume, devoted entirely to indices and minute annotations on the text.

The introduction, in addition to remarks on the characteristics of form and language common to old English charters, and the criteria by which genuine documents may be distinguished, contains some interesting discussion of questions relating to the early forms of land tenure in England. Prof. Earle is unquestionably right in his rejection of Kemble's theory of "the Mark and Gá," for which the authority of that great scholar, and the ability of of his exposition, for a long time procured almost universal acceptance. There can be little doubt that he is also right in maintaining that the origin of the English manorial system, in its principal features, is to be sought in the conditions of the Teutonic conquest of England, although some elements of the system may have been derived from other sources. Prof. Earle's view that the *gesiθ* was, so to speak, the ancestor of the manorial lord, is, so far as I am aware, novel. Into this question, and into the other questions of similar nature treated of in the introduction, my studies have not qualified me to enter; and I can only express the hope that what is original in Prof. Earle's speculations will be discussed by those who have the requisite knowledge of the subject.

The lexicographical material contained in the charters has hitherto been strangely neglected by the compilers of Anglo-Saxon dictionaries; and Prof. Earle's glossary, though far from complete, raises many interesting philological questions. One of these, relating to the word *rod* (properly *hrod*), the equivalent of the Icelandic *roð*, "a clearing," has already given rise to some discussion in the ACADEMY. I must confess that the evidence for the existence of this word in Old English does not appear to me convincing. The South Yorkshire *royd* may very well be of Scandinavian origin. In the instances cited by Prof. Earle from the charters, it seems to me that the word is more probably *ród*, represented by the modern *rood*. As the noun, so far as we know, is always feminine, it cannot be the exact equivalent of the neuter

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ród; and the hypothesis of a feminine *hrodu from the same root finds no support from Teutonic analogy. The passages in question state that certain boundaries on the outside of woods ran *andlang þære róde* which Prof. Earle would translate "along the clearing or road." Before accepting this explanation, it is necessary to enquire whether any admissible sense can be extracted from the rendering "along the rood." On this point I will venture to offer a suggestion, which is confessedly hazardous, but which may, perhaps, give rise to some useful discussion.

The obvious reason why the fourth part of an acre is called a "rood" is that it is a quantity of land of the length of a furlong (furrow-long), and of the breadth of a *rod* (*i.e.*, of the "*rod*, pole or perch" of ordinary long measure). The *rood*, then, as a measure, properly denotes the length of 5½ yards, which was, at the same time a convenient length for a measuring pole of timber and a convenient aliquot part of the length and the breadth of an acre.* My suggestion is that the "rood" of the charters was a headland of a pole's breadth left unploughed on the edge of a wood, so that the phase quoted may be compared with the *andlang þæra andhéafda* (along the headlands) of other charters. The compound *ródstybbe* certainly lends some plausibility to the notion that the first element means "clearing"; but until there is further evidence of the existence of the word *ród* I prefer to interpret it as "rood-stubbing" The verb *rédan*, to which reference has been made in the discussion between Prof. Earle and Mr. Mayhew, cannot, I think, be connected phonologically either with the hypothetical noun *hrod*, or with the verb from which that is derived. The assumed sense, also, is hardly suitable to the context. It would scarcely be a natural way of indicating a locality to speak of it as "the place were Bishop Aelfric commanded a clearing to be made." I should rather suppose the meaning to be that the bishop had appointed the spot for some religious ceremony, or for reading or preaching (compare the local name "Gospel Oak"). The verb *rédan* might be miswritten for *rǽdan*, to read; it might be the equivalent of the Gothic *rǒdjan*, and the Icelandic *rœða*, to speak; or, again, it might be derived from *ród* in the sense of "cross." But so long as the word is known only from a single passage it is useless to try to settle its precise meaning.

The word *fyrhþ*, as a topographical term, occurs several times in the charters, but its meaning is obscure. Prof. Earle, following Kemble, regards it as denoting a wood of some kind. If this be correct, the word is identical with the Middle-English *firth* or *frith*, which must, therefore, be disconnected from *frith*, a game preserve. The derivation, on this view, appears to be from *furh*, a fir-tree, with the addition of a suffix functionally equivalent to that of the Latin *salictum*. It is remarkable that in one passage the word is apparently feminine, though elsewhere it is masculine or neuter. Leo explains it as a derivative and synonym of *furh*, furrow; the other dictionaries do not notice it. Several other topographical words in Prof. Earle's glossary call for notice on the ground of their having been omitted by lexicographers. *Ánstig*, meaning, like *ánpæð*, a path only broad enough for one person, is interesting because it survives in the name of the "Ainsty of York," which must, like most of the English hundreds and wapentakes, have received its appellation from some place within its borders at which public assemblies were held. The word *healh* is here erroneously explained as "hall"; it is really "haugh," though as an ending in place-names it commonly assumes the form of *-hall*. Probably the word may be identical with *heal*, a corner; a connexion with the Latin *calx*, heel, is not impossible on the ground of sense, as the word *hó*, a heel, is also used as a topographical designation. The frequent, but still unexplained, word *crundel* is discussed by Prof. Earle in a long note. The evidence seems to show that it meant some kind of hollow or depression in the ground, not, as has been supposed, a tumulus or a cromlech; but no light has been thrown on its etymology. The phrases *stán crundel*, *ceale crundel*, suggest that it was sometimes a quarry. *Rinda crundel* cannot mean "bullock's crundel," as Prof. Earle suggests; perhaps *rinda* is the name of a stream. The word *hán*, the Old English form of *hone*, which is ignored by all the lexicographers except Leo, occurs frequently in the charters, not, however, in the sense of "whetstone," but as a topographical term. "The red hone," "the gray hone," seem to be rocks so called from their shape or material.

One or two questions relating to local etymology may be worth brief notice. Prof. Earle says that he cannot explain the *n* in *Léofsnhǽma* "people of Lewisham" (gen. pl.); it appears to point to derivation from the personal name Léofsunu. In the time of James I. (as appears from an anecdote told by Bacon) Lewisham was colloquially pronounced *Lusen*; as *-en* is not in this district a usual corruption of *-ham*, perhaps this pronunciation may be due to the *n* of the first element. A charter professedly of 889 mentions an "antiquum petrosum aedificium" in London called *Hwætmundes stán*, *i.e.*, "Hwætmund's stone." The normal modern form, if the name had survived, would be "Whatmanstone"; it would be interesting to know whether the name is found in any later document relating to London. Prof. Earle quotes (strange to say, with apparent approval) Mr. Kerslake's extraordinary notion that the name means "wheat-maund stone," and that it has something to do with a sculptured stone (dated 1638) found in Panyer Alley, representing a man sitting on a basket! Of course Hwætmund is simply a man's name, like Hwætred and Eadmund. The *Wón-stocce* of the charters is not, as supposed by Kemble, connected with Wóden; *wón* being the dative of the adjective *wóh* "crooked." Prof. Earle thinks the name *Byrnan scylf* probably has a mythological reference, as "a *shelf* belongs to a divinity." But *shelf*, as an ending in local names, is so common that there can be no reason to doubt that it simply denotes the topographical character of the place to which it belongs. Tanshelf (in O.E. *Taddenes-scylf*, probably for *Tatwinesscylf*), Waldershelf (from the personal name Waldhere), Tibshelf, Ulleskelf (from the Scandinavian personal name Ulle) are among the examples. In the introduction Prof. Earle refers to my observation that the occurrence of the name *Hód-s ác*, "Hood's Oak," in two different counties before the twelfth century affords evidence that "Hood" was familiar as the name of a wood-spirit long before it came to be used as a nickname for the chief of a band of forest outlaws I take the opportunity of saying that I still believe this conclusion to be justified, though I no longer maintain the correctness of all the arguments with which, five years ago, I endeavoured to support it.

Although this volume does not actually contain any texts hitherto unprinted, it includes several that have not previously appeared in any general collection of charters. Among these are the very interesting documents from the Leofric Missal, an important manifesto of Cnut, and Henry II.'s charter to Archbishop Theobald. In many cases the charters are printed from fresh collations of the MSS., or from the British Museum facsimiles. In any future editions it would be well, if it be necessary to copy any of the charters from Kemble or Thorpe, to omit the accents. The accentuation of the MSS., though often inconsistent and incorrect, is instructive, and ought to be preserved wherever it is known; but the normalised accentuation of earlier editions has no documentary value, and is very far from being scientifically accurate. The accents in the glossarial index need careful revision.

HENRY BRADLEY.

* In Old-English, so far as I know, *ród*, when used without reference to land, always means "pole" or "cross." It seems worth while to suggest that the modern sense of *rod*, a stick, a bundle of twigs for chastisement, may have been imported from Low German.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW INDIAN INSCRIPTION.

Yuzufzai: Dec. 15, 1888.

It may interest some of the readers of the ACADEMY to learn that Mr. M. F. O'Dwyer, C.S., Officiating Deputy Commissioner of Shahpur, has recently discovered an inscription at the village of Kura, in the Salt Range, where there are some large unexplored ancient mines. A considerable part of the inscription is in very fair preservation; but the ends of the first two or three lines are much obliterated, and from the lower part of the slab four or five lines appear to have been erased. The characters are what are usually called Gupta, of about A.D. 500. It is dated in the reign of "Mahârâja Toramâna Shah," whose name occurs in the first line and in the third from the bottom; and the record is of certain donations to a Buddhist monastery. The slab was sent by Mr. O'Dwyer to the Lahore Museum, where I have examined it in company with Dr. Aurel Stein, of the Oriental College. It will be published in the *Epigraphia Indica*.

The coins of Toramâna are known, but the only epigraphic record of his reign hitherto found is the inscription on the boar at Eran, in the Central Provinces. This, found in the middle of the Panjâb, would indicate that his rule extended far to the north-west of Mâlwâ, and may possibly identify him with the Toramâna of Kasmîr, whom Gen. Sir A. Cunningham considers quite a separate prince.

J. BURGESS.

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SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. HENRY F. BLANDFORD, formerly meteorological reporter to the Government of India, has written a Practical Guide to the weather and climates of India, Burma, and Ceylon, and the storms of the Indian Seas. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

AT the annual meeting of the Académie des Sciences, the prix Janssen for astronomy was awarded to Dr. William Huggins.

Nature for last week adds a twenty-fifth representative to its series of "Scientific Worthies," by a portrait of Prof. Sylvester, engraved on steel by Mr. Stodart after a photograph, together with a memoir by Prof. Cayley.

THE Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin give notice that the seventh Bressa prize will be given to the scientific author or inventor, whatever be his nationality, who, during the years 1887-90, "shall have made the most important and useful discovery, or published the most valuable work on physical and experimental science, natural history, mathematics, chemistry, physiology and pathology, as well as geology, history, geography, and statistics." The value of the prize amounts to 12,000 lire (£480).

A CONTRIBUTION of exceptional importance to students of volcanic geology has been recently published by the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in the shape of an elaborate memoir by Prof. A. Geikie, entitled *The History of Volcanic Action during the Tertiary Period in the British Isles*. It appears that after a very long period of quiescence, symptoms of renewed activity were manifested in Eocene times, when by internal tension the earth's crust gave way at various points and a great system of fissures was established, striking generally towards the north-west; and these, becoming filled with lava, form the basic dykes which traverse so large a part of Scotland and the north of England. Where the fissures reached the surface, lava flowed forth in great sheets, forming the plateaux of basalt in Antrim and the Western Isles. At a later date basic rocks of coarsely crystalline structure broke through these plateaux and appear as great eruptive bosses of gabbro and similar rocks. After a long period of repose, volcanic activity was renewed, and acid rocks were developed as felsites, porphyries, and granites. In many respects the views of Prof. Geikie run counter to those of Prof. Judd, and a controversy of much interest to geologists is being carried on between these authorities.

SOME interesting information respecting the jade of Burma is contained in an Indian Blue Book, lately received from Rangoon. The jade mining-district is a large tract of country, chiefly on the west side of the Uyu river. The Kachins, though acknowledging Burmese authority, regard themselves as owners of the mines. The jade is sold chiefly to the Chinese, the headquarters of the trade being at Mogaung. The best quarries in recent years have been those of Hsimu, Masa, Mopang, and Tamukan. It appears that Burma is the only source whence the Chinese draw their supply of this highly-prized mineral. The Chinese Lun Pein, to whom the British Government had farmed the jade-tax, was assassinated a few months ago in consequence of his unpopularity. Geologists will be curious to know more about the conditions under which the jade occurs.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Clarendon Press will publish immediately a volume of *Essays in Biblical Greek*, by Dr. Edwin Hatch, Reader in Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. The work consists of the substance of the lectures delivered by the writer during his terms of office as Grinfield Lecturer on the LXX., and contains the seven following essays: "The Value and Use of the LXX.," "Short Studies of the Meanings of Words in Biblical Greek," "Psychological Terms in Biblical Greek," "Early Quotations from the LXX.," "Composite Quotations from the LXX.," "Origen's Revision of the LXX. Text of Job," and "The Text of Ecclesiasticus."

WITH the last number, the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* enters upon its third year; and we must take the opportunity to congratulate the proprietors and the director upon the continued activity of their undertaking. It requires no small expenditure both of time and money to conduct so highly specialised a magazine, in the face of scanty encouragement. The circumstances of its origin are described in an introductory note, which also contains an appeal for more subscribers. Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie is not only the editor-in-chief, he is also the principal contributor and the soul of the enterprise. It is here that he has published most of his remarkable series of arguments for the derivation of early Chinese civilisation from Babylonia, and it is by his influence that so many foreign supporters have been enlisted. We may add that the annual subscription is 12s. 6d., and that the publisher is Mr. David Nutt.

FINE ART.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THE twentieth exhibition at Burlington House of works by the Old Masters yields in interest and variety to few, if any, of its predecessors; and yet for the first time not a single picture of Italian or Spanish origin appears in the collection. We think that the Academy, if, as is probable, they were unable to obtain for exhibition works of the first rank belonging to this class, were well advised in excluding from their walls schools already so supremely well represented on former occasions. The examples of the Dutch, Flemish, and French schools—to say nothing of the English collections—are of such splendour that nothing but absolutely first-rate southern work could maintain its supremacy in juxtaposition with them. Never before has such a magnificent show of Rembrandts been seen on the walls of the Academy. It is doubtful, indeed, whether in quality it can be matched even by the famous collections of St. Petersburg, Cassel, the Louvre, and Dresden; though the two first-mentioned galleries possess far more numerous series of the master's works. No such exemplification of the finer and more delicate phase of French eighteenth-century art has been afforded in England as is now given by the exhibition, on the same walls, of the famous Watteaus and Lancrets which are among the treasures of Sir Richard Wallace and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild respectively. We are not aware that any such collection of similar works has yet been brought together—save, it may be, when, at the Loan Exhibition held in 1883 at Berlin, the treasures of the royal palaces of that city, and especially of Potsdam, were for the first time united. All the Watteaus, Lancrets, and Paters acquired by Frederick the Great then saw the light; including the finished and altered version of the famous "Enlèvement de Cythère," which is one of the chief glories of the Louvre. Many of these charming works had, however, suffered irreparably from exposure and rough usage.

In addition to the special attractions of the present show, and to a third and singularly fine instalment of Turner drawings, Burlington House contains the well-known Horrocks Miller collection of English pictures, chiefly of this century, together with choice examples of Cotes, Gainsborough, Romney, Crome, Constable, and other English masters of the same period. The works of the late Frank Holl, R.A., wisely shown separately in two galleries, constitute a distinct section of the exhibition, to which we hope to return later on.

It is the breadth and the subdued splendour of Rembrandt's art, his mastery and unerring intuition in portraiture, his power in the suggestion, not only of physical life and individuality, but of that vivifying force which is the inner life and thought, that are here demonstrated to the full, rather than the yet rarer and nobler aspect of his genius which shines forth in those great scenes of sacred history and legend, which, by the simplicity and penetrating pathos of his conception, were, it may be said, re-created and endowed with a new life. Almost all the styles of the great master, except the very earliest, are here adequately represented. First, in order of date, comes the so-called "Rembrandt's Mother," painted in 1632—that is to say, in the year of the famous "Lesson in Anatomy" at the Hague. The coldness of the shadows, the peculiar quality of the black robe and slate-toned background, and the calculated vigour of the superb modelling, render this canvas somewhat of an exception even among the works of that time. It is the sympathetic truth of the conception, the strange reflective power of the glance, which are, above all, characteristic of the painter. It is difficult to imagine anything finer than the firm and noble modelling of the brow, or the consummate drawing of the eyes and eye-brows. About the year 1633 were executed the two famous portraits of Jan Pellicorn and Susanna his wife (Sir R. Wallace), which here, as at Manchester House, appear as pendants. They are surprising specimens of the unaffected truth, industry, and skill of the master at that time; but they have, on the other hand, less individuality and less felicity of intellectual characterisation than are usual with the painter at his best. The same year is also illustrated by the Queen's famous "Shipbuilder and his Wife," which has already on a former occasion appeared at the Academy. The execution is here already bolder and at the same time more refined, the head of the old woman handing a letter being especially a masterpiece of unaffected truth in expression, as of subtlety in handling. Yet another work of the same year is the small "Good Samaritan" (Sir R. Wallace), executed with an almost miniature-like finish, which yet includes real breadth of brushing. It is infinitely less touching than the later and much larger representation of the same subject—treated in altogether different fashion—which is in the Louvre collection. The version now shown is identical with the well-known etching, which bears the date 1633. To the year 1634 belongs one of the most consummate exercises in rich subdued colour-harmony ever produced by the painter. This, the so-called "Black Archer," shows a young negro richly and fantastically dressed. We know not whether to admire most the delicate firmness of the handling or the exquisite arrangement which groups together kindred hues of sombre richness. The over-cleaned and highly varnished "Portrait of a Young Man" (Sir R. Wallace) belongs to 1634 or 1635, and is, in reality, one of the many portraits of the painter by himself; to the same period may be allotted that "Portrait of the Painter" (159), which so closely resembles one in the Long Gallery of the Louvre. The Queen's so-called "Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife" is, as has been pointed out by Dr. Bode—relying on certain resem-

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blances in the famous Dresden portraits, and above all on the fantastic personal adornments of the sitters, which are such as Rembrandt only ventured upon when either himself or immediate members of his family were in question—in reality a portrait of the master with his wife, Saskia, painted, not in 1645, but about 1636, in the heyday of his triumphant success. It is one of the most splendid, as it is one of the most extensive, *portraits d'apparat* of the master, expressing just the marital pride, the material pomp, and the physical enjoyment of life, which have been especially aimed at. Perhaps the climax of Rembrandt's technique, in the second stage of his practice, is exhibited in the Queen's magnificent "Portrait of a Lady," bearing the date 1641. The very richly, yet unostentatiously, attired sitter displays an unusual measure of grace and distinction, expressed, however, without any loss of that intensity of "speculation" and vitality which mark the painter's finest work. To about this time belongs the strange composite landscape (159), coming also from Manchester House, and closely paralleled by similar pictures at Cassel and Brunswick. Notwithstanding the potent magic of the chiaroscuro, something unreal and too palpably manufactured about this work detracts from its unity and prevents it from deeply impressing the beholder as do the artist's truer transcripts of nature. Some few of Rembrandt's creations of this peculiar class are open, in this respect, to the same reproach which may be levelled against Turner's most ambitious, but by no means most noble, productions. Far truer and more distinctive of the true Rembrandt is Lord Northbrook's little landscape (118) showing a flat country, with the buildings of a town in the distance. A very important, if not altogether sympathetic, delineation of the painter by himself is the large portrait, dated 1658, (sent by the Earl of Ilchester), in which he appears in heavy and fantastic trappings of Jewish fashion, such as he wore far less frequently in his later, than in his earlier, time. The ashen flesh-tones are, in their present state, not quite in keeping with the rich hues of the broadly-painted costume. It is extremely difficult to place Sir R. Wallace's vast canvas, representing the parable of the "Unmerciful Servant"—whether between 1645 and 1650, as given by Vosmaer, or about 1660, as stated, not without doubt, by Dr. Bode. The jewel-like broken reds of some draperies, the somewhat hasty, if broad, execution would be evidence in favour of the latter date; while the grays in the half-tones of the flesh are such as are not generally found in works of so late a time. To about 1660 belongs the small "Portrait of a Young Man" (116) painted on copper. One of the surprises of the exhibition is Mrs. Owen Roe's large "Portrait of a Man" (166), which is, if we mistake not, practically unknown to recent biographers of Rembrandt. It is a superb study in a colour-harmony, of which reddish-brown and darkly-gleaming red are prominent ingredients. From the ruddy, half-tones of the flesh, the grays are altogether absent; and the whole scheme of colour and style of execution are akin to those of the great "Family Piece" of Brunswick, which belongs to the year 1668. Mr. T. Humphry Ward's "Study of an Old Man" (117) is a broadly and solidly-painted sketch in darkly-luminous golden tones, such as, so far as colour is concerned, Rembrandt need not to have been ashamed to own; but it is difficult to accept as the master's own the neither very individual nor very living head of the model. This is of a type that a late follower of the master, such as Aart de Gelder, might have produced.

Four important specimens of the art of Rubens assert themselves, even by the side of this unequalled series of Rembrandts, with which, indeed, they are in the most striking contrast. The superb "Earl of Arundel," lent by the Duke of Norfolk, is one of the great Fleming's most imposing portraits. Without entirely subduing that intensely subjective artistic temperment which impelled him to infuse into the individuality of his sitters so large an admixture of himself, he has happily caught the sensitiveness and melancholy which are distinctive characteristics of the famous dilettante nobleman. The execution of the armour, with its rich reflections of surrounding crimson draperies, is consummate. It is interesting to contrast with this great work Vandyck's not less masterly presentation of the same personage in more advanced years, with one of his grandchildren. This was contributed by the Duke of Norfolk to the Grosvenor exhibition of Sir Anthony's works two years ago. From Lady Ashburton's collection comes a magnificent piece of decoration, "Peasants going to Market," executed by Rubens in collaboration with Snyders. The more than life-size figures of this canvas are designed and painted with rare mastery and decision; and, it being treated as a piece of pure decoration, they are marked by a greater regard for mere beauty of line and contour than generally characterises the master. The "Marriage of Mars and Venus" (Martin Colnaghi, Esq.), which lately appeared in somewhat dilapidated condition at Christie's, is, above all, instructive as showing the system of production followed in the master's studio when he had attained to the zenith of his reputation. The picture has been carefully under-painted throughout—not merely sketched or outlined—in warm grey and umber; and this part of the work has very probably been done by one of the master's best pupils from one of those preliminary designs of which so many are yet extant. Upon this preparation the master-hand has been vigorously at work, flitting from one part of the canvas to another, and with comparatively little labour imparting Promethean fire to the fairly-fashioned clay of the pupils' work. The touches on the basket of fruit, the breast of Pomona, and the hair of Venus, are such as no brush but that of Rubens himself could have given.

The Dutch pictures of the year are, apart from the great series already dealt with, comparatively few in number, but of choice quality. They show, as a fine collection of works of this class always does, that tempered and limited realism which is marked by simplicity and truth, but by little breadth or depth of observation; save in portraiture proper, which the schools of the Low Countries have, with rare exceptions, approached with a certain appropriate solemnity, yet without the *emphase* of contemporary schools in France and elsewhere. Fine, sober works of this class are the "Portrait of a Lady," by Cornelius Jansen van Ceulen, and the less well-preserved "Portrait of a Gentleman," by the same. Admirable for sobriety of conception and pathetic simplicity is the "Portrait of William van de Velde," by the scarce Michael van Musscher (Lord Northbrook), who was pupil of Adrian van Ostade, though his colouring in this little piece is that of a black Terborch portrait. A still greater rarity is the signed "Interior of a Cottage," by Esaias Boursse, of Amsterdam (Sir R. Wallace), painted with a masterly breadth and a sobriety which in some respects recalls Vermeer of Delft; to whom, indeed, one of his works in the Berlin collection is attributed. Other pictures by this master are to be found in the Amsterdam Museum, and in the Suermondt Gallery at Aix-la-Chapelle. An unusually fine and elaborate Metsu is Lord Northbrook's "The Intruder," in which the painter has dealt with difficult problems of light and colour with unusual success, and with less than usual of that prevailing hotness of tone which is peculiar to him. Exceptional, too, in the beauty of its brown-and-silver harmony, is the little panel by D. Teniers, the younger, entitled, "The Archers" (127). Lord Northbrook's famous "View near Dordrecht (81), by A. Cuyp, is certainly, so far as the execution of the well-worn theme is concerned, of exquisite quality. It lacks, however, even more than do usually the works of the artist, that nameless charm, that suggestion of an intimate connexion between the painter and his subject, which—to say nothing of modern artists—is to be found in the best productions of such widely diverging contemporaries as Van Goyen, Ruysdael (in his purely Dutch scenes), Vermeer of Delft, and P. de Koning. A large measure of this subtle quality—so hard to define, yet so inevitably missed if it be absent—is to be found in Jan van de Capelle's "Shipping in a Calm" (Lord Northbrook), one of the most beautiful works of a consummate artist whose reputation has deservedly advanced of late years.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

AT a meeting held last week, with Lord Spencer in the chair, it was resolved to form a committee to receive subscriptions for a memorial to the late Frank Holl, R.A. It is proposed to place a tablet, with medallion portrait, in St. Paul's; and to purchase one or more of his portraits of public men for presentation to the National Portrait Gallery. Subscriptions are limited to five guineas. The hon. secretary of the committee is Mr. William Agnew, 39b, Old Bond-street.

THE statue of the late William Barnes, the Dorset poet, by Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins, is now cast, and can be seen by those interested at Mr. Moore's foundry, Thames Ditton, until January 19. It is to be erected at Dorchester, and unveiled by the Bishop of Salisbury on February 4.

MR. THOMAS TYLER announces a course of three lectures at the British Museum on "The Hittites and the Hittite Inscriptions," illustrated with diagrams. The lectures will be given on Fridays, at 2.30 p.m., beginning on January 18; and the first lecture will deal with recent discoveries, confirming the views maintained by Mr. Tyler last year in *Nature*.

The editorial vigour of the *Art Magazine* has never been more conspicuous than in the number for January. It commences with a hitherto unpublished letter by John Flaxman, addressed to the Royal Academy in 1797, on Italy, the art centre of the world—a letter of great interest, if not of much present value. The "Poems and Pictures" series are recommenced with a Scotch ballad by Mr. Swinburne, illustrated by Mr. W. Hole. A paper by Mr. Wemyss Reid on Mr. Gladstone and his portraits, is excellently illustrated by a photogravure of Sir John Millais's portrait of 1885, and by many another in the text, including a sheet of caricatures from *Punch* from 1859 to 1888, redrawn by Mr. Harry Furniss. Then comes a very interesting and valuable letter from Mr. Watts on the Art of To-day; and this is followed by the first of a series of papers by Mr. William Telbin on Art in the Theatre—a subject which has hitherto been strangely neglected in English literature. The common-sense side of art is represented in a paper on Art Education by Mr. Frith.

THE new Album of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* (the fifth) is quite equal in merit and interest to its predecessors. It contains engravings by M. E. Gaujean after Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," and by M. Guerard, after the same artist's "Spring"; one of Helène Fourment and her son, after Rubens, engraved by Rajon; and

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Rembrandt's "Danaë," in the Hermitage Gallery, by M. Flameng. Raphael, Watteau, Franz Hals, Meissonier, Whistler, Baudry, Clouet, and Ruysdael, are a few of the other artists represented in this charming little gallery of fifty engravings and etchings.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

"THE PANEL PICTURE" is, it is said, to be the name of the new play with which Mr. Rutland Barrington will re-open the St. James's in about a week or ten days hence. Mr. B. C. Stephenson—well known to fame—and Mr. Outram Tristram, who did some very tolerable work in "The Red Lamp," are the joint authors of the piece.

LONDON is already aware of the success of Mr. Augustus Harris's pantomime. The veteran, Mr. Blanchard, has this year had less to do with it than usual, which may, from the literary point of view, be some loss. But pantomime was never superfluously literary, and it is now not literary at all. The words—the stories even—are but the web on which is placed a gorgeous broidery of spectacle. Scenes without end, processions without end, ballets which end only to be given again, pretty people all over the stage—these, with a few comicalities thrown in, are what the fathers, uncles, brothers, of all good children now betake themselves to see; it matters very little about the good children. At Drury Lane, the enterprising parent, the devoted uncle, the self-sacrificing brother, crowd the box-office for half the day; and at night Messrs. Campbell and Nicholl, Miss Harriet Vernon, Miss Maggie Duggan, and minor gods and goddesses innumerable, help to throng the stage. Mr. Augustus Harris is a magnificent organiser—he is an epoch-making man.

MISS MARION LEA will give, we understand, before the middle of February a matinée performance of a new adaptation of the elder Dumas's "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle." This is one of the pieces in which the father of one of the best writers of our day proved that he, too, could write as well as merely construct. The adaptation, by Mr. Osborne Buckle, goes, we hear, much nearer to the original than anything that has been done in England. It was Mdlle. Mars who "created," nearly fifty years ago, the part which Miss Marion Lea is now for the first time to assume.

"TARES," which Mrs. Oscar Beringer produced with some success at a matinée last season, has been to a certain extent modified and re-arranged; and Mrs. Beringer will, on the evening of January 19, put it into the evening bill at the Opera Comique, with a strong cast. And "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy"—which has been played to even fuller houses than it was last summer—will then be seen every afternoon.

"THE SILVER FALLS," by Mr. George Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, is a melodrama by aid of which the Adelphi Theatre may hold its own, with its honest bourgeois public, even against the attractions of Mr. Irving at the Lyceum and of unlimited spectacle at Drury Lane. For "The Silver Falls"—albeit not especially engaging to the literary person—is a melodrama of distinctly a good kind, the story having in it some elements of freshness, some of the dialogue being vigorous and earnest, and the spirit of humour not being wholly banished from the scene. Moreover, the cast is in some respects even stronger than that to which a fairly enterprising management has already accustomed us at the Adelphi, and the piece is exceedingly well played. Mr. William Terriss—a naval man no more, but attired in faultless boating flannels, for a cruise in the neighbourhood of Richmond—is of course the young hero. His manly grace is decidedly sympathetic; and there is a smoothness and a fittingness in all that he does. Mr. Charles Cartwright is a sinner not without hope—a villain of the deeper dye it would be quite a mistake to call him. But perhaps the writers of melodramas are becoming more tolerant or more discriminating, and are recognising that there are many shades between the white and the black. The character of Marcos Valles, at all events—whether by authors or actor—is a study whose moderation we welcome. But to make Mr. Beveridge—who has served a long apprenticeship to stage crime—into a man not only endurable, but positively genial and welcome, is a very revolutionary proceeding. It must be said, however, that Mr. Beveridge bears admirably the suddenness and the completeness of the transition. Mr. Shine and Miss Clara Jecks, inventive and lively, do their utmost for whatever in the piece is intentionally funny. Mr. Royce Carleton—sometimes picturesque in wickedness—suggests the character of one Dick Redmayne with discreet and skilled touch. As Marie, Miss Adrienne Dairolles has probably no chance of passing beyond the limits within which her excellence has been recognised. Greater opportunities, of course, are vouchsafed to Miss Millward and Miss Olga Nethersole. Miss Millward's part is not the stronger of the two, but no one who has spent ten minutes at the theatre can doubt that it is the more sympathetic. Miss Millward does her love scenes very prettily; and never, perhaps, has she looked as well. Miss Olga Nethersole—engaged here for the first time—does more, perhaps, than confirm the good impression that she made in "The Dean's Daughter." Considering how limited has been her experience, there is certainly something remarkable in the extent to which she can command the resources of her art. Her intelligence in detail and the variety of her facial expression are noticeable; and it seems, too, that she has the capacity to conceive of a *rôle* broadly—to look at it as a whole. The student of modern melodrama will not find that he has wasted his evening if he spends it at the Adelphi, though the conventions of the stage do hold sway there more than at the theatres of comedy.

MUSIC.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE first Popular Concert of the new year took place last Monday. Mdlle. Janotha played Chopin's Barcarolle in F sharp (Op. 60), a piece she has often played with great success. Her performance on Monday, except for an excess of soft pedal, was good. She gave, by way of encore, the same composer's "Berceuse" with excellent technique, though at a somewhat rapid rate. If Mr. Chappell furnishes such short pianoforte solos, the public perhaps think they have a right to insist on an encore. How seldom one hears a Sonata now at these concerts! The programme included Beethoven's so-called Harp Quartett, which was magnificently rendered under the leadership of Lady Hallé. Mr. Santley was the vocalist.

MISS DAMIAN, the well-known contralto singer, who is about to start for a tour in Canada with Mdme. Albani, gave a farewell concert at the Prince's Hall on Wednesday evening. She sang Schubert's fine song, "Aufenthalt," supported with excessive vigour by Mr. Randegger at the pianoforte. Mdme. Larkcom, Miss A. Whitacre, Messrs. B. Lane and B. Foote, and other artists, took part in the programme. There was a fair attendance.

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LITERATURE.

A Modern Faust, and other Poems. By the Hon. Roden Noel. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

THE Hon. Roden Noel, as a poet, has never yet received the attention he deserves. This is not altogether the fault of the English public. Mr. Noel's poems are not exactly such as he who runs may read. To be appreciated they require patient study, not only because their thought is often abstruse, but also because their expression is not unfrequently perplexing. Indeed, no other poet of our age, with the exception of Mr. Robert Browning, has added so much of verbal and rhythmical difficulty to the difficulties of pregnant meaning and bold speculation. He is what Goethe would have called an incommensurable man; and his work cannot be measured by any common standard or sounded by any average plummet. It is probable that his poems will not receive due recognition until a Noel Society has been founded. Then people will discover that an impassioned singer, a philosopher of marked originality, a tender-hearted Christian, and a democrat in the noblest sense of that term, has been appealing to them in words of wayward beauty and varied melody during more than a quarter of a century, almost unheeded.

"A Modern Faust" justifies this somewhat audacious prophecy. It is at once the most intelligible and the deepest of Mr. Roden Noel's poems, the purest in style, the widest in scope, the ripest in artistic execution, and the maturest in expression of its author's views. Those who, like the present writer, have watched Mr. Noel's career with interest and admiration, qualified by grave doubt as to his ultimate attainment of the poet's crown, may stake their critical reputation upon this remarkable performance, and invite an indifferent public to its perusal with confidence that the study it demands will be repaid.

This is not saying that the peculiarities of manner which have repelled fastidious lovers of verse are absent from Mr. Noel's latest work, or that the subtlety and remoteness of thought which render his poems inaccessible to careless readers have been exchanged for facile treatment of momentous themes. At first sight, "A Modern Faust" is even more amorphous than its predecessors. It combines lyrical measures with narrative blank verse, prose, and unrhymed metre. It grapples with the thorniest moral problems, and attempts a provisional solution of what most men regard as the insoluble. Its philosophy—strongly tinged with mysticism, and assuming the fundamental doctrine of spiritualism—is such as only a small minority of thinkers can at present accept. Yet, so far as form is concerned, the lyrics are so musical in their peculiar kind, the blank verse is so characteristic, the prose is so vigorous and packed with sense, the unrhymed metre is so well adapted to its purpose, that unprejudiced students will be forced to recognise a master's hand; and in a master it is assuredly a merit, not a defect, to have created a manner of his own. As regards the thought, difficult as that may be to seize, it has the same virtue of originality and decision. We need not agree with Mr. Noel's theory of man's relation to the universe; but we are compelled to admit that no poet of this century in England has more resolutely faced the riddle of the world, prepared himself for his gigantic task with more anxiety of study, and presented an ambitious metaphysical system with more manful effort after coherence.

The philosophy which distinguishes Mr. Noel among his brother poets is better adapted, I think, to the medium of verse than to prose exposition; and in "A Modern Faust" it reaches final expression. To characterise it by any single term is difficult. One might, perhaps, venture to call it an uncompromising idealism. The universe appears to Mr. Noel, as to Giordano Bruno, a God-penetrated unity. Nothing is real except spirit, and all is spirit. This does not make him a shallow or complacent optimist. No one has felt the world-pain, the agony of sin, the cruel curse of evil, more acutely. No pessimist, not Leopardi nor James Thomson, has depicted what men and women suffer, with such poignant realism and such tender sympathy. Unlike metaphysicians, he deals with no mere vague abstractions. His grasp upon the concrete is even more remarkable than his habit of looking beyond and through the concrete to its thought-substratum. In like manner, his familiarity with speculative problems does not make him a mere visionary. The poet's eye for colour, shape, all things of sense, remains undimmed. To some tastes, indeed, his descriptions of natural joy, his appreciation of the voluptuous and gorgeous, will appear even extravagant. In this book, the "Triumph of Bacchus" and the ode on "Pan" must be reckoned among the most sensuous and passionate productions of our literature. With the same keen sense of reality he feels the pure, the tender, the pathetic, the holy things of life; the heroism of brave men and martyrs, the sublime beauty of the loving, suffering Christ, the saintliness of noble women, the saving innocence of children. What constitutes this poet "incommensurable" is the extraordinary range of his sympathies, the justice of his touch upon so many diverse aspects of the outer and the inner worlds, his combination of idealistic philosophy with artistic realism.

"A Modern Faust" is the history of a man's life-experience, cast mainly in autobiographical form. It begins with the picture of innocent childhood in a religious country home. The boy, growing into youth and early manhood, travels, loves, marries, loses a fondly-cherished child. Doubts about the goodness of God assail him when he considers the sufferings of human beings, especially of children; but in this stage of his experience he is inclined to charge the fault on man's perverse will and evil customs. He seeks relief in carnal pleasure, and intoxicates his imagination with the spectacle of triumphant nature. In this stage its due value is assigned to what we call pantheism. But sensual opiates cannot numb the spiritual ache within him:

"For you, Tannhäuser, who have seen the Christ,
Those earlier pleasure-houses are a ruin,
Nor any of you may build them! Nay, for thee,
For thee in glamour of the Venusberg
There hides no refuge from the modern woe!
Wander abroad again! begone! nor linger!
I flash my sword of cherubim before
The fair wall of earth's Eden, lest returning
Ye take, and eat, and live content with earth.

"Ye may not quell your proud dissatisfaction,
Nor feed the hunger of a highborn soul
With husk of sweet illusion like to these,
Nor shut your heart from any bitter cry,
Lapped in a luxury of degradation,
Rendering indifferent to alien loss;
Anon, even fearfully athirst for pain."

Then he takes refuge in seclusion from the world, and woos asceticism. Yet he cannot submit to authority or stifle his reason. Next he tries study, and resolves to explore the riddle of his destiny upon the paths of thought and erudition. Finding the isolation of a library barren and unbearable, he once more wanders out among his brethren, surveys the contradiction between religious ideals and practical worldliness in the church, learns the flimsiness of art and aestheticism, explores the empty wilderness of good society with all its hollow shams and false pretensions, listens to the conflicting theories of literary men, scientific speculators, philanthropic panaceamongers, socialists, preachers, politicians, all the babel of our highly cultivated age. This part of the work is executed in prose; but a poem called "Ragnarok (or Twilight of the Gods)" is interpolated, which contains the following wild passage of description:

"Bells clang jingling-jangling in the steeples,
Drunken steeples, flickering like fire,
Thunder rumbles in the dungeons of the earth-god
And the gaping earth gulphs all!
Lo! the masquers, and the mummers, in confusion,
Hurrying panic-stricken through the highway,
In disordered gala dresses from the revel,
With the lions, panthers, horses from the show,
Shaking scared, with their man-tamers, while the flowers
Are strewn about the pavement where they fell
From the white hands of inebriates who threw them,
Mad with orgy, mad with joy!
Sinuous wine from tumbled goblet dyes the palace;
And the men want not the women any longer;
Flimsy booths of the gay fair are all awry;
No resounding more of brazen vaunting accents
From the humourous showman showing off the monster;
The man of motley runneth swiftly flying. . . ."

Stunned and bewildered by social and intellectual chaos, the man takes flight to nature. He has loved nature from boyhood; and he flatters himself that, rocked upon her breast, he may yet find relief from the sin, the misery, the madness, and the cruelty of his own kind. This is a vain hope. Nature proves no less honeycombed with evil, pain, and strife, no less tyrannical, no less insane, than was the world of man. Wanton waste of life, disease, hereditary madness, deterioration working spiritual ruin by corruption of nerve-cells, wreckage through elemental wilfulness, the whole horrible array of sentient creatures dwarfed and doomed by inexplicable but

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inexorable law, drives him back in rebellion. He

"Learns at length that not alone
Fault of ours hath wrought our moan.
Whence cometh evil, who shall say,
In man, the creature of a day?
The dumb Sphinx-Nature dooms no less
Than men, though ne'er so pitiless;
Turns her thumbs down, votes for death.
The whole creation travaileth
With conflict, suffering, and care!"

Must, then, the fault be laid on God? Is the whole scheme of things awry, or deliberately intended to be torturing? Man, at any rate, is not responsible for nature's cruelties. Human anguish, in the claws and jaws of nature, assumes the shape of martyrdom rather than of sin. Just at this point, when the man's power of resistance is reduced to a minimum, the supreme trial awaits him. Satan, the Tempter, the Seducer, the Spirit of Despair, the living symbol of the Everlasting No, appears.

I break off my analysis here to say that this part of the poem displays Mr. Noel's genius in its plenitude of power. On those who have once submitted to his influence and accepted his manner book v. of "A Modern Faust" will produce an ineffaceable impression. The utter annihilation of all hope—the exclusion of all consolatory loopholes—the absolute asphyxiation of a human spirit by mephitic vapours, rising not from the imagination, but from hard, dull, grinding facts forced in upon the understanding and the senses, has, in my opinion, been never more cogently presented than in these pages.

What is the deliverance which Mr. Noel's philosophy offers to the human heart and soul in prison, stretched upon the rack of this tough world, the cords of which are tightened by apparent powers of evil? I leave the discovery of this to those who read his poem. It is enough to say that the concluding forty-two pages of "A Modern Faust"—those in which a solution of the painful riddle is at least provisionally attempted—are quite as powerfully written as the hundred and sixty-four which have preceded them. Owing to the fact that death is ever present on our earth, and that sin and suffering and incompleteness are conditions of our existence here, the case for the devil can always be more convincingly and lucidly stated than the case for an all-sustaining and all-constituting Deity, in whom "evil and good are complemental." It is easier to describe disorder than order in the world, when we are dealing, not with its physical laws, but with its moral aspects. Yet the ethical didactic value of Mr. Noel's work consists in the fact that he holds firmly by the belief that the everlasting No is illusion, the everlasting Yea reality; and he contrives by the force of his utterance to bring this belief home to our intelligence. So far as poetry goes, he displays no less vigour in the presentation of the faith that is in him, than he previously displayed in the presentation of despair. In particular, I may mention that the style of these concluding sections assumes a gentle radiance, an ethereal suavity, for which we are hardly prepared by the yeasty turbulence, the sultry splendour, and the fuliginous gloom which mark his descriptions of mortal conflict. The most exquisitely wrought and delicately tinted of his lyrics, called "Fountain Song," occurs in this Book of Order. The vision of imparadised child-spirits, soothingly contrasted with the dreadful picture of tortured children in the first Book of Disorder, is touched throughout with a Blake-like purity of imagination. Indeed, Mr. Noel's conception of the universe might be compared with that of William Blake, both in its essential spirituality and quality of faith, and also in its uncompromising recognition of evil as a misunderstood factor in the scheme of things. But, after all is said and done, faith, like wisdom, is justified of her children; and how far the consolation offered in this poem will be found acceptable to those who have been saddened by its panorama of anguish and of sin must depend upon the natural aptitude for faith in those who study it. With these words I quit what seems to me one of the most remarkable products of poetico-philosophic genius in the literature of our prolific century.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

The State Trials: New Series, Vol. I. (H.M. Stationery Office.)

A new series of state trials is a grave and extensive undertaking, and this first volume is executed in a manner worthy of it. A careful and impartial report of a state trial, apart from its value as a purely legal authority, is a valuable contribution to history, worth many pages of the discussions and half-truths that so often do duty for historical statements. Howell's series terminates with 1820; and, although the number of cases which come within the very elastic denomination of state trials has diminished with every decade since then, there is still a large number of cases of the utmost importance, of which a first-hand knowledge was only to be obtained from newspapers, pamphlets, Home Office papers, and other inaccessible or undigested sources. This series is to continue from the point at which Howell left off. It is prepared under the direction of a numerous and strong committee of judges and counsel; and the editor, Mr. John Macdonell, has performed the task of collecting and consolidating the different reports and illustrating them by appropriate notes in the most praiseworthy manner. With the exception of sundry rather numerous, but, perhaps, inevitable misprints (*e.g.* columns 109, 311, 526, 1121, 1128, 1136, 1186, 1340), the editing seems as good as it can be.

The definition given to the term "state trials" is tolerably wide—"trials relating to offences against the state and trials illustrative of the law relating to officers of high rank, *e.g.* ministers or governors of colonies." The greater part of this volume is occupied with the various proceedings arising out of the "Peterloo" meeting. It contains the trial, at York, in March, 1820, of Hunt and his associates, for conspiracy and unlawful assembling, and of Knowles and Morris, at the Lancaster assizes, immediately after, for unlawfully making and selling arms, shortly after Peterloo. There are also the trials of Dewhurst and others, for an indignation meeting to protest against the Peterloo massacre; of Burdett, for a seditious libel contained in an address about the massacre to the Westminster electors; and the trial of the action of Redford, one of the persons injured on that day, against Birley and others, magistrates or officers of yeomanry, who ordered or carried out the charge upon the crowd. These trials are illustrated by a very interesting plan of St. Peter's Field, as it then was, showing the space now covered by the Free Trade Hall, the Theatre Royal, and various private buildings, as an open green of considerable extent; and there are also extracts from the correspondence and papers of the Home Office, which show the apprehension that existed in the minds of the authorities before the meeting, and the state of unrest and poverty in which the Manchester population then was. The report of Hunt's trial tends rather to modify the view hitherto current of the events connected with the suppression of the meeting. Mr. Justice Bayley conducted the trial with conspicuous fairness and impartiality; and Hunt had the opportunity, of which he freely and with characteristic self-importance availed himself, of conducting his case in his own fashion, insulting Scarlett, alternately fawning upon and disobeying the judge, and eulogising himself. In spite of hostile demonstrations in court, the jury seem to have been open-minded. They found the prisoners guilty of unlawful assembly. So far as the evidence goes it is difficult to see in what respect the meeting, though very numerous—sixty or seventy thousand strong—was more than an ordinary and orderly political meeting of enthusiastic agitators, preceded by processions of the sort we are now familiar with. They carried banners, of which one was black and another was surmounted by what appeared to be a pike or dagger; but the inscriptions on the flags—"Vote by Ballot," "The Saddleworth, Lees, and Mosely Union," and even "Equal Representation or Death"—were not very terrible. Many persons in the procession carried sticks, and after the crowd had been dispersed many stones and brickbats were found upon the ground; but it was not until the yeomanry charged that the weapons, such as they were, made their appearance, and of firearms only two or three were deposed to altogether. Still there is the fact that a number of persons, apparently reasonable men, spoke to the alarm which the procession caused them, and the terrific shouting of the meeting. "I believed then, and I believe now," said Mr. Hulton, chairman of the joint bench of Lancashire and Cheshire magistrates, "that if the crowd had remained at Manchester till night, Manchester would not have been standing." Drilling by night had been going on for some time previously, and members of the crowd used various threatening and disorderly expressions to bystanders. The fact most against the authorities is that the military was called in not to disperse a meeting that had become riotous, but to protect an inadequate force of constables in executing a warrant for the arrest of Hunt. It was to drive a way to the hustings for this purpose, through the crowd, that the horse were employed. Then, the yeomanry being apparently outnumbered, the regular cavalry charged. For anything that appears, if the meeting had been let alone it might have dispersed peacefully. Curiously enough, the number of persons killed and wounded on that day could never be accurately ascertained. Mary Dowlan swore that she dressed fourteen wounded persons, and added—"My house was

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liker to a slaughter-house, than to a Christian house, with human blood." But the total number was probably much exaggerated. On the whole, these trials produce an impression less unfavourable to the Sidmouth system than has hitherto prevailed. "Peterloo" has been a safe subject for denunciation, and writers on the other side have felt that the best apology for the "Six Acts" and their authors was to ignore them. These reports, however, disclose no deliberate plan of dragooning and riding down the people, though the magistrates gave way too soon to a fussy panic. What comes out most clearly, however, is the need of a large and organised police force, such as Peel instituted. Nadin and his few regular "runners," even with the assistance of three or four hundred special constables, were powerless to have held the crowd in check had anything begun to go wrong. Hence the magistrates' alarm. They fell back upon mounted soldiers, who, however disposed to be temperate, inevitably inflicted much injury; and, where a few heads would have been broken and a few ribs driven in by constables, men were slashed about with swords, and women trampled to death under horses' hoofs.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with trials of less interest or importance. Two are for blasphemous libels, namely, the cases of Mary Ann Carlisle and Samuel Waddington. The trial, however, of Andrew Hardie and others for high treason at Sterling, before a special commission, is interesting. Jeffrey led for the defence, and began by taking objection to the appearance of Serjeant Hullock, as an English barrister, among the counsel for the Crown at a Scotch trial; but the court, having considered various precedents, held that "the parallel is direct between this court and the House of Lords. This court administers neither English nor Scotch law, but the law of Great Britain." Serjeant Hullock was accordingly permitted to appear. Hardie had taken part in what was an armed rising, though on but a small scale; the insurgents were equipped with firearms, and had fired upon a body of cavalry sent to capture them. Jeffrey made an able speech for the prisoners; but the case was too clear, and they were condemned to death. The sentence included decapitation and quartering; and two men, Hardie and Baird, were executed. Of the other trials, the most interesting is that of Burdett, not only for the very full and important discussion of the functions of judge and jury since the passing of Fox's Libel Act, but for the remarkable range of Scarlett's citations from the classics when arguing the rule for a new trial on behalf of Burdett. Not content with the XII. Tables and Cicero, he entered into an elaborate consideration of the exact meaning of the word "famosum" in Horace and elsewhere—a matter almost entirely irrelevant, but evidently precious to the advocate for the opportunity it gave him of entering a new field. The trial of Queen Caroline has been thought to be sufficiently reported elsewhere, and all the more so because it ended abortively. Accordingly it is omitted; but there is a report of the discussion in the Privy Council of her claim to be crowned in 1821.

The volume is provided with an excellent index, and has prefixed to it an unsatisfactory print of a portrait of Lord Tenterden. In the next volume one may hope to have not only the comparatively trivial blemishes of this one removed, but an equally interesting collection of cases edited in an equally careful manner.

J. A. HAMILTON.

The Truth about Russia. By W. T. Stead. (Cassell.)

THIS is a most remarkable book. For the sake of both Russia and England, it is to be hoped that it will be widely read and carefully studied. Most of the works hitherto published about Russia have been productions of the poorest kind. There were, of course, among them a few brilliant exceptions, notably, the *Russia* of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. But the great majority were written either by tourists who had the smallest possible acquaintance with their subject, or by enemies of the country which they attacked under the pretence of describing it. Mr. Stead's book is of a very different nature. About all that he has himself seen he has written brightly, forcibly, courageously, and, I think, wisely. Almost all the statements contained in the first five and the seventh books of the present volume I should be prepared to endorse. The sixth book, which is devoted to a violent assault upon the Holy Synod and its procurator, Mr. Pobédonostseff, is quite out of keeping with its companions. After a Pentateuch of benediction, the journalistic reverser of Balaam's conduct, who came to Russia on purpose to bless, suddenly breaks into a sixth book of cursing. To it I will refer again later on. At present I will deal only with the actual truths to which Mr. Stead gives utterance with regard to Russia and the Russian emperor.

The most interesting, and to many Englishmen the most novel and surprising, part of the present volume is that which describes as he really is the Emperor Alexander III. Here is what Mr. Stead says of him. It will astonish those Englishmen who have based their opinions about him on the calumnies of that reptile press of Germany which has lately attempted to smirch the character of that typical English gentleman, Sir Robert Morier.

"The emperor is a strong man who takes short views. He does what he believes to be his duty from day to day, and he does it honestly to the best of his ability, in the spirit of the maxim that 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,' and in the faith that strength sufficient for the day will be given him from on high. . . . From his childhood the emperor, like his sister the Duchess of Edinburgh, has had an almost physical horror of a lie. When he detects any of his ministers in deceit, that man ceases to be minister, and no ability or genius is allowed to atone for that one cardinal crime."

Mr. Stead goes on to speak of the emperor's kindliness, of his honesty, of his horror of war, and of the other traits of his character which prove him to be exactly the opposite of what too many English journalists, hoodwinked by German writers of the lowest class, have described him as being. A more noble gentleman than the Emperor Alexander III. does not exist, and Mr. Stead has done right good service by showing him to English eyes as he really is. To the reptile mind such an English gentleman as Sir Robert Morier, such a Teutonic paladin as the late Emperor Frederick, such a Russian *bogatyr* (or hero) as the Emperor Alexander III.—all these are naturally offensive. The snake, probably in all good faith, invests man with diabolical attributes. The "reptile press" of Germany (which is thoroughly detested and despised by all good and honest Germans, to whom the Semitic race is not specially attractive), certainly in all bad faith, attempts to smirch the character and blast the reputation of any antagonist who deserves to be called a man. It is the nature of the reptile, if endowed with poisonous power, to sting. If anyone is doubtful as to the stinging power of the German "reptile press," let him study pp. 74-79 of Mr. Stead's book, and he will see, to use Mr. Stead's own words, "how impotent are the unorganised forces of truth when pitted against the tremendous park of journalistic artillery under Prince Bismarck's command." Nothing can show how courageous—one might almost say *splendide mendax*—a German (?) reptile can be, when an enemy of Russia commands, than the fact, of which I recently became conscious, that a Russian official of high standing, whom I have known intimately for more than twenty years, and who is one of the very best men I know, whether at home or abroad, has been charged in a book, entitled *Russland am Scheidewege* (Berlin: Wilhelmi), p. 195, with spending his days and nights in card playing and drinking, in the company of dissolute Russian merchants. I know for certain that he never touches a card, and, as regards drink, is almost too abstemious. But the lie survives all the same, and its publisher, Herr Richard Wilhelmi, is no doubt considered (by himself) an honourable man. Unfortunately, a lie of this kind produces at least some effect. The majority believe what they see in print. I used to do so myself until I read one day in the *Scotsman* that I was dead, and in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that I was an impostor, a charlatan, and even a hyaena. In spite of the deserved authority of print, I have never been able fully to accept any one of these statements, especially the first.

Almost as astonishing to the ordinary English mind as Mr. Stead's revelations about the "White Tsar," will prove his statements about Gen. Ignatieff. That able diplomatist is the *bête noire* of Jingoism. Even to moderate politicians he is generally known by his nickname of "the Father of Lies." With reference to that uncomplimentary *sobriquet*, he spoke to Mr. Stead as follows:

"This is the way in which that name was applied to me. Many years ago, just after I had been appointed ambassador at the Porte, a certain German Jew, who had been employed as an agent of the Third Section of the town police, thought that he could make a little addition to his income by publishing a book about people in St. Petersburg society. When the book was passing through the press he wrote to me a letter, in which he informed me that he had included me in his sketches, and that he had seen fit to describe me as bearing the name of the 'Father of Lies.' It was his title for me, and he intimated that if I would transmit

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to him at once the trifling sum of 2000 gulden he would desist from giving me this pleasant appellation; if, on the other hand, I refused to send him the money, his book would shortly appear at Vienna, and I should find myself branded all over Europe as a liar and the 'Father of Lies.' I declined to pay him the money, and he made good his threat. *Voilà tout!*"

Not being personally acquainted with General Ignatieff, and having no special information with regard to his veracity or mendacity, I cannot speak on the subject with authority. But I can fully endorse all that Mr. Stead says in his very interesting chapters about the great novelist, Count Leo Tolstoi, and the life which that man of genius—whose utterances remind us at one time of John Ruskin, at another of Thomas Carlyle, and again of Lawrence Oliphant—leads at Yasnaya Polyana, his country seat, near Tula. Equally true are the greater part of Mr. Stead's statements about the condition and the sentiments of the Russian peasantry. It is sincerely to be hoped that they will not be addressed to deaf ears.

I will now pass on to Mr. Stead's sixth book, entitled, "The Shadow on the Throne." I fully appreciate and respect his motives for writing it, but I look upon its insertion into the present volume as a misfortune. Mr. Stead's information on the subject consists almost entirely in the hearsay evidence of interested persons; the rest is composed of extracts from such works as Kostomaroff's *Istoricheskie Monografui*, which he quotes under the misleading title of "Historical Monographies," thereby (of course, unintentionally) inducing his readers to believe that an English book, which he has consulted, exists under that title. The work is a Russian work, which Mr. Stead would not for a moment, I am sure, pretend to have personally perused. We are all apt to be misled by titles. (I may be allowed to mention that once, when I was at the British Museum, a reader, the son of a most distinguished archbishop, evidently disbelieved me when I told him that no journal existed in French under the title of the *Invalide Russe*.) Extracts made by a partisan from a work in a tongue totally unknown to the writer who bases his opinions upon them can scarcely be considered admissible evidence. I am not in any way holding a brief for Mr. Pobédonostseff; but I object to the evidence brought forward by Mr. Stead in his fiery denunciation of that official's conduct. Until his witnesses have been cross-examined, the public ought to suspend their judgment as to the charges which he brings. As regards actual religious persecution, no man can detest it more strongly than I do; but advocates ought to be able to prove their facts before they expect their conclusions to be accepted. Not only should the authenticity of charges against officials be critically tested, but full allowance ought to be made for the circumstances under the influence of which the deeds alleged in those charges were performed by those officials. Mr. Stead understands the conditions of Russian life to an extent remarkable in a foreigner who has been only for a short time in Russia. But he does not quite understand, or he refuses to admit, the arguments which render it impossible for the Holy Synod and Mr. Pobédonostseff to act precisely as he wishes them to act. He accuses them of religious intolerance. He admits, it is true, that men are not in the least persecuted in Russia because they belong to alien churches, that no man is troubled on the ground that he is a Protestant or a member of the Church of Rome, or that he believes in Islam, Buddhism, or Shamanism. Only one thing will render him liable to prosecution—his attempting to induce an Orthodox sheep to enter into his own fold. Rightly or wrongly, the Russian law looks upon such an attempt as a crime. For carrying out the law upon this point in certain cases, the procurator of the Holy Synod is stated by Mr. Stead to belong to the firm of "Diocletian, Torquemada, Pobedonestzeff [*sic*] & Co., Limited." This reminds one of the famous story of the "piggs." Before blackening M. Pobédonostseff's good name, Mr. Stead might have taken the trouble to learn how to spell it. It means "Victory-Bringer," the Greek Νικηφόρος. The oddest part of the attack is that on p. 328. Mr. Stead begins by saying:

"Far be it from me to speak evil of M. Pobedonestzeff. By almost universal repute he is a good and honest man. He is a lawyer of integrity and erudition, he is an omnivorous reader, and he is a very faithful son of the Greek Church. If, after exercising such great power for so many years, he should have succumbed to the temptations of personal ambition, or if he should have been somewhat nepotist in his patronage, or a little unscrupulous in misrepresenting his opponents for the sake of the orthodox cause, these are the worst offences which even scandal has ever laid at his door."

After this friendly and respectful exordium, one cannot but be astounded at the concluding words of Mr. Stead's peroration on p. 329:

"I felt that there was only a difference in degree between the various members of the firm of Diocletian, Torquemada, Pobedonestzeff & Co., Limited, and that the sole surviving partner is a worthy representative of the Roman Emperor and the Papal Inquisitor."

The words "only a difference in degree" may of course cover anything. There is only "a difference in degree" between the Lord Chancellor and the most junior member of the Bar, between the saint who had obtained God's grace and the criminal who was being conducted to the gallows. After all, Mr. Stead probably intended to pen only a friendly remonstrance; but a "savage indignation," such as "ulcerated" Swift's heart, led him not only into "dissembling his love," but even into attempting to kick the Procurator of the Holy Synod down the Synodial stairs. I venture to think that fortune will smile upon the "Victory-Bringer."

And now I will explain why I think that the publication of book vi. is "a misfortune." Firstly, it can do no good in Russia, and it may do a great deal of harm. It will not in the least turn the authorities aside from the line of action which they have deliberately chosen, but it is very likely to lead to more stringent measures being adopted against Mr. Stead's clients. Nothing is worse for a prisoner in the dock than to have a speech made by his counsel in which the presiding magistrate is roundly abused. Secondly, Mr. Stead's conduct, in accepting the hospitality of Russia as an honoured guest, and then hitting his host a blow on a most tender spot, will render it very difficult for subsequent visitors to obtain the confidence of the Russian people. The man who is once stung by a writer, whom he has fostered in his bosom, is not likely to try the fostering process a second time. Thirdly, the enemies of Russia—the persons who wish to excite and keep alive an angry feeling between that country and our own—while they will ignore the sixth-sevenths of Mr. Stead's book which sing Russia's praises, will probably make capital out of the penultimate seventh which will serve their purpose admirably. For these reasons I wish that Mr. Stead had, at least, postponed the publication of "The Shadow on the Throne." But I feel so convinced of the rectitude of his purpose, so glad that there exists a journalist who, when he thinks that a wrong has been committed, does not shrink from expressing his indignation with honest boldness, that I cannot blame him for doing what he has, to my mind, unwisely done.

Englishmen, as a general rule, have but little idea of the devotion of the Russian people to their church. And it must be remembered, paradoxical as the statement may seem, that the action of the Russian government is, to a great extent, the expression of the people's will. Out of the (in round numbers) seventy millions* of "Orthodox" Christians in Russia, or say sixty millions, if the "Raskolniks" be excluded, there are not as many hundreds, among the masses, who would accept Mr. Stead's conclusions or vote for his propositions. What is good and laudable, or at least permissible, in England would be fatal in Russia. Take the case of the "Salvation Army" for instance. In spite of what my respected friend, Mr. Llewellyn Davies, has written, I believe that the Salvation Army has done good service in many "slums." Only the other day I heard that at Luton, which I can remember as one of the most dissolute towns in England, the police have testified that crime has diminished immensely since the Army conquered it. I state the story as I heard it from a magistrate. I have no means of testing it. But in Russia that Army would be not only a nuisance, but a source of deadly peril. Take away their faith—superstitious faith, if you like so to call it—from the Russian masses, and you disturb the equilibrium of force over "one-sixth of the territorial surface of the globe." From the Russian point of view—which may be right or wrong—it is not worth while to endanger the peace of the universe; and it would be seriously endangered if the Russian peasantry were to rise in revolt, for the sake of an abstract idea, or from respect for such well-meaning but most dangerous enthusiasts as the fanatical nobleman, of whom Mr. Stead's description ends with the words (p. 354)—"I could have shaken him for sheer disgust, and I left." If I may be allowed to quote from my own book on *Early Russian History*, I will conclude with a passage descriptive of the services rendered to Russia by that church which Mr. Stead's clients would like to destroy:

"It was the church which sustained the

* These figures are taken from *Whittaker's Almanack*, but the real numbers are understated.

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courage of the Russian people during the agony of the Tartar invasion, which comforted the countless mourners over the dead, which took away its sting from death itself for those who were doomed to die.

"Enter any country church in Russia—not some gorgeous cathedral conveying the idea of a church triumphant, but some humble edifice, plain as a meeting-house in many of its details—and watch the rustic congregation at their devotions. Study the expression, pleading or grateful, which softens or enlivens so many ordinarily dull and stolid faces. And then, as you think of all that their ancestors have suffered, you will be able to realise to some extent what the church was for Russia during the terrible time of the Tartar invasions.

"And again, pass through some Russian village after nightfall, and mark amid the darkness, the tiny spark which gleams through one of the windows of every house. That spark burns in the lamp which hangs before the icon, the holy picture, the central point of the Russian homestead. In it we, knowing what Russia has been, may be allowed to see a type of the kindly light which the almost heart-broken people of devastated Russia saw gleaming from amid the surrounding gloom—light which, though dim and fitful, was for them the presage of a coming dayspring from on high; light which for them, almost whelmed beneath the wave of Mongol barbarism, kept before their eyes the form of Him who of old, when the bark of His disciples seemed to be foundering in the Lake of Gennesaret, 'rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there was a calm.'"

W. R. S. RALSTON.

The Life and Work of Duncan McLaren. By J. B. Mackie. (Edinburgh: Nelson.)

HAD Duncan McLaren been born in the south of England, he might have risen to the dignity of the nestor of the parish, or possibly (as his abilities were exceptional) to that of "Mayor of Casterbridge." Happily for him and for the state he lived to serve so well, he was not born under our iron system of caste, but in the Lowlands—a district fertile in strong men. The English rustic has been described as one to whose eyes knowledge "rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll" her ample page. The Scotch peasantry produced from their own ranks the nation's bard. The difference between the labourers of the two countries is a radical one, and arises from the difference in their education. The old "use and wont" of the Scottish educational system was that the children of all classes, the sons of the laird and of the labourer, should meet on equal terms in the schoolroom and in the playground. The English use and wont, with its so-called "public" schools, was as little likely to produce a Duncan McLaren as a Robert Burns.

If we have any fault to find with the tone of this biography, it is that the author endeavours to slur over the low birth of his hero. Duncan McLaren was "born poor, and he never forgot or strove to conceal the fact" (p. 8); but we cannot say as much of the author. In talking of that great Scotch mystery, the clan, he forgets the greater mystery, that a man born in a humble cottage, unaided by patrons or indeed by genius, should raise himself to be "member for all Scotland." In some respects the story of the poor lad of Renton is more amazing than that of the poor lad of Ayr; but both emphatically belonged to the peasantry, and not to the middle-classes of Scotland. Patience, calmness, pertinacity of purpose, the resolve to test everything for himself—these were the qualities to which Duncan McLaren owed his success in life; and when we remember how rarely they are met with, we shall wonder less that they carried him so far.

The work before us consists of two volumes of about 300 pages each; but, after making due allowance for the insertion of many complimentary speeches about the subject of his work, Mr. Mackie cannot be charged with prolixity. It is one of the drawbacks to modern biographies that they are written too much in the style of electioneering literature, and that the warts are quite left out. Duncan McLaren would have objected to this method as strongly as Cromwell himself, but the best panegyric of the late "member for Scotland" is the record of his work. We have not space here to give even a catalogue of McLaren's public achievements, but perhaps the most remarkable was his support of household suffrage at a time when Mr. Coleridge had been selected to move an instruction for the substitution of a rating franchise (vol. ii. 161). McLaren saw that the country was tired of reform bills, and that "neither the Whig nor the Tory party *alone* could lead on to victory." As an advanced Liberal he felt that if the Tories were defeated in their attempt to introduce household suffrage, no advantage would accrue to any class or any party except the Tories themselves. For his fidelity to the cause of reform he was called many harsh names by the official Liberals; but, as he said, writing eighteen years after to the late Mr. Seely, he "did not mind the abuse, which did him no harm." He also voted against Mr. Gladstone on a clause providing vote by ballot, and on John Stuart Mill's woman suffrage amendment. But nothing in his parliamentary career was more characteristic than his opposition to the proposals for the repeal of the "picketing" clauses. The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1873 gave great offence to many workmen, mainly because it forbade the "picketing" of workmen who disowned the authority of the trade unions. No one sympathised with workmen in their honest aspiration after social advancement and free education more than McLaren; but he would no more tolerate tyranny among workmen than he would from the political coteries which had striven so hard to keep him out of Parliament. His colleague promised to support the repeal, but he would not. As a general election was approaching, and as Edinburgh is a Radical constituency, his seat appeared in danger; but in the result, not McLaren, but his colleague, lost his seat.

In the new Parliament of 1880 McLaren had the gratification of being joined by two of his sons. The eldest of them was appointed Lord Advocate, and on seeking re-election lost his seat. McLaren determined to resign and make room for his son, who as "Lord Advocate had sketched out for himself important legislative work." With good reason does Mr. Mackie say that "on no other occasion was his adhesion to justice more severely tested, nor more faithfully acted upon" (vol. ii. 225). He put aside all considerations of self, and resigned the position he had won after so long and arduous a struggle. Of his parliamentary career nothing became him more than the close of it. McLaren's activity terminated only with his death. But a fortnight before the end—April 11, 1886—he dictated a long letter to Mr. John Bright on Home Rule.

"I understand," he writes, "that Gladstone is prepared to apply the same principles by giving Scotland a separate parliament, with equal powers to that of Ireland. This, I think, would be a great calamity for Scotland; and if I had the health and strength which I possessed in Anti-Corn Law times, I would be prepared to do what you and other noble patriots did, and to do what our ancestors used to call 'to testify' against the proposed injustice" (vol. ii. 252).

This is not the place to reply to McLaren. It is more becoming and more agreeable to point out the temperate spirit in which the dying veteran criticised Mr. Gladstone's Bill:

"The bill should be withdrawn, and some of the wisest heads in the three kingdoms, without regard to party, ought to be employed in devising a measure of Home Rule which would apply to each of the three kingdoms, and have a tendency to unite them more and more in one friendly bond of brotherhood, in place of separating them into distinct nationalities."

Duncan MacLaren was sixty-five years of age when he won a seat in Parliament; but his career of public usefulness dates from 1833, when he entered the reformed Town Council of Edinburgh. For a period of fifty years and more he was "his country's friend."

"Without flattery I may say that I have seldom found among men employed in the highest functions, and accustomed to the management of great affairs, a mind more statesmanlike than yours" (p. 216).

Thus Macaulay wrote to MacLaren in 1840; but an even more unfriendly witness bore the following testimony to his ability and independence:

"He who, as Carlyle says of Knox, was not one of the nobles of the land, but simply a subject born within the same—he, a retail dealer of woollens in the High-street of Edinburgh, could, through the influence which he exerted on the Whig Ministry as the lay leader of voluntaryism, do more to thwart and prevent the right settlement of one of the most important questions Scotland ever saw than profound talent such as that of Chalmers, and high political position, such as that of the Marquis of Breadalbane, could do to secure it" (p. 295).

This graphic description was written by the luckless author of *My Schools and Schoolmasters*.

The reader of this biography cannot fail to feel that he has had brought before him an extinct type. Able and independent as the majority of members for Scotland are, not one of them is so typical a representative of Scotch thought and prejudice as was Duncan McLaren. He can with justice be compared to James Mill, his own critic Hugh Miller, and John Leyden. He was blessed with length of days, and was therefore able to accomplish more than poor Leyden; but the energy and industry of the two men, though directed to very different objects, was the same. The inability to rest and be thankful, the refusal to pass by on the other side when an injustice is being done, the reluctance to couch like the ass of Issachar and become a servant unto tribute because the land is plea-

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sant—these are the characteristics which in the past have won for Scotchmen fame and fortune.

In closing this brief notice we cannot refrain from expressing regret that the book does not contain more letters from Mrs McLaren. Her letters are so picturesque and so original that they would be an addition to any literature.

J. G. Cotton Minchin.

NEW NOVELS.

This Wicked World. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. In 3 vols. (White.)

Mistress Beatrice Cope. By M. E. Le Clerc. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Bulbul and the Black Snake. By L. D'Aguilar Jackson. In 2 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Dalbroom Folks. By Rev. J. Smith. In 2 vols. (Alexander Gardner.)

A Man Story. By E. W. Howe. (Boston: Ticknor.)

The Prophet's Mantle. By Fabian Bland. (Henry J. Drane.)

The Sisters of Ombersleigh. By Rosa Mackenzie Kettle. (Fisher Unwin.)

A Ghost's Philosophy. By J. I. Stuart. (Sonnenschein.)

Galloping Days at the Deanery. By Charles T. C. James. (Spencer Blackett.)

In view of the prevalent sensationalism of the age, one was prepared for some harrowing details of vice, selfishness, and greed, in a book with such a title as *This Wicked World.* But Mrs. Lovett Cameron lets us down gently, keeping her characters out of those pitfalls into which they are in imminent danger of precipitating themselves. True, there is a society beauty who sacrifices her daughter, and pays the penalty woefully herself in the end, and there is a stiff race on the part of others to take the prize for meanness; but, as the writer is not a Thackeray, their peccadilloes do not create any profound impression. This novel is not strong from either the literary or philosophical point of view, and its thinness of texture is not compensated for by originality of conception, or indeed by any other special quality. Neither is the plot at all intricate, and for that reason it would be unfair to the author to expose it. But Mrs. Lovett Cameron is an agreeable writer; and, as novels go, there is nothing to be ashamed of in this. It will probably hold its own with the majority of those published. Yet, why does one of the characters speak of a quatrain as an acrostic, and aggravate the offence by spelling the word "accrostic"? In the matter of similes, too, there is something offensively incongruous in a woman of fashion bouncing into a room, "with her fluffy hair piled up high above her forehead, and a strong odour of Ylang-Ylang, which came in with her in like manner as the pillar of cloud was said to accompany the Sacred Tabernacle in the Scriptures." Then, through ignorance or misfortune, the name of the great woman pioneer of fiction appears as Austin. The political portions of this novel will cause considerable amusement, those "Whig dogs," as Dr. Johnson called them, getting the worst of it. Marcus Cunningham, the brilliant young Conservative M.P., is a sad prig in the outset, but he develops grit towards the end. By the irony of fate, a passage in which we are assured that "it is always the woman who goes to the wall, and always the man who goes scot-free to the end of his days," follows hard upon a love story in which it is the man who is decidedly hardly used.

To write the historical novel acceptably, and really project the reader into a bygone age, is probably to essay the most difficult task in fiction. I cannot say that Miss Le Clerc has successfully done this in her *Mistress Beatrice Cope*, which is devoted to certain passages in the life of a Jacobite's daughter. The story is extremely pleasant, and, though very slight, is well told; but compare the characters with those of Sir Walter Scott, or even those drawn by inferior men, and we feel the want of flesh and blood at once. In the present story, moreover, the *dramatis personæ* do not seem to act from any over-mastering necessity, and this of itself is a fatal flaw in fiction. But in other respects *Mistress Beatrice Cope* is well worth reading, for the style, if not vigorous, possesses a grace and a delicacy which carry one smoothly onward to the end.

The author of *The Bulbul and the Black Snake* evidently writes with a considerable practical knowledge of the inner working of our Indian administration. If the facts cited in this volume be correct—and he pledges himself to their accuracy—then the legal injustice which can be perpetrated under the sanction of British officialism is enough to make the mother country ashamed of herself. Mr. Bright would find much material here to support his theories for a radical reformation in the government of India. Putting all debateable matter on one side, however, the story has a general as well as a particular application. Its fanciful title covers a description of the good and the evil which are to be found in close juxtaposition in the life of a British civilian in the East. The bulbul warbles and delights, the black snake bites and envenoms. Mr. Jackson brings out the contrasts very strikingly, but in more than one chapter he becomes offensively realistic. However, he never commits the unpardonable sin of being dull; and some of his pages are exciting enough, though they scarcely bear out his opening homily that "even the sweetest siren may be a monster of selfish greed, and the desperate assassin a hero protecting himself and his friends." The adventures of Leif Hardson may be followed with interest and advantage, but we hope similar trials and misfortunes do not overtake other volunteers in the Indian service. The writer occasionally gives utterance to an epigrammatic thought. For example, "If death be a leap in the dark, the plunge into life is certainly another." And again, "If the Norns are the weavers of human destiny, the philosophers are merely the rag-pickers."

Although *The Dalbroom Folks* does not reveal the practised hand at novel writing, its studies of Scotch character are not to be despised. We have Scots of all kinds—priggish, Calvinistic, whisky-drinking, grasping, manly, and womanly; and all are well differentiated. This is, perhaps, the highest praise that can be awarded to the book, for the story has little plot or artistic method. In the chapter headed "Sunday in Dalbroom" the author ingeniously makes the bells of the various kirks—the Established, the Free, and the U.P.—ring out the characteristics of the different religious institutions.

Mr. Howells and Mark Twain have made themselves sponsors for the excellence of Mr. Howe's previous stories; and after reading *A Man Story*, one can have no hesitation in ascribing to this popular American writer undoubted freshness and originality. His talent seems to lie in turning a human soul inside out, and while he does it thoroughly he also does it tenderly and lovingly. This book is by far the most uncommon on our list; and its principal character, Uncle Tom, is one of the most unhackneyed of conceptions. After his strange career, we part from him with the desire that he will live to carry out his final resolve:

"For every sorrow I have caused I shall endeavour to provide a double measure of joy; for every wrong in my past I shall endeavour to supply a double measure of good in the future, to the end that I may hear hereafter: there is forgiveness, and peace, and goodwill."

A touching story of Russian patriotism is unfolded in *The Prophet's Mantle.* There is something melancholy, as well as heroic, in the sacrifices which men are willing to make of themselves generation after generation, in order to overthrow the despotism of centuries. But the saddest reflection of all is that the system remains, even though the Czar personally may be willing to modify or abolish it. Mr. Bland's work is very entertaining, and the love and devotion of Clare Stanley impart a strong personal interest to the narrative.

Miss Kettle always writes with clearness and intelligence; but her story of the South Downs, *The Sisters of Ombersleigh*, is extremely thin, and would never have given its author the position she holds in literature had it been her first work. There is some little originality about Isabella Charlton, the eldest of the three sisters; but all the rest of the characters are lay figures. The best we can say for the book is that it is written in a pleasant style.

The ghost in the Christmas story entitled *A Ghost's Philosophy* is a rattling, jovial, loquacious kind of spirit, who describes himself as "a double-distilled conundrum, a very hard nut to crack." In reality he is a very easy ghost to read. He brings all kinds of visions of the past to the curmudgeon, Silas Grimster, but we wish he had allowed Shakspere and some other notabilities to rest undisturbed. Mr. Stuart seems to have founded his sketch on the model of Dickens; but one of his ghostly embodiments is sadly in need of a Board School education, for he actually spells "fettishism." Our author also tells us that his hero, Silas, had "a *moat* in his eye." Let us hope that by the time Christmas comes round again he will have got rid of this serious obstruction.

A hearty laugh may be got out of *Galloping Days at the Deanery.* The horsey niece of a

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grave dignitary arrives at the Deanery, turns everything topsy-turvy, and scandalises the whole county. She will attend the meets, and generally ride about like a mad thing. On one occasion, upon her spirited steed, she makes the running for the Dean's quiet little cob, who strangely loses his head, and leaps into the air with the Dean, with the result that they come to earth separately. However, there is nothing really bad in Helen Masters; and, after an extraordinary courtship in the hunting field, all ends happily. There is real comedy in this sketch.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME VOLUMES OF SERMONS.

School Ideals. Sermons preached in the Chapel of Rossall School. By Herbert A. James. (Macmillan.) The late Dean of St. Asaph—who has now again taken up the duties of a headmaster at Cheltenham—writes a preface to this collection of his Rossall sermons in which he states the principles which he thinks "should not be lost sight of by those to whose lot it falls to address a school congregation." These are roughly two—that "schoolboys should not be allowed to keep their religion for Sundays and to forget it in the week," and that "dull sermons are worse than useless." If the preacher indulges in conventional platitudes "his congregation is out in the playground or the class-room." This excellent preface introduces a volume of sermons unusually sincere and sensible. The schoolboy is preached to on religious subjects in a style he can understand, and with an earnestness he must respect. The preacher does not evade the difficulty of addressing a school audience by the usual method of substituting a string of picturesque anecdotes for the sermon supposed to be given. He treats the schoolboy as a thinking being, and his own religion as something which the schoolboy can understand and sympathise with. We have rarely read a wiser or clearer exposition of the meaning of the doctrine of the Trinity than that contained in Sermon X. It will be found useful by Christians of all ages, because very few of us when schoolboys had the good fortune to hear anything like it. Everyone of the twenty-one sermons is worth reading.

Wellington College Sermons. By E. C. Wickham. (Macmillan.) Mr. Wickham's discourses are remarkable for a scholarly accuracy of arrangement by which he secures himself against repetition and over-statement. The reader of his book will be very grateful for this; but his hearers must sometimes find a difficulty in following his train of thought, and a still greater difficulty in retaining his sermon as a whole. The careful arrangement of the sermons makes them thorough so far as they go, although their shortness forbids anything like exhaustive treatment of the more important subjects. Of the thirty-nine discourses contained in the volume, we may mention "Irreparable Follies" and "Faith" as illustrating what we have said, but Mr. Wickham rarely falls below his own high standard of excellence. His style is marked by frequent felicity of expression, which, however, is oftener that of the scholar than of the priest or prophet. He has not quite enough animation, and is occasionally didactic when he ought to be eloquent.

Dives and Pauper, and other Sermons. By A. C. Auchmuty. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The discourse that gives its title to this volume strikes a note which is more or less audible through the thirteen sermons which follow it. Mr. Auchmuty is in strong sympathy with the ideals at least of that form of Socialism of which Mr. William Morris may be mentioned as a representative; and he attempts to show that some of the main contentions of Mr. Morris find support in the New Testament. The sermons call attention to those passages in Christ's teaching which can be appealed to by the Socialist; and the work is done very clearly and plainly, and yet with a certain bald and unadorned eloquence which is impressive. Mr. Auchmuty's mind is penetrating rather than careful, and penetration is so rare a quality in the thought of divines and preachers that when it occurs it is at once welcomed. His style is eminently readable. It is marked by a curt, straightforward bluntness which at once puts the preacher on the rock of reality, and raises him above the sands of conventional and second-hand interpretation. Mr. Auchmuty's courage and independence of judgment deserve hearty praise; but he must be warned of the danger of mistaking a sneer for an argument, and of confounding an off-hand manner, which is easily acquired, with accurate sincerity of statement. Humility is necessary as well as earnestness if the latter quality of style is to be acquired; and, although an eager and unselfish Socialist is right in deprecating the supreme necessity for the former among dock-labourers and female operatives, he is, nevertheless, in constant need of it himself.

The Seven Sayings from the Cross. Addresses by William Bright. (Parker.) The grace and beauty of these addresses, delivered at St. Barnabas' Church, Oxford, will be felt by all classes of readers. They have been most suggestively and carefully annotated by their author, and issued by Messrs. Parker in a volume beautifully printed and becomingly bound. The notes will be found instructive as well as interesting. In books for devotional reading, they are often mere impertinences; but when learning and insight are used in their selection, notes connect the teaching of the text with the thoughts and emotions of preceding Christians, and give it an authority which, in isolation, it can scarcely possess. We note, with pleasure, the graceful acknowledgment in the preface of obligation to "an eminent Nonconformist theologian, Dr. Dale, of Birmingham."

The Blessedness of the Dead in Christ, and other Sermons. By the late William Maturin. (Macmillan.) It is very difficult to preach sermons on death and the state of the dead—whether conceived of as blessed or cursed—without striking false notes. There is no subject which tempts more to sentimentality and unreality, and there is no subject in the treatment of which sentimentality and unreality are more intolerable. We cannot feel that Dr. Maturin quite succeeds in avoiding all false notes. In the first sermon, for instance, we are told to "try to accustom ourselves at all times" to the thought of death, which is merely foolish advice. We are then warned that we must leave all the delights of this life, and advised, therefore, not to prize them overmuch; but, if the delights in question are never to come again, is not our one chance of appreciating them to be made use of? We are told of a "young girl," who "burst into tears of joy" when she heard the doctors say there was no hope of her recovery; and she is apparently held up to admiration because St. Paul, in the midst of his arduous labours and constant anxieties, desired to depart and be with Christ. Dr. Maturin seems to think that life to a young person need not be, and ought not to be, a delight. Again, in the twenty-second sermon, on Women's Rights, there is much that is unsatisfactory. And yet, in spite of these blemishes, which spring generally from narrowness of view, Dr. Maturin's sermons are exceptional. What he wishes to say he says earnestly and well; and, within a somewhat limited range, his thought is acute and careful. Of the two dozen discourses contained in the volume, we have been most taken with the thirteenth and fourteenth on the Prodigal Son.

Sermons. New Testament Series. By Bishop Woodford. Edited by H. M. Luckock. (Rivingtons.) The shortness of these seventeen sermons is to be commended, but we can detect no other qualities in them to raise them above the average. Although all preachers are not careful and painstaking, yet care and pains alone do not necessarily make sermons worth publishing. In the sermon on the shut doors of the parable of the Ten Virgins, Bishop Woodford enlarges with great earnestness on the dreadful effects upon sinners which may be expected to follow on the separation of the good from the bad in the next world. He seems quite unaware that to many minds his picture will be a most convincing argument against the separation he supposes; and he makes no attempt to justify the desertion of the bad by God and by the good, the consequences of which he declares will be so dreadful. We mention this as one instance of a certain bluntness of ethical perception frequently observable in these sermons.

The Preachers of Scotland from the Sixth to the Nineteenth Century. Twelfth Series of the Cunningham Lectures. By W. G. Blaikie. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) The Cunningham Lectures are the Scottish Free Church's "Bamptons"; and, like all such series, of necessity they vary very much in quality from year to year. We remember well being struck some years ago by the ability displayed by Prof. Bruce in his Cunningham Lectures on *The Humiliation of Christ*, and some other useful volumes have appeared in the interval. The lectures now before us do not pretend to be anything more than popular sketches of the preachers who have gained general esteem in Scotland. One who knows is tempted to smile at the subject of the chapters on the preachers of the early Celtic Church, inasmuch as the material for forming a judgment on the Celtic saints as preachers is so thin as to leave almost all to the imagination of the writer. A whole volume, however, on Scottish preachers must needs have "padding." Prof. Blaikie is most in sympathy with the covenanting heroes and field preachers. The "martyrs," such as Cargill and James Guthrie, and "confessors" like "prophet Peden," John Blackader, John Welch, of Irongray in Dumfrieshire, and Richard Cameron, are congenial topics upon which the imagination of the Professor of Apologetics can disport itself; and we need not say that in the defence of these enthusiasts there is ample scope for the display of apologetic ingenuity. The "moderate" school of the next century, and Dean Stanley as its eulogist, come in for what are meant to be very hard knocks; and the concluding lectures deal with the evangelical revival and the Scottish pulpit of to-day.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IT is reported that a large number of cuneiform tablets have reached Berlin, which are in the Hittite language, some of them being bilingual, and that the problem of the Hittite inscriptions has at last been solved.

PROF. W. MINTO, of Aberdeen, will deliver a lecture before the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh, on Tuesday next, January 22, upon "The Poetry of Burns in its Historical Relationships," in which he proposes to bring forward one or two somewhat neglected aspects of the influence of books on the poetry and character of the poet.

AN English version of Baedeker's *Handbook to Greece*, of which two German editions have

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already appeared, will be published immediately. One of its most interesting features will be a historical sketch of Greek art by Prof. Reinhard Kekulé, of Bonn. We understand that the English editor (Mr. J. F. Muirhead) has had the advice and assistance of several eminent English scholars in preparing the work for British and American travellers.

General Gordon, the first of Messrs. Macmillan's new series of "English Men of Action," already announced in the ACADEMY, will be published in February. It is written by Col. Sir William Butler. The next volumes, to follow at intervals of a month, are *Henry the Fifth*, by Prof. A. J. Church; *Livingstone*, by Mr. Thomas Hughes; *Lord Lawrence*, by Sir Richard Temple; and *Wellington*, by Mr. George Hooper.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press *Speeches by Lord Randolph Churchill*, from 1880 to 1888, revised by himself, with an introduction and notes by Mr. Louis J. Jennings.

THE same publishers also announce, for publication in a few days, *The History of the Corps of Royal Engineers*, in two volumes, by Major-Gen. Whitworth Porter. It will be illustrated with portraits of Sir John Burgoyne and Gen. Gordon, five coloured plates showing the uniforms of the corps at different periods, and numerous sketches and plans of sieges, &c.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS will publish immediately a volume entitled *Chronicle of King Henry VIII. of England;* being a contemporary record of some of the principal events in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., written in Spanish by an unknown hand. It has been translated, with notes and introduction, by Major Martin A. Sharp Hume, knight of the order of Isabel the Catholic.

AN autobiography of the Nun of Kenmare, the lady who so nobly distinguished herself in the Irish famine of 1879, will be published in this country in a few days by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, by arrangement with Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish in a few days a volume dealing with some curious phases of Indian life and thought, under the title of *Glimpses of Indian Life—Religious and Social*, by Mr. J. C. Oman.

THE same publisher will issue directly a third and cheaper edition of Mr. Robert Horton's *Inspiration and the Bible*.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have in preparation a translation of M. Renan's second volume of *The History of Israel*, from the reign of David to the capture of Samaria.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. will publish immediately a Life of Bishop Selwyn, by Canon Curteis, of Lichfield.

The Circle of the Seasons: Hymns and Verses for the Seasons of the Church, by K. E. V., is the title of a volume of verse announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. DEAN & SON announce *The Dog-Owner's Kennel Companion and Referee*, illustrated with portraits of the latest champion dogs.

MR. EDWIN DREW will shortly publish *Irving's Elocution*, with studies of stage-speech, as exemplified by Miss Ellen Terry and leading Lyceum actors.

AT the Royal Institution on Tuesday next, January 22, Prof. Romanes will begin the second part of his course of lectures entitled, "Before and after Darwin." His special subject is "The Evidences of Organic Evolution and the Theory of Natural Selection." On Thursday next, January 24, Prof. Judd will begin a course of four lectures on "The Metamorphosis of Minerals." On Saturday next, January 26, Prof. Ernst Pauer will begin a course of four lectures on "The Characters of the great Composers and the Characteristics of their Works," with illustrations on the pianoforte. The first lecture will be devoted to S. Bach and Handel. At the first Friday evening meeting of the season, January 25, Prof. G. H. Darwin will give a discourse on "Meteorites and the History of Stellar Systems."

THE volume of the *Journal of Education* for 1888 shows no falling off from the high standard of excellence which that periodical has maintained for many years. Among the articles which have attracted our attention we may mention especially Mr. W. H. Widgery's thoughtful and original series of papers on "The Teaching of Modern Languages in Schools." Dr. Abbott's address on "Latin through English" contains some valuable suggestions, though we doubt whether all of his methods could be successfully worked by teachers in general. An article by Mr. J. A. Aldis, on "The Ideal Education for 'Commercial' Boys," deserves special attention. The reviews of books in most cases show competent knowledge of the subjects. The monthly "translation prize" column is continued, and appears to attract a large number of contributors. We do not envy the "Prize Editor" his laborious task; but we cannot but admire his skilful selection of passages, and the fine taste and the linguistic knowledge displayed in his critical remarks.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Jewish Quarterly Reformer* — edited by Messrs. I. Abrahams and Claude Montefiore, and published by Mr. David Nutt—will contain the following articles: "Four of the Oldest Epitaphs after the Re-settlement of the Jews in England," by Prof. David Haufmann; a second paper by Dr. A. Neubauer on "The Ten Tribes," dealing with Eldad the Danite; "The Book of Hosea in the Light of Assyrian Research," by Prof. Sayce; and a proposal for the establishment of a Massorite school in England, by Mr. Joseph Jacobs.

Mr. JOSEPH JACOBS will also contribute to the February number of the *Archaeological Review* an article on "The Pipe Roll Entries of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries relating to the Jewish Community in England." The entries are printed in full, many for the first time; and explanatory notes have been added.

THE *Century* for February will contain: an illustrated article on "Gérôme, the Artist" by Mr. F. J. Hering; "Fairies and Druids of Ireland," by Mr. Charles de Kay; "Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots," with engravings, by Mr. Laurence Hutton; "Exiles at Irkutsk," by Mr. George Kennan; and "Hand Spinning in Westmoreland," by Mr. Albert Fleming.

St. Nicholas will include: "The White Pasha," by Mr. Noah Brooks, with a portrait of Stanley; "Seeing the Real Mikado," by A. L. Shumway; and "Lassooing a Sea Lion," illustrated.

OUIDA has written an article on "War" for the February number of the *Woman's World*, which will also contain a story by Annie Thomas, a paper by the author of "How to be Happy, though Married," and contributions from Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Harriette Brooke-Davis, Mrs. Swanwick, Miss Florence Layard, Mr. Oscar Browning, &c.

The author of "Joined to an Idol" will contribute to the next issue of the *Monthly Packet* an account of her experiences in the Riviera earthquakes of 1887; and, in contrast therewith, a description of the fêtes held in Florence in May of the same year at the unveiling of the façade of the Duomo.

MR. ROACH SMITH will contribute an illustrated paper to the February number of the *Antiquary*, in which he puts forward his views on "The Walls of Chester," in a slightly modified but final shape; Mr. Talfourd Ely will give a further instalment of his survey of "Recent Archaeological Discoveries"; and the Rev. R. S. Mylne concludes his paper on "Ancient Peru."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE QUAKER'S GRAVE.

(*Burton, Cheshire.*)

A LITTLE village with a church above,
A church whose founder's name was surely love,
And yet within its pale no place was found
For this one grave, this green and silent mound.
'Tis in a wood, and oft my rambles led
Me past the spot where lies the quiet dead;
I was a child, knew nought of party strife,
Nor all the discords that distract our life,
Yet felt how strange it was to shut out one
Whose life a pure and gentle stream had run.
It seemed a grave where birds would love to sing,
And green leaf-shadows dance in breezy spring;
Not lonely, for the path runs close that wends
Still upward till the wood in moorland ends;
There the gaunt mill spreads out its whirring sails,
To catch each wind that moans around and wails,
Here Peace herself has come, and where she trod
Rest, silent worshipper, thou Friend of God.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the *Archaeological Review* for January is printed Mr. Arthur J. Evans's recent lecture at Oxford upon "Stonehenge." Short as it is, it is probably the most scientific examination yet made of the subject. From an examination of the facts from many points of view—the physical constitution of the monument, the contents of the surrounding tumuli, the analogy of similar megalithic structures in other places (especially those in Arabia and India)—he arrives at certain conclusions with regard to its date and its purpose. He thinks that it was erected, probably at intervals of time, between the end of the fourth and the beginning of the second century B.C.; and he regards its purpose as representing the change from sepulchral to ritual worship. More tentatively, he advances a theory that the original holy object within the central triliths was an oak, thus bringing us back again to the Druids. The same number contains the conclusion of Bahnson's elaborate survey of ethnographical museums; a sixth catalogue of Roman remains in England, this time dealing with the great county of Yorkshire, by Mr. John E. Price; a reply by Mr. Pell to Mr. Round, in the matter of Domesday measures; and reviews of Mr. Petrie's two memoirs on "Tanis," by Mr. Talfourd Ely, and of Prof. Earle's "Handbook to Saxon Charters" by the editor. Altogether, an unusually good number.

Both the original articles in the December *Livre* are thoroughly well suited to the publication. That learned bibliographer, M. Drujon, begins a catalogue, with remarks, of books which have been the victims of what he calls *bibliolytie* (a word we do not greatly love), that is to say, which have been destroyed by their unnatural authors for reasons known or unknown. This will be useful; but we like still better as a whole, though we may not always agree with the particular laws it lays down, M. Delauney's paper on "Le Livre Harmonieux." This has nothing to do with music.

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It is a short tractate on the proportions and the mechanical architecture of a printed volume. We must say that something of the kind was much called for. We have ourselves, if we mistake not, called attention more than once to the outrage on harmony which is committed by some well-meaning publishers who, in issuing "large paper" editions, simply extend the lower and outer margin of the book, leaving the upper and inner ones practically the same as the "small paper," and thus "skewing" and distorting the whole proportion of the square of print to its frame. But this is only one instance; and M. Delauney has done a good deed in calling attention to the whole subject.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

HISTORY.

GESCHICHTSQUELLEN der Prov. Sachsen u. angrenzender Gebiete. 22. Bd. Päbstliche Urkunden u. Regesten aus den J. 1353-1378 v. P. Kehr u. G. Schmidt. Halle: Hendel. 12 M.

GUYHO, Corentin. Les hommes de 1852. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

KIRCHMAYR, H. Der altdeutsche Volksstamm der Quaden. Wien: Deuticke. 8 M.

RUDOLPH, Th. Die niederländischen Kolonien der Altmark im 12. Jahrhundert. Berlin: Walther. 3 M.

VALOIS, N. Le Conseil du Roi aux 14e, 15e, et 16e Siècles. Paris: Picard. 8 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BRAUER, W. Das Venensystem d. menschlichen Körpers. 2. Lfg. Die Venen d. Fusses u. Unterschenkels. Leipzig: Veit. 30 M.

CLAUS, C. Ueber den Organismus der Nebaliden u. die systematische Stellung der Leptostraken. Wien: Hölder. 32 M.

FINSCH, O. Ethnologische Erfahrungen u. Belegstücke aus der Südsee. 2. Abthl. Neu-Guinea. Wien: Hölder. 14 M.

PAGENSTECHER, A. Beiträge zur Lepidopterenfauna d. malayischen Archipels. V. Wiesbaden: Bergmann. 3 M. 60 Pf.

ROD, E. Le sens de la Vie. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.

SCHADENBERG, A. Beiträge zur Ethnographie v. Nord-Luzon (Filipinen). Wien: Hölder. 1 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

HUBNER, C. Die Genesis d. Entschlusses in den Tragödien d. Euripides u. Sophokles od. üb. den objektiven Charakter der griechischen Tragödie. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.

STÖBR, A. Umriss e. Theorie der Namen. Wien: Deuticke. 8 M.

STRASSMAIER, J. N. Babylonische Texte. 5. Hft. Inschriften v. Nabuchodonosor, König v. Babylon (604-561 v. Chr.), v. den Thontafeln d. Britischen Museums copirt u. autographirt. 1. Hft. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 12 M.

WIRTH, H. Quaestiones Severianae. Leipzig: Fock. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CODEX AMIATINUS.

Cambridge: December 29, 1888.

I should hardly venture to inflict on the readers of the ACADEMY a third letter about the Codex Amiatinus, were it not my fate to have to retract a retractation made in its columns a year and a half ago. In the first letter which I wrote on the subject (Feb. 26, 1887, p. 148) I took for granted, as others had done, that the highly ornamented quaternion containing preliminary matter was written at the same time as the rest of the manuscript. On this assumption it would be a copy (with additions) made for Ceolfrid from a corresponding preliminary quaternion of the Old Latin "Pandect" brought from Rome. A careful examination, however, by Mr. (now Professor) G. F. Browne, to whom I had communicated some doubts privately expressed by Dr. P. Corssen, led him to think it more probable that at least the sheets containing the two pictures (the Tabernacle and Ezra) were the original sheets of the Cassiodorian "Pandect," not copies of them: see his letter, April 30, 1887, p. 309. To this supposition I expressed assent in a letter printed June 11, 1887, p. 414; or, rather, I extended it to the whole quaternion without distinction, regarding the connecting link formed by the three biblical lists as rendering improbable a difference of origin for the two pairs of sheets.

I have now to confess that, on a fuller knowledge of the evidence, I have been obliged to return to the simpler *prima facie* view which I had taken for granted at starting; and again I have to thank Dr. Corssen for supplying the impulse. In a private letter of February 14 he informed me that a renewed examination of the MS. had not confirmed his own former misgivings, or the results at which Prof. Browne and myself had more confidently arrived, respecting the origin of the preliminary quaternion; and I could not but feel at once that the question was re-opened by the new evidence adduced. Most of what Corssen wrote to me has already in substance been laid before the readers of the ACADEMY from his own hand in greater detail (April 7, p. 239), and need not be repeated. On April 17 I had an opportunity of handling the MS. afresh; and though, as happens too often in hasty visits to libraries, some points were overlooked till too late, I saw enough to satisfy myself that Corssen's main contention is justified by the facts. On various subsidiary particulars I fear we are not in agreement; but the external phenomena of the four preliminary sheets do not now appear to me, when considered together, to point to an origin earlier than that of the rest of the book. Of some evidence of a more internal kind I will speak further on.

With respect to the evidence supplied by the external phenomena (painting, writing, and material), it has to be remembered throughout that these sheets might well be painted and written for Ceolfrid, to stand as part of the Amiatinus, and yet this work be entrusted to other hands than those which he employed to write the text itself. The case is pre-eminently one in which a division of labour was to be expected. This consideration materially affects the argument from differences between the preliminary pictures of the Tabernacle and Ezra, and the picture of the Evangelists, &c., on the *verso* of the last leaf of the Old Testament. It is not necessary to assume that the artist would in both cases be the same. But this is not all. As Corssen has hinted, though we may be sure that the two former pictures, if copies, were copies of Cassiodorian originals, we cannot tell whether the picture of the Evangelists had a Cassiodorian or some totally different parentage, the texts between which it stands being certainly not taken from the Cassiodorian Old Latin Pandect, or even whether it was a copy at all; and evidently some differences, at least, of copies might proceed as easily from difference of originals as from difference of copyists. I ought to add that the actual differences appeared to me considerably less than I had expected to find them; but possibly with better trained eyes it would have been otherwise.

All this is merely negative evidence. Not so the fact pointed out by Corssen, that the handwriting of the three biblical lists resembles that of "the corrections and marginal notes of the texts." He allows the possibility of a century intervening between the handwriting of the lists and that of the text; doubtless meaning, as his preceding observation implies, that the lists, and the corrections and marginalia, may conceivably be thus much later (not earlier, as Prof. Browne appears to understand him) than the text. But he puts forward this interval as a maximum only, and I do not gather that in his own opinion there was probably any appreciable interval at all. The decision must turn on the apparent absolute age of the small and, as it were, spontaneous writing of the lists, &c.; for no secure dating can be obtained from comparison with the archaistic grandeur of the text. I cannot but suspect that the corrections and marginalia are due to the contemporary *corrector* of the text; and, if so, he may well have also written at least the three lists in the preliminary quaternion, though it would not be safe to speak confidently on this point without further scrutiny. It is, at all events, very difficult to place these lists a century and a half before the corrections and marginalia, as they must be placed if they were written for Cassiodorius.

Once more, the supposed evidence of the material used is even less tangible than that of the paintings. The four preliminary sheets are certainly a trifle shorter than the adjoining sheets; and it may be that the thickness and the surface of the parchment are not identical in the two cases. But these surely are points on which correspondence might easily, within certain limits, fall short of completeness, if the preparation of the highly ornamented preliminary sheets was a separate piece of work, executed independently of the text which they were intended to precede.

So much for painting, handwriting, and material. An interesting piece of evidence of another kind is deducible from an observation of Corssen's (perhaps originally, he seems to say, of Anziani's), though he does not himself apply it to the question of the identity or non-identity of the existing sheets with the Cassiodorian originals. Since a Lamb is depicted above the Hieronymic list, and a Dove above the Augustinian list, Corssen urges that the variously interpreted human or quasi-human Head above the Old Latin list must stand for the First Person of the Trinity; and consequently that the leaf containing it must have preceded the other leaves. He does not notice the *prima facie* difficulty that the representation of the Father otherwise than by a Hand is commonly believed to be of later date than either Cassiodorius or Ceolfrid. Sufficient comparatively early examples have, however, come to light to justify and illustrate this interpretation of the symbol in our MS. (see for instance Kraus in his own *Real-encyklopädie*, i., 628 ff.; Victor Schultze, *Die Katacomben*, 149); and it is difficult to see how the association with the other symbols can be reasonably explained on any other interpretation. The order of the Cassiodorian sheets thus determined by Corssen from the order of the symbols is the same as that which was originally suggested on other grounds by Prof. Browne.

But this conclusion makes it impossible that the present sheets, in their present condition, should be identical with the Cassiodorian sheets, the two manifestly Northumbrian additions, the Amiatine list and the Donation verses, being of course left out of account. There are two independent difficulties, both connected with the sheet which in the Cassiodorian MS. must have held the middle place of the three. *First*, as I pointed out before, it is simply incredible that the Pentateuchal circles should have been thrust in between the first and second biblical lists, and thus shut off from the beginning of the Pentateuch by the leaves containing the second and third lists. Corssen thinks the collocation "can be explained in some way or other," but has not supplied an explanation. Two alternatives are possible. First, the Pentateuchal circles may not be Cassiodorian at all, but an (third) addition made by Ceolfrid to the actual Cassiodorian sheets before or after transposition of them. Secondly, the Pentateuchal circles may be Cassiodorian in origin, but changed in position at the time of transcription, on the supposition that the preliminary sheets generally were transcribed for Ceolfrid. The *second* difficulty is the position of the purple leaf. The order of the symbols makes it stand third, that is, preceded by two uncoloured leaves; and so unmeaning an arrangement is inconceivable.

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Here again there are two possible alternatives. First, as Prof. Browne suggested, the purple leaf, now undeniably divided from its fellow, may have been substituted by Ceolfrid for a discarded Cassiodorian leaf, the other Cassiodorian leaves being retained. Secondly, on the supposition that the present leaves are only copies, Ceolfrid may have both transposed his leaves and caused the purple dye to be applied to the leaf which was to stand first in his own new order, not to the leaf standing first in the Cassiodorian order.

In each case the first alternative is possible: but, taken together, as they must be, are they likely? On the hypothetical late insertion of the Pentateuchal circles I prefer to say nothing at present, having neglected to compare the handwriting of the remarkable passages enclosed in them with that of the biblical lists. The theory that the purple leaf alone is of Ceolfrid's date implies that no Cassiodorian leaf was purple; for, as we have seen, the predecessor of that one leaf must have been uncoloured, being in the third place. Hence, the supposition makes Ceolfrid in Northumbria introduce a purple dye where the *librarii* of South Italy a special home of empurpled MSS., had left the parchment plain. Nor has an adequate motive been suggested for replacement in the case of this solitary leaf. The present *recto* has the old Cassiodorian Prologue without any correction of its discordance as to the number of books; and the new list of Amiatine books on the *verso* is more likely to be an addition to a blank page than a substitute for a (supposed) earlier list of the books of the Old Latin "Pandect," which would have been an unmeaning duplicate of the Old Latin list in the second half of the quaternion.

On the other hand, the two second alternatives combine naturally as parts of what I cannot but think a simple and coherent supposition, in harmony with what we have seen to be the evidence of the handwriting. The Cassiodorian arrangement of leaves being accepted as fixed by the order of symbols, the first leaf (a blank one) may be taken as empurpled on both sides, and the last pages of the quaternion as coloured (yellow, green, and blue), and as inscribed with the Pentateuchal circles and the enclosed matter. The contents in a tabular form would be as follows. (For a reason which will appear presently, the Tabernacle is left out of account. The numbering is that of the modern order.)

1 r. *Blank* (Purple).
1 v. *Blank* (Purple).
5 r. Picture of Ezra.
5 v. *Blank*.
4 r. Prologue.
4 v. *Blank*.
7 r. Old Latin list [HEAD].
7 v. *Blank*.
6 r. Hieronymic list [LAMB].
6 v. *Blank*.
8 r. Augustinian list [DOVE].
8 v. Pentateuchal circles (variously coloured).

Here the Old Latin list stands first, as would be natural in an Old Latin Bible. Ceolfrid's Bible was to be Vulgate, Hieronymic in text, Augustinian in canon; and so he might well prefer that the Hieronymic and Augustinian lists should take precedence in the adapted copy (or copies) of the decorated quaternion which *ex hypothesi* he caused to be made, this new order having likewise Cassiodorius's own authority in his *De Institutione*. The most obvious way of attaining this end was simply to shift the copy of the inmost of the three sheets and place it outside the copies of the two others. But if no more than this were done, two untoward results would follow: the purple leaf would become second, and the leaf containing the Old Latin list would shut off the coloured page of Pentateuchal circles from the beginning of th Pentateuch. Such staring incongruities could not escape notice, and they were easy to rectify. Nothing was needed but to empurple the new first leaf instead of the copy of the old first leaf, and to paint and write the Pentateuchal adornment and instruction on the page opposite the first page of the Pentateuch, that is, on the *verso* of the new last leaf, not on the *verso* of the copy of the old last leaf. Then came the addition of the new matter, the contents of the Amiatinus on the blank *verso* of the first leaf, and the Donation verses on the blank *verso* of the second leaf; and all was done. Here is the resulting arrangement, agreeing with the single arrangement which I suggested in June, 1887 (p. 414):

4 r. Prologue (Purple).
4 v. [Contents of Amiatinus] (Purple).
1 r. *Blank*.
1 v. [Donation Verses].
5 r. Picture of Ezra.
5 v. *Blank*.
6 r. Hieronymic list [LAMB].
6 v. *Blank*.
8 r. Augustinian list [DOVE].
8 v. *Blank*.
7 r. Old-Latin list [HEAD].
7 v. Pentateuchal circles (variously coloured).

Corssen's objection, that in this arrangement a blank leaf is left between the first leaf (an inscribed leaf) and the picture of Ezra, is not without weight, I think, on the supposition (shared by myself a year and a half ago) that the Cassiodorian order was the same as Ceolfrid's. As part of an original plan such a collocation would have been somewhat irregular. But as an accident of a subsequent rearrangement it would be quite endurable, even were the blankness complete; whereas the blankness of Ceolfrid's second leaf is confined to the *recto*, the Donation verses being written on the other side. It is worth notice that, while in the (supposed) first Cassiodorian leaf the purple dye served to relieve blankness as well as to give the book a rich front, Ceolfrid's first leaf had to carry writing on its purple; but this was inevitable, because he had to find room for two new pages of writing. An undeniably awkward result of the transposition of the lists was the transposition of the symbols at their head. But this is a result that might easily escape notice; nor, indeed, if it were noticed, was Ceolfrid likely to venture to dissociate each symbol from the list to which he found it attached by a theologian so studious of hidden meanings as Cassiodorius.

Having had occasion to profess myself still unable to accept Prof. Browne's alienation of the purple leaf from its fellow, I ought to add that I am likewise no better able than before to assign a date to their actual severance. It may be that the operator was the still living binder, as Corssen maintains; but his suggested explanation of the cause, if I understand it rightly, is not satisfying. If the purpose was simply to bring together the two leaves of the Tabernacle, previously separated by the two inner sheets, and if part of the process was, as Corssen himself supposes, to take out the inner sheet entire, one sees not why the next sheet should be divided in two, when the slighter and more merciful treatment was as easy to apply in the one case as in the other.

It will be remembered that the great picture occupying a whole sheet has been variously described as representing the Temple or the Tabernacle or both. After looking at it afresh with special regard to this difference of view, I find myself wholly in agreement with Prof. Browne, who declares it to represent the tabernacle and nothing else. Such is also, I am glad to see, the present opinion of De Rossi, as expressed in his recent *Memoria* on *La Bibbia offerta da Ceolfrido abbate al sepolcro di S. Pietro*, for a copy of which I have to thank his kindness. On the other hand, it seems to me hardly less certain, not only that pictures of both Tabernacle and Temple were inserted by Cassiodorius in his "Pandect," as Prof. Browne fully allows to be possible, but that Bæda had seen Temple as well as Tabernacle. Such is surely the natural interpretation of the words "Haec ut in pictura Cassiodori repetimus distincta breviter annotare curavimus" (*De Templo*, 16), taken in connexion with the elaborate context. A similar testimony is borne by an independent and equally elaborate passage on the same subject, hitherto apparently overlooked in Bæda's *Quaest. in Libb. Regum*, 18, where he in like manner describes his authorities, "Sed Josephi scriptura *vel pictura ab antiquis formata* plenius quo sint haec ordine facta distinguit." Nor does it seem a very heinous slip on Bæda's part to have failed to distinguish the courts of Solomon's temple (for which of course he cites 1 Kings vi. 36; 2 Chron. iv. 9) from the courts of Herod's temple.

The only difficulty is the fact that, not many lines before the words cited above from the *De Templo*, Bæda makes Cassiodorius refer in his exposition of the Psalms to his delineation of the courts (or rather the porticoes dividing them) in his "Pandect"; whereas the tabernacle is explicitly the subject of the one passage of the *Expos. in Psalt.* (on xv.= xiv. 1) which, in any respect, answers to Bæda's description. A highly probable explanation is however offered by De Rossi; namely, that Bæda remembered the fact that the *Exposition of the Psalter* contained an allusion to one of the two associated pictures in the Cassiodorian Pandect, familiar to himself as a possession of the Jarrow Library, but forgot to which of the two pictures Cassidorius had there referred. It may be added that the confusion was the more natural because the temple courts are repeatedly mentioned in the Psalter, and Ps. cxxxv.=cxxxiv. 2 ("in atriis domus. Dei nostri") is quoted by Bæda himself with reference to these courts in both his descriptions of the temple.

It is of course impossible to say whether Ceolfrid caused both pictures to be copied, or only that of the Tabernacle; antecedently one would scarcely expect him to be satisfied with one alone. On the former supposition the Amiatine Temple must at some unknown time have been lost. On the same supposition, while the Amiatine Temple existed, it could hardly find place in the extant preliminary quire; for the two pictures could not both be in the middle, the only place in which both pages of either could be seen together, the quire being assumed to be folded in the usual way, sheet within sheet. Unless then, by an arrangement too clumsy to be probable, the Temple were parasitically stitched in between the Tabernacle and the adjoining sheet, it must have stood independently outside the quire. In a former letter I hinted that the extant picture might conceivably have been independent of the quire; and if there was a Temple picture likewise, it is more likely that both pictures would be independent of the quire than that one would be within it, one without. What under these circumstances would probably be their place or places in the volume, we need not conjecture. The quire itself, at all events, may well have consisted of three sheets only; but this contingency does not affect what has been said as to their order and their date. As regards the Tabernacle, wherever we may suppose it to have originally stood, within the quire or without, it is doubtless easier to believe that this picture had a different history from the other three sheets than that either of the three had a different history from the other two. Yet, bearing in mind, first, the various similari-

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ties of the parchment leaves, and next, the connecting link supplied by the Ezra picture, we shall do well, I think, to regard the whole present quaternion as of the same date, and that the date of the text itself, till we have very clear evidence indeed that such a picture as that of the Tabernacle was beyond the imitative skill of Ceolfrid's age.

F. J. A. HORT.

P.S.—I ought to apologise for the length of this letter, which has lain by me in rough draft since early in the summer. It will not be necessary, I hope, to return to a subject which has already beguiled me into a larger expenditure of time than I should find it easy to justify.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.

Berkeley, California: Dec. 24, 1888.

Though I admire Mr. Stevenson's skill in associating *neowol* and *nifol*, and in resolving *næs* into *-nes* (ACADEMY, December 8), yet there seem to me various reasons why his views cannot be accepted. These reasons may thus be summarised:—

1. Though there is a substantive *neowolnes*, there is also an adjective *neowol*, sometimes conjoined with the substantive *næs* in an attributive relation to it, though not always in contact with it, and sometimes found in the same context with it as the attribute of some other noun. Examples of the latter are the passages already quoted (ACADEMY, December 1) "Sat." 31, 91, "Guthlac" 535; as an example of the latter I must again cite "Elene" 832, *néolum, níðer, næsse*. No one would contend, I presume, that in the latter case *næs*=*-nes*.

2. It being postulated that *neowol* and *næs* may stand together in an attributive relation as independent words, why should we assume that they do not in "Judith" 113? The MS. plainly has *neowelne næs* (not *neowul -ne nes* (*s*) as Mr. Stevenson writes), these words occupying the middle of the fourth line of fol. 202ᵃ.

3. Sweet and Sievers agree respecting the etymology of *néol* (*Oldest English Texts*, p. 491; *O.E. Gram.* § 43 note 4, § 51). Does not this agreement practically close discussion, except upon the introduction of new evidence tending to invalidate their conclusion?

4. The *w* of *neowol* is epenthetic, secondary, and inorganic. In his new edition of the *History of English Sounds* (§ 503), Sweet speaks of O.E. *h* as being sometimes a hiatus-filler. The introduction of *w* in the later form of *nihold* may be explained in the same way, on the assumption that it was a hiatus-filler. The process may be represented thus: *nihold, nihol*ᵃ, *ni-ol, néol* or *neowol*, according as there was fusion into a diphthong, or as the hiatus was recognised and provided for. If *w* be regarded as ending the first syllable rather than as beginning the second, *neowol* will have much the same phonetic value as *néol*, and *w* can hardly be said to have distinct consonantal value at all (*cf.* the adverbs *áwas, néowan, néon* in Grein). On the other hand, the *f* of *nifol* did have distinct consonantal value, probably that of Mod. E. *v* (*O.E. Gram.*, § 192, 2; *cf. Hist. Eng. Sounds*, § 521). This *f* could not be lost in O.E., whatever may have been the case in O.N.

5. If *néol* (*neowol*) were to be identified with *nifol*, it could only be on the assumption that the latter, on its way to becoming *níol*, was borrowed from O.N. into O.E. Such borrowing could only have taken place at a comparatively late period (*Hist. Eng. Sounds*, § 577), whereas *néol* (*níol*) is early, occurring in the Corpus Glossary (eighth century).

6. Mr. Stevenson, in discussing *neowol* as "dark," seems to ignore my suggestion that "*neowol* may have become associated with darkness through the idea of the underworld, Hades."

To recapitulate, Mr. Stevenson appears to me to err (1) in reasoning from the single instance "Judith" 113, to the rejection of *næs* as an independent word in some cases; (2) in too lightly rejecting authorities of the very first order, like Sweet and Sievers; (3) in his willingness to substitute conjecture for MS. evidence, as in "Judith" 113; and (4) in confounding the phonetic phenomena of Old Norse with the quite distinct phonetic phenomena of Old English.

ALBERT S. COOK.

HWÆTMUNDES STANE—NEWGATE MARKET.

Wynfrid, Clevedon: Jan. 14, 1889.

I think "the normal modern form" of the name, as "Whatman," suggested by your reviewer of Prof. Earle's Land Charters (ACADEMY, January 12, p. 29), may be safely remitted to the company of his "indisputable" reconstruction of "Celtic . . . Eburācon." What I wrote about "Hwætmundes stane" in the *Antiquary* for July, 1880, will, I trust, be found to justify Mr. Earle's "apparent approval," against what Prof. Max Müller would call a "pharisaical air of infallibility," in a pursuit in which, as he says, "we are all masters."

Your reviewer may not object to be told that most of the manumissions from Bishop Leofric's Missal have been printed in several "general collections of charters" before Mr. Earle's—in Hickes's *Dissertatio Epistolaris*, in Kemble's *Codex*, in Thorpe's *Diplomatarium*, and in Haddan's Cornish volume of the *Councils*. One most valuable improvement to be found in Mr. Earle's is this: the entries had been made in the MS. on chance spare blank spaces, at different times. Mr. Earle has given what may be called bibliographical means of realising these circumstances of the several entries, and so approaching an acquaintance with their successive interpolation.

THOMAS KERSLAKE.

THE WORD "BORE," A TIRESOME TALKER.

London: Jan. 12, 1889.

If you are not already becoming bored with this subject, perhaps you may think the following worth printing. It is a footnote to p. 11 of Dr. Matthews's (of Belmont) *Eloisa in déshabille*, first printed in 1794, and again (privately) in 1822. It is a very clever parody or transcription of Pope's Epistle, and was one of the things of which Porson was not unwilling to be considered the author.

Pope wrote:

"I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest."

Matthews parodied:

"But what am I writing? the subject must **bore* ye;
Too well you're acquainted with all the sad story."

"* This word has happily survived the usual period of these *Ephemerides* of the fashionable vocabulary; if, however, the Beau Monde should at length think fit to banish it before this work itself is buried in oblivion, let it be remembered that between the years 1772 and 17— the proper mode of expressing a dislike to any noun-substantive, whether masculine, feminine, or neuter, was to pronounce him, her, or it *a monstrous bore*, which immediately conveyed the sentiments of the speaker with great brevity and precision; whereby the intolerable fatigue of circumlocution was avoided. The verb in the text signifies, of course, *to affect with disagreeable sensations*. The derivation I leave to more able etymologists."

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

"FRENCH AND ENGLISH."

Pré Charmoy, Autun: Jan. 14, 1889.

I see a note in the ACADEMY concerning my forthcoming book "French and English." It is not simply a reprint of my articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is a new work with those articles for a basis. The publication in England has been postponed for the convenience of my American publishers. P. G. HAMERTON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 21, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Trunk," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.
5 p.m. London Institution: "Astronomical Photography," by Mr. A. A. Common.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Egyptian Tapestry," I., by Mr. Alan S. Cole.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Science of Language and Ethnography," by Dr. Leitner; "The Ethnology and Ancient Chronology of China," by Dr. Gordon.

TUESDAY, Jan. 22, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," I., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Some Recent Movements in Relation to the Applied Arts," by Sir James D. Linton.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Compound Principle as applied to Locomotives," by Mr. Edgar Worthington.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: Annual General Meeting; Report of Council for 1887; Presidential Address, by Mr. F. Galton; Election of Council for 1889.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 23, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Trunk," II., by Prof. J. Marshall.
8 p.m. Geological: "The prevailing Misconceptions regarding the Evidence which we ought to expect of former Glacial Periods," by Dr. James Croll; Remains of Eocene and Mesozoic Chelonia, and a Tooth of *Ornithopsis*," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "The Dentition of *Lepidotus maximus*, Wagn., as indicated by Specimens from the Kimmeridge Clay of Shotover Hill, near Oxford," by Messrs. R. Etheridge and H. Willett.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Electric Meters for Central Stations," by Prof. George Forbes.
8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "Minor Welsh Poets of the Georgian Era," by Mr. R. H. Williams.

THURSDAY, Jan. 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Metamorphoses of Minerals," I., by Prof. J. W. Judd.
6 p.m. London Institution: "The Times of the Twelve Caesars," by Canon Benham.
8 p.m. Electric Engineers: "The Insulation Resistance of Electric Light Installations," by Prof. Andrew Jamieson.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Jan. 25, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Hittites and their Inscriptions," II., by Mr. T. Tyler.
4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Upper Limb," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.
7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Water Softening and Filtering Apparatus for Locomotive Purposes, at the Taff Vale Railway Company's Penarth Dock Station, near Cardiff," by Mr. W. W. F. Pullen.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Asiatic Colonization of East Africa," by Mr. H. H. Johnston.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Meteorites and the History of Stellar Systems," by Prof. G. H. Darwin.

SATURDAY, Jan. 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Great Composers and their Works," with Illustrations on the Pianoforte, I., by Prof. Ernst Pauer.
3 p.m. Physical: "Polarised Light." "The Structure of Natural Diffraction Gratings of Quartz," "Ahrens's Modification of Delesenne's Polariser," "The use of Two Quarter-Wave Plates in Combination with a Stationary Polarizer," and "A Relation between Magnetization and Speed in the Dynamo-Machine," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "The Divergence of Electro-Motive Forces from Thermo-Chemical Data," by Prof. E. F. Herroun.
3.45 p.m. Botanic.

SCIENCE.

THE NEW SERIES OF "RECORDS OF THE PAST."

Records of the Past: being English Translations of the Ancient Monuments of Egypt and Western Asia. New Series. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Vol. I. (Bagster.)

THESE "Records of the Past," of which the first series, in eleven volumes, edited by the late Dr. Birch, met with a very favourable reception, are now taken up again by the well-known Assyriologist, Prof. Sayce. The plan of issue has been somewhat altered, the intention being to combine Egyptian and Assyrian texts in each volume, whereas in the former series a whol volume was dedicated to Assyrian and Egyptia

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texts alternately. The editor, moreover, proposes to publish the historical inscriptions, so far as possible, in chronological order, to add queries to any passages, or words, or readings of doubtful character, and to provide the reader with proofs of any new renderings given. The present writer can but fully approve of such an intention; but he is himself unfortunately of so sceptical a nature (or, at least, is accused of being so) that he would like to advise the learned editor to multiply such queries and proofs in the following volumes far more than is done in the present. It is certainly not the fault of Assyriologists that even among the "historical" inscriptions there is scarcely a couple of lines in which not one or more queries ought to be put. How many more will be required in the mythological, astrological, and commercial texts, chiefly written in ideographs!

The first volume begins with a transliteration, and explanations, of the dynastic tablets and chronicles of the Babylonians, by the editor, followed by an admirable paper of M. A. Amiaud on some inscriptions from Telloh. The two following translations of a text of the early Chaldean ruler, Sin-gashid (?), and of a so-called bilingual inscription, are due to Mr. Pinches. For the rendering of the Prism-text of Tiglathpileser I., it is a pity that the editor could not make use of the excellent translation of this inscription by Dr. Winckler, in Schrader's *Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek*, vol. i. Then follow the Assyrian story of the creation, of which a very considerable portion in the neo-Babylonian script was recently published by Mr. Budge; and the so-called Babylonian story of the creation according to a text from Kutha, of which the original (K. 5418 *a* of the British Museum) is still unpublished, and consequently, the examination of it is impossible. We hope that Prof. Sayce will advise one of his *collaborateurs* to publish those texts of which translations are prepared for the "Records," in order to make it possible to test the exactness of the renderings given. A learned paper by Dr. Oppert, on a juridical text in the British Museum, lately translated by himself and Dr. Peiser, and treatises on two non-Assyrian inscriptions by the editor, conclude the present volume, which is handy and well printed.

C. B.

SCIENTIFIC SERIALS FROM AUSTRALIA.

The Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales. Second Series. Vol. III., Part 1, containing the papers read at meetings in January, February, and March, 1888, with six plates. (Trübner.) Another goodly part of this excellent miscellany has just reached us, containing many memoirs of both technical and economical interest. In zoology Mr. North continues his articles on the nests and eggs of certain Australian birds, and on the nesting of *Alcyone pulchra*; Messrs. Ramsay and Ogilby send an article on the genus Tetragonurus; an important memoir, of more than one hundred pages, on the fisheries of the Oriental seas, is contributed by the Rev. J. E. Tenison Woods; and one on the venom of Australian snakes, by Dr. Oscar Katz. In entomology, the first valuable contribution to the knowledge of Australian Diptera (occupying 130 pages, including descriptions of nearly 100 gall-midges, with details of the history of several of them) is given by Mr. F. A. A. Skuse; and a catalogue of the Coleoptera of New Guinea (968 species, to the end of the Oedemeridae), by Mr. G. Masters; also notes on the Hemiptera of the Hawaiian Islands, by the Rev. T. Blackburn; and a short note on the Lepidoptera-Rhopalocera from Mount Bellenden-Ker (containing the description of one new species of Satyridae), by Mr. Olliff. In botany, a short article by Baron von Mueller contains descriptions of two hitherto unrecorded West Australian plants; also notes on the flowering seasons of Australian plants, No. VIII., by Mr. E. Haviland; notes on *Jussiuaea repens*, and some rare plants from the Lachlan, by the Rev. W. Woolls; and on some reputed medicinal plants of New South Wales (indigenous species only), by Mr. I. H. Maiden. In geology, M. C. W. De Vis contributes an article on the extinct genus of Marsupials allied to Hypsiprymnodon; and Mr. Etheridge, jun., descriptions of fish remains from the Rollingdowns formation of Northern Queensland; also, description of a new trilobite from Bowning, by Mr. J. Mitchell; and, lastly, a valuable series of notes on the bacterioscopical examination of ice supplied in Sydney, by Dr. Oscar Katz.

We have also just received the first part of the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Victoria, published in quarto at Melbourne, and hail the appearance of a new natural history publication, which promises to be an excellent adjunct to the works of Prof. M'Coy. This first part is devoted to an elaborate anatomical memoir on *Megascolides australis*, the giant earthworm of Gippsland, by Mr. W. Baldwin Spencer, recently appointed professor of biology in the university of Melbourne, to which he was elected from the assistant biological demonstratorship in the museum at Oxford. This memoir is accompanied by six very full anatomical plates.

J. O. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AUGMENT IN INDO-EUROPEAN.

Indian Institute, Oxford: Jan. 14, 1889.

Admitting Prof. Sayce's theory of the origin of the person-endings of the Indo-European verb (Techmer's *Zeitschrift*, Bd. i.) we may conclude that Sanskrit *émi* (εἶμι) and *yámi* represent primitive Indo-European **éym*, *yá'm*. By contamination a third form **éyám* (Sanskrit *áyám*, Gothic *i-ddja*) may have arisen, which adopted the accentuation of the first form, and which was latterly employed to denote the past, by the side of **yá'm*, which indicated the present relation. Then from the association of **éyám* with **yá'm*, the initial *é* of the former would at a later period come to be regarded as a particle indicative of the past relation. From **éyám* the initial vowel would by analogy spread to **éym* (kindred in meaning to *yá*), forming **é-eym* (*áyam*), and on the other hand to *sthá* (opposite in meaning), thus *áyám* : *á-sthám* (*cf.* ἵσταμαι : ἵ-στα-μαι), and hence to other verbal stems.

E. Sibree.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A general meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching is to be held to-day (January 19) at University College, Gower Street. In the morning, the report of the council will be read, and new officers will be elected; and in the afternoon, Prof. Minchin, of Cooper's Hill, will deliver an address on "The Vices of our Scientific Education."

Messrs. Baillière, Tindall & Cox are about to publish *From Generation to Generation*: a Prelude to the Study of Heredity, with special reference to Disease, by Dr. Douglas Lithgow. The volume is a reprint of articles which have been appearing for some time past in the *Provincial Medical Journal*.

The last part of the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* (London: Trübner) concludes the first volume, which consists of about 250 large quarto pages, together with twenty fine chromolithographed plates, in return for a subscription of £1. Not the least interesting article in this part is a description, by Dr. E. B. Tylor, of "Powhatan's Mantle," preserved in the Ashmolean at Oxford, which is here figured for the first time. It forms part of Tradescant's original collection, which was the nucleus of Ashmole's; and it seems not improbable that Tradescant obtained it directly from Capt. John Smith. It is thus described in the early MS. catalogue (*circ.* 1685): "205, Basilica Pohatan regis Virginiani vestis, duabus cervorum cutibus consuta, et nummis indicis vulgo cori's dictis [oowries] splendide exornata."

The note in the Academy last week about the article on Prof. Sylvester in *Nature* was not altogether accurate. The analysis of his mathematical papers alone was the work of Prof. Cayley; the biography was written by Mr. R. C. Tucker.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

The following are some of the volumes in preparation for Trübner's series of "Simplified Grammars," edited by Dr. Rost, of the India Office:—*Panjábí* and *Gujaráti*, by the Rev. W. St. Clair Tisdall; *Telugu*, by Mr. Henry Morris; *Chinese*, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Edkins; *Spanish*, by Mr. W. F. Harvey; and *Bulgarian*, by Mr. W. R. Morfill.

The last number of the *Journal of Philology* (Macmillan) contains an unusual number of interesting articles, to which we must be content merely to call attention. Latin predominates very largely over Greek. Mr. Verrall and Mr. Housman both contribute "Horatiana." The former emends *Car.* iv. 8, by leaving out six lines (15-20); the latter makes some bold conjectures, of which we may mention *Car.* i. 12, 35-37 (an *catenis*, nobile, laetum Regulum); *Car.* ii. 2, 2 (*minuitque* lamnae); and *Car.* iii. 4, 10 (limina *pergulae*). Prof. Nettleship gives reasons for translating *quo numine laeso* (Verg. *Aen.* i. 8) as, "what sign of her deity had been slighted." Prof. Unger, of Halle, sends a number of textual corrections in the *Aetna*. Mr. J. W. Mackail most ingeniously reconstructs the *Pervigilium Veneris*, on the hypothesis that the poem originally consisted of twenty-two quatrains, apart from the refrain. Prof. Postgate fills no less than forty-two pages with "Catulliana," which, we hope, will not be too late for consideration by Mr. Robinson Ellis in his forthcoming new edition. We are glad to see that he accepts the common text of the three last lines of the first poem. Dr. J. S. Reid gives an elaborate examination of the Merton College codex of Cicero, so far as concerns the *De Divinatione*. Mr. H. E. Malden discusses the vexed question of Caesar's landing in Britain, concluding in favour of Romney Marsh. Mr. F. Haverfield reports upon some Roman sites in South-eastern Europe, with cuts and plans, and a few unpublished inscriptions. Mr. J. H. Onions comments upon several passages in the *Histories* of Tacitus. In Greek, Mr. D. D. Heath examines at some length the general scope of Plato's *Cratylus*, finding in that dialogue something more than philological speculation; and Prof. Butcher attempts a new solution of the geometrical problem in the *Meno*.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Edinburgh Mathematical Society.—(*Friday, Jan. 11*)

George A. Gibson, Esq., president, in the chair.—The Rev. Norman Fraser read a communication on the number of elements, real and imaginary, in space; Mr. J. Watt Butters discussed the solution of a particular equation; and Mr. R. E. Allardice contributed a note on a formula in Quaternions.

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NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(*Friday, Jan. 11*)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. R. G. Moulton read a paper on "The Distinction between Classical and Shaksperian Plot, illustrated by the recasting the Plot of 'Macbeth' in Classic Form." Mr. Moulton apologised for his boldness in asking the society to go somewhat out of its course, his excuse being that it was through his study of Shakspere that he had been led to the ancient drama. The point of the paper was to recast "Macbeth" as an ancient drama. Now, the ancient drama was not drama at all, in our sense of the word. It was a compound of the lyric and dramatic, and it was important to remember the large part borne by the chorus. So "Macbeth," in its recasting, must have a lyric part, or chorus, added. And the play contains quite enough lyric matter for this; only the lyric matter must be collected, drained out as it were, from the body of the play. The unities admitting of one story only, the part of Banquo must be dropped out. So, too, the unity of standpoint demanding that the story must be told from one point of view, we may not hear it through Macduff, an adversary to the sympathies of the chorus, who will naturally be the clansmen of Macbeth. And as, from the unity of standpoint the crisis only can be acted, the scene must be confined (say) to the courtyard of Dunsinane Castle, and the time to the day of Macbeth's death. We had a prologue ready-made, in Hecate's speech (III., v.), which reads quite like an Euripidean prologue. For Parode, we might have the chorus of clansmen coming to inquire after the Queen's illness (V. i.), leading up to Ode 1, thoroughly Greek in subject—"Many are the woes of man, but none surpassing a passion-driven woman, or a man inflicted with frenzy sent from heaven." Episode I.: Physician and lady-attendant discuss the Queen's condition with the chorus in "parallel verse." The sleep-walking scene following would give an opportunity for stage lyrics—strophe and antistrophe. We find three ideas predominant in Lady Macbeth's delirious utterances, which would be treated thus: Strophe—Lady Macbeth, the idea of blood; antistrophe—the chorus (in the same rhythm) recognise the dark story of Duncan's murder; strophe—Lady Macbeth on the idea of her husband, and his cowardice; antistrophe—the chorus remember the old suspicions of Macbeth; strophe—Lady Macbeth, "The Thane of Fife had a wife"; antistrophe—the chorus, "Is this then some new iniquity, as yet unknown to us?" &c. As Lady Macbeth retires, blank verse is resumed; and the scene ends with Rhesis from the Physician on the theme "Can I minister to a mind diseased." Ode II. celebrates the night of Duncan's death (II. iii. 58-68; III. ii. 40-53, &c.) Ode III., on the wonders of clairvoyance, brought in at last the whole story, which could not be acted, because it did not come within the crisis. The forensic contest found much favour with the Athenians, particularly fond of legal points; and this formed the chief feature of Episode III., in which Mr. Moulton introduced a herald from the English army, to play the part of advocate for Macduff's side, in a disputation with Macbeth; the materials for this contest being found in two scenes, Macbeth's arguments being found in Lady Macduff's words concerning her husband's flight, and the talk between Malcolm and Macduff supplying matter for the other side. Ode IV. indicated the shadow of turning in the action—"Evil hath its judgment in this world" (II. vii. 1-12). Episode IV. was occupied with a messenger's speech, which would give opportunity for epic poetry; while Ode V. dealt with a favourite Greek theme, "How oracles have misled." In Episode V. the climax had to be arranged for, which would be the declaration of the story of Macduff's birth, and consequent consternation of the chorus. This was necessary, as of course no duel could be fought on the stage. In Ode VI. the chorus declare how the oracles have paltered with them (V. viii. 17-22). Exodus: the corpse of Macbeth is brought in; entry of Macduff in triumph, who consoles the chorus; he has warred only against the tyrant (III. vi. 34-6; V. viii. 66). The chorus conclude with a strain of pity for their late chief; but the will of heaven has triumphed.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(*Monday, Jan. 14*)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. M. H Dziewicki read a paper on "The Starting-point and First Conclusions of Scholastic Philosophy." It is possible to find in scholasticism, properly understood, a point of agreement between every system of philosophical thought. For these can be classed under two heads—idealist and empiricist systems. Both, if urged to their full logical conclusions, culminate in scepticism. Scholasticism, on the contrary, standing between idealism and empiricism, is at the greatest possible distance from scepticism, and eminently dogmatic. Scholasticism and Scepticism. It is a fact that we cannot doubt of everything; it is a fact that we can so doubt. These two seemingly opposite propositions can only be conciliated by qualifying them. In a line stretching from right to left, any point is to the right and also to the left of other points; but the more it is to the left, the less it is to the right. So also of doubt and certitude. The most doubtful position is certainly doubtful; the most evident truth is doubtfully certain. But doubt and certitude are everywhere in inverse ratio. The more or less difficulty we have in affirming or denying any proposition is the criterion of doubt or of certitude. This, when increased beyond measure, becomes infinite, when we have absolute certitude, all doubt vanishes away. Scholasticism and Idealism.—Take Hegel's axiom: "The ego and the non-ego are identical." Scholastics have hitherto denied this; but they may grant it, with the same qualification as above. The non-ego, ever diminishing, extends to the very centre of the ego; which, in its turn, is to be found everywhere in the non-ego, but decreasingly as otherness increases. Scholasticism and Empiricism.—Empiricism, denying the distinction between mind and matter, the inextended and the extended, sets up the identity between unity and multitude. But, as anything is more one, it is less many; though we do find these conceptions mixed together in all our thoughts. We may, therefore, grant this identification of contraries, provided we bear in mind that they are contraries still. Of the Absolute.—Have we any idea of absolute certitude, of the absolute ego, of utterly indivisible unity? These three terms denote a limit of thought, and belong to it as equivocally as a limit belongs to the thing limited. But, whether we may be said to know the absolute or not, we have as true a cognition of it as of anything else, though the cognition is indeed *sui generis*. This follows clearly from the principles laid down.

FINE ART.

THE STUART EXHIBITION.

PLATONIC devotion to the extinct cause of the Stuarts is an aristocratic weakness to which it has of recent years been fashionable to plead guilty. There can be no possible harm in a number of amiable enthusiasts avowing such a cult, at a time when there is attached to it about the same amount of significance, and the same amount of danger, as there would be in professing oneself Guelph or Ghibelline, Nero or Bianco. It is an open secret that in the highest quarters Stuart-worship is viewed with a certain amount of favour; and that the august lady herself who lends her sovereign sanction and assistance to the exhibition takes the keenest interest in all that appertains to those princes whom her ancestors excluded from the throne. Even thus, there is an amusing incongruity in the way in which the ultra-legitimists of to-day have, in the catalogue, appearing under the immediate patronage of the Queen, described the Chevalier de St. Georges—alternatively be it owned—as James III., the young Chevalier as Charles III., and Prince Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, as Henry IX.! However, let us not dissect too minutely the motives of those whose enthusiasm, in this instance well-directed, has been the cause of bringing together one of the most interesting exhibitions that London has seen for a long while—whether it be considered from the historical, or from the purely artistic, point of view. It was inevitable that the historical significance of the works collected being, in this instance, rightly deemed of paramount importance, much that is not of absolute artistic value, and not a little that is doubtful, should creep into the show. We might wonder that the standard of executive merit should be so high as it is, did not the exalted rank and the refined taste of many of the personages with whom we have to deal in a measure account for this.

Of altogether exceptional interest is the great diptych formerly in the church of the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh, and now lent by the Queen from Holyrood Palace. Of this, one wing shows, on the obverse, James III. of Scotland kneeling bareheaded in prayer with his son—afterwards James IV.—under the patronage of St. Andrew. On the reverse is represented the Holy Trinity. The other wing shows, on the obverse, Margaret of Denmark, consort of James III., under the patronage of St. George (?), who appears in golden armour, leaning on a spear. On the reverse is shown the portrait of Sir Edward Boukil (?), Provost of Trinity College, Edinburgh, who is assumed to be the donor of the altar-piece—if altar-piece it be. He kneels in prayer, flanked on the one side by an azure-robed angel playing on an *orgue portatif*; on the other, by a companion angel of similar type and vesture, who works the bellows. Some too ardent patriots, seizing upon four letters of doubtful import found in an angle of the queen's head-dress, have sought to interpret them as the signature of a local painter — Pratt by name. Seeing what is the importance of the work under discussion, and how strongly marked the peculiarities of its style, this piece of *Local-patriotismus* need not be seriously discussed. The name of Mabuse has often been mentioned in connexion with the diptych, but with very small reason. Save that it is in all its parts unquestionably Flemish, it shows very little, if any, affinity with the style of Gossaert of Maubeuge; besides which he could not well, at the date of the work—ascertainable within a year or two from the portrait of the young James IV.—have painted in such mature fashion. The fact is that the four distinct sections of the work are not all from the same hand. The three wings with the "Trinity," and the portraits of the king and queen respectively, are by a Flemish painter trained in the school, or, at any rate, following the manner, of Roger van der Weyden, and having more softness and ideality of conception, but infinitely less skill, than his great model. The fourth wing—with the portrait of Sir Edward Boukil, or Boucle, as it is variously spelt in the catalogue—is vastly superior in execution to its companion panels, and by an entirely different hand. The ashen greys of the firmly-modelled flesh, the peculiarly realistic representation of the hands, the strange type of the music-making angels, conclusively prove this. Further, we are acquainted with no other work which so closely resembles in style and system of colour the famous Portinari altar-piece by Hugo van der Goes, now in the Hospital of St. Maria Nuova at Florence. Especially let comparison be made between the angels in the Holyrood picture, and those who kneel in the foreground of the central panel of the Florentine triptych: the peculiar head-ornaments and quaintly-draped robes of these are in singular agreement the one with the other. Though the Holyrood panel is not on a par, whether in conception or execution, with this, Van der Goes' most famous and authentic work, we have little hesitation in attributing it

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to the same master. If this attribution be accepted, the wing with the donor's portrait must have been executed before the remaining three, seeing that Van der Goes died brain-sick in 1482; or, in the alternative, we may hazard the guess that it belonged to an entirely different work, and that the three remaining panels formed a triptych of themselves, with the "Trinity" for its central division.

The Marquis of Lothian's companion pictures of Margaret Tudor and her spouse James IV. have been confidently attributed, but, as it would appear, without reason, to Holbein. The lady's portrait is certainly not by that master, but rather by a limner of the court of France, painting not before 1530-40. The delicate modelling in full light, the nearly black background, and the distinctively French headdress worn by the lady may be taken as proof of this. The jewels, too, are painted in the fashion originally derived from the Van Eycks, with a yellow impasto imitating gold, whereas Holbein would have most probably painted them in real gold, modelled and shaded. Seeing what is approximately the date of the picture, it is hard to believe that it really represents Margaret Tudor, who was first married in 1503. The portrait of James IV. exhibited as a pendant to this picture is by another and a much inferior hand. It reveals a German, or perhaps rather a Flemish, origin.

Popular interest centres of course in the unrivalled collection of authentic portraits representing Mary Stuart now brought together. These have been selected with great care, and are much less irreconcilable with each other than are those usually put forth as presentments of the Scottish queen. It has long been pretty well ascertained that the ineffable charm possessed by her must have depended less on mere plastic beauty of feature than on a subtlety of expression which is unfortunately the very quality that, save in the hands of a supreme artist, most easily evaporates. And Mary, after the early days of her youth, was not lucky in her painters. They were apparently, with one or two exceptions, industrious, quite unimaginative, and technically third-rate artists, incapable of doing justice to so fascinating a personality as that of the ill-fated princess. Could she have been painted by a master gifted with the power of suggestion of a Leonardo da Vinci, or even by such artists more or less of her own time as Bronzino, or the Dutchman, Antonio Moro, we might better have understood the magnetic attraction which she undoubtedly exercised throughout her career. Of the early portraits, the most subtle and the most exquisite is the black chalk drawing by François Clouet, showing the young Dauphiness—or it may be queen—in a rich court dress; the original, of which a photograph is exhibited, being in the Bibliothèque Nationale. With this may be ranked the beautiful miniature sent by the Queen from Windsor, which we should be inclined to assign with tolerable certainty to the same hand, were it not that the drawing of the nose and mouth is less than consummate. The other chalk drawing from the Bibliothèque—also shown in photographic facsimile—is evidently a preparation for the famous "Deuil blanc" portrait lent by the Queen, and as such cannot be from the hand of Jehannet himself. This picture, formerly in the collection of Charles I., represents Mary in the white mourning robes of a widowed French queen; and, with all its uncompromising accuracy of delineation, it has none of the exquisite finesse of execution or the delicacy of colour which mark the few really authentic productions of the third Clouet. After this no real physiognomist appears to have portrayed Mary. We are unable to accept as an authentic presentment of her the finely-painted, yet uninspiring, full-length of a comely but stolid lady in a red, gold-embroidered dress, attributed to F. Zucchero, and lent by the Duke of Devonshire. Far more expressive, and well reproducing the features defined in the early French portraits, is the Queen's full-length from Hampton Court, bearing the date 1580. This is incomprehensibly attributed to D. Mytens, who, at the date inscribed on the picture, can hardly have been born. Neither the two practically identical full-lengths by P. Oudry, nor the three memorial portraits painted after the Queen's death—of which that from Blair's College, Aberdeen, is evidently the first original and the model—have much merit as works of art, though they are invaluable as historical landmarks. The last-mentioned work, mediocre as it is in execution, gives more impressively Mary's undaunted mien and royal dignity of bearing than do any of the other portraits. It must be pointed out that it is impossible to accept the legend which describes the queen as herself working, during her captivity, the elaborate piece of needlework exhibited in the central hall, showing—as we are told—in allegorical form, Mary herself supplicating the Virgin on behalf of the young James VI. The subject may be such as it is stated to be, though this is open to much doubt; but the embroidery cannot by any possibility be contemporaneous even with Mary's latest time. The costumes, the coiffures, the whole style of drawing and composition, point to a period not long, if at all, anterior to the middle of the seventeenth century.

Even after the Vandyck Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, the portraits of Charles I.—of which there are here several which did not appear in that collection—arouse and deserve an uncommon share of interest. The replica of the great family group at Windsor, lent by the Duke of Devonshire, is by no means of first-rate quality. Very unconvincing too, is the Earl of Warwick's well-known repetition of the great equestrian portrait, also among the Windsor treasures, though, hung in its own place, it has always commanded a certain amount of respect. On the other hand, the Vandyck ideal of Charles is incomparably well represented by the Duke of Norfolk's noble portrait, in which he appears bare headed, and clad in complete armour—a very type of dignified irresolution; and by the still more consummately executed, if inevitably less individual, picture, showing three distinct views of the king's face, and painted as the groundwork of a bust to be wrought by Bernini (the Queen, from Windsor). Of great importance is the portrait "Charles I., and James Duke of York, aged 14" (Duke of Northumberland), which is by Sir P. Lely, and must have been painted by him soon after his arrival in England, in 1643. This prosaic version of the king's features—which is not necessarily, or even probably, the more essentially true one, seeing that the Dutch limner knew his sitter infinitely less well than did Vandyck—shows him with a morose and discontented mien, and an aspect lacking distinction. On the other hand, Dobson's portrait of Charles, in royal robes of dark-blue bordered with ermine (Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert), though it is not painted with any especial brilliancy, has in its very heaviness of aspect a tragic dignity, a hopeless sadness, which are in entire consonance with the personality truly and subtly expressed by Vandyck. With these works it would have been interesting to compare the great full-length of the king at the age of 27, painted by D. Mytens, and now in the royal collection at Turin. Altogether unique is the sober-hued and firmly-executed portrait by Le Fevre (Mr. A. Morrison), showing Queen Henrietta-Maria in old age, standing erect with a devotional work in her hand. It is, in its perfect simplicity, a conception of infinite pathos. The woman here portrayed commands our pity, even though we may not forget the part she played in the tragic events of the time; for her, as she then was, life could have had no longer either hope or terror. The "Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice," belonging to the Marquis of Lothian, is a copy of the picture which is No. 144 in the Long Gallery of the Louvre, where it is catalogued as "Prince Charles-Louis, (Ludovic) of Bavaria, and his brother Prince Rupert." Of the appearance of the latter in later life, the bold sketch No. 90, attributed to Kneller, but more probably by Lely (Lord R. Gower), gives a striking idea; but the haughty, sensitive features of the prince, who was both warrior and artist, are best seen in the exquisite miniature by Samuel Cooper (Duke of Buccleugh). By the same artist is a superb portrait on the like small scale of James Duke of York, in a flowing fair wig. A very Stuart in the tragedy of her short life and her unexplained end was the beautiful Henriette d'Angleterre, Duchess of Orleans—the "Madame" whom Bossuet's world-famous funeral-oration has immortalised. Her sprightly and delicate beauty is here best recalled by three portraits due to the hand of P. Mignard, of which No. 87 (Earl of Ashburnham) bears no ascription, while No. 97 is erroneously attributed to Largillière. Rightly named is, on the other hand, the full-length of the duchess in an amber-coloured dress (Duke of Grafton). It is a pity that the great Windsor picture, by the same courtly, if not a little insipid, painter, showing Henrietta with her two children, could not be lent for exhibition here. When we approach the period of Charles II. and James II., it is impossible not to be struck with the entire absence of the most irregular, but pictorially the most attractive, section of the court. As Hampton Court Palace shames not to show to the world the whole series of the so-called Windsor beauties, and even the National Portrait Gallery has not excluded the *maîtresses attitrées*, we are inclined to think that the promoters of the exhibition have in this instance shown themselves over-squeamish. The most attractive figure here is the youthful Mary of Modena—represented with a dog—one of the finest works of Sir P. Lely (Earl Spencer). She appears in very simple attire, fronting the spectator in a pose full of voluptuous and truly Southern languour. Interesting, too, is the small equestrian figure of the Duke of Monmouth, by Netscher and Wyck, standing out against a conventional battle in the background (Marquis of Bute). The elder "Pretender," Prince James Francis Edward, is very well represented: first by a delicious little portrait by Kneller, showing him at the age of one year; then by the well-known and most charming Largillière picture which depicts him at the age of about eight, stiffly yet daintily posed, with the still younger Princess Louisa, his sister; next by a whole host of portraits giving his altered features in maturer life. Of these, the three-quarters length, life-size figure in armour, with a powdered wig, is one of the most remarkable (Blair's College, Aberdeen). The large "Marriage of Prince James Francis Edward and Princess Maria Clementina" (Earl of Northesk) is erroneously ascribed to Carlo Maratta, who in 1719—the year in which the event depicted took place—had been dead six years. Of the very numerous presentments of the younger "Pretender," Prince Charles Edward, none have much artistic merit, or give with any degree of distinctiveness the attractive individuality of his earlier and better time. His faithful Flora Macdonald appears, however, portrayed to the life, if in somewhat harsh and crude fashion, by Allan Ramsay, in the picture from the Bodleian

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ibrary. The firm jaw and high cheek-bones xpress resolution, but scarcely high breeding; et the lady's Highland freshness and vigorous ersonality are by no means devoid of charm.

Space is lacking even to refer to the large and nteresting collection of personal relics—welery, ornaments, embroideries, furniture, nd works of art of all kinds—bearing some ort of relation to the royal house of Stuart. hese will, no doubt, to the faithful—the oughty Jacobites without fear and with-ut reproach—constitute the most interesting ection of the unique show. Even the scoffer ay be delighted to inspect not a few treasures goldsmiths' work, enamel, and ivory, of the ost exquisite workmanship, worthy, indeed, all respects, to grace the royal and rincely owners to whom they are severally ttributed. CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Helwân: Jan. 3, 1889.

THE removal of the antiquities in the Boulaq Museum to the Palace of Gizeh has now been decided upon, and the work will be begun, if not finished, next summer. It will necessitate not only a good deal of labour, but also the outlay of a considerable sum of money, which it is intended to defray out of the proceeds of the sale of the ground on which the present museum stands. The invaluable collections preserved in it will thus be removed beyond the reach of the damp; and there will be plenty of space in which to arrange and exhibit them. The new museum, however, will be further from the hotels than even that of Boulaq; judging from the number of visitors to the later, it is not likely to be overcrowded by tourists. Indeed, since the establishment of an entrance fee it is astonishing how deserted the museum has become. It is only on the single free day of the week that the rich visitors to Cairo still come in any numbers to inspect the mummy of Ramses.

I have completed the task I set before myself; and, thanks to the courtesy of the officials of the museum, and the facilities they have afforded me, I have had little difficulty in copying all the tablets and fragments of tablets from Tel-el-Amarna, now preserved at Boulaq, before my departure from Cairo. The tablet containing the dispatch from the king of Arzapi to Amenophis III. now seems to me even more interesting than I thought it at first. I am beginning to believe that the language of the greater part of it belongs to some Hittite dialect. If so, the forms of the personal pronouns *mi* "my" and *ti* and *tu* "thy" lend support to Mr. Ball's hypothesis that the Hittite language or languages belonged to the Indo-European family. On the other hand, *bibbil* "chariots," and *kilatta*, which appears to mean "brother," have nothing Indo-European about them; and the verbal forms are Accadian.

Among the tablets I have copied since I last wrote are two which relate to affairs in Palestine. Unfortunately they are both fragments, about one-half the tablet having been lost in each case. The one tablet reads as follows:

"To the king, my lord [my gods], my Sun-god, I speak [by] letter, I, Su-arda-ka, thy servant, the dust of thy feet; at the [feet] of the king my lord, my gods, my Sun-god, seven times seven I prostrate myself. The king of . . . set himself to make war: in the city of Keilah (*Kelti*) thy enemy made [war] for the third time. An attack was directed against myself. My city (that had been entrusted) to myself rose against (?) me. (Then) Ebed-khiba sent to the men of Keilah; he sent gifts and they marched against my rear, and subdued the domains of the king my lord. Keilah, my city, Ebed-khiba removed from my jurisdiction. The stables (?) of the king my lord and the dwelling-place of my lord and the stables of the animal[s] he removed from his presence and his justice. Lab-api, the wicked in speech, had occupied the fortress of . . ni-nu, and at that time Lab-api with (?) Ebed-khiba and . . . occupied the fortress of . . ninu."

Keilah, it will be remembered, is mentioned in the history of David (1 Samuel, xxiii. 2, &c.).

The second fragment is as follows:

"And again, the city of Pir(qar?), the fortress which is in front of this country I made faithful to the king. At the same time the city of Gasa (*Khasati*) belonging to the king, which is on the shore of the sea to the west of the country of the city of Gath (*Ginti*) and the city of Kirmil (?), fell away to Urgi and the men of Gath. In my chariot I rode for the second time, and we marched up (out of Egypt) and Lab-api and the country which thou holdest [went over] to the confederates (*or* the people of Hebron) along with Milki-ar'il for the second time . . . . he delivered their request to the men of Kirjath, and we defended the city of Uru[s]ei. Khapi, the general, collected the garrison whom thou hadst left in it. Addasi-rakan, the governor of his house, the governor of Gasa [sent for help?] to Egypt."

It is possible that Kirjath is Kirjath-sepher, which seems to have been one of the most important of the Canaanitish cities in the south of Palestine, just as it is also possible that the word *Khabiri*, which I have translated "confederates," may really denote the people of Hebron, since it is followed by the determinative of locality. The word occurs in one of the tablets belonging to M. Bouriant, which I copied last year.

Another tablet at Boulaq is a long letter to "Nimutriya," or Amenophis III., from a certain Lan-makhsi, who calls himself "king of the country of Karandu," about the marriage of his youngest daughter. There is a second royal despatch from Subbi-kuzki, the king of a country the name of which is lost with the exception of the last syllable *ti*. It is addressed to the Egyptian king "Khûrî[ya]," a name in which we may see the original of the Horos of Manetho. A third tablet, which is unfortunately much worn and injured, tells us that "at that time the king of the Hittites was captured in the vicinity of the country of Kutiti"; and the statement is followed by the mention of "the king of the country of Mittani" on the eastern bank of the Euphrates, and of "the king of the country of Nabuma."

There is another curious text in the collection which has no historical reference, but is of a mythological character. Fragments only of it are preserved, but these relate to Namtaru, or destiny, who "consulted with the gods" and marched behind the narrator of the legend. Unless the missing portions of the tablet are at Berlin it is not likely that we shall make much out of the story, which may be of either Babylonian, Egyptian, or Canaanitish origin. A. H. SAYCE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. R. S. POOLE, keeper of the coins in the British Museum, has been appointed to the Yates chair of archaeology at University College, London, vacant by the resignation of Sir C. T. Newton.

THE annual winter exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery will open on Monday next, January 21; the private view is fixed for to-day.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES'S long-expected drypoint plate after Frans Hals's picture at Haarlem—"Banquet of the Officers of the Arquebusiers of St. Andrews"—will be on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's on and after Saturday next, January 26. It contains twelve figures, and is asserted to be the largest drypoint ever executed.

MR. THOMAS MCLEAN will have on view next week, at his gallery in the Haymarket, a series of pictures and sketches by Mr. James Webb, entitled "At Home and Abroad."

WEDNESDAY next, January 23, has been appointed as the day for sending in works intended for the spring exhibition of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society in Conduit Street.

THE Salon will be opened as usual in the Palais des Champs-Elysées on May 1, but the date of its closing is more doubtful. The Minister of Fine Arts has given notice to the President of the Society of Artists that the building will be required on June 15 for a series of fêtes in connexion with the centenary; but hopes are entertained that the Salon will be allowed to retain possession till June 30 as usual.

THE Municipal Council of Paris have voted £100,000 for the decoration of the interior of the Hôtel de Ville.

A MONUMENT to Claude Lorraine is to be erected at Nancy, and one to Barye at Paris. In order to assist the fund for the latter an exhibition of his works is to be held next May at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

AN exhibition of the paintings of the late Feyen-Perrin is being organised in Paris.

THE interesting portrait of a young man at the Uffizi which, according to the catalogue, represents Pico della Mirandola, and, according to Dr. Bode and Signor Frizzoni, was painted by Botticelli, is the subject of a note by M. Eugène Muntz in the *Chronique des Arts* (December 30). He gives good reasons for supposing that it is a portrait of the younger Piero de Medici, the son of Lorenzo, and confirms its attribution to Botticelli. The ground for this opinion is the marked resemblance between the portrait in the Uffizi and one of Piero at Naples, a miniature (ascribed to Cherardo) engraved in M. Muntz's *Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance*.

THE STAGE.

A FANTASTIC COMEDY.

MUCH reminiscence of eighteenth-century comedy and a little reminiscence of "Faust"—these, with the contributions of his own prolific fancy, are the materials out of which Mr. Buchanan has wrought his new piece for the Vaudeville. Simultaneously with what is meant to be the presentment of the manners of everyday humanity in the last years of George III., there proceeds such action as may be supposed to be the natural consequence of the sudden liberation of one who is none other than Dan Cupid from a bottle in which he has long been confined. Cupid places himself good-naturedly at the service of the youthful gentleman who has accidentally and unconsciously set him free; and through the remaining acts of the piece he is engaged in compassing that youth's desires, now with much ingenuity, and now with a clumsiness that comes of a want of recent practice. Surprising are the pranks he plays, and the effects of them upon old and young. The scene is laid first at Cambridge, where Cupid is emancipated, and afterwards at Bath, where he practises. His is, undoubtedly, the

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leading part. The best scenes are the scenes in which he scores, and the movement of the comedy is chiefly in his hands. His character we will not attempt to describe, for he is one of the oldest, one of the most familiar, and, probably, the most popular of personages upon the world's stage.

But—though we do not propose to follow in any detail the action of the drama—the other *dramatis personæ* must have a word about them, and the literary treatment deserves some notice. In Sir Timothy Racket, whose will or whose ire is an obstacle to his nephew's marriage, we have, of course, no new creation, but a figure is, nevertheless, presented which the forcible methods of Mr. Frederick Thorne can make spirited and entertaining. Harry Racket is the nephew—a person whose impecuniosity and ardour, whose loves and jealousies, Mr. Frank Gillmore has to illustrate. In every comedy a youthful hero is permitted a friend—not only a "pal," but an intimate. And in eighteenth-century comedy, and that which takes after it, the friend is kept carefully less interesting than is the youthful leader. Mr. Cyril Maude, partly by aid of his own personality and partly by aid of an assumed stutter, represents that drier and less seductive secondary hero. These are the chief men, though Mr. Scott Buist, Mr. Pagden, and Mr. Grove do more or less effective service in the minor characters required by a comedy of old-world fashion, in which, of course, there must needs be a young man's man-servant, in which there must needs be a money-lender, and in which there may very reasonably be a "beau," whose function is to exist beautifully. Two elderly women—a Miss Bridget Constant, aunt to the first heroine; and a Mrs. Veale, old Sir Timothy's housekeeper—are personated by Miss F. Robertson and Miss Dolores Drummond. The impersonation of neither lady passes beyond the limits of the conventional in prudery and the conventional in fascination; but Miss Drummond is the better of the two. For Miss Robertson's part the presence and the mannered piquancy of Miss Larkin—so long connected with the Vaudeville—would have been a distinct advantage. As Kate Constant, the popular Miss Winifred Emery is agreeable and sufficient. In a part more charged with feeling the delicacy of her touch is wont to be more perceptible. Mrs. Bliss, an exceedingly youthful widow, of whom the second hero is enamoured, is played, with humour and largeness of gesture, most thoroughly in the spirit of the time, by Miss Marion Lea, who, in the quaintest of costumes, looks, for the life of her, like a desirable Hoppner. She does all that can be done. But the part which overshadows the rest is that of Dr. Cupid, in which every possible opportunity is given for the display of Mr. Thomas Thorne's humours. Yet, notwithstanding the excellence of his chances and the skill with which he uses them, there is nothing in Dr. Cupid that need cause Mr. Thorne to withdraw his preference, lately made public, for the part of Parson Adams.

To the ingenious construction of the piece witness has already been borne. Yet it is a little doubtful whether it was not in pure extravaganza—extravaganza untouched with realism—that there lay the best occasion for the development of such a theme as that of the new play. As for the writing, Mr. Buchanan has his poetic moments, and then he returns to the recollection that he long ago decided to be a popular dramatist. His gift of fancy is his own. By dint of labour he seems witty; and, out of reverence perhaps for the plain utterance of the eighteenth century, he essays to be forcible. His genuine natural gifts, the School he more or less imitates was wholly without. It had them no more than it had Charles Lamb's tranquil yet wandering humour. But, on the other hand, that School's completed art—the completed art of Sheridan—would acknowledge only a very distant connexion with the roughish dexterity of the modern playwright.

Frederick Wedmore.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Sir C. Hallé played Schubert's Fantasia Sonata in G at the Popular Concert last Saturday afternoon. It has not been heard at these concerts since 1881. It is one of the composer's finest works for the pianoforte, and has been somewhat unjustly neglected. Sir G. Grove tells us that Schubert did not use the word *fantasia*, the inscription on the autograph being simply "Sonate für Pianoforte allein." In the new edition of Schubert's works, now being published by Breitkopf, the word is properly omitted. The pianist scarcely did justice to the beautiful opening movement—the reading was cold; but the rest of the work, especially the sparkling Finale, was admirably interpreted. The programme included Mozart's Quintet in G minor and the Kreutzer Sonata. Mrs. Henschel was the vocalist. With such a feast of good things, it is not surprising that the hall, despite bad weather, was well filled.

Mdme. Haas, an excellent pianist, played on the following Monday evening. Her solo was Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp. We shall, however, defer notice of her until next week. She is announced to play a more important solo next Saturday—Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110).

Haydn's "Seasons" was performed on Monday evening by the Hackney Choral Association at Shoreditch Town Hall. This work of the old master has not been heard for many years in London; and, though it may not equal his "Creation," it contains some very genial and effective music. The choir sang well, and the soloists gave general satisfaction. They were Mrs. Hutchinson, who received special applause for her rendering of "O how pleasing to the senses"; Mr. Henry Piercy, and Mr. Robert Hilton. Mr. Prout conducted with his usual ability. This gentleman deserves special praise for the works which he selects for performance. At the Hackney Society have been given, from time to time, Brahms's "German Requiem," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and other masterpieces which are rarely heard in the metropolis. And in accordance with this plan, Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" has been selected for the next concert (February 28), rather than the more popular "Elijah."

Mdlle. Esperanza Kisch gave a pianoforte recital at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The programme was an ambitious one. Beethoven's Sonata in F minor makes heavy demands upon an executant; and Mdlle. Kisch, though showing many good intentions in her reading, lacks at present the necessary strength—intellectual as well as physical. How often do we find pianists attempting a difficult work with but indifferent success, when, with one less exacting, they might win favour! Mdlle. Kisch played a number of short solos. She has taste and feeling. She wants more study and more experience.

The programme of the London Symphony Concert given last Tuesday evening was varied and attractive. Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, Beethoven's Symphony in D, and Wagner's "Siegfried" Idyl—each, in its way, a masterpiece—were all well performed, particularly the last named. Mr. Willy Hess, leader of Sir Charles Hallé's orchestra, played Spohr's Violin Concerto in D minor (Op. 9). His tone is full, his intonation excellent, and his style good. He was well received. The last piece in the programme was an "Ouverture Solennelle" by the Russian composer Peter Tschaikowsky. To the title of the work is appended the date "1812." This, and the introduction of the "Marseillaise," make one at once understand that the composer is attempting to illustrate a famous page in Russian history. With a descriptive programme, this work, common in character, though clever in construction, would find greater favour than it did with Mr. Henschel's audience. It is an overture which might suitably be played in Russia to celebrate the victory of Smolensk or Borodino.

J. S. Shedlock.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

From Mr. C. Woolhouse we have received:

Two Songs. By Gerard F. Cobb. The first is a Spanish Lullaby, the second a Spanish Lament. The words are by Bryant. They have both an *ad lib.* part for violoncello. They are simple in form and the melodies pleasing, while in the accompaniments there are many musician-like touches. The Lullaby ought to become popular.

Suspense. By Sydney Shaw. A smooth flowing ballad.

Three Songs. By A. Fox. The words of all three are by Shelley. The music is good. The first pleases us best: the harmonies are quaint. The second and third are somewhat spoilt by commonplace phrases here and there.

Suite. For Violin and Piano. By G. St. George. An extremely good work. The Bourrée and Passepied are particularly charming. There is quaintness and freshness about the music—and thought. The numbers are all fairly easy to play.

Treatise on Musical Intervals. By W. S. B. Woolhouse. Second Edition. It is many years since the first edition of this useful little work appeared, and it is, indeed, out of print. The book treats of temperament, harmonics, beats, and chords up to the thirteenth. In the table of intervals only one way of obtaining diminished intervals from major is given. Again, it is scarcely correct to speak of the Tritone fourth in the diatonic scale as an augmented fourth. The writer says it is sometimes so called; but he should have added that this term applied to the interval is, in this case, a misnomer.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1889.

No. 873, *New Series.*

THE EDITOR *cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.*

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, *and not to the* EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The American Commonwealth. By James Bryce. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

SOME one has said of an eminent statesman of our day that it would need a syndicate to write his life. In like manner, one may say that it would need a committee of American and English politicians, lawyers, merchants, journalists, and men of letters to review Prof. Bryce's great book. To attempt in a few columns of the ACADEMY to discuss its merits and its shortcomings, and to speak with a reviewer's ordinary confidence on this feature or the other, would be an ill recognition of the vast labour which it represents, and of the high title of its author to speak almost with authority on the institutions and public life of America. The task of fault-finding may well be postponed for a time; and it will go hard with later critics if they fail to find in these three large volumes plenty of room for difference of opinion. There need be no hurry to check the first feeling of gratitude towards Prof. Bryce for having had the courage to undertake and carry through an enterprise of extraordinary magnitude and difficulty. This much may be said without misgiving, that, in respect as well of the largeness of its subject as of the judicial dignity of the treatment, *The American Commonwealth* will rank among the few great books of our generation. In its special field, indeed, it may be said to stand alone.

Putting aside all thought of discussing the many subjects here treated, which range from high matters of state to social fashions, I shall content myself with a brief description of the work itself. The first volume contains so clear and careful an account of the central, national, or federal government of the United States that Prof. Bryce's fellow-politicians will be left without excuse if henceforth they are satisfied with the vague and inaccurate ideas on the subject which have done service during the last two years. Having very shortly indicated the history of the constitution, he proceeds to a minute survey of its component parts, describing the position and powers of the president and of the heads of departments; the differences between the American and the English and French cabinets, which result from the president's personal responsibility; the Senate; the House of Representatives; the relations of the two houses to one another and to the executive; the federal courts; and the working of the federal system as a whole. The sketch of these institutions is full of life and movement. Prof. Bryce has sought not only to present their outward form, which has often been done before, but by means of incidents in American political life and by contrast with European governments to show us the constitution actually at work. The reality of a constitution is widely different from what Mr. Bagehot called its "literary theory." No constitution is so unworkable as the best one looks on paper. Some of the defects, indeed, of the American system, particularly the want of unity which has resulted from the excessive pains taken to separate the executive, legislative, and judicial powers, can be traced to the influence of the literary theory of our own constitution. "Each power in the state goes its own way, or wastes precious moments in discussing which way it should go, and that which comes to pass seems to be a result not of the action of the legal organs of the state, but of some larger force which at one time uses their discord as its means, at another neglects them altogether." Now, as Prof. Bryce points out, and as other writers have noted (Sir Henry Maine, for instance, and Prof. Fiske fn his recent work *The Critical Period of American History*), this care to separate the different powers was in great part due to the influence of the English system not in its reality, but as observed through the spectacles of Montesquieu and his follower Blackstone, who seemed to see in the separation of functions the secret of English freedom. Thus, while we in England are told that the literary theory is so far from fitting the facts that our national danger is the encroachment of the legislature upon the functions of the executive, in America the theory has been so successfully carried out that the complaint is made that the president cannot sufficiently guide and stimulate Congress nor Congress the president. In quiet times the machine works smoothly; but in a crisis it is strained severely. From that weakness, however, no system of government is free. In a great national crisis the only trust is in the sobriety and loyalty of the citizens, and in the courage, resource, and foresight of their leaders; and therein lies the strength of the American constitution. In Prof. Bryce's judgment "the American people have a practical aptitude for politics, a clearness of vision and capacity for self-control, never equalled by any other nation." It is a strong statement, but it is made deliberately. He recurs to the idea again and again, and leaves no doubt that his estimate of the national character, whether unduly high or not, rests upon a very solid basis of fact. Such a people, as he says, can work any constitution.

So far Prof. Bryce has been following a path trodden by many English writers, who have vainly sought, as he has done successfully, to make the American constitution a reality to English readers. In the second volume he passes to the State governments, which, save in relation to the central authority, have received comparatively little attention. Availing himself not only of their written constitutions and statutes, but of records of debates, official reports, local newspapers, and of what he has himself seen and heard, he describes the various constitutions of the States in their development and existing form; their legislatures, executive, and judiciary; their modes of taxation; their politicians; and their parties. An account follows of local government in rural districts and in cities, to which Mr. Seth Low, a former mayor of Brooklyn, has contributed an additional chapter on municipal government. On the whole, Prof. Bryce's judgment of public life in the States is far from high. He finds only a few of them, among which Massachusetts is distinguished, whose legislatures are free from corruption, the worst being those where the influence of European immigrants in large cities is greatest.

"New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco," he says, "have done their best to poison the legislatures of the States in which they respectively lie by filling these bodies with members of a low type, as well as by being themselves the centres of enormous accumulations of capital. They have brought the strongest corrupting force into contact with the weakest and most corruptible material; and there has followed in Pennsylvania and New York such a witches' Sabbath of jobbing, bribery, thieving, and prostitution of legislative power to private interest as the world has seldom seen."

Yet the demoralisation of the legislatures does not imply a corresponding badness in government; for they are checked, on the one hand, by their constitutions, which are scrupulously careful of the rights of property, and, on the other hand, by the increasing influence of the federal authority. The average American does not take a close interest in the business of his State. He says to himself that the chief harm that a bad legislature can do is to waste some public money; and he is persuaded that the regular party organisations are so strong that independent effort is not of much use. It appears, however, that better ideas of citizenship are beginning to prevail, and that independent men are bestirring themselves to put down corruption. The remainder of the second volume presents a minute study of the party system. In Europe the dividing lines of political parties, though crossed here and there, are fairly distinct, for the most part marking broad differences of political principle or temperament; but, in the America of to-day, no such differences separate the Republican from the Democrat. For ten years or more there has been no great question to divide the country. The reader will not gather from Prof. Bryce's pages any simple distinguishing test, because there is none. The distinction turns partly on tradition, largely on mere competition for office, a good deal on race and on geographical position, and only to a small extent on economical or constitutional questions. Yet it is in a country where the outsider sees the party lines thus blurred and faint that party organisation has been carried to its perfection. What a feeble instrument is our English caucus compared with the huge American machine for registering votes, which paralyses the independent voter, keeps the best men out of politics, "and grinds out places, power, and the opportunities for illicit gain to those who manage it"! Prof. Bryce has minutely described the system and its results, and a sadder creation of distorted ingenuity cannot well be imagined. And yet there could be no greater mistake than to dwell upon its worst features as a reflection of the character of the American people. In fact the domination of the professional politician is tolerated because his power for mischief is far more limited than it is in countries with a flexible constitution. Evils which touch only the surface

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of life in America would involve general degradation in England.

The third volume deals with a variety of subjects, a mere list of which would be long. In the course of a detailed examination of the sources, operation, and strength of public opinion, Prof. Bryce dispels a good many misconceptions, and robs the railers at democracy of much of their thunder. One turns with special interest to what he has to say of the tyranny of the majority. He quotes De Tocqueville, who said half a century ago: "I know no country where there prevails in general so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America." In Lord Grey's Essay on the Reform of Parliament, published thirty years ago, the same passage is relied upon as exhibiting the evils which result from the unbalanced power of the democracy; and most observers of America, with their eyes fixed on "rings" and "bosses," have continued to repeat the charge. Prof. Bryce, with fuller knowledge of the facts, has come to a different conclusion. Whatever may have been the case formerly, "the tyranny of the majority," he says, "is no longer a blemish on the American system, and the charges brought against democracy from the supposed example of America are groundless." Following the study of public opinion, come a number of more or less disconnected essays of illustration and reflection, including the story of the Tweed Ring (written by Prof. Goodnow of New York), the Philadelphia Gas Ring, Kearneyism in California (the story of the rise and fall of the party of Denis Kearney, drayman and demagogue), the problem of territorial extension, *laissez faire*, women's suffrage, the faults of American democracy, its strength, and the question how far American experience is available for Europe. The work concludes with a survey of social institutions and social life, in which are dealt with law and lawyers, railroads, the money market, the universities, religion, the position of women, the intellectual characteristics and literary tastes of the people, the social and economic future, and other matters.

Let this suffice as a bare indication of the scope of a work, whose chief demerit is its length. Even at the risk of omitting some of the most interesting chapters, a cheaper and smaller edition might be worth the issuing. For it is a work very rich in political instruction, if it be read in the same calm spirit in which it is written. Prof. Bryce has often insisted on the danger of arguments from history and from the experience of other countries, and he has here done his best to enforce his teaching. He has guarded himself with especial care against the temptation of exaggerating the influence of forms of government—a temptation to which the ordinary politician so easily succumbs. Both friends and foes of democracy will find in his work an ample store of illustrations and facts to support their theories. Side by side there exists in the public life of America such corruption as would need the pen of a Juvenal to describe, and such a spirit of law-abidingness as has never been witnessed in any other country under the sun. Seeking to establish or confirm no theory, the author has faithfully recorded the evil as well as the good. "I confess," said Dr. Tocqueville, "that in America I saw more than America: I sought the image of democracy itself." Prof. Bryce has left the image of democracy alone, and, while freely expressing his opinions, has made it his chief aim to give us a record of careful and impartial observation. In the constitutional and social controversies of our own country his authority will be appealed to by men of every shade of opinion, passages will be torn from their context, and his qualified judgments will be quoted as dogmatic utterances. Of that he cannot complain. It has been the fate of philosophers and observers, from Aristotle to Mill; and no writer can avoid it who strives, as Prof. Bryce has done, to see and describe things as they really are.

G. P. Macdonell.

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. Done into English. By Henry Edward Watts. Vol. iii. (Bernard Quaritch.)

In a former notice (Academy, No. 842) of vols. i. and ii. of this work, I treated chiefly of the excellent Life of Cervantes; to-day I would confine myself to a brief examination of the translation of the first part of the Quixote, concluded in vol. iii.

Mr. Watts presents us with decidedly the best and most agreeable prose version of *Don Quixote* that has yet appeared. I say "prose," because in the poetical portions he appears to me to be almost as far behind his predecessors as he is before them in prose. His attempts are not to be compared with those of Mr. Gibson, nor do they even equal those of Mr. Ormsby; in fact, it is sometimes difficult to extract any clear meaning from Mr. Watts's lines in passages where there is no such obscurity either in the original or in preceding versions. As an example of mere carelessness, in iii., p. 263, note, Mr. Watts renders—

> "Amar á cristianos moras
> Eso vese á todas horas:
> Mas que amé cristianas á moro,
> Eso no."
>
> "For Christians to love Moorish woman
> That is seen every hour:
> But for a Moor to love a Christian woman,
> That never"—

which is contrary to fact and to the context. Of course, it should be "For Moorish women to love Christian men," and "for a Christian woman to love a Moor." Yet, after all, the poetical portions of the *Quixote* are to the prose as Falstaff's proportion of bread was to the sack which he consumed, and it is by the prose that a translation must be judged.

Mr. Watts has one immense merit—respect for his author's text. This alone would almost atone for the little slips inevitable in so long a work, which I may have to point out. Again and again he proves that the edition of 1608 is superior to any emendations made upon it, and that there is no need of alteration. Another commendable feature is the familiarity which he shows, not only with the bibliography, but with the contents of the Amadis, of Ariosto's epics, and with other romances and epics of chivalry. He most aptly applies this knowledge in illustration of the text. The appendices are excellent in the same sense. We know not where to find a better epitome of the history and literature of the Cid than in Appendix C., vol. iii. If that on Roland and Archbishop Turpin is not quite so successful, it is perhaps because this hardly belongs to Spanish literature. For a full knowledge of the sources of the so-called Chronicle of Turpin, we must still wait for the publication of the Compostellan *Codex Calixtinus*, now in preparation by the Academia de la Historia. For explanation of words derived from the Arabic, Mr. Watts trusts wholly to Prof. Dozy, a by no means worthless guide. I would only mention the still fuller *Glosario* of Señor de Eguilaz (Granada, 1886), where citations are given at length, and many a difficulty in old Spanish writings is successfully cleared up.

I perfectly agree in the criticism of the stories too lavishly interpolated in the first part of the *Quixote*, and that "The Impertinent Curiosity" is the worst and most tedious of them all. It is wise, too, to refrain from attempting any reconciliation of the chronology of Cervantes with that of the events recorded. The slips of memory are undoubted. In fact, while Cervantes held most firmly to the consistency of the characters which he had once created, so that they are always the same, the incidents themselves, and especially the humorous ones, seem as if they had been jotted down whenever or wherever they flashed into the author's brain, and were afterwards strung together with but little regard for what went before or should follow after.

The one drawback to unalloyed pleasure in reading these volumes is the way in which Mr. Watts girds at the mistakes of former translators. This gives an appearance of kicking away the ladder by which he has himself mounted. There can be no doubt that the renderings of Messrs. Duffield and Ormsby, and still more Mr. Gibson's verse translations, have raised the standard for all future translators. It can hardly be by accident that Leonella's *Alphabet of Love*, vol. iii., 169, should (except in the omission of P) coincide so closely with that of Mr. Duffield. The music of the *Seises*, or *Seixes*, of Seville, ii. 152 note, which Mr. Watts could not procure, is noted by Mr. J. Lomas; *Sketches in Spain*, p. 89 *seq.* (Black, 1884). In the difficult passage, ii. 94, I think Mr. Watts is right, but the meaning would be more clear if *pues* were translated "since" instead of "for." On Cato Zonzorino, Cato the dullard, I hold for certain that Cervantes is laughing at the great school-book of the Renaissance, the Distichs of Cato, and its many imitations. Sancho, the personification of rude mother-wit and common-sense, sees through its sententious dulness. Don Quixote, with lofty learning, affirms in answer that "there is no proverb which is not true." To take Sancho's blunder in his Latin on hell—*nulla est retentio*, iii. 16 note—"as a sly hit at the church's doctrine of eternal punishment," is a curious instance of reading the ideas of one's own day into an older text. I cannot see the necessity for coining a new word *stantrel* for *estanterol*; even "quarter-deck" would be near enough, as the place where the captain stands during an action.

But all these minute and trifling slips, and others like them, which must per-

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force occur in a work of this length, do not induce me to modify my judgment that, on the whole, with the exception of the poetry, this is both the most correct and the most readable version of *Don Quixote* that has yet appeared in English. It is the one, I think, which is the most likely to acquire, and to retain, popular favour if ever it is presented to the public in a popular form.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

Through the Heart of Asia, over the Pamir to India. By Gabriel Bonvalot. With Illustrations by Albert Pepin. Translated from the French by C. B. Pitman. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE invasion of India by MM. Bonvalot, Pepin, and Capus, was unquestionably an exciting adventure. Prevented by the Afghans from travelling by way of Balkh and Kabul, M. Bonvalot, who seems to have been the leader of the party, determined to try the Pamir route. They thus entered India by the Baroghil Pass and Yassin; and, since this is one of the very shortest roads from the Russian to the British frontier, the journey has a special interest for us. In his new celebrated memorandum on "The Defence of India," the late Sir Charles MacGregor (I quote from the *Life*) assumes that a Russian column might advance from Marghilan in Ferghana over the Terek Diwan Pass and the Pamir towards Kashmir, its object being to set up an irritation on the Kashmir frontier, while other columns were pushing on to Herat and Balkh. This was much the same route that the French travellers took, except that they crossed the Alai range not by the Terek Diwan, but by the Taldik Pass (11,600 ft.). It is worth noticing that their footsteps are being followed by the Russian political officer, Captain Grombtchefski, who when last heard of had crossed Kunjut, and was examining the eastern slopes of the Mustagh range. But the Russophobist will search M. Bonvalot's book in vain for any precise information. The account given of the Baroghil Pass is brief in the extreme; and the writer seems more intent on describing his own personal exploits and his appearance *en costume de voyage* than on giving topographical details. Of course there is some excuse for saying but little about the people whose countries he visited—

"The wandering Khirghises
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere."

The fact is that in winter time hardly a living soul is to be met with on the Roof of the World, which becomes a trackless uninhabited waste for all the traveller can see.

M. Bonvalot speaks of the Kara Khirghis of the Pamir as Mongols; whereas they are a Turkish tribe identified by Mr. Howorth with the Buruts, being the Khirghis proper in contradistinction to the so-called Khirghis Kasaks. The prefix Kara—found also in Kara Turcoman, Kara Kitai, &c.—means something more than "black," as the word is usually translated. A *kara khel* is not a black ibex, but an animal of inferior or spurious breed. The natives of Chinese Turkestan say their former masters were Kitai; but the Chinese now in the country, who come mostly from Szechuen and Yunnan, are spoken of as Kara Kitai. Mr. Ney Elias informs me of this. I do not know if the same explanation applies to the *kara kumis* mentioned by Rubruquis.

M. Bonvalot has almost as little to tell us about the people of Chitral, among whom he stayed some weeks; while M. Pepin's drawings show very poorly beside the admirable photographs of Chitralis and Kafirs which Sir William Lockhart's mission brought back from the country, and which were exhibited at a *soirée* of the Royal Geographical Society a few months ago. Lastly, M. Bonvalot displays the fault which is so frequent with travellers. He seems utterly indifferent to previous labours in the same field. For instance, the party camped on the shores of Lake Rang Kul. There is not even a footnote to remind the reader that, according to Sir Henry Rawlinson, this is the famous Dragon Lake mentioned by the Buddhist pilgrim, Hiouen Tsang, the holiest spot in the entire Buddhist cosmogony. The intrepid and accomplished explorer, Mr. Ney Elias, visited Rang Kul when on his way from Yarkand to Shignan; and it was his careful account of the locality that enabled Sir Henry Rawlinson to complete the identification. In particular, Mr. Ney Elias mentioned a rock known as the Chirágh Tagh, the Lamp Stone, standing 100 feet from the water's edge, and famous all over the Pamir for a light that burns unquenchably in one of its caves, in which, the Khirghis affirm, a vast treasure is stored, under guard of a dragon with a shining light in his forehead. Of all this M. Bonvalot says not a word.

But enough has been noted, perhaps, concerning the omissions of the book; and we may turn to one or two points on which the writer is less reticent. The first volume is taken up with an account of the journey through Khorassan to the Oxus. The subjugation of the Tekke Turcomans by Russia has almost, if not quite, put a stop to the cruel slave-catching raids that, till recently, devastated "the delightful province of the sun." The towers of refuge in which the timid Persians sought safety at the first alarm of Turcomans are used no longer, and are being suffered to fall to ruin. Peace, says M. Bonvalot, reigns supreme; the sense of security is complete. The Russians, however, have not yet put down sheep stealing; and at Lasghird the travellers heard of a raid by Yomud Turcomans in which 800 sheep had been "lifted" from the Shah's dominions. Some useful information about the trade of the regions traversed may be gathered here and there. In the bazaar at Nishapur the travellers found large stocks of English and Russian cotton stuffs, Russian and English needles, Russian and French sugar, and writing paper from Angoulême. The paper and sugar were the only French wares met with; the mercery with French trade marks proved to be of Persian, German, or Austrian manufacture. At Karatag, in Bokhara, were found small boxes of French make containing percussion caps. English needles were sold here and leaden toys from Moscow. At the neighbouring town of Hissar English calicoes from India were on sale, Russian handkerchiefs, needles, and matches, and percussion caps from Hanover.

At Shahtepe, in Afghan Turkestan, an Afghan officer gave the travellers an account of the attack on the Cavagnari embassy in Kabul.

"The British, said the Afghan, fought like heroes. Our soldiers, he continued, made a breach in the walls and set fire to the house; but the Englishmen fought as long as there was breath left in their bodies. One of them was a splendid shot; he killed more than a hundred Afghans to his own gun. A bullet shattered his arm. He did not fall, but loading his rifle with one hand continued fighting until another bullet struck him in the side. He then sank down, and one of our men went up and hacked him to pieces with a sword. He was a hero."

The journey from Ferghana over the Pamir to Chitral was, of course, the most arduous part of the expedition, and the hardships undergone lose nothing in the telling. They remind one not a little of M. Tartarin de Tarascon's prodigious adventures in the Alps. The intense cold, the difficulty of breathing at altitudes so far above sea level, the weary and often perilous struggle over the snow-fields—all this is described at great length. M. Bonvalot also mentions that at 7800 feet above the sea meat cooks badly, and tea has not the flavour it possesses on low ground, which is just what Marco Polo says of cookery on the Pamir. After leaving the Dragon's Lake the travellers seem to have ascended the Aksu or Aktash River (called lower down the Bartang or Murghabi), to its source in the Oi Kul Lake. There is little doubt that M. Bonvalot is right in describing the Aksu, and not the river which rises in Lake Victoria, as the head stream of the Oxus. There is, however, a serious difference of opinion on this point; and, since the difference involves the possession of a vast tract of territory, M. Bonvalot's opinion, if he would only condescend to give his reasons for it, might carry considerable weight. From the neighbourhood of Oi Kul, which is not mentioned by name in the narrative, the travellers found their way to the valley of the Wakhan river. Thence they made an attempt, which luckily for themselves proved futile, to reach Kunjut. Baffled by the deep snow, they turned back and presently crossed by the Baroghil Pass into Chitral, where they were detained by the Mehtar-ul-Mulk's son, Aman Afzul, pending a reference to the government of India. "It is evident," M. Bonvalot infers, "that the Chitralis, deny it though they may, take their orders from India"; and this obsequiousness may, no doubt, be regarded as one of the many satisfactory results of Sir William Lockhart's mission. The Mehtar's son excited M. Bonvalot's antipathy; but Sir William Lockhart describes him as a fine manly young fellow, every inch a soldier, and exchanged turbans with him in token of lasting friendship. Afzul afterwards visited Calcutta and created the same favourable impression there. A letter from the Indian foreign office secured the release of the French travellers and their safe conduct through Yassin, Gilghit, and Kashmir to Simla, where they were hospitably entertained by Lord Dufferin, to whom M. Bonvalot dedicates the English version of his travels.

M. Bonvalot evidently thinks very highly of his own way of dealing with Orientals, but it may be questioned if he has done much

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to make the name of Feringhi respected by the people among whom he travelled. His method alternated between brutality and sprightliness. In Khorassan, on the road from Meshed to Mozderan, three men were flogged till they brought bowls of milk for the thirsty travellers. On the Rang Kul Pamir, M. Bonvalot found it necessary to chastise a Khirghis chief with his own hand, while the rest of the party were ready with revolvers and rifles to check any attempt at resistance or flight. Later on he instructed his servant to beat a wretched Chitrali, whose offence was saying something rude. No doubt a certain display of severity is often requisite in dealing with Asiatics; and, had M. Bonvalot's journey served any useful purpose, every excuse would be made for his conduct. Possibly, however, these French travellers created an even more unfavourable impression when in their kindly moods. According to M. Bonvalot, the Afghans were extremely friendly, "thanks to our sprightliness; and when their brains were not muddled by haschish, they took part in our gambols and laughed heartily with us." Now, with all deference to M. Bonvalot, I think I am right in saying that an inclination to sprightliness is just what the Afghan, like most Mohammedans, will detest and despise. Sternness and severity he can understand, and sometimes appreciate; but what we should call a cheery, easygoing disposition, is to the Afghans foolishness. Perhaps it is as well for M. Bonvalot and his companions that by order of Mahomed Ishak Khan they were turned back.

Mr. C. B. Pitman, who has translated the book, deserves credit for so promptly presenting it in an English dress, but it would have been well to have adopted a more familiar spelling for the names of places. "Guriani" for "Ghorian," "Zerebchane" for "Zarefshan," "Chibberghan" for "Shiburghan," "Giulguit" for "Gilghit," and "Jelhum" for "Jhelum" in the Punjaub, sound strange to alien ears. "Baranla" (ii. 51) is a misprint for *baranta*, or *barumpta*, as it is called on the Peshawur border, a raid or reprisal. "White slave" (ii. 145) is an odd rendering of *la pierre blanche*.

Stephen Wheeler.

"Statesmen Series."—*Bolingbroke*. By Arthur Hassall. (W. H. Allen.)

The "Statesmen Series" certainly keeps up to the mark with its biographies of "great men who have influenced the political history of the world." Mr. Montague's Life of Peel has now been speedily followed by a Life of Bolingbroke by Mr. Arthur Hassall.

In a series of this description, a "study" of the great Lord Bolingbroke well deserves a place. Apart from the peculiar fascination which Bolingbroke's character and career have always possessed for the student of history, his direct and personal influence upon English politics in the eighteenth century was much greater and more extensive than is generally appreciated. From his earliest appearance in the House of Commons in 1701 until his flight in 1715, during his exile in France from 1715 to 1725, and as the directing genius of the opposition to Walpole's government until his second retirement to France in 1742, he was ever closely and inextricably connected, in one way or another, with the history of his country. Or whatever he took up, whether it was the administration of an office or the organisation of an opposition, he left the impress of his own individuality. His influence was so pre-eminently personal that posterity does not clearly understand whence it originally arose; and after his death "his immediate survivors were unable to explain the sudden decline of the influence of his ideas." However matchless his skill as a pamphleteer, his contributions to political science were practically worthless. He was not a profound and original thinker. He could only revive in the most exquisite of English prose—to use the words of his disciple—

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."

This new *Life of Bolingbroke* will not only prove a valuable addition to this series, interesting the general reader, but it will also be found extremely useful by the student of eighteenth-century history. Mr. Hassall adds nothing of importance to the stock of information which we already possess relating to Bolingbroke's career. He shows, indeed, that the tradition as to his education at Christ Church may be perfectly true, in spite of his name not appearing on the books or the buttery lists of the House; for St. John may (like many other students in the seventeenth century) have "studied with a Christ Church tutor, never lived within the walls of Christ Church, and left Oxford without having matriculated." But it is as an estimate of Bolingbroke's career as statesman under Queen Anne that Mr. Hassall's work is of the greatest value; and the two most important chapters in this little volume are naturally those devoted to "The Peace of Utrecht" ("the greatest monument of Bolingbroke's fame") and to "The Succession Question." Mr. Hassall has evidently given a very careful consideration to the voluminous correspondence and the intricate negotiations covering the years between 1710 and 1714; and he deliberately inclines to a much more favourable view, not only of the peace of Utrecht, but also of "the means taken to bring it about," than that which historians have generally adopted. He does not venture on a complete defence, but he pleads for a mitigation of the severe judgment which has generally been passed upon Bolingbroke's conclusion of the treaty—mainly, it would seem, upon the ground that Bolingbroke had so many impediments in his way. But even those who would go as far as Mr. Hassall does, and would pronounce the conduct of the Whigs "as throughout most unpatriotic," would surely not maintain that "no fault can be found with the advantages gained for Great Britain." The conclusion of peace, independently of the allies, may, perhaps, be justified on the ground that "they had so often acted disloyally to England"; but the desertion of the Catalans is wholly indefensible, and Mr. Hassall justly terms it "the greatest blot on Bolingbroke's statesmanship."

Mr. Hassall's opinion on the Succession question is equally emphatic.

"Bolingbroke," he says, "was never a Jacobite, that is to say, he never had any settled design of bringing in James Edward. . . . That he had intrigued with the Pretender is undoubted; but who had not? . . . Bolingbroke, like most of the politicians of the day, negotiated with both the Elector and the Pretender. The unmistakable preference of George for the Whigs tended undoubtedly to incline the ministers to weigh seriously the chances of the Pretender; but Bolingbroke's immediate object was, by consolidating the Tory party, to command the situation on the Queen's death."

It is easy to give a bald endorsement to Bolingbroke's own oft-repeated assertion, but it is practically impossible to test its accuracy. We have not enough evidence to allow us to pronounce authoritatively upon his real intentions. We know that Bolingbroke had nothing to expect from the Hanoverian succession, everything from a Stuart restoration; but the rest is mere matter of conjecture. We may follow Mr. Hassall, if we like, in regarding Bolingbroke's elaborate negotiations with the Jacobites, which give to the pages of De Torcy their special value, as merely part of a policy of "consolidating the Tory party." Or we may follow Mr. Lloyd Sanders, the editor of this very series, and himself no mean authority on this period, who pronounces as follows:

"Everything combines to prove, and historians seem as a rule to believe, that Bolingbroke was, as far as might be expected from his unscrupulous character, a zealous supporter of the Stuart line."

Viewed in this light, his flight in 1715 otherwise "a fatal mistake," becomes perfectly intelligible. Confronted by such divergencies of authority on so perplexing a question, we can but philosophically conclude that it is still too early for an impartial judgment. Those eventful times are still too near our own. They still—to use Hallam's well-known phrase—"call forth the warm emotions of party spirit, and afford a test of political principles."

The three chapters which Mr. Hassall devotes to Bolingbroke's life after the year of his fall, though not the most important, are among the most interesting in the volume. Their clear arrangement is admirable. The only fault that could be found with them is a tendency—not confined to this portion of the work alone—towards too much general history. The sketches of the contemporary state of affairs are excellent in their way; but they occupy much valuable space which might otherwise have been devoted to the main subject, and the general information so essential to a due appreciation of Bolingbroke's position we can easily obtain from the works of Mr. Lecky or Mr. Wyon. Mr. Hassall has thus unnecessarily aggravated a difficulty which he has had all along to contend with—that of compressing into 230 pages an amount of matter which might reasonably have filled three times that number. This difficulty shows itself in different ways, but more especially in the cramping effect it has had upon Mr. Hassall's style, which is in startling contrast with the freedom and copiousness of Bolingbroke himself. When unconstrained by the limits of "brief biography," Mr. Hassall's style is very different. The following passage from his concluding chapter demands quotation:

"No greater compliment could, perhaps, be paid to his memory than the interest which is still taken in his meteoric career, in his soaring

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ambition, in his keen literary tastes. As long as there remains a classical scholar, so long may we look for translations of Homer; as long as mediæval history is studied, fresh monographs on Dante and his divine poem will continue to appear. And we may say that as long as human nature, with its lights and shades, still occupies the attention of men in each succeeding generation, writers will be found ready to make fresh studies of this extraordinary character, in which, as Lord Chesterfield said, 'good and evil were perpetually jostling one another.' Most of his contemporaries are allowed to sleep in comparative peace; but who can say that the final word has been said of the author of the Peace of Utrecht?"

The book as a whole is a marvel of accuracy. There are one or two slight errors uncorrected in the "Errata," and one curious mistake in the pedigree of the St. Johns. One sentence shows signs of carelessness. It is this:

"There [at Dawley], in Bolingbroke's own words, 'he was in a hermitage where no man came but for the sake of the hermit': for then he found 'that the insects which used to hum and buzz about him in the sunshine, fled to men of more prosperous fortune and forsook him when in the shade.'"

The original passage, of which the above is a clumsy paraphrase, is simpler and more elegant. It occurs in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, written in 1723, and runs as follows:

"Those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buzz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade."

What can be the object of taking a sentence like this, of misquoting it, and of misapplying it by making it refer to Bolingbroke's residence at Dawley—an estate which he did not purchase till 1725?

Mr. Hassall has succeeded in bringing out in special prominence the three most remarkable points in connexion with Lord Bolingbroke's life—the untiring energy, not to say restlessness, of his character; the many extraordinary vicissitudes of his career; and, above all, the marvellous versatility of his genius. This latest biography would be most welcome if it led only to a more extended study of Bolingbroke's correspondence with Pope and Swift. "The letters from Lord Bolingbroke," as Lord Orrery said,

"which are inserted in this collection, are written with an elegance and politeness that distinguish them from all the rest. We see they were not intended for the press; but how valuable are the most careless strokes of such a pen!"

WILLIAM E. GREY.

NEW NOVELS.

The Land of Darkness. By the Author of "The Little Pilgrim." (Macmillan.)

Red Towers. By Eleanor C. Price. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Toilers of Babylon. By B. L. Farjeon. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Brown Portmanteau. By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold.)

The Last Von Reckenburg. By Louise Von François. (Alexander Gardner.)

St. Veda's. By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

The Tory's Daughter. By A. G. Riddle. (Putnam's Sons.)

The Peckster Professorship. By J. P Quincy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THAT an allegory about the other world is nearly as fearful a wildfowl to meddle with as its kinsfolk on the banks of the Nile is a well-established fact; but in the process of establishing it during past ages there are instances in which the monster has been so signally vanquished that one hardly wonders at fresh adventures in the same direction. The author of the *Little Pilgrim*, which was, we believe, not unpopular, has tried a continuation which, unlike most continuations, strikes us as better than the original. The surprise ceases to be surprising, however, when it is added that *The Land of Darkness* (as, indeed, may be guessed) meddles with hell, not heaven, at least in its major part; for there is a comforting piece of Universalism tacked on at the end, in which the "Little Pilgrim" herself reappears. The old relations, so far as interest goes, of the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso* are wont to repeat themselves. This new "Land of Darkness" is not ill-imagined, but it is rather unequally carried out; and the style, which, in such things as this, should either be as simple as Bunyan, or as careful as Dante, is sometimes careless. The opening sentence is very risky. "I found myself standing on my feet" is apt to destroy all proper solemnity of feeling by suggesting that it would, on the whole, have been more remarkable if the gentleman had found himself standing on his head. To "stand upon one's feet" is indeed excellent English; but in excellent English it always has (so far as we remember) an incessive sense—"to rise upon the feet and stand"—which is wanting here. On the next page, we find "the electric or some other scientific light," where "scientific" seems to mean "artificial." These blemishes, however, do not matter much after the reader has got into the thought of the thing, which, if not wholly novel, is ingenious and forcible enough, though, as we have said, unequally carried out. Reversing the Platonic idea of punishment by impotent desire, the author has imagined a hell in which the damned are almost literally filled with the fruit of their own devices. There is the city of pure malevolence and anarchy, the city of tyrannical order, the city of pleasure, the city of art, the city of applied science, and so forth. A purely selfish, and in each case, at the same time, enforced indulgence by turns, brings on the sinner the same horrible satiety, complicated often by actual physical suffering. For our author does not favour purely spiritual torments. The weakest division of all is the city of pleasure, which is childish. It may or may not be intentional, and connected with his Universalism (for you *can* get out of the Land of Darkness, though hardly), that, in another rather curious and perhaps not wholly intentional way, the author reverses the proceeding of a great predecessor. Dante begins with the lightest sins, and gives them the lightest punishments; while our author begins with pure malice—the worst of all—and progresses in the other direction, hinting, however, that the agony, if not the actual punishment, increases as the "cities," which are at once circles of hell and of purgatory, are passed.

Red Towers is a good average novel in plan, and decidedly above the average in execution. Celia Darrell, Celia de Montmirail, Celia Percival, who but for an accident would (either instead of or as well as these) have been Celia Romaine, is a very good study of a not uncommon kind of young woman. Our great-grandfathers would have called the book "The History of a Coquette"; and it is much to Miss Price's credit that in drawing her coquette she has kept to the strictest verisimilitude, without either "analysis" on the one side or sensationalism on the other. The admirers of the analytic may call the book shallow; those gasping ones who shout "*à bas* the young person!" may be disgusted to find that Celia, though a coquette to the tip of her nails and the core of her heart, neither does nor is apparently tempted to do anything more shocking than getting married a second time to the man for whom she has had a kind of affection, before the husband whom she had taken without loving him is well cold in his grave. Also her lover, Vincent Percival, though represented as a bad young man, seems not to have had any unholy designs on her while she was still married. In other words, Miss Price, while taking what is now called the conventional, and what is luckily still the real, view of English morality, has shown that you can be as real and natural as you like without Realism or Naturalism. Celia's company is, we confess, rather less interesting than herself. Paul Romaine, her first lover, would have had a hard time of it, in any case, in getting out of the most hopeless of all novel situations, that of a jilted lover who has been almost totally blind to his mistress's little ways; but as it is, he is also an unnecessarily good young man. Canon Percival and his worldly wife; the "Uncle of America," Colonel Ward, who means to do a good turn to his young friend Paul, and is the pretty direct instrument of enabling Miss Celia to pursue her own devices; the sulky Vincent; the amiable French Marquis de Montmirail and his "candid" daughter—are all very well in their way, but not striking. Celia is striking, because of the combination of adequacy and moderation with which the author has hit her off. Most people who compare books with life will remember at least one Celia Darrell—attractive, intelligent, amiable enough, "proper" enough, not in the least a monster, but "as cold as a fish and as hard as a stone," and certain if she ever cared for anyone to care for the least worthy aspirant.

With Mr. Farjeon we get into a very different atmosphere, in which truth of any kind is not the most remarkable ingredient. A novelist of long practice and writing well in his way, Mr. Farjeon seems to have, at one of those times of life when one catches things and never gets rid of them, imbued himself with some of the crudest of Dickensisms, the Dickensisms of *Hard Times* and the *Child's History of England*, and worse. Thus, he tells us in his second volume, speaking *ex cathedra*, that "there exist in England instances of Feudalism [it would be a little interesting to examine Mr. Farjeon regularly and see what he knows about Feudalism] almost as marked as any that can be drawn

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from the time that is gone. In those places, the high hand is still employed to destroy any hope of progress among the people," &c.; and so on for some pages, the reader being gratified, though surprised, to learn that if these dreadful "instances" are rare it is the doing of "penny newspapers." Now all this is, of course, bosh; and even if it were not bosh, and mischievous bosh, too, it would have no more business in the pages of a novel than any other kind of misplaced didactics. Unluckily, it is not only in Mr Farjeon's addresses to the reader that the thing appears: it pervades his scheme. We have the virtuous working man, his daughter, and the wicked young capitalist (let us, as optimists, be thankful that he is not a duke's son also), and all the rest of it. That Mr. Farjeon opens with a prettily drawn scene enough, and that such scenes recur now and then, only makes this weary old "Vic" melodrama business more wearisome.

The remaining books on our list are in every sense slighter; but Mr. Curtis Yorke has got together a very fair collection of fairly told magazine stories—the old and never failing "I-awoke-and-behold-it-was-a-dream" story, the gambling story, the comic uncle story, and so forth. By this enumeration we intend no sort of disrespect; for it is the fact that Mr. Yorke tells his stories quite pleasantly and neatly, and with hardly any fault but an occasional propensity to italics, and, still worse, to (!). We like best, we think, "Our Expectations" (the comic uncle story above referred to), which is preposterous but funny, and "Was it a Mistake?"

The Last Von Reckenburg also has merit, though it shows not a little of the heaviness which has infected so much of the novel writing of Germany between the earlier works of Freytag and the stories of the Galician school. There is a little too much writing about things, and not enough action and dialogue.

This criticism could be "turned," in the sense of men's tailors and women's tailors, to suit *St. Veda's*, though there is dialogue enough here. The plot is a variation on "Lady Clare," but with a less happy ending.

Let no follower of Mr. Gladstone fear that his principles are exposed to danger from the wiles of *The Tory's Daughter*. She was only a Tory's daughter in that limited and rather provincial sense of the word which is equivalent to "American Loyalist in the revolutionary war"; and her biographer, taking up the half-forgotten vein of Cooper, has a great deal to say about General Brock, Tecumseh, and the Indian wars. The book is oddly written, as a single sentence—"The hours of darkness brooded prolongingly to them"—will show.

Indeed, if the present influx of American novels continues, we shall have to suggest that they be translated for the use of those who "have" only English and a few other dead or old-world tongues. For we open *The Peckster Professorship*, and we find that a certain proceeding "came perilously near the margin of reputable value-filching." *The Peckster Professorship* is "an episode in the history of psychical research," which will explain it sufficiently, and no doubt commend it to some folk. Our own Psyche is at present researching the meaning of "reputable value-filching," and the ants and the birds have not yet helped her as of old.

George Saintsbury.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

Introduction to Latin Lyric Verse Composition. By J. H. Lupton. With Key. (Macmillan.) Mr. Lupton desires to restore a certain purism to the practise of Latin lyric composition, which has, he thinks, been unduly free in its vocabulary of late years. Compounds, and diminutives, and purely prose words which are intentionally avoided by Horace have, he urges, intruded themselves into modern composition, which presents, in consequence, a set of ingenious and varied surprises, rather than a reproduction of the forms and vocabulary of Horace and the Augustan poets. We may admit his facts and yet demur to his implied censure. If we artificially diminish our view of the resources of a language, we gain precision, neatness, and thin classicism; but we lose width and variety, which are the charm of imaginative literature; we manufacture scholars, but we discourage literary imagination; we leave boys under an impression that Virgil and Horace lived in a close pinfold, and used, in their surviving poems, all the words which they thought legitimate and poetical. Mr. Lupton sees the danger of a careless and miscellaneous vocabulary. He shows no sign that he recognises that of an arbitrary restriction. If he will count the ἅπαξ λεγόμενα in Horace and Virgil, and the words which are used more than once yet exceptionally, he will, we feel sure, realise that these poets drew from a deeper well, or broader lake, than he would allow to their modern imitators. With this demurrer, we welcome his careful and concise disquisitions on the Horatian language and metres; but we call his attention to a curious accidental defect in his book. The latter pages (xxxii.-xlviii.) of his introduction are omitted; pp. 97-112 of the Exercises appear twice over—probably one sheet has been dropped and another duplicated. The retranslations, whereby poems, like Shelley's "The World's Great Age," are moulded into English prose-poetry suitable to the right metre, are done with great skill and taste. The "Hints" appended to each piece, though good, are, we think, too numerous. It is only too possible to *over*-help boys. The real training is in the effort, not in the result. The "Key" (printed separately) contains some beautiful versions, mostly, though not entirely, by Cambridge scholars, such as Kennedy, Shilleto, Paley, and Holmes. But why a "Key" at all? Masters, like boys, are easily demoralised, intellectually, by being saved all trouble.

Easy Passages for Translation into Greek. By J. Y. Sargent. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) The condition under which this well-prepared compilation would find its full usefulness is one seldom fulfilled in modern public school education. Half of it consists of "prepared" passages, *i.e.*, graduated in difficulty, with copious help in vocabulary and idiom appended at the bottom of the page. The second part consists of passages without that help, but chosen on the principle of resemblance to the first part, so that the result of having worked through part i. is available in the right manner for the subsequent attack on part ii. It is a good method; but the time is lacking, under modern conditions and the pressure of other subjects, to make it effective. Greek prose cannot secure so large a share in a sixth-form boy's curriculum of work. Able boys do acquire a reasonable proficiency in Greek prose by mere reading of Greek authors, far more easily than they acquire the art of Latin prose, or of verse composition in either language. Hence, a manual of this kind will scarcely find the acceptance it deserves. Two or three months' regular work at this book would, no doubt, confer the art of writing Greek prose; but where and how is concentration of that time on the subject to be secured? It is needless to say that the skill in discovering Greek idioms for English phrases is conspicuously possessed by Mr. Sargent. It is a real treat, for instance, to see (p. 90) Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated anathema on Mr. Gladstone turned by happy suggestions into the Greek style of Aeschines. The selections, too, particularly those of narrative passages, have the merit of being interesting; and those called "Platonic" are as attractive as the subject-matter permits, in regard to schoolboys.

Selections from Lucian. With Notes by W. R. Inge and H. Macnaghten. (Rivingtons.) The defect in Mr. E. Abbott's selection from Lucian was the absence from it of any part of the *Vera Historia*. We are glad to see the present editors are alive to the merits of that delicious fiction. On the other hand, Mr. Abbott inserted the Δικὴ Φωνηέντων, which is here omitted; both give us *Timon*, for which we must be thankful. The editors (p. viii.) seem to us rather to underrate the merit of their author. He is "not very thoughtful, imaginative, or original." We should say that only the last adjective could be refused to Lucian, and scarcely that, as originality goes. The notes avoid the normal vice of modern editions. They are suggestive without being exhaustive. Here and there an explanation is given which might have been left to the lexicon or the grammar to administer, *e.g.*, p. 2, l. 11; p. 6, ll. 22, 27; p. 32, l. 13; p. 34, l. 20; p. 87, l. 20, and others of the same sort. For other reasons the comment on p. 86, l. 28, is surely superfluous. But, on the whole, we congratulate the two editors on a useful performance. The humour of Lucian has a sparkle in it which lights up the approaches to Greek literature so often found dull by ingenuous youth. There be those who can see the jest of the *Vera Historia* who yet cannot discern anything in Aristophanes except long words and boredom.

Analecta. Passages for Translation, selected by John Strachan and A. S. Wilkins. (Macmillan.) This book, prepared for the use of classes at the Owens College, is published in the hope of being more widely adopted. It consists (1) of Greek selections, poetry and prose, from Homer to Polybius; (2) of Latin, from Ennius to Suetonius. It is better, because more varied and copious (it contains about 250 closely printed pages), than most books of the kind. There is no index—a serious inconvenience which is partly remediable by a table of references obtainable from the publishers. We should like to have seen among the Homeric passages either the Death of Hector, Priam's interview with Achilles, or something of the Slaying of the Wooers; something from Virgil's Eclogues, or the close of Georgic IV.; something from Aeneid IV.; something of Cornelia's Elegy, from Propertius; something of Juvenal's noblest words, *e.g.*, the close of Sat. x., or the episode of Hannibal. But perhaps the editors intentionally avoided the stock beauties, which, however, can hardly become too familiar. The pressure of other subjects on classics guarantees us only too well against that danger.

Latin-English Dictionary. By G. C. Gepp and A. E. Haigh. (Rivingtons.) This little book is, as its authors tell us, intended to be a cheap and handy dictionary of all the words which

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junior boys in schools are likely to encounter, while at the same time it aims at sufficient completeness for the ordinary student. We are afraid it cannot be called a success. The book is no cheaper than several other Latin dictionaries, and its handiness is simply the result of using very small type. No sane schoolmaster would nowadays condemn his boys to employ a book printed throughout in such an eye-destroying fashion as this is. And, even apart from "external" considerations, the book is not so good as it should be. It is very difficult, to begin with, to make out the principles which governed the selection of words. One infers from the preface that the book includes only words likely to be met by the ordinary student. Then why does one stumble upon *antistrophe, antitheton, anus, anulatus, pridianus, valetudinarium*, and a host of other words which occur in no literature likely to be read by the ordinary student? And why are "words peculiar to Lucretius purposely excluded"? The ordinary student sometimes reads Lucretius. And, if Lucretian words *are* "purposely excluded," why do we come across such an entry as "*variantia*, only in Lucr."? To complete our perplexity, we find Livy dealt with in a very arbitrary manner, and admission denied to some even of Vergil's words. An examination of the matter supplied leads also to a somewhat unsatisfactory conclusion. The authors claim to have eliminated a number of traditional errors, and sometimes —*e.g.*, in the article on *alapa*—they have done so. But they have certainly retained much that is undeniably wrong. The first meaning of *carbasus* is still given as "Spanish flax," despite an article on the word in the *Journal of Philology*; the original senses of *tristis* and *laetus* are still mis-stated; the old blunder about *heres ex libella* still turns up to convict dictionary writers of unverified references. *Primipilaris* and *patres conscripti* are equally uncorrected, and "*nympha*, a young woman," ought not to have passed Mr. Gepp. In other cases, more precision is needed in Englishing and distinguished senses. The naked "*rivulus*, brook" will deceive verse-writers; *scitum* is not very happily done, nor are the Ciceronian and poetical uses of *tempestas* noted. Some of the etymologies, too, are very odd. It is late in the day to be told that *Quirites* comes from the Sabine town Cures, or *redivivus* from *red* and *vivo*, while the reappearance of the equation *provincia* = *providentia* is simply disgraceful to the author who is responsible for the latter part of the book. It may be, indeed, that other elementary dictionaries contain as many blunders as the one before us. If so, we can only regret that Messrs. Gepp and Haigh have added to the list of unsatisfactory books.

A Compendious Greek Grammar. By W. D. Geddes. New Edition. (Edinburgh: Boyd.) This book, which was originally issued in 1885, now appears in an entirely new edition. The editor claims to have kept the old system, but enlarged the details, and revised the philology. On the whole, the information seems correct and well chosen, but the philology is not quite up to date. Dr. Geddes is apparently somewhat afraid of the "new views," as he is of the new method of atticising, *i.e.*, introducing correct Attic forms—ἐλελύκη, not ἐλελύκειν; βασιλῆς, not βασιλεῖς. He sticks to παύω instead of λύω, or τύπτω, as the "model" verb for paradigms; but his second aor. ἔπαον is not very happy. On the whole, the book is fairly well arranged; but the third declension of nouns is not treated very clearly, nor is the verb printed well. The "Abridged Syntax," too, is rather crowded, and the section on metre too long. But we have no doubt that the book will be found useful in Scotland. In England it is hardly likely to supersede the established grammars.

Caesar de bello civili. By H. Awdry. (Rivingtons.) This book is an "easy abridgment" of the *Bellum civile*, of about the hardness of Nepos, and arranged so as to be continuous. It is furnished with full introductions, several maps, and rather abundant notes, many of which are historical. So far as we can judge, the abridgment is well done; but the introductions and notes are rather full—certainly the account of the army goes into quite unnecessary detail. The information given is generally correct, but traditional; *e.g.*, the old statement is repeated that *platea* has usually the *e* long. Here and there one finds slips: thus in § i. 49, *ex litteris* does not mean "on the proposals," and *referretur* needs a better explanation.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE regret to say that the issue of Mrs. Pfeiffer's new volume of poems, entitled *Flowers of the Night* (not as erroneously given, "The Witch's Last Ride") has been interrupted by the death, sudden at the last, of her husband, who had always taken upon himself the correcting of the proofs of his wife's work. Mr. Pfeiffer was a man of varied accomplishments, and his loss will be deeply felt in a large circle of friends.

WE understand that Mr. Whitley Stokes's edition of *The Anglo-Indian Codes*, in two big volumes, has been adopted as a text-book by the Civil Service Commissioners for selected candidates for the Indian service.

PROF. MASPERO is making rapid progress with his History of Ancient Egypt, which will be abundantly illustrated.

MESSRS. G. ROUTLEDGE & SONS have in preparation a second and cheaper edition of Miss Amelia B. Edwards's book of Dolomite travel, entitled *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys*, to be uniform with their recently-issued edition of *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*. The former work has been out of print for several years.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER will shortly publish *Scotland in 1298*, edited by Mr. H. Gough, of the Middle Temple. It will consist of documents relating to the campaign of King Edward I. in that year, and especially to the battle of Falkirk. Among these—the greater part of which have not before been printed—are two copies of the "Roll of Arms of the Commanders" on the English side, and copies of two "Rolls of the Horses," forming a kind of army list.

THE Rev. W. Campbell, of the English Presbyterian Mission at Taiwanfu, the capital of Formosa—who has recently reprinted the oldest linguistic document of that island, the translation of St. Matthew's Gospel into the Sinkang dialect, made by a Dutch missionary in 1661—will shortly publish (with Messrs. Trübner) another reprint, entitled *An Account of Missionary Success in the Island of Formosa* (London, 1650). Only ten years after this book first appeared, all the converts made by the Dutch in Formosa were exterminated by an invasion of Chinese rebels.

THE next volume in the series of "Great Writers" will be *Captain Marryat*, by Mr. David Hannay.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. are on the point of issuing the first number of the *Civil Service Directory*, to be published annually. It will contain a list of all the government offices and the officials therein, together with a detailed statement of their services, and also an appendix containing the regulations and subjects of examination, &c., and Acts of Parliament, Treasury Minutes, &c., relating to the Civil Service.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. will issue shortly *The Dead Leman, and other Stories from the French*, by M. Paul Sylvester and Mr. Andrew Lang. The volume contains nouvelles by Mérimée, About, Théophile Gautier, Th. Bentzon, Tolstoi, and Balzac; and an introductory essay by the authors on the place of the "short story" in literature. Almost the whole of the fifty large paper copies have been already applied for.

THE same publishers have almost ready *John Newbold's Ordeal*, a novel, in two volumes, by Mr. Thomas Pinkerton, author of "The Meadow-sweet Comedy."

CANON RAWLINSON'S new volume on *Phoenicia* will be published next week in the "Nation" series, by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has a volume in the press, to be entitled *Social Christianity*; being a selection of his Sunday afternoon addresses delivered in St. James's Hall. It will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE first volume in Messrs. Trübner's new "Lotos" series, already announced in the ACADEMY, will be a reprint of *Baron Munchausen*, with Alfred Crowquill's illustrations. This is to be followed by a new and enlarged edition of the *Breitmann Ballads*.

MR. JOHN HODGES will publish next week the second and concluding volume of Father Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*: an Attempt to illustrate the History of the Suppression. The first volume of this work, which appeared only last year, is already in its third edition.

MR. J. HORSFALL TURNER, of Iden, near Bradford—an industrious editor of publications relating to Yorkshire—has undertaken to prepare for the press the unique collection of Yorkshire ballads formed by the late Abraham Holroyd.

THE Free Library system at Nottingham is about to be extended by the establishment of the eleventh branch.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

"THE BISMARCK DYNASTY" is the title of the opening article in the next number of the *Contemporary Review*. Although it is anonymous, the special information on which it is founded is sure to command attention. Another important article will be by Mr. Lewis Morris, on "The University of Wales." Lady Grant Duff, Mdme. Novikoff, Earl Nelson, Sir Frederick Pollock, Dr. R. W. Dale and Mr. Frederic Harrison will also be among the contributors to the number.

THE February number of the *Library* will contain an article on Henry Bradshaw, by Mr. A. W. Verrall; also papers on the "Burleigh Correspondence at Hatfield House," by Mr. W. J. Hardy; "Appledore Press," II., by Mr. A. H. Bullen; and a monograph on that great but somewhat neglected bibliographer, Robert Watt, by Mr. Thomas Mason.

THE Dean of Armagh will contribute an article on "The Group of the Apostles," and Prof. Delitzsch a paper, entitled "In Self Defence—Critical Observations on my Hebrew New Testament," to *The Expositor* for February.

THE February number of the *Scottish Art Review* will contain an article on "The Scenic Aspects of the Lyceum 'Macbeth,'" by Mr. William Archer, illustrated with seventeen original sketches by Mr. W. G. Barry Murdoch

THE February number of *Time* will contain articles on "Modern Art and Artists," by Mr. W. P. Frith (in the "Work and Workers" series); "The Religion of Dante," by Mr.

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Oscar Browning; "Rough Shooting," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel; "'Macbeth' as a Society Play," by Mr. J. M. Barrie; a short story by Owen Balair; and papers on the stage and drama in China, medical etiquette, Jane Austen, &c.

The February number of the *Westminster Review* will contain, in the independent section, an article on "The Trials of a Nonconformist Minister," by the Rev. H. W. Perris, of Hull.

A new series of sensational stories is about to be commenced in Cassell's *Saturday Journal*. Among the writers who have already promised to contribute are Charles Gibson, F. W. Robinson, Q. (author of "Dead Man's Rock"), J. Berwick Harwood, W. Clark Russell, G. Manville Fenn, R. E. Francillon, Richard Dowling, Theo. Gift, and Frank Barrett.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

Prof. Stokes has been nominated by the vice-chancellor at Cambridge to be Rede lecturer for the present year.

In Convocation at Oxford, next Tuesday, it will be proposed to confer the degree of M.A. on Sir William W. Hunter, who is now a resident at Oxford and an examiner in the oriental school; and also to constitute Mr. C. D. E. Fortnum a perpetual visitor of the Ashmoleum museum.

Dr. Peile, university reader in philology at Cambridge, has appointed Prof. Postgate as his deputy for the present term.

The delegates of the common university fund at Oxford have appointed Sir Charles E. Bernard, late chief commissioner of Burma and now head of the revenue department at the India office, to deliver a course of six lectures on "The Land Revenue System of India."

In connexion with the Teachers' Training Syndicate at Cambridge, Mr. J. Bass Mullinger will deliver a course of ten lectures this term upon "The History of Education," from classical antiquity down to the present time.

At Cambridge, Prof. J. H. Middleton is continuing his lectures on "Domestic Decoration and Architecture"; and Prof. G. F. Browne is also continuing his course on "Anglian Sculptured Stones of Pre-Norman Type." Prof. Middleton's tenure of the Slade chair of fine art ends with the present month, being limited to three years; but he is eligible for re-appointment.

Among the philological lectures at Cambridge this term we notice that Mr. R. S. Conway, of Caius—the author of *Verner's Law in Italy*, and of a work on a cognate subject shortly to be published by Messrs. Trübner—is delivering a course on "The Italic Dialects," under the authority of the special board for classics.

Mr. Arthur J. Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean museum, delivered two lectures this week upon the Fortnum collection, and a third lecture upon other recent acquisitions of the museum.

Mr. Robert Dunlop has been elected to a Berkeley fellowship at Owens College, Manchester. The special historical work to which he proposes to devote himself is the writing of a book on the Plantation of Ireland, preliminary to a larger history of the Great Irish Rebellion.

In connexion with the London University Extension Society, Mr. S. R. Gardiner will deliver a course of lectures at Chelsea on "Modern History," beginning with the year 1805. At the first lecture, on Monday next, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky will take the chair.

Prof. Buchheim is delivering a course of lectures at the ladies' department of King's College (Kensington Square) on "Goethe's 'Faust,'" in which he proposes to introduce the results of recent discovery and criticism in Germany.

The *Oxford Magazine* for January 23 contains a futher instalment of Mr. F. Haverfield's extracts from the *Gentleman's Magazine* during the last century relating to Oxford, covering the period from 1774 to 1783. We notice a complaint that Wykehamists obtained an undue proportion of the university prizes.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

NOCTURNAL VIGILS.

Why do you chide me that when mortals yield
To slumber's charm, from sleep I ask no boon,
But from my casement watch the maimed moon
Fainting behind her ineffectual shield;
Unto the chime by stately planets pealed,
My song, my soul, my very self attune,
And nightly see, what none can see at noon,
The runic volume of the sky unsealed?
Haply the time may come when grateful night
Will these brief vigils endlessly repay,
And, on the dwindling of my earthly day,
Keep, like her stars, my heavenly fancies bright;
And glorious dreamings, shrouded now from sight,
Dawn out of darkness, not to sleep for aye.

Alfred Austin.

OBITUARY.

W. M. HENNESSY.

On Sunday, January 13, at his residence, 71, Pembroke Road, Dublin, aged sixty years, died William Maunsell Hennessy, whose name has for years been familiar as their own to all who, professionally or otherwise, were drawn to those studies in which he was at once an enthusiast, and, in his own line (from which he never deviated), a master. Furthermore, such contingent of his survivors in the field as, being competent to form an opinion, may also be blessed with candour sufficient to give it words, will find no difficulty in admitting that by his removal an important and difficult branch of Celtic research has suffered loss which it is not too much to call irreparable.

Hennessy was a man of talent, and certain it is that after him other men of talent will arise and wish to follow in his steps; but, for want of similar qualifications to start with, never again will any to such purpose spend the better part of forty years in close familiarity with the great tomes (to speak of Dublin only) known as "The Book of the Dun Cow"; the Books of Leinster, of Ballymote, of Lecan; the *Lebhar Breac* and the Yellow Book of Lecan; and, in the same degree as did Hennessy, know them from end to end. Changed times forbid the hope that he, any more than Eugene O'Curry and John O'Donovan, can be replaced by a compatriot. As for the foreigner, his orbit is well defined; in that let him be content to revolve and, as sometimes he does brilliantly, to shine; accepting the inevitable, and recognising that with the subject of this notice vanishes a mass of special knowledge forbidden to outsiders, the lack of which makes itself felt in their every page. But in proportion to his erudition was the hearty liberality which ever placed it unreservedly at the service of all comers; the genial welcome and the hospitality which in his house awaited the "angehender Keltolog" from foreign parts. To his friends, his books and transcripts were as accessible as to himself, and freely lent to take away.

Hennessy's chief works were as follows: *Pedigree of the White Knight* (from the Russell and Colter MSS.), by James Graves, revised by W. M. H. (1856); *Annals of "Loch Cé"*: A.D. 1014-1590, text and translation, in the Master of the Rolls' series (1858); *Chronicon Scotorum*: earliest times to A.D. 1141, text and translation, in the same (1858); a translation of the *Tripartite Life of S. Patrick*: printed by Mary Frances Cusack (1871), and Rev. J. O'Leary (New York, 1874); the *Book of Feenagh*, text and translation, privately printed (fifty copies) by Denis Kelly of Markree Castle (1875); *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 3rd ed., Irish text revised by W. M. H. (Dublin: Duffy, 1883); *Annals of Ulster*, vol. i., text and translation, for the Royal Irish Academy (1888). To the *Revue Celtique* (i., p. 3) he contributed a paper upon "The Ancient Irish Goddess of War," based on a lecture delivered in the Royal Irish Academy, May 25, 1869; and again (ii., p. 86), a tract on "The Battle of Cnucha," text and translation, from *Lebhar na hUidhri*. In *Fraser's Magazine*, for September, 1873, is his translation of that curious tract called "MacConglinne's Dream," from the *Lebhar Breac*; in the Academy, August 1 and 15, 1871, an article on Ossian; and in the same, July 1, 1872, a review of Ferguson's *Stone Monuments*. His editions of *Mescad Ulad* (in type so far back as 1883) and *Bruiden Dáderga* had long been anxiously looked for. What is to be the fate of these?

If it be asked why the purely Irish work of such a man should not have been more abundant, suffice it to answer that his official duties in the Public Record office, of which he was latterly chief clerk, necessarily absorbed much of his time; and for the rest, that in some most important matters he was, to their great detriment and the public loss, purposely set aside, and the rich store of his knowledge left unutilised.

Hennessy was born at Castle-Gregory, some twelve miles west of Tralee, and in early life visited the United States. Upon his return to Ireland he became a journalist, and was appointed to the Public Record office (Dublin) in 1868. He enjoyed the friendship of the Cavaliere Nigra, himself an accomplished Celticist, and was his guest at the Italian embassy in Paris. In 1885 he was visited by a family bereavement almost tragic in its sadness; and this, again, was before long followed by a second blow, the effect upon his sensitive and affectionate nature being such that he never fairly rallied, and now is gone.

Standish H. O'Grady.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the current number of *Mind*, Mr. Stout carries on his exposition of Herbart's psychology by comparing it with that of the English psychologists and of Beneke. He thinks, and no doubt with reason, that Herbart has attempted, by help of his hypothetical system of psychical forces and interactions, a more thorough-going explanation of mental phenomena than our associational psychologists. Yet perhaps he hardly does justice to the latter when he places them on the side of the faculty-psychologists, against whom Herbart directed his vigorous assault. So far as they were associationists—*i.e.*, called in the aid of the laws of association—they directly struck at the roots of the idea of separate faculties and powers, reducing not only all the various intellectual phenomena, but cognitions, feelings, and volitions together, to the results of similar processes. Yet, with all his admiration for Herbart's system, Mr. Stout thinks Beneke's psychological hypotheses supply the modern psychologist with a better starting-point. The treatment of Beneke, however, is far too cursory, and the reader is unable to appreciate the essayist's reasons for giving him this pre-

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ference. Prof. Seth contributes an interesting criticism of the evolutionist's ethical doctrine under the somewhat misleading title, "The Evolution of Morality." This may be profitably compared with the similar objections proffered in an earlier number of the journal from a very different point of view, by Prof. Sidgwick. Mr. Leslie Stephen cannot but be fresh and quaint (in the old and better sense of the term), whatever subject his pen chooses; and his commencement of a study on "Some Kinds of Necessary Truth," is ingeniously thought out and happily expressed. Of course Mr. Stephen agrees in the main with Mill, that all necessity is dependent or hypothetical; but he works out this idea in his own way, diverging now and again very plainly from the path of his predecessor, and in some directions, notably in his analysis of the idea of "Time," striking out a new line of enquiry. Readers of *Mind* will anticipate with curiosity the further developments of Mr. Stephen's thesis. The remaining article of the number is an elaborate examination, by Prof. Adamson, of Prof. A. Riehl's work on philosophical criticism. The essayist regards this as one of the most important products of the recent Kantian movement in Germany; and his exposition and criticism certainly tend to support this estimate. Of the lesser matter it may suffice to say that Dr. Bain carries on vigorously his defence of the position that feelings may be indifferent as well as pleasurable and painful; and that Prof. W. James and Mr. Ward have something pertinent to say, as against a recent criticism of the editor, in justification of their views on "The Psychological Theory of Extension."

THE current number of the *Magazin für die Litteratur des In- und Auslandes* contains a masterly German version, by Mrs. Freiligrath-Kroeker, of Matthew Arnold's sympathetic poem, "Heine's Grave."

NOTES FROM VEVEY.

Montreux: Jan. 10, 1889.

DURING a month's hunt after health (December 1, 1888—January 2, 1889) in this bright little town, whose modern growth is exceptionally great, I noticed, like all tourists, two inscriptions, public and modern, and was informed by my hospitable Veveysan friends that both are based upon erroneous "factology."

No. 1, placed behind the Halle aux Blés, to the north of the Place du Marché, runs:

"Ici
Jean Jacques Rousseau logea en 1732."

A large gilt key, horizontally swung, denotes that the building was of old *La Clef*, the hostelry noticed pleasantly in his *Confessions* by the Father of Sentimentality; and the eating-house, which in these high and mighty times looks humble enough, bears the name of Café-Restaurant Bollinger. The only interesting part of the epigraph is that 1732 remains uncorrected, while known to all as a mistake for 1730. Rousseau, writing his *Confessions* after an interval of some twenty years, forgot that his trip to Vevey took place when Mdme. de Warens and M. d'Aubonne were staying in Paris on business. Let us hope that M. Albert de Montet, of whom more anon, will publish a new edition of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, with notes explaining the recondite allusions, and will prefix thereto his "Jeunesse de Mdme. de Warens," now printing in the *Revue Internationale* of Rome (vol. xix., part 6, September 1888).

No. 2, which has more interest for Englishmen, runs thus:

"Ici habitait | Edmund Ludlow | Lieut.-Général, Membre du Parlement Anglais, | Défenseur des Libertés de son Pays. | L'illustre Proscrit avait fait placer | cette Inscription sur la Porte de sa Demeure, | Omne solum forti patria quia patris. | Energiquement protégé par les Autorités | et accueilli avec sympathie par les habitants | de Vevey, Edmund Ludlow a vécu | dans cette ville de 1642 à 1693, | année de sa mort."

The inscription has been placed at the south-eastern and external corner of the terrace-wall separating the Hotel du Lac from the lake-road. But, according to all local authorities, the topology is mistaken, and the "Illustrious Proscribed" lived, together with his friends in exile, not at the east end, but to the west and outside the town-walls. M. Albert de Montet of Vevey, ex-officer of Austrian cavalry, diligent collector of local legends, and author of the *Dictionnaire Biographie des Genevois et des Vaudois* (two thick octavos, Lausanne, Bridel), and of *Extraits des Documents relatifs à l'Histoire de Vevey jusqu'à 1565* (Benda, Vevey, 1848), has kindly furnished me with the following notes:

"Les Mémoires de Ludlow en 3 vol. in 12, Amsterdam, 1707, contiennent les mentions suivantes sur la maison où il logea pendant son séjour à Vevey.

"Vol. iii., p 127: 'Après nous être logés dans la maison de M. Dubois, un des membres du Conseil du lieu.'

"*Id.*, p. 148: 'M. Dubois notre hôte sortit de bonne heure pour aller à l'église, et il aperçut en chemin qu'il y avoit une barque au bord du lac.'

"*Id.*, même page: 'Un certain M. Binet dit à M. Dubois que deux hommes qu'il soupçonnoit de quelques mauvais desseins s'étoient postés auprès de sa maison, et qu'on en avait vu trois ou quatre de plus dans le marché.'

"*Id.*, p. 152: Outre que le gouvernement m'avait permis de sonner le tocsin en cas de nécessité, et que je le pouvoir faire sans sortir de ma chambre parceque nous étions logés tout joignant une des portes de la ville.

"Une tradition qui s'est établie vers la fin du siècle passé, et qui a été favorisée par une inscription placée sur la maison de M. Grenier (située sur une partie de l'emplacement de l'Hôtel du Lac actuel), rapporte que c'est dans cette maison que Ludlow a vécu. A la morte du pasteur Dubois, survenue il y a peu d'années, ce Monsieur, qui se croyait un descendant du conseiller Dubois, mentionné dans les Mémoires, légua à la ville un capital sous condition spéciale d'ériger en cet endroit une plaque commémorative. C'est ce qui fut aussi exécuté.

"Si l'on lit attentivement les Mémoires de Ludlow on y trouve des données qui jettent déjà du doute sur l'emplacement, indiqué par la tradition. Ludlow parle à plusieurs reprises de cette maison comme ayant été une auberge. Et bien cette auberge était placée de sorte qu'en allant de là à l'église on passait par le port (où les barques étrangères pouvaient seules aborder). Elle était ainsi non loin de la place du Marché, puisque des gens postés sur cette place pouvaient faire le guet pour ceux qui entouraient la maison, enfin elle se trouvait près d'une porte dans laquelle existait une cloche où l'on pouvait sonner l'alarme. Toutes ces conditions ne sont point remplies par la maison Grenier. De là on ne pouvait point aller à l'église en passant par le port (place de l'ancien port actual) sans faire un grand détour, elle était loin de la place du Marché et se trouvait bien à côté de la porte du bourg Bottonens, mais cette porte n'avait pas de cloche. Les manuaux du Conseil de la ville de Vevey et les régistres du Consistoire parlent plusieurs fois de Ludlow et de ses compagnons dans les derniers temps de leur séjour à Vevey (en 1689 et 1691). On y voit qu'à cette époque encore (comme du reste depuis leur arrivée dans le pays) ils habitaient chez Jacques Dubois, membre du Conseil des Cent-vingts de la ville. Une mention porte même que la maison de ce Dubois était l'hôtel de la Balance. Le plan cadastral de la ville de Vevey place cet hôtel au dehors de la porte du Sauveur, touchant à la tour qui surmontait la porte. Cette maison, la seule qui appartint à un Dubois à l'époque où fut levé le plan, époque contemporaine du séjour de Ludlow à Vevey, répond en tous points à la situation qu'il lui donne. Pour se rendre à l'église (à Ste. Claire comme à St. Martin) le chemin le plus direct était bien de passer par le port. Elle se trouvait auprès de la place du Marché. Dans la porte du Sauveur se trouvait véritablement une cloche, destinée à sonner l'ouverture du marché et qui était en même temps la cloche officielle du tocsin pour la partie occidentale de la ville. (Celle de la partie orientale était à la Tour St. Jean, à l'hôtel de ville, donc bien éloignée de la maison Grenier.) Il n'y a aucune preuve dans les actes en faveur de la maison Grenier; il y en a en revanche de concluantes en faveur de la maison du Sauveur."

The place pointed out to me is No. 49 Rue de Lac, occupied by the Imprimerie Loertscher et Fils, which still prints the famous *Métsager Boiteux*, an almanac dating from 1707. The alley setting off to the north, and called "Ruelle des Anciens Fossés de la Ville," shows that the exiles were then lodged outside the town, and consequently a strict guard was necessary for their safety. Lausanne failing in this matter, Mr. John Lisle, M.P., another of the gallant band, was there shot in the back by a hired assassin.

Ludlow returned to England in 1689, before the accession of Charles II., risked his life for nearly two years, and finally hurried back to Vevey in 1690, or three years before his death (*aet.* seventy-two). Possibly he may then have lodged at the place noted by the epigraph. There is a local legend known to all—even to the guide-books—that early in the present century an English couple introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow to M. Grenier, who had bought the house from M. Cottier, the successor of M. Dubois. While the lady remained pleasantly chatting with the ancient proprietor, the gentleman slipped out of the room and carried off the wooden tablet bearing the epigraph, "Omne solum," &c.

Vevey behaved with characteristic hospitality and the true Switzer's love of liberty in protecting the "regicides" against the bravos of Savoy, paid with English gold by the Merry (and most unchivalrous) Monarch. She should take more pride in this one heroic action than in having harboured a host of royalties and quasi-royalties, the Empress Maria Federowna, the kings of Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and the Netherlands, Princes Alexander and George of Prussia, Princess de Lignitz, the Grand-duchess Anne of Russia, and many a minor star. She also, at the instance of Mistress Ludlow, gave to her guests their last homes under her most honoured roof—the church of St. Martin (built in A.D. 1498). The five rest side by side in the northern aisle—Andrew Broughton and John Phelps (clerks to the court who read out the death-sentence), Gawler, Love, and Ludlow. The latter has a memorial-tablet on the northern wall over his grave, surmounted by a most un-Puritan crest—a lion rampant—and (therein) he "winged his way to the eternal mansions." Phelps has also a brand-new slab of black marble facing eastwards, set up by two Anglo-American kinsmen of the same name. Broughton, who "slept in the Lord," was placed under the aisle-pavement, and all the other grave-stones are hidden by a boarding which we hope to see removed as soon as the fine old pile, whose massive masonry is splitting, and whose western portal and huge belfry with turretted angles are palpably sloping northwards, shall have found certain funds for repairs now necessary. The view from the church-terrace is inimitable. Here no art can equal nature, and it is a sufficient illustration of Mendelsohn's dictum (Lady Wallace, p. 96)—"The Swiss can paint no beautiful scenery, precisely because they have it the whole day before their eyes."

R. F. BURTON.

P.S.—In reading Ludlow's memoirs we must beware of his truly British cacography—*e.g.*, *Baron de Chatteler* (for Châtelard, vol. iii., p. 153); *Tunno* (for Thonon, in Chablais, p. 157); and *Ouches*, (for Ouchy, port of Lausanne, p. 158). And, while etymologising, I

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may remark that Vevey (or Vevay, as formerly written) is not the Latin Vibiscum, but Bivium (*i.e.*, bis viae vicus), the fork-village, because the Roman military highway which ran over the Simplon (not the St. Bernard) here bifurcated, the southern branch hugging Lake Leman, and the northern running over the uplands to Meudon. A strip of the latter is still to be seen, I am assured, on the Mont de Chardonne above the picturesque village of that name. R. F. B.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BAHLSEN, L. Kotzebue u. Sheridan. Berlin: Walther. 60 Pf.

BALUFFE, Aug. Autour de Molière. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.

BENTOLOTTI, A. Le arti minori alla Corte di Mantova nei secoli 15, 16 e 17. Turin: Loescher. 6 fr.

DELPHIN, G. Fas, son Université et l'enseignement supérieur musulman. Paris: Challamel. 3 fr. 50 c.

DIEHL, Ch. Études d'archéologie byzantine: l'église et les mosaïques du couvent de Saint-Luc en Phocide. Paris: Thorin. 3 fr. 50 c.

DU BLED, Victor. Les Causeurs de la Révolution. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

JANNET, C. Le Socialisme d'état et la Réforme sociale. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

LANDRIANI, G. La basilica Ambrosiana, fino alla sua trasformazione in chiesa lombarda a volte. Milan: Hoepli. 33 fr.

L'ARMÉE russe et ses chefs en 1889. Paris: Lib. Moderne. 3 fr. 50 c.

LECOMTE, le Cap. Corps expéditionnaire du Tonkin: Marche de Long-San à Tuyen-Quan, etc. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.

LENOIR, P. Histoire du réalisme et du naturalisme dans la poésie et dans l'art depuis l'antiquité jusqu'à nos jours. Paris: Quantin. 10 fr.

MOELLER, G. H. Die Auffassung der Kleopatra in der Tragödienliteratur der romanischen u. germanischen Nationen. Ulm: Kerler. 2 M.

NAUROY, Ch. La Duchesse de Berry. Paris: Vieweg. 3 fr. 50 c.

PHOLEBERT, le général. La Conquête pacifique de l'intérieur africain. Paris: Leroux. 12 fr.

PRESSENSÉ, F. de. L'Irlande et l'Angleterre depuis l'acte d'union jusqu'à nos jours (1800-1888). Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

REISEN im südwestlichen Kleinasien. 2. Bd. Reisen in Lykien, Milyas u. Kibyratis. Hrsg. v. E. Petersen u. F. v. Luschan. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 150 M.

WITTMEYER, H. Le Danemark. Paris: Nilsson. 3 fr.

WOHLWILL, E. Joachim Jungius. Festrede zur Feier seines 300jähr. Geburtstages. Hamburg: Voss. 2 M.

THEOLOGY.

HESSE, F. H. Die Entstehung der neutestamentlichen Hirtenbriefe. Halle: Kaemmerer. 6 M.

MENZEL, P. Der griechische Einfluss auf Prediger u. Weisheit Salomos. Halle: Kaemmerer. 20 Pf.

HISTORY.

DIEHL, Ch. Étude sur l'administration byzantine dans l'exarchat de Ravenne (568-751). Paris: Thorin. 10 fr.

DUDIK, B. Mährens allgemeine Geschichte. 12. Bd. Brünn: Winiker. 8 M.

FREDERICQ, P. Corpus documentorum Inquisitionis haereticae pravitatis Neerlandicae. Vol. I. The Hague: Nijhoff. 14 M.

HARTMANN, B. Konrad Celtis in Nürnberg. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Humanismus in Nürnberg. Nürnberg: Schrag. 2 M.

MARNEFFE, E. de. La principauté de Liége et les Pays-Bas au 16e Siècle. T. 2. Brussels: van Trigt. 16 fr.

MATZAT, H. Römische Zeitrechnung f. die Jahre 219 bis 1 v. Chr. Berlin: Weidmann. 15 M.

NOIRET, H. Lettres inédites de Michel Apostolis. Paris: Thorin. 7 fr.

PAIS, E. Alcune osservazioni sulla storia e sulla amministrazione della Sicilia durante il dominio romano. Palermo: Lauriel. 5 fr.

STOCCHI, G. Prima conquista della Britannia per opera dei Romani. Florence: Archivio Storico. 4 fr.

VALOIS, N. Le Conseil du Roi aux 14e, 15e et 16e siècles. Paris: Picard. 8 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ARNOLD, J. Ueb. den Kampf des menschlichen Körpers m. Bakterien. Heidelberg: Winter. 2 M.

BERNHOEFT, F. Verwandtschaftsnamen u. Eheformen der nordamerikanischen Volksstämme. Rostock: Werther. 2 M.

KIESSLING, J. Untersuchungen üb. Dämmerungserscheinungen zur Erklärung der nach dem Krakatau-Ausbruch beobachteten atmosphärisch-optischen Störung. Hamburg: Voss. 36 M.

LEUCH, S. R. A. Erzeugung u. Untersuchung einiger ebenen Curven höherer Ordnung. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.

NIVOIT, E. Géologie appliquée à l'art de l'ingénieur. Paris: Baudry. 40 fr.

OHSE, J. Untersuchungen üb. den Substanzbegriff bei Leibniz. Dorpat: Karow. 2 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

ASTER, F. Das Verhältniss d. altenglischen Gedichtes *De regimine principum* v. Thomas Hoccleve zu seinen Quellen. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

BLOCH, Isaac. Inscriptions tumulaires des anciens cimetières israélites d'Alger. Paris: Challamel. 5 fr.

HOHLFELD, A. Die altenglischen Kollektiv-Misterien. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

HORATIUS FLACCUS, Q., erklärt v. A. Kiessling. 1. Tl. Briefe. Berlin: Weidmann. 3 M.

LOTH, J. Les Mabinogion, traduits en français, avec un commentaire explicatif et des notes critiques. T. 1. Paris: Thorin. 8 fr.

PSICHARI, J. Essais de Grammaire historique néo-grecque. Paris: Leroux. 23 fr. 50 c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DANTE'S REFERENCES TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Oxford: Jan. 17, 1889.

There are two references by Dante to the history of Alexander the Great, the source of which it is difficult to trace. Some of your readers may be interested in such results as I have been able, after much search, to arrive at.

The first passage is *Inf.* xiv. 31-36.

"Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde
D'India vide sopra lo suo stuolo
Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde;
Perch' ei provvide a scalpitar lo suolo
Con le sue schiere, acciochè il vapore
Me' si stingeva mentre ch' era solo."

Two sources are suggested for this. Longfellow refers to one of the metrical romances of Alexander current in the Middle Ages in several languages. Among the old commentators, Boccaccio says that he cannot find the origin of the story, though he has looked for it "not once, but often," in Quintus Curtius, "William of England" (who was this?) and others. Buti assigns it to the "libro de' fatti d'Alessandro," whatever this may be. Benvenuto da Imola says that neither Quintus Curtius, nor Justin, nor "Gallicus ille qui describit Alexandreidem metrice" (who was this, again?), nor many other writers about Alexander in prose or verse, have mentioned this; but that Dante is not dreaming after all, for Alexander himself describes this incident in a letter to Aristotle, which he proceeds to quote (inaccurately, however, as we shall see) by almost repeating the words of the text here. He also refers, as does Castelvetro later, to Albertus Magnus *De Meteoris* for an explanation of the phenomenon. (Albertus, however, does not refer definitely to this circumstance; but only to the cause of meteors and fiery exhalations generally.)

This spurious epistle of Alexander is entitled "De Mirabilibus Indiae," &c., and is printed in the *Secreta Secretorum Aristotelis* (Paris, 1520). If, however, Dante referred to this, he was probably quoting from memory, and it is curious to see how he has mixed up the story as there given. (It occurs on fol. cix.) Large fires had been made in the camp because of the cold, when a fierce wind arose, which blew down the tents, which thus became ignited. This conflagration was immediately followed by a heavy fall of snow.

"Quarum congregatione metuens ne castra cumularentur *calcare militem jubebam ea primum ut injuria pedum tabesceret.* Prodebantur et ignes aliquatenus, qui nive poene erant extincti."

Next followed a very heavy rain, and after this there came over them an exceedingly black cloud, and then

"Visae sunt *nubes ardentes de coelo* tanquam faces decidere, ut incendio earum totus campus arderet . . . jussique milites *scissas vestes opponere ignibus.*

It seems likely enough then, especially remembering the assertion of Benvenuto (who is followed in this by Landino), that we have here the origin of Dante's allusion in this first passage, though, if so, his reminiscence of it is a good deal confused.

The second passage is more difficult of explanation, and Dr. Witte, in fact, gives it up, supposing "Dantem fabulis . . . nostratibus incogntis usum esse." It occurs in *De Mon.*, ii. 9:

"Alexander rex Macedo maxime omnium ad palmam monarchiae propinquans, dum per legatos ad deditionem Romanos praemoneret, apud Aegyptum, ante Romanorum responsionem, *ut Livius narrat*, in medio quasi cursu collapsus est."

In the first place, Dante is, of course, wrong in attributing this to Livy. He makes a somewhat similar mistake in book ii., chap. 5, when he assigns to Livy what he apparently derived from Orosius, and probably also again in book ii., chap. 4 (See *Orosius*, iv. 17). In the present case I have no doubt he is referring (either from very inaccurate recollection, or possibly having access to a different version of the legend) to a story which is found with minor variations in several authors, the substance of which is as follows: That Alexander, at Babylon, in the height of his glory received an embassy recognising his supremacy from all the chief nations of the west, the Romans being sometimes mentioned among them and sometimes omitted; immediately after which he died suddenly from poison administered by one of his attendants. Those who narrate the story almost always proceed at once to moralise on the vanity of greatness, the nemesis attending on pride, &c. This is found in (1) Orosius, iii. 20, and is referred to again in vi. 21. He enumerates Spain, Africa, Gaul, Sicily, Sardinia, and "plurimae praeterea partes Italiae," but does not mention the Romans. (2) Arrian (vii. 15) says that the Bruttii, Lucani, Tusci, and others sent, and observes that Aristus and others add the Romans, but that he does not believe it, because no Roman writer mentions it, and some only of those who have written about Alexander do so. (3) Diodorus Siculus (xvii. 113) enumerates a great many nations but omits the Romans. (4) Clitarchus (*Commentaria*) is cited by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* iii. c. 5, § 57, as stating that the Romans sent an embassy to Alexander. (5) Finally, I have found the incident described at great length in a mediaeval poem, entitled *Alexandris, sive Gesta Alexandri Magni* (in ten books), *Auctore Gualtero de Castellione* (printed at Paris, 1659), which has the colophon—"Scriptus fuit liber iste Anno Domini MCCLXXVIII." Thus, it would rank among "recent literature" in Dante's time. In book x. we have a pompous description of the discussion in an infernal conclave of the tremendous achievements and still more daring projects of Alexander, and the means by which they could be put a stop to. At last "Proditio" undertakes to remove him, and inspires the traitor Antipater to poison him. At the very moment of Antipater's arrival at Babylon for this purpose, there arrived also an embassy from all the nations of the West, "cursum flexura tyranni" by gifts and supplication:

"Muneribus toto peregrina cucurrit ab Orbe
Ad mare descendens plenis Legatio velis"
(p. 215).

Then the nations are enumerated who joined in this mission, Carthage, all Africa, Spain, Gaul, the nations of the Rhine, and those of Italy (Italiae gentes), with special mention of Sicily (Trinacria). After this the gifts sent by each nation separately are described. So far, there is, it is true, no mention of Rome, but in a pompous and vain-glorious oration addressed by Alexander to the embassy, after receiving their presents, he refers to Rome having formerly sent him by Aemilius, a royal diadem,

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and addressed him as king, but as having afterwards repudiated this action; and he proceeds:

"Nunc igitur nostris ne pars vacet ulla triumphis
Neve meis titulis desit perfectio, Romam
In primis delere placet. Dedit hoc ubi, solvit
Concilium," &c.

Then the writer proceeds to relate how, immediately after this, amid fearful signs and portents, "in heaven above and in the earth beneath," "that very night his soul was required of him." He drinks the poisoned cup,

"Et Pater et Dominus cadit et perit inter amicos.'

Not, however, before he has addressed to them a long, moralising harangue, in the course of which he mourns that he is thus struck down at such a supreme moment:

"Cumque per Alpinas hyemes, turbamque latronum
Romuleas arces et avarae moenia Romae
Cernere solliciti," &c.

It will be observed that the general drift and the moral significance of the story in Dante is precisely the same as in the other writers quoted. The differences between him and them are in details only, which do not affect its general purpose, and they might well occur in a quotation from memory. (1) Dante places the scene in Egypt instead of Babylon; but he quotes Lucan *Phars.* viii. 692 in the passage in question in the *De Mon.* 4 for this feature of the narrative, and he would also have found the same in *Phars.* x. 20 &c. (2) In Dante's version the embassy spoken of is *to* and not *from* the Romans; unless perhaps Dante may have supposed the "praemonitio ad deditionem" to have been sent to Rome in connexion with the threat of its destruction uttered at the council above described, the answer to which could, of course, never have been received by Alexander. (3) It seems doubtful whether the Romans were generally represented as taking part in the embassy at all; but we have seen that at least one version of the story included them, and another author recognised the existence, though criticising the probability, of such a tradition.

If any of your readers should be able to quote or suggest any authorities coming still nearer to Dante's statement, it would be very interesting to students of Dante to hear of them.

E. MOORE.

THE CODEX AMIATINUS.

Stanbrook, Worcester: Jan. 21, 1889.

The idea that the preliminary quire of the Codex Amiatinus is, in the main, a copy from the Old Latin pandect at Jarrow is so intimately involved in Prof. Hort's theory that he will, I am sure, forgive me if, with profound deference to his learning and judgment, I venture to disagree with him in that particular.

The fact that the leaves of the quire differ, not only in texture but in superficial dimension, from the rest of the volume, supplies a strong presumption that the parchment was not prepared at Jarrow; and the fact that the Tabernacle picture differs in some very important details from that which Beda knew at Jarrow leaves us free to believe that all the artistic portions of the quire may have been executed in Italy.

The Commendatore de Rossi, to whose undeserved kindness I have long been indebted for a copy of his monograph on the codex, after describing the differences between the Cassiodorian altar of holocaust and the altar of holocaust in Amiatinus, seems to regard those differences as accidental and unimportant (p. 21). He seems to be unaware, and so do our two Cambridge professors, that they result from divergent interpretations of the text of Exodus xxvii., interpretations which interested and puzzled the mediaeval critics. Petrus Comestor (Migne, *S.L.* cxcviii. 1180), in his *Historia Scholastica*, describes four distinct accounts of the altar of holocaust—which may be roughly named the conventional, the Jewish, the Josephian, and the Cassiodorian—and then enters upon further questions, with which it would be impossible to burden the pages of the ACADEMY. And Adam, the Praemonstratensian (*ib.* 665), is only less diffuse and punctilious than Petrus Comestor. Both authors make free use of Beda's *De Tabernaculo*. My own belief is that Ceolfrid procured the empurpled and painted quaternion in Italy, and that the Tabernacle picture in it is in no sort of way a reproduction of the picture mentioned by Beda, but that, on the contrary, it had been painted in illustration of a distinctly non-Cassiodorian interpretation of the crucial passage in Exodus xxvii.

If this belief should be shared by others, a further question may fairly be raised. Regard being had to the risk of painting on parchment, whose impermeability by ink had not been practically tested, I would hazard the suggestion that the Old Latin list was written on fol. 7, perhaps by Ceolfrid himself, before the pentateuchal circles were executed on the other side of the leaf; and, further, that the other biblical lists were written before their accompanying symbols and other decorations were laid in by the artist, written, therefore, out of England. I may add that, even should it be proved that the present fol. 4 and fol. 7 were at one time component halves of a sheet, they may well have been separated at a very early moment in order to facilitate the empurpling of the former.

The dedicatory inscription was, no doubt, written in England. Its first two letters are marked by peculiarities that have escaped the practised eye of De Rossi. One is that they are on a slightly larger scale than the rest of the inscription, so much so that the widespread "culmen" and "colmen" are put out of court, and we are thrown back on the shorter "corpus." The other and more important peculiarity is that for rectitude of pose, symmetry of form, and clearness of outline they differ, if slightly yet essentially, from the other extant letters of the inscription, and thus lend countenance to my surmise that the codex as a whole was written in an adapted hand, so as to be in conformity with the Old Latin pandect which Ceolfrid had brought from Rome.

As this may be—I say not must be—my last communication on the subject, let me add evidence as to the meaning of "bibliotheca" and "pandectes" which I have found since the appearance of the Bishop of Salisbury's letter two years ago. It is taken from a ninth-century life of Abbot Ansegis, whose relation to Fontenelle and Saint-Germer was analogous to Ceolfrid's relation to his own Northumbrian houses. Nothing could be more to the point: "In hoc igitur Fontanellensi coenobio haec munera contulit . . . de libris autem hanc dedit copiam, bibliothecam optimam continentem uetus et nouum testamentum cum praefationibus ac initiis librorum aureis litteris decoratis. . . . Domum uero qua librorum copia conseruaretur . . . ante refectorium collocauit."—Migne, *S. L.* cv. 738 D.

"In Flaviacenci quoque coenobio . . . pandectem a beato Hieronymo ex Hebraeo uel Graeco eloquio translatum."—*ib.* 741 C.

A complete Bible in one volume was "pandectes"; an Old Testament in one or more volumes, a New Testament in one or more volumes, or a combination of the two, was "bibliotheca"; a library, as distinguished from a bookcase, was not "bibliotheca," but "copia librorum." All three expressions, it may be remembered, occur in Beda's account of Ceolfrid.

MARTIN RULE.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.

Nottingham: January 19, 1889.

Prof. Cook's letter neither strengthens my conjectures nor proves them to be groundless. The phonological examples that he gives were familiar to me when I wrote my letter, and I then admitted most of the points upon which he insists. This being so, it would not be necessary for me to ask for any space for a reply, were it not that Prof. Cook has charged me with making assertions that are not to be found in my letter.

1. This argument is forestalled by my admission that "there are several passages where it is impossible to thus explain *næs*"—that is, as a form of the suffix *nes*. Leo has, as I stated, suggested that the *under nēolum niðer næsse* of "Elene," 832, should be read as *under nēolre niðernesse*. Like me, he did not think it necessary to lay stress upon the change of the case-ending of the adjective; for, granting the possibility of the scribe being misled by the division of words in his copy, it is not very rash to assume that he would alter the case-ending to suit his version. Such alterations are common enough in classical MSS., and they are, I believe, not altogether unknown in O.E.

2. That the "Judith" passage presents difficulties is proved by the fact that Prof. Cook has to bring an illustration from the Yosemite Valley to attempt to explain it. I can see no reason why we should not assume a scribal error in such MSS. as the poetical ones, which are notoriously unreliable for phonology and dialectology. Mr. Sweet corrects the *næs* of this very passage to *næss*, and the levelling of *e* and *æ* is frequent in MSS. of about this period.

3. What I said was that "Sievers's etymology of *nēol* does not account for the meaning 'abysmal,' 'dark.'" Prof. Cook calls this "lightly rejecting authorities of the first order, like Sweet and Sievers"! Yet he himself is compelled to assume that *nēol* took up the meaning "dark" through its frequent application to Hell. On his own showing, therefore, my assertion is correct.

4. My quotation of *hwēowel* for *hwēol*, and my query whether the *w* of *neowel* was a similar insertion, anticipated the arguments of this section. Prof. Cook cannot deny that *w* in the combinations *eowu, eowe*, had in some cases a distinct consonantal value. The conclusion of this section is quite superfluous; for I never assumed a loss of medial *f* in O.E., and I most certainly never attempted to prove such loss by citing the O.N. *njōl*.

5. As I never derived *nēol* from *nifol*, it is quite unnecessary to assume a borrowing from O.N. *njōl*. What I suggested was that two independent words, *neowol* and *nifol*, had become confused in meaning through their resemblance in form. This is a very different thing from deriving one from the other.

Recapitulation: (1) I did not reason from the single instance of "Judith," 113; (2) I did not reject, lightly or otherwise, authorities like Sweet and Sievers; (3) would Prof. Cook maintain that the poetical MSS. are never corrupt? As for Prof. Cook's charge (4) of "confounding the phonetic phenomena of O.N. with the quite distinct phonetic phenomena of O.E.," I can only say that this is news to me. I have read through my letter carefully to find any sentence that could justify such a charge. The only possible foundation for this charge is the remark that "the O.N. sb. *nifl* . . . answers in form to this O.E. *nifol*, and the 'mysterious' O.N. *njōl* is . . . a parallel formation." It will be evident to anyone who reads the context with ordinary care that the correspondence in form meant is the common derivation of these three words from a compound of Aryan *nébh-os* with some form, or forms, of the suffix

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lo. Prof. Cook might just as fairly accuse me of confounding Old Irish phonology with Old English because I cited the Old Irish *nél* from *neblo* in the preceding sentence.

Is not Prof. Cook himself guilty of a little rashness when he translates the essentially masculine "nicor" by "mermaid" or "nixy," neither of which terms suggests to us anything so awe-inspiring as a "nicor"?

W. H. Stevenson.

LEGENDS OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

London: Jan. 15, 1889.

Since sending the example from the inscription on the floor at Westminster Abbey, I have found another in the "Mabinogion," not noticed, I think, by any of your correspondents, which bears the most striking resemblance to the early Buddhist version quoted in the Academy.

The story—"Kilhwch and Olwen"—which Lady Guest considers of British origin, and without parallels in Middle-Age romance, would seem to be based on a "Descent story," or a quest like Jason's, and the structure of the plot is "cumulative." Some of the passages must rejoice the Solar school; as where the betrothed of a hero is carried off by another, and they two are fated to fight for her every 1st of May until the day of doom, when the conqueror shall have the maiden, who until that time waits in her father's house.

To obtain certain information, one who knows the language of birds and beasts goes to the ousel of Cilgwri to enquire, and the bird answers:

"When I first came here there was a smith's anvil in this place, and I was then a young bird; and from that time no work has been done upon it, save the pecking of my beak every evening; and now there is not so much as the size of a nut remaining thereof. . . . There is a race of animals who were formed before me, and I will be your guide to them."

So they go to the stag of Redynvre, who says:

"When I first came here there was a plain all around me, without any trees save one oak sapling, which grew up to be an oak with a hundred branches. And that oak has since perished, so that now nothing remains of it but the withered stump. . . . Nevertheless there is an animal that was formed before I was."

So they go to the owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, who says:

"When first I came hither the wide valley you see was a wooded glen. And a race of men came and rooted it up. And there grew there a second wood, and this wood is the third. . . . Nevertheless, I will be the guide until you come to the place where is the *Oldest Animal* in this world, and the one that has travelled most—the eagle of Gwern Abwy."

The eagle said:

"I have been here for a great space of time, and when I first came hither there was a rock here, from the top of which I pecked at the stars every evening; and now it is not so much as a span high. From that day to this I have been here."

This must be own cousin to the Garuda, the Roc, and other worldly birds.

The legend has been quoted by an old author given in Lady Guest's notes.

W. R. Lethaby.

THE FIRST RUSSIAN IN ENGLAND.

London: Jan. 12, 1889.

Mr. Jacobs has not quoted Stow, or his modern editor, Mr. Thoms, correctly. Stow prints the epitaph thus:

חן מצב חר משח בן חרבר יצחק

Mr. Thoms thus:

זח מצב חרי משח די ה־בן יצחק

A fully revised text would be very desirable, if we could supplement Stow from the City records. But, while the initial word זח *neh* (Thoms) is the demi-pronoun "this[is]," or חן *hean* (Stow), means "behold"—the memorial of the Rabbi Moses or Meshach, son of [חרבר, which Stow (first edition, 1598, p. 32) renders honourable, seems to mean chief priest, the German Ober Rabbiner, our Haham or Chacham bashi, the chief rabbi] Isaac.

I believe there is a question as to when this designation, office, or title was first assumed in England.

A. Hall.

BASQUE NAMES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Malvern: Jan. 1, 1889.

I notice in Mr. George W. Cable's book *Bonaventure*, the name "Iberia" mentioned among the place-names brought by the Acadians to their new home in Louisiana. Can anyone account for this, and tell me whether there are any other names in Louisiana which hint, however vaguely, at Basque settlements in Nova Scotia, &c.? I know of several Biscayan names on the Newfoundland coast and along the St. Lawrence; but this "Iberia" seems to fall into a different category. Have the Basques in Europe, at any period, used the name "Iberia" for their country? I fancy not.

E. E. Knight.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, Jan. 28, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Upper Limb," by Prof. J. Marshall.
5 p.m. London Institution: "Modern Wit," by Mr. Armytage Bakewell.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," I., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Egyptian Tapestry," II., by Mr. Alan S. Cole.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Empiricist Position," by Dr. A. Bain.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Gran Chaco (Argentine Republic) and its Rivers," by Capt. John Page, Argentine Navy.

Tuesday, Jan. 29, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," II., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Gold and Silver Mining in Colorado," by Mr. Thomas W. Goad.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Steep Incline on the Puerto Cabello and Valencia Railway, Venezuela," by Mr. J. Carruthers; "Cost of Working the Harts Mountain Railway," by Mr. R. Wilson; "Further Information on the Working of the Fell System on the Rimutaka Incline, New Zealand," by Mr. J. P. Maxwell.

Wednesday, Jan. 30, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Neck and Head," by Prof. J. Marshall.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Construction of Photographic Lenses," by Mr. Conrad Beck.

Thursday, Jan. 31, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Metamorphoses of Minerals," II., by Prof. J. W. Judd.
6 p.m. London Institution: "The Times of the Twelve Apostles," by Canon Benham.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," II., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

Friday, Feb. 1, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Hittites and their Inscriptions," III., by Mr. T. Tyler.
4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Figure in Action," by Prof. J. Marshall.
7.30 p.m. Geologists' Association: Annual Meeting.
8 p.m. Philological: "The Names *Jah* and *Jahveh*," by Mr. T. G. Pinches.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Life-History of a Marine Food-Fish," by Prof. W. C. McIntosh.

Saturday, Feb. 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Great Composers and their Works," with Illustrations on the Pianoforte, II., by Prof. Ernst Pauer.

SCIENCE.

SOME RECENT FOREIGN WORKS ON OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

Geschichte der Hebräer. Von R. Kittel. 1. Halbband. (Gotha.)

La Religion dans la Bible. Par C. G. Chavannes. Vol. 1. (Leide.)

Die Ueberlieferung. Von Ernest von Bunsen. (Leipzig.)

Ewald's great History of Israel is now entirely obsolete; but its place is being rapidly supplied by a number of excellent productions in course of publication. Besides the charming *causerie* of M. Renan, we have the profound and original work of Bernhard Stade, which, although comparatively unknown in England, received a warm welcome in America on its first appearance. Both histories are partly based on the results attained by the critical labours of Kuenen, Wellhausen, and others of the same school, as is also the masterly sketch included in that wonderful monument of condensed research, Ed. Meyer's *Geschichte des Alterthums*. Finally Herr Kittel sends us the first instalment of a handbook on the same subject, which, so far as it goes, is less an independent history of Israel than a running commentary and criticism on the views of some of the writers just mentioned. It is, indeed, a principal object of the series to which he contributes to make students acquainted with what is thought by all the best authorities on the various branches of ancient history, and to set them on the track of fuller information than can be comprised within the limits of a handbook.

In this instance the author seems to have done his work extremely well. So far he only carries his story down to the death of Joshua; but, as a necessary preliminary to this part, and indeed to the whole of Hebrew history, his first instalment includes a critical examination of the Hexateuch—a title now substituted with great advantage for the old and misleading denomination of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. Such an examination involves three distinct questions which, in the interest of sound criticism, should be carefully kept apart. We have to ask ourselves: (1) What are the sources of the Hexateuch; in other words, from what independent documents has it been compiled? (2) At what date were those documents composed? (3) What is their value as historical records? That the Hexateuch is in fact a compilation from older documents may now be assumed as admitted by all persons entitled to speak on the subject. A certain general agreement seems also to have been attained as regards the analysis itself. At any rate, Herr Kittel, whose leanings are rather on the conservative side, accepts as sufficiently well established the results reached by the school of Kuenen and Wellhausen. According to their view, the Hexateuch primarily resolves itself into four great constituents, respectively known as the works of the Jahvist, the Elohist, the Deuteronomist, and the Priestly Legislator. Each of these layers again subdivides itself into thinner laminae, as to whose exact lines of cleavage opinions still differ. On passing to question (2) we find less unanimity in the answers given, but still a great deal more than is imagined by outsiders. The Jahvistic and Elohistic narratives—generally called by scholars J. and E.—are assigned to the second half of the ninth century B.C.; and the legislative portion of Deuteronomy either to the reign of Josiah, when it was first promulgated, or to the period of idolatrous reaction under Manasseh. The latter date, which is that preferred by Herr Kittel, seems to have nothing in its favour but the wish to save Hilkiah and his friends from the charge

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of a pious fraud. May we not observe in the existence of such a wish what M. Renan has well called the "lourde bonhomie" of the West? Deuteronomy was, on any theory consistent with the acceptance of its late origin, a forgery; that is, the work of one who, to win credit for his own composition, signed it with a name that was not his. According to our standard of veracity such an action is unquestionably wrong, nor would it now be excused by the best of motives. But if the Deuteronomist was justified by the very different standard of his own race and age, as well as by the exigencies of a unique religious crisis, in doing what would now rank him with Shapira, would he not also have been justified in arranging the stage-surprise of a long-lost roll suddenly discovered in a corner of the temple? The material improbability that Hilkiah's story was true is very great; the moral improbability that it was fictitious is very small. It is about the date of the third Hexateuchal stratum, the Priestly Code, with its introductory narrative and its appended account of the settlement of Canaan, that critics differ most widely; and here we find Herr Kittel taking sides, though not without hesitation, against the brilliant and powerful school who relegate its composition to the post-exilian period. His own view is that its oldest portion goes back to the time of Solomon, if not even earlier; while the second and most important stratum, including the organisation of the priesthood and of public worship, with the narrative sections thereto appertaining, are referred to the eighth century B.C. The code, as a whole, he considers to have been completed in all its essentials before the Captivity, although enlarged by subsequent additions during and after that period. For the priestly Thora there is not, any more than for Deuteronomy, the slightest question of a Mosaic origin; and the tabernacle, as described in Exodus, is treated as a pure fiction. Herr Kittel holds that the claims of the priesthood were at first only formulated as an ideal, and never came near being fulfilled while the monarchy lasted, if, indeed, they were made known to the public at all. Such a position seems hardly worth fighting for, and in my opinion it is wholly indefensible. I need not press the celebrated declaration of Jeremiah (vii. 22) that Jahve gave no commands relating to sacrifices in the wilderness. There is some force in Herr Kittel's reply that a literal interpretation of this passage would prove too much, for it would tell equally against the prophet's acquaintance with Deuteronomy and with the much more ancient prescriptions of Exodus xxiii.; although, supposing Jeremiah to have read Leviticus, the exaggeration of his rhetoric assumes almost incredible dimensions. But it is certain that the Deuteronomic code was, if not actually composed by the Jerusalem priesthood, at any rate published under their authority. Now, whatever Herr Kittel may say, Deuteronomy claims nothing more than a local superiority for the Jerusalem priests over the other Levites, and admits any of the latter who may be visiting the capital to the temporary privilege of offering sacrifices in the temple; although this, according to the priestly code, was an impiety for which they would have paid with their lives. It is by Ezechiel that the distinction between priests and other Levites is first drawn; and it is ordained by him as something quite new, the exclusion of the ordinary Levites from the highest sacerdotal functions not being explained as a disability attached to their inferior birth, but denounced as a penalty for their scandalous idolatry. Now, Ezechiel was a priest himself, and must have known if a professedly Mosaic code had existed embodying the very distinction that he was enforcing on other and less cogent grounds. Herr Kittel denies, indeed, that Ezechiel enounces his restriction as anything new; but for no better reason than that the prophet has already assumed it as existing in the restored temple. Of this I need only observe that a cause is already lost when it can only be defended by such a miserable quibble. Passing to the third question—Of what historical value are the documents worked up into the Hexateuch?—we find that our author, in accordance with his conservative leanings, attaches more value to the ancient traditions of Israel than is conceded to them by Stade and Meyer; though, perhaps, not more than by M. Renan, whose first volume seems to have appeared too late for him to use. He believes in the real existence of Abraham; and even in the case of those patriarchs whom he treats as mere eponymous heroes, ideal personifications of the tribes claiming to be descended from them, he tries to disengage a core of historical truth from the family legends in which they figure. Thus, he takes the story of Joseph to represent the adventures of a tribe bearing that name which migrated to Egypt in consequence of a quarrel with the other tribes of Israel, and afterwards induced them to join it in the new settlement, while room is still found for the personal Joseph of Genesis as the sheikh of this tribe. The sheikh could have had little, if anything, in common with our old friend; and, although it would be interesting to know on other grounds that a powerful Semitic chieftain became at some remote period prime minister of Egypt, some better reason for believing in the reality of such an occurrence should be offered than the evidence of a disjointed fairy tale. We need not follow the historian in his laborious efforts to disengage a nucleus of truth from the Hexateuchal narrative of the Exodus and the occupation of Canaan. They leave us with the impression that on these points nothing can be established of sufficient solidity to support any further inference; in other words, for the only purpose that makes history worth studying, history does not here exist. We can only know, what is after all the most important thing to know, that from some undated epoch the faith of Israel in divine righteousness was inspired and upborne through all ages by the story of his miraculous deliverance from oppression, and of the miraculous assistance that enabled him to become in turn the oppressor and despoiler of those who worshipped other gods.

Unlike Herr Kittel, M. Chavannes, a friend and disciple of Prof. Kuenen, accepts to the fullest extent those revolutionary results of Old Testament criticism which his teacher so powerfully advocates. Nevertheless, his present work seems to aim a a certain softening down of the antithesis between the Prophets and the Law on which attention was naturally enough concentrated in the early days of Graf's theory. M. Chavannes shows that the Prophets were far from discarding the outward forms of ritual and sacrifice, and that their conception of Jahve, however exalted and purified, never transcended the moral limitations of a national deity, while their conceptions of right and wrong remained equally narrowed by a belief in the necessity of temporal and material sanctions. On the other hand, the burdensome ceremonialism of the later Thora, however far it fell below the prophetic ideal, constituted a vast progress on the immoral idolatry before prevalent in Israel; just as, to quote the author's Protestant parallel, Roman Catholicism, though a descent from primitive Christianity, was an immense improvement on the Paganism that it superseded. M. Chavanne's work is to be completed by a volume on the religion of the New Testament, which, if it equals its predecessor, will be read with interest and instruction.

The book that is named last in the heading of this article takes a wider sweep than either of its companions. Herr Ernst von Bunsen's object is to show that the tradition of a common ancestry or of common experiences may be traced in the narratives of Genesis, the recollections of the primitive Arians, and the records of Babylon and Egypt. On any method the enterprise seems a rather hopeless one; and this author does not possess the most elementary qualifications for his self-appointed task, neither can any amount of undigested erudition and perverted ingenuity supply their place. In fact, Herr von Bunsen belongs to that exegetical school of which Philo-Judaeus, Mr. Gladstone (as a mythologist), Mr. Hine (the prophet of Anglo-Israelitism), and Mr. Donelly are the most distinguished ornaments. His main thesis is that the Semitic, or brown race, originated in a blending of the Japhetic, Arian, or white race, represented by the Medes, with the Hamitic, or black population of ancient Babylon, which, according to Berosus, they captured in the year 2458 B.C. The birth of Shem, "according to the clear indications of Genesis" (as interpreted by our author), falls in the same year—a convincing proof that the Hebrew annalist believed the Semitic race to have originated just at that time. Even did the coincidence exist, it would go for nothing, as the statement of Berosus is not accepted by serious historians; but it does not exist, the alleged date of Shem's birth being derived, not from the Biblical text, but from some most arbitrary chronological combinations, foisted on it by our cryptogrammatist. It need hardly be added that science gives no countenance whatever to the pretended hybrid origin of the Semitic race. As applied to explain the story of the Fall, the theory becomes simply grotesque. Adam, we are told, was a black man, and Eve a white woman, whom he tempted into a *mésalliance*. He is identified with the Serpent; and she with the forbidden fruit. This equivocal position does not prevent our common ancestor from doing duty elsewhere as the constellation Taurus, formerly the sign of the vernal equinox, in extreme antithesis to

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the constellation Serpens. Our author has precession of the equinoxes on the brain, and employs it freely as a key to mythology wherever his Semitic craze proves inadequate to the occasion. Among other unexpected references, he finds it alluded to by the prophet Daniel, whom he supposes to have flourished in the year 552 B.C. One wonders what the late Baron Bunsen would have said to this. A few more gems of exegesis may be cited. The twelve sons of Jacob mean the twelve signs of the zodiac, Reuben standing for Aquarius in the blessing of Jacob —a presumption that the prophecy known under that name was composed by Ezechiel (p. 214). The latest canonical book composed in Hebrew is Jeremiah; therefore, the Hebrew original of Ecclesiasticus must have been written before 588 B.C. (p. 290); while Ecclesiastes dates from some time between 240 and 181 B.C. (p. 292). In what language does Herr von Bunsen suppose Ecclesiastes to have been written? Even such extravagances as these pale before the crowning disclosure that the LXX. transfer the foundation of Solomon's temple from 971 to 473 B.C. for the purpose of bringing it into connexion with the date of Buddha's death, which took place four years earlier (p. 322). We may here take leave of a work which, but for the great name inherited by its author, would not be entitled to a single line of notice.

ALFRED W. BENN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Duke of Argyll read a paper on "Certain Bodies, apparently of Organic Origin, from the Quartzite Beds near Inverary." Careful examination of the quartzite of this locality has led to the detection of a number of brown elliptical markings which are regarded by certain palæontologists as representing the burrows of annelids, similar to the well-known worm-tubes in the Silurian quartzites of Sutherlandshire. The ovate form may result from the tubes, originally circular, having been cut obliquely, while in some cases the rock has been so crushed that the sections are drawn out into mere threads or otherwise distorted. Dr. A. Geikie differs from the Duke of Argyll, and is disposed to regard these enigmatical markings as of mineral origin, possibly representing iron pyrites or clay concretions, though it is not unlikely that the pyrites itself may have resulted from the reducing action of decomposing organic matter no longer recognisable.

THE Cumberland and Westmoreland Association for the Advancement of Literature and Science has just issued a new volume of *Transactions*. It contains a number of scientific papers of local interest, including a report on Pallas's sand grouse in the north-west of England, by Mr. H. A. Macpherson. The editor, Mr. J. G. Goodchild, contributes two papers—one on "The Physical History of Greystoke Park," the other on "The Old Lakes of Edenside." In the former, he gives an admirable survey of the successive geological changes that have swept over the district. The Siluro-Cambrian rocks, forming the base of the country, were uplifted and denuded so as to produce a fairly uniform plain, which, when submerged, formed a floor upon which the carboniferous rocks were built up. These in turn were upraised and denuded, as a pre-triassic plain, which formed part of a great continental area with inland lakes. At last submergence again occurred and Jurassic rocks were deposited; these were then raised as a third plain of pre-cretaceous age. After renewed submergence and the deposition of fresh strata, the land again emerged, perhaps during the Miocene period; and the final phase in the history of the country was its glaciation.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE have received the first part of *Epigraphia Indica*, the new serial publication of the Archæological Survey of India, which is published at Calcutta by the superintendent of government printing, and may be obtained in this country through Messrs. Trübner or W. H. Allen & Co. It is edited by Dr. James Burgess, the director-general of the archæological survey, with the assistance of the provincial surveyors. As the name implies, the main object of this new periodical is to publish texts and translations of inscriptions, edited by competent scholars from photographs or squeezes, together with facsimiles on a reduced scale of the more important. But it is also intended to form a record of the general work of the survey, including prehistoric remains, treasure trove, anthropology, &c. The present part is limited to inscriptions in Sanskrit and Prakrit, of which seven are here given (with ample notes) by Prof. Bühler, of Vienna, and Prof. Kielhorn, of Göttingen—both formerly connected with Bombay. Perhaps the two most generally interesting are: (1) A set of eight copper plates from Southern India recording a grant by the Pallava King Śivaskandavarman. No date is given, nor is it otherwise possible to fix the period. But the language is Prakrit, though the religion of the king was Brahmanical, not Buddhist—which tends to corroborate the view (now everywhere gaining ground) that Prakrit was both the vernacular and the official language, and was only superseded gradually by Sanskrit, the modification of it amoug the educated class. (2) A fresh recension, by Prof. Bühler, from new materials, of what is known as Aśoka's twelfth rock-edict of the Shâhbâzgarhi series, recently discovered in the Panjab.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ELIZABETHIAN SOCIETY.—(*Wednesday, Jan. 9*).

FREDERICK ROGERS, ESQ., vice-president, in the chair.—Mrs. S. A. Barnett read a paper on the "Educational Value of Art." After giving definitions of "education" and of "art," Mrs. Barnett remarked that to consider education only as a preparation for adult life is to fall into the same mistake as those religious folk do who consider religion only as a preparation for heaven. Religion is to teach one to live so as to turn earth into heaven. If, then, education is the drawing out of faculties already existent, and the putting in of tastes, interests, and aspirations that are not naturally inherent, the next step will be to see what value art has as a helpmate in the difficult task of education. Mr. William Morris says: "Art is the joy of the workman in his labour"; Mr. Walter Crane says: "Art is the result of that rapid sympathy between brain and fingers plus imagination"; Mr. Ruskin says that "art is nothing but a noble and expressive language." Rejecting and accepting parts of these definitions, Mrs. Barnett said that "art was perfect expression by sound, line, colour, and action, this definition embracing the art of music (sound), the art of sculpture or architecture (line), the art of painting (colour)." Art, said the lecturer, speaks to the mind through the eye and senses, and is capable of conveying truths and suggesting facts to learners of all ages. By pictures the imagination can be trained as well as the observation; and the Whitechapel denizen can be helped to conjure up rolling waves, wide-stretching plains, stately cathedrals, snow-capped mountains, deeds of daring, ideals of life, historic scenes, and poems of achievement and endurance. But more than this, art gives help in the difficult task of distinguishing between good and evil. "Ye shall be as gods," said the tempter, "knowing the difference between good and evil"—surely a more attractive bait than any apple! But pain-stricken, labour-worn man has got confused amid the countless ages, and the artist who "keeps up the road between the seen and the unseen" is needed to show us what is good and what is evil. In this flippant and democratic age, when the foundations of social respect are upturned, and those of obedience to God and duty appear likely to follow them, it is, said the lecturer, one of the most difficult of all the difficult problems awaiting solution to know how to teach humility, which is the source of reverence. To show ideals seems the only way—by biographies of noble men, by novels embodying noble thoughts; but, above all, by pictures setting forth noble types of life. Whether the educator be his own or his neighbour's teacher, he will not, if he be wise, ignore art, which teaches—(1) to observe, (2) to imagine, (3) to reverence; and yet more she does—she teaches the relation of things. Again and again are we warned not to "labour for that which profiteth nothing"; and yet we do, seeing, thinking, feeling, that the nothing is a very big something. Art will put things in the right relation, telling what is nothing and what is something. She puts things as parts, not as a whole. Art has indeed proved its value to us, if she educates us to see life in relation; and as she has done so much for us, may we not yet hope more? As science has taught us to know something of what Emerson calls the skirts "of the eternal T's," may not art, her sister, lead time and us a step further, and show us dimly and faintly, but yet surely, the hinder parts of the Most High?

FINE ART.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

IT may be said that the French school this year reigns supreme in the second gallery at Burlington House, even though the exquisite examples of seventeenth and eighteenth-century art there shown are confronted with the very choice collection of Dutch masters already noticed. Two finer specimens of the noble Italo-French style of Claude le Lorrain it would be difficult to find than Lord Northbrook's pendant pieces, entitled, "Shepherd teaching a Shepherdess to play on the Pipes," and "Shepherd playing on a Pipe." The latter, especially—a reposeful twilight pastoral, penetrated with the tender light of vanishing day, and having as its dominant note of sentiment a perfect peace and unity of all nature—is worthy to rank with Lord Wantage's great "Castle by the Sea," exhibited last year at the Academy. Higher praise it would be difficult to bestow.

To accurately define the peculiar quality which places the art of Antoine Watteau not only above, but altogether apart from, that of his imitators, and of the brilliant if seldom profoundly moved masters of his century, would be a difficult, if not an impossible, task. Beyond mere technical exquisiteness — accuracy and incomparable spirit in drawing and composition: a delicate glow of colour, now marred, alas! by the injuries of time; the magic of melancholy sunset landscapes, suggesting, with a more subtle and reticent charm, those of Rubens—beyond all these qualities is the happy expression of the man himself in his work: the sensitive, finely-attuned nature of the true poet asserting itself through the veil of the apparently trivial subjects which, under the influence of the taste of the hour, were chosen for representation. Watteau is in a sense the Giorgione of the eighteenth century, making use of a different pictorial language because, as a true artist, he could not be other than the man of

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his own time; coming therefore less near to truth, but, nevertheless, expressing all the exquisite charm which belongs to an intimate and loving conjunction of humanity with nature—even though the humanity be too dainty in its mannerism, and the nature trimmed to an over-luxurious smoothness. Both masters instinctively corrected a certain natural, if refined, sensuousness of temperament by the gentle melancholy which unconsciously they breathed into all their works; by the moving suggestion of a passionate regret for the one perfect, harmonious moment of repose and peace which, once lost, may not again be attained.

So uncertain are even now—after the labours of MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt—the actual facts of Watteau's short career, that it is difficult, in dealing with all but his early productions, to establish a chronological order of sequence. Of those here exhibited, the first in order of date is, however, evidently the "Accordée du Village" (A. de Rothschild, Esq.). With many charming passages of local colour, and a happy illumination of the central group, the whole lacks unity and individuality. The background, consisting of trees and castellated buildings of a markedly Flemish character, has an artificial appearance. Next in order may, perhaps, be placed "La Cascade," from the same collection, in which, if the figures still lack interest, the garden landscape, with its plashing fountain in the foreground, is superbly rendered. Admirable are the two great landscapes—"The Garden Party" and "Le Rendezvous de Chasse" (Sir R. Wallace)—showing far-stretching, park-like glades, which frame in a tempered glow, chequered with shadow, happy parties of ladies and their cavaliers. It is in these beautiful, broadly yet lightly painted backgrounds that the influence of Rubens most clearly appears, though a peculiar charm is superadded which is all Watteau's own. In the blackness of the shadows and the partly obscured purity of the flesh-tints is seen the result of his carelessness in the practice of his art; of that "dirty palette" of which his contemporaries complained. Rubens is again suggested by the superb *académie* here styled "The Toilet" (Sir R. Wallace), in which a nude female figure seated on a couch is rendered with admirable clearness and force in the flesh tints. To appreciate the genuineness of the painter's quality in this study it should be compared at a certain distance with the two good specimens of Greuze which hang on the same wall. Unfortunately, the head of the model is singularly lacking in interest and individuality. This brings us to one of the master's chief peculiarities, which is the tendency to accentuate rather what is generic in character and movement than that which is proper to the individual and goes to make up the distinctive human personality. In his very best and most mature style, with a rich yet chastened glow of colour such as perhaps has not again been attained by a French painter, are Lord Northbrook's "Masquerade," and Sir R. Wallace's "Gilles and his Family"—the latter slightly marred by a curious disproportion in one of the female heads. Thoroughly characteristic, too, of the artist's most typical manner is the larger "Music Lesson," which contains some of his finest work, and has for background a landscape of perfect truth and unsurpassed charm. Here the head and bust of one of the female figures would appear to have been repainted in a smooth style entirely at variance with Watteau's own broad crisp handling. The figure of the lounging guitarist in this work—a shade vacuous in expression—has again been utilised in the smaller and better preserved "Music Lesson," which comes also from Manchester House. "Arlequin et Colombine," from the same collection, has been widely popularised by the almost contemporary engraving. The touch is here looser, the harmony more subdued, but hardly less exquisite. Very subtle is the twilight atmosphere cast over the personages in the "Sérénade Italienne" (A. de Rothschild, Esq.), poetising the well-known figures of the Italian comedy, and giving to the whole scene an indefinable charm. Of one of the rarest phases of the master's colouring—the pleasant greyness of open-air daylight, so finely exemplified in the two famous canvases of the Dresden Gallery—no specimen is shown at the Academy. This was the scheme of colour, the development of which enabled Watteau's pupil, Pater, to claim a kind of minor originality of his own. We might have hoped to find some of his work in the exhibition, where it would have been useful, if only as a foil to the inimitable excellencies of his master. Lancret, the fellow-student and the imitator rather than the pupil of Watteau, has rarely, if ever, been seen to such advantage as at Burlington House. With him we touch earth, and are brought into a closer and more real contact with the sprightly and superficial elegancies of the eighteenth century. A certainly not disagreeable sharpness of colour, an angular vivacity of movement, an undisguised *mièvrerie* in the characterisation of the often ill-drawn heads, are among the distinguishing marks of a painter who, with all his obvious limitations, came much nearer to expressing in its essence one whole side of the general character of his time than is admitted by those who choose to regard him merely as the conventional delineator of modish scenes and figures. While the comparatively large "Pastoral Group" (Sir. R. Wallace) is an undisguised *pasticcio* of Watteau, and might almost have been suggested by that painter's "Pastoral Scene" in the same collection, the "Winter" (A. de Rothschild, Esq.) shows a vivacity of movement, a joy in the delineation of mere life and action, which are very distinctive of Lancret. His most consummate performance—and, indeed, the best piece of painting from his brush with which we are acquainted—is the "Group of Bathers" (Sir R. Wallace), showing women, some wholly, some partially disrobed, bathing in running water under the overhanging shadow of green trees. The audacity with which the reflections cast by the foliage are made to colour the flesh-tints forestalls some of the most modern *plein-air* fashions of to-day. The more ordinary, the regular *égrillard* phase of French eighteenth-century art is shown in the "Broken Necklace" (Sir R. Wallace); its most mannered form of suburban pastoral in "The Bird Catcher." The "Harlequin and Punch" gives with real zest and *entrain*, if with a somewhat crude colour-harmony, the Italian comedy as it was, without the mysterious charm with which Watteau knew how to invest it. The brilliant "Portrait de Mdlle. Carmargo," the famous dancer, is a thoroughly artificial rendering of a subject the successful portrayal of which could only be attained by artificial treatment. This radiant and decently-attired nymph—shown as she appeared in the pastoral ballet of the time—has a feminine charm which her undraped sisters of to-day, in their vigorous gymnastic exercises, conspicuously fail to attain. The lines of Voltaire on La Camargo and La Sallé—happily quoted in the catalogue—recall that fair rival, who was the faithful friend of Maurice Quentin Latour, by whose pencil her sprightly graces have many times been lovingly expressed. We may group with this example the "Portrait of an Actress of the Comédie Française" (Sir R. Wallace), represented in a rich *négligé* of red trimmed with fur. This is especially remarkable for the unusual softness and harmony of the colouring. May it be hoped that on an early occasion the exquisite collection now shown will be supplemented by the bringing together of examples illustrating the too-little known art of Chardin—most loving and faithful delineator of French bourgeois manners, and more than rival of the Dutch as the painter of still life; the superficial and mannered grace of Boucher; the passion and vivacity of Fragonard; the not very convincing if elegant portraiture of a Tocqué, a Nattier, a Drouais? It is perhaps too much to hope that the unique power of Latour can ever be adequately illustrated in an English exhibition; though, like so many of his fellow-countrymen and contemporaries, he practised in early life in England, and at his *début* in Paris was even styled, or styled himself—if we remember rightly—the "peintre anglais."

English art of the last and the present century is, as usual, satisfactorily represented, though its fame is maintained by fewer masterpieces of the first rank than usual. Francis Cotes has seldom been seen to greater advantage than in the "Portrait of a Lady" (Chas. Butler, Esq.)—a work of unaffected charm, and a perfect presentment of an English gentlewoman. The half-tints and shadows have the unpleasant greenish tone peculiar to the painter. A very interesting puzzle is afforded by the "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Scott" (A. J. Scott, Esq.), showing a lady in the costume of the middle of last century, wearing a charming pink, lace-trimmed gown of French fashion, and leaning nonchalantly on a polished table of dark wood. Great skill and refinement are shown in the modelling and painting of the hands and neck, and in the rendering of the elaborate costume; while on the other hand the face is not very subtly or truly modelled, and lacks individuality. Though the sitter be English, there is much in the conception and execution of the picture that suggests a modish French painter of the period. Sir J. Reynolds has never before been so feebly and unsatisfactorily represented on the walls of the Academy. On the other hand, the true Gainsborough may be seen in the double portrait of "Henry and Edward Tomkinson"—two charming and ingenuous youths, who breathe and gaze at the beholder with the inimitable Gainsborough vitality. The picture is, however, carelessly and awkwardly composed. A fair average specimen of his manner, when he was not over-interested in his subject, is the full-length of the stolid and uninspiring "William Henry, Duke of Gloucester." The great "Landscape," lent by the Duke of Rutland, has all the painter's charms of rich sunset glow and facile execution; but there is a provoking insincerity in the rustic group skilfully disposed in the foreground which mars the work as a serious production. Romney once more successfully confronts his more famous contemporaries with a number of works, at least three of which are in their way quite first-rate. These are the "Miss Mellon" (Duchess of St. Albans), the "Miss Sophia Shutz," and the delightful portrait of a somewhat older lady, "Mrs. Trimmer," who appears against a red background, in a white dress, with a white gauze cap. In these paintings the natural hardness and opacity of his colour is corrected by a kind of *sfumato*, which he assumed, apparently, in order to emulate by other means the exquisite graces and more real command over colour of his rivals. The peculiar distinction and charm appertaining so especially to English womanhood is here most happily expressed. As translated by Romney, it is of a more reposeful if less penetrating quality than that which Gainsborough extracted from similar subjects.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

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THE OPENING OF THE PYRAMID OF HAWARA.

Hawara, Medinet el Fayum: Jan. 12, 1889.

The pyramid of Hawara which I tunnelled into last year has at last yielded, and we know for the first time the arrangement of a royal tomb of the XIIth Dynasty.

The entrance is not on the north side, nor in the middle of the side; but it is on the south side, a quarter of the way from the south-west corner. It is, moreover, outside of the pyramid, on the ground, and probably opened from the labyrinth, as Herodotos states. The passage does not run straight into the chamber, but slopes down some way northwards; then a branch turns east, while the main line continues as a blind. The east passage ends blank, and is left by a great trap-door in the roof. Thence the passage goes north again, and turns west; here it ends blank again, and another roof trap-door leads up into a passage running further west. From this a forced entrance has been made into the chamber, by which we at present enter. The passage, however, ends in a well, leading to a short passage southward; then another well, which is now full of water. This, I conjecture, leads to a short passage eastward, from which a well ascended into the chamber.

The chamber itself is nearly all cut in one block of sandstone, which is 22 ft. long and 8 ft. wide inside, and all one up to 6 ft. high. It must weigh between 100 and 200 tons. A course of stone supports the roof slabs, of which there are but three. In the chamber is a great sarcophagus also of polished sandstone, quite plain and without inscription; but around the base is a projecting foot decorated with panelled ornament. By the side of this another sarcophagus has been made by adding two slabs between it and the wall, and a narrower lid has been put over this. There were also two boxes in the chamber, one now broken up; both decorated around the foot like the sarcophagi. In the chamber we have found some pieces of the funereal furniture in alabaster, but without any inscriptions. There can, however, be no doubt that this is the tomb of Amenemhat III., as his name is so often found in the two temples adjoining it.* The second added sarcophagus may be that of Sebaknefru or of Amenemhat IV. The chamber is at present over three feet deep in water, which makes it difficult to explore. The present entrance is by the forced hole in the roof, which will only admit a slim person.

The cemetery here proves to be pretty well exhausted; but I have explored the great pits and caves of the tombs of the XIIth Dynasty and obtained a few pieces of inscription from them. Many minor objects have been found of a late period: a fine glass lense, a pair of large keys, two wax figures (one, female with crescent-dressed hair; the other, male with a donkey's head), a large number of amulets from mummies, three large and complete Greek deeds of the Christian period, beside a few more wax portraits.

At Illahun I have begun work; and great numbers of wooden coffins with carved and painted heads have been found, probably of the XXIIIrd Dynasty; also a fine stela of the XIIth Dynasty. I expect shortly to take up the work at Illahun more closely when I can live there.

W. M Flinders Petrie.

* Since receipt of the foregoing, further intelligence has been received from Mr. Petrie to the effect that the name of Amenemhat III. has been found on a fragment of an alabaster vase in the sepulchral chamber; thus placing the identity of the founder beyond doubt.—Ed. Academy.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie—the marine painter, best known for his pictures of shipping at the mouth of the Thames—has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, in the place of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, who was recently promoted to the rank of full Academician.

The collection of pictures that are being despatched this month to Sydney by the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists vies in importance with those exhibited last year in Melbourne. Sir Frederick Leighton contributes his "Phryne," Mr. Watts two important pictures, Mr. Jacomb Hood his last work from the Grosvenor, and Messrs. Ingram and Gotch their "Helpless," Mr. Weedon sends a large drawing of Loch Maree, and Mr. Arthur Hacker his picture "Motherless." The etchers will also be well represented, Mr. Whistler sending some twenty plates, and Messrs. Mortimer Menpes, Wilfrid Ball, David Law, and Theodore Roussell forwarding representative specimens of their work. Messrs. W. L. Wyllie and S. J. Solomon, among the painters in oil, and Messrs. Frank Walton and E. F. Brewtnall, among the water-colour men, are contributing. The exhibition, which is to be held in the National Gallery at Sydney, will be superintended personally by Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram.

Mr. T. Humphrey Ward has written the *brochure*, descriptive of both the painter and the etcher, on Mr. Mortimer Menpes's dry-point plate, after Frans Hals's picture at Haarlem, the "Banquet of the Officers of the Arquebusiers of St. Andrew," proofs of which are to be shown at Messrs. Dowdeswell's to-day. The plate is one of the largest dry-points ever undertaken, measuring 36 by 26 inches. The etcher's endeavour has been to preserve, so far as his medium permits, not only the light and shade, but also that glorious glow of colour that pervades the original.

By an arrangement between the two societies, the next and future exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers will be held in the spring of each year in the gallery at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East.

Mr. Talfourd Ely proposes to deliver a course of six lectures, at his house in Parliament Hill Road, Hampstead, on "The Sources of Greek History," with special reference to coins, the monuments of art, and inscriptions. The lectures will be given on Thursdays, at 3 30 p.m., beginning on February 7; and they will be illustrated by photographs, electrotypes, &c.

On Thursday evening next, January 31, Mr. Walter Crane will deliver a lecture at Toynbee Hall to the workmen and pupils of the School and Guild of Handicraft. The lecture will be given in connexion with the arts and crafts, and will also refer to his picture, "The Bridge of Life," now at Toynbee Hall.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards will deliver a lecture on "The Influence of Ancient Egypt on the Art of Portraiture in Sculpture and Painting" at the Town Hall, Manchester, on Wednesday afternoon, February 13; and a lecture, entitled "The Explorer in Egypt," on February 21, for the Fine Arts Club, at Alderley Edge. Miss Edwards will also lecture on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt" at the lecture hall of the Presbyterian Church, Sefton Park, Liverpool, on February 7.

There is now on view in the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street, a small selection of paintings from the recent international exhibitions of Munich and Antwerp.

THE STAGE.

"TARES."

Mrs. Oscar Beringer's play, "Tares"—said to be derived from a German source, from Freytag, indeed, but surely very much altered—is a piece with two or three marked defects and many admirable qualities. It is not only constructed, but written, with extreme vigour; and as, with only one or two exceptions, it is exceedingly well acted, I do not doubt that for many weeks it will draw to the Opéra Comique an intelligent portion of the play-going world.

If the story were told with less of crispness—if the play lasted three hours instead of a few minutes over two—the comparative absence of the comedy-element would be more conspicuous than it is now, and more detrimental. As it is, a few amusing things said by the illegitimate child, a few words from a labourer and a few from a dairymaid, a scene between a doctor who knows his own mind and a lively young person sitting in a swing, and some really clever and pungent observations that pass between the doctor and the hero, and between the hero and his unprincipled cousin, constitute the sole and, perhaps, the sufficient relief to the sombreness—nay, to the suspense and tearfulness—of the main story. A graver fault, no doubt, yet a fault by no means unforgiveable—since in the very finest fiction a point has sometimes to be stretched to grant a writer's premises—is the extremely small basis of evidence, or even of statement, on which the heroine believes bad things of her lover. Thus, and thus only, is made possible a misunderstanding which ought never to have occurred. But, the misunderstanding once granted, Mrs. Beringer's conduct of her *dramatis personae* is remarkably able. Not only has this *débutante* in stage-writing a sense of dramatic fitness lacking sometimes to the people who one most supposes to be experts, but she guides, likewise, the action of her characters with true regard to their natures and their interests. Each person on the boards, who is of any importance whatsoever, is a real force in the play; and the play's course seems happily dictated, not by the mere exigences of the stage, but by the almost inevitable, the instinctive, the appropriate action of this or that person of the drama. So the story—the story of one woman's mistake and of the faults of many—goes on to its end: an end in which the hero and heroine are permitted indeed a certain happiness, yet a happiness which can never be wholly rid of the ghost of the Past; an end, too, in which sympathy is not withheld altogether from the bad woman of the set, who had been, indeed, disgustingly soured and was hideously revengeful, but whose life had given her two great affections, one of which it was her crime, and the other her fate, to lose.

The dialogue in which this story is set forth is, on the whole, modern in touch. It is happy, and for the most part natural, in its expression of feeling. Here and there, in critical moments, the people who are most vitally interested talk a little too long and a little too well. But they are never feeble; they are never sentimental. The view of life is not a thing of convention and tradition. A difficult subject is dealt with face to face.

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And from the writer who can give us work so reasonably masculine—so clear-headed, and, in feeling, so just—we ought to receive, in the future, work which shall have the merits of the present piece and none of its defects.

The cast of "Tares" has, speaking generally, been chosen with judgment: even with penetration. I can indeed conceive an actor better fitted than Mr. Canninge to play the clergyman who is the heroine's father. Mr. Canninge knows his business—takes, it seems to me, the ordinary capable actor's view of the matter—but is without either the make-up, or the presence, or the hundred little touches which suggest a study from the life. The sympathetic personality of Mr. Grahame and his discretion in his work enable him to present very pleasantly the young doctor who is an agent of good throughout the piece; while Mr. Somerset, as an agent of evil, comports himself with hardly less skill. The young squire who, notwithstanding his past, loves the heroine very thoroughly, is played by Mr. Forbes Robertson. This actor—who is not undeservedly a favourite of the public—I have never before seen to so great advantage. Casting away whatever may have lurked of "aesthetic" or mediæval in gesture or bearing, he is, in the second act especially, singularly direct and expressive, playing with real forcibleness what is more than a *jeune premier's* rôle—the rôle of a *grand premier*—with his emotions and his past. Mr. Ernest Hendrie, as a West country labourer, reminds us pleasantly of those agricultural characters who were to bring, and who did bring, I think, the famous "scent of the hay across the footlights," in Mr. Pinero's first success at the St. James's. A bright young person is represented a shade too noisily by Miss Hudspeth, and one or two minor women's parts are played not badly. But the public acceptance of the piece, clever and well constructed though it is, would have been quickly imperilled if there had not been thoroughly competent representatives of the two chief women. In Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Gertrude Kingston such have undoubtedly been found. The sympathetic heroine is, of course, Miss Rorke, who now unites fire and spontaneity of emotion with a grace that is justly popular. There were moments of explanation between "Nigel Chester" and herself, in which, judged from a high standpoint, she was really admirable. Miss Rorke, at her best times, has the air of acting from her heart; Miss Gertrude Kingston is rarely invited to act from anything but her head. Her exhibition of a character, repulsive in the main, and reminding us only once in a while of any fellowship with humanity, was very distinctly clever. And that which she had conceived correctly she executed with force. Nor was there in her performance — strongly marked though it was — a hint of that exaggeration of unpleasantness to which she yielded, I remember, at the Haymarket.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP"—which, as Mr. Cavendish Bentinck reminds the public through the columns of the *St. James's Gazette*, is one of those many plays by the late Mr. Taylor based upon French stories—will no doubt be found sufficiently attractive at the Criterion Theatre, where Mr. Charles Wyndham has just revived it. Mr. Taylor's departures from Charles de Bernard's novel were tolerably numerous; and, at the last, at all events, they were important. It will be remembered by those who have seen the piece in times past, either when the Alfred Wigans appeared in it, or at some less remote date, that there are three important characters—Mr. Mildmay and his young wife, and one Mrs. Sternhold. Mr. Charles Wyndham is at present the Mr. Mildmay; and if he is an actor whose qualifications for unlimited boisterousness are pretty well admitted, he is yet more, perhaps, a comedian capable of implying by quiet means the possession of strong feeling. This feature of his talent stands him in good stead in the part of Mildmay. Miss Mary Moore's aptitude for the part of a sympathetic heroine has been proved before the present performance, which, however, cannot lessen the reputation she may have gained. As Mrs. Sternhold, it is, perhaps, generally conceded that Mrs. Bernard Beere shows some advance in originality and power.

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA" will not be played at the Princess's after this evening (Saturday), and on Monday Mr. Wilson Barrett will appear in "Hamlet." This favourite actor, after giving us twelve nights in the most important of his tragic characters, will, in about a fortnight's time, appear in a new piece. His London season will, however, we regret to say, be comparatively short. There has been arranged for Mr. Barrett an extended tour in America, which will occupy the whole of the autumn and winter.

"THE BEGUM'S DIAMONDS," by Mr. J. P. Hurst, was tried at the Avenue on Tuesday afternoon, and may, perhaps, after some modifications, appear elsewhere in an evening bill. It was well cast: Messrs. W. F. Hawtrey, Yorke Stephens, Eric Lewis, Sydney Brough, and Lewis Waller, and Miss Rose Norreys and Miss Vanbrugh having been engaged.

MISS RIVERS—a refined American actress from the Boston Museum and other theatres of perhaps equal importance—appears now, but only upon Saturdays, at the Comique, in the charming part of Mrs. Errol in the "Little Lord Fauntleroy." To succeed Miss Mary Rorke in a character curiously fitted to that artist's personality must, for any one, be an honourable enterprise; but Miss Rivers is a woman of talent, and her voice has the pathetic note without which a performance of the part would be as nothing.

AT the time of writing it is considered probable that Mr. Henry Irving's re-appearance in "Macbeth" will be postponed until next week. The attack of laryngitis from which the actor has been suffering was induced, no doubt, quite as much by the extent of his labours in producing the tragedy as by the weather under which Londoners have recently groaned. Meantime, Mr. Hermann Vezin, a useful and scholarly exponent of the part of the Thane of Cawdor, is filling Mr. Irving's place.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE programme of the Popular Concert last Saturday afternoon was most attractive. Father Haydn was represented by one of his finest Quartets—the one in C (Op. 76, No. 3) containing the variations on "God preserve the Emperor"; and Beethoven, by an early work, the Septet, and one of his latest pianoforte Sonatas. The composer, in his later days, somewhat despised this youthful production; having achieved higher things, he could afford to do so. To the public it is, apparently, a joy for ever. Mdme. Haas gave a reading of the Sonata in A flat (Op. 110) extremely good in the matter of technique, yet lacking in dignity. Mr. Santley, who was in splendid voice, sang Schubert's "Erl-King" and songs by Mendelssohn and Hatton. Mr. Sidney Naylor deserves a word of praise for his accompaniments.

On the following Monday evening, Mdme. Haas and Signor Piatti played Mendelssohn's B flat Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 45), and this elegant composition was interpreted by both artists with much charm and refinement. Mdme. Haas gave, besides, Liszt's transcription of Bach's great Prelude and Fugue in A minor for organ. Her rendering of it was all that could be desired so far as fingers were concerned. But Bach's organ works, however skilful the transcriptions, however good the pianist, are cold and colourless on the pianoforte. Why are they allowed in a Popular programme, when there is no lack of genuine pianoforte music? Not all of Bach's Suites Françaises and Suites Françaises have been given at these concerts. Some of Schubert's Sonatas still await a hearing; and it is more than thirteen years since Weber's Sonata in A flat was performed here. Schubert's Octet was magnificently played by Mdme. Néruda and Messrs. Ries, Straus, Lazarus, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti. Owing to the extreme length of the work, Mr. Chappell has, of late, given three movements in the first part of the programme, and the others in the second. On Monday, however, there was no break, and it was listened to throughout with profound attention. The vocalist was Miss H. D'Alton, who sang Maud White's "Come to me in my dreams."

At the sixth Symphony Concert on Tuesday evening, an Entr'acte from Weber's "The Three Pintos" was given for the first time in England. This comic opera was commenced by the composer in 1820, but he never completed it. In 1824 he writes in a letter to Lichtenstein: "I think as little of the Pintos now as of music in general. I am quite tired of it, and am not likely to undertake any more elaborate works in a hurry." Meyerbeer at one time thought of filling up the imperfect MS., but recoiled from the difficulty of the task. Afterwards he expressed a wish that the late Sir J. Benedict should take it up; but he, too, hesitated. Recently, however, the work has been completed and performed in Germany. The Entr'acte, consisting of two movements in different keys, is charming, and the scoring delicate. In Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," an attractive feature of the programme, the soprano solos were interpreted with much feeling by Mrs. Henschel; while Mr. McNaught's Bow and Bromley choir sang the choruses with vigour—more, in fact, than was, at times, necessary. Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony went remarkably well. The concert commenced with Schuman's fine "Genoveva" Overture, and concluded with a selection from "Die Meistersinger."

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall, at the Novello Oratorio concert. This work is a tower of strength, not only at provincial festivals, but also in the metropolis. It drew a large and enthusiastic audience. The choir sang splendidly; but the orchestra was not all that could be desired. Mdmes. Nordica, Patey, and Mr. Lloyd were at their best. Mr. Henschel's impersonation of the prophet is interesting both vocally and dramatically; but we miss the rugged earnestness of Mr. Santley.

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Miss L. Neal sang "Woe unto them" in a highly commendable manner. Dr. Mackenzie conducted.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

OBITUARY.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

THE death of Dr. Francis Hueffer, the musical critic of the *Times*, which occurred last Saturday, January 19, was most unexpected. He succumbed to an attack of erysipelas, after being confined to his house for a fortnight.

Dr. Hueffer was born at Münster in 1845, and took up his residence in England in 1869. His wide sympathies, great intellectual activity, and ready pen soon won for him a position in his adopted country both as journalist and author. For a short time he was assistant-editor of the ACADEMY, and he also contributed to many other papers. A critical edition of the works of Guillem de Cabestanh, the troubadour of the twelfth century, for which he received the degree of Ph.D. from Göttingen, supplied the motive for his subsequent book on *The Troubadours* (1878). He was an ardent admirer of Wagner, and one of his most prominent supporters in this country. His *Richard Wagner and the Music of the Future* was published in 1874; and an excellent biography of the Baireuth master in 1881. This latter work was the first of the series of "The Great Musicians." His interesting *Musical Studies*, reprinted from newspapers and various periodicals, appeared in 1880; they were translated into Italian and published at Milan in 1883. Dr. Hueffer contributed articles on Beethoven and other musicians to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He wrote the libretti of Dr. Mackenzie's "Colomba" (1883) and "The Troubadour" (1886), and of Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Sleeping Beauty." He has also written the libretto of a work to be performed at the next Leeds festival. His last important effort was the translation of the Wagner-Liszt Correspondence (1888); but we understand that he has left ready for publication a book entitled "Half a Century of Music in England," which will be issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall early next month.

Dr. Hueffer married, in 1872, Cathy, the younger daughter of Mr. Ford Madox-Brown. He leaves a widow, several children, and many friends to mourn his loss.

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LITERATURE.

With Sa'di in the Garden; or, The Book of Love. By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Trübner.)

IN this volume Sir Edwin Arnold endeavours, by presenting a Persian paraphrase amid exquisitely appropriate surroundings, to render its charm intelligible to Western readers. There is a want of proportion in Eastern poetry, an exaggeration of mysticism in its mystic masterpieces and of voluptuousness in its Anacreontic odes, rather wearisome to the non-oriental mind. Few, I suspect, come to the end even of Umar Khayyam's quatrains without a feeling of relief. His rhapsodies of love and wine, his delicate wit, his branding satire, his plaintive despondency, make the individual epigrams stand out as gems, and harmonise well with a cynical mood. But to be enjoyed by a healthy nature they must be taken in small quantities. The comparison of that Eastern iconoclast to Voltaire always seems superficial. The two masters treat the same themes in such a way as to produce a profoundly different effect on the Western mind. Umar Khayyam, even at his best, soon tires: Voltaire, when near his best, never.

Is our sense of disproportion in oriental poetry the result of transposing it to a false perspective? We pluck its beauties out of their soft Eastern setting, and thrust them down amid the hard actualities of European life. How would Mr Alma Tadema's Greek girls look if dissociated from his marble pavements, and seated with their lyres in ormulu chairs on one of Mr. Orchardson's parquetry floors? Can the exaggerated sentiment which we detect in Eastern poetry be toned down, and its faults in proportion be remedied, by replacing it in its natural surroundings, by enabling us to listen to Ferdusi in the palace of Mahmud, or to Hafiz in the gardens of Shiraz?

To this question Sir Edwin Arnold's new book affords a satisfactory answer. He has taken the third chapter of the "Bostan" or Fruit Garden of Sa'di, and recited it by the mouth of a venerable Munshi, amid a scene more lovely and more pathetic than ever entered the imagination of Sa'di himself—the Taj by moonlight, that dream in marble soaring up from its garden of cypresses and flowers and gleaming water, with the Mirza to read, the Saheb to listen, and two accomplished dancing girls to enliven the performance by interludes of music and song. It would indeed be impossible to conceive a more appropriate setting for a poem of Love and Death. The surroundings tend, if possible, to still further etherealise an intensely ethereal poet. The "orient pearls at random strung," which Sir William Jones found in Hafiz, have, in the Fruit Garden of Sa'di, as many hidden meanings to Sir Edwin Arnold as if he were an adept in the occult science of gems. This method of treatment will commend itself to theosophic students who see in Hafiz and Sa'di the prophets of Pantheism against Islam, and elaborate their loves and revels into the fine spun allegories of Sufiism. But in the case of Hafiz we lose sight of the real man—of the animal side of a nature which broke out in wine-bibbing and many a loose frolic—if we read all he wrote through transcendental spectacles. Hafiz cannot always be taken seriously; and the indefinable charm of his genius consists in the very circumstance that he does not always seem to know whether he intends to be taken seriously or not. "Sugar-cane Stem," whom he loved and sang, was a girl of unmistakable flesh and blood; the liquor which he drank overnight was not an unfermented beverage, but could leave behind a very realistic headache for next morning. Sa'di lends himself more legitimately to transcendental treatment. His earlier odes may deal with the actual pleasures of love and life as known to ordinary mortals. But his later works are unquestionably the outpourings of a saddened and chastened heart; of a man worn with travel, who had drunk deep of solitude and tasted of captivity. Sir Edwin Arnold has chosen the true didactic poet of Persia for his high discourse in the Taj. The transcendentalism of Sa'di is a genuine transcendentalism—a trying of pinions in the supreme fights of human yearning and of human thought. From these materials Sir Edwin Arnold has woven a beautiful and masterly poem. Over the whole rests the spell of the moonlit mausoleum amid the cypresses, as the Munshi expounds the

> "Grave secrets, hid in subtle verse
> Of Hafiz, underneath that merry veil
> Of 'Taverns,' 'Wine-Cups,' and the 'Magian Boy.'"

Perhaps the most charming part of the book is Sir Edwin Arnold's introductory description of the Taj. That wondrous offering of an emperor's sorrow to the woman he loved stands unique among the buildings of the world. Artists have painted it, architects have praised it, critics have carped at it, generation after generation of travellers of many nations and creeds have come and stood before it, and carried away the memory of the most beautiful thing that they have seen in their lives.

> "But the proud passion of an Emperor's love
> Wrought into living stone,"

has never been so worthily rendered in verse as by the opening passages of this poem. The following lines are selected at intervals, and scarcely do justice to the picture which Sir Edwin Arnold has drawn with patient hand and eye upon the spot.

> "Ah, the white wonder! have there been who came
> And gazed, and laid staff and surveying chain
> Along thy sacred sides, Fairest of fanes!
> Who with yard-rule would count the inches off
> From Aphrodite's Parian majesty,
> And stretch tape o'er Elysian asphodel.
> He hath not eyes to see whose eyes have seen
> The glory of the beauty of the Taj,
> Nor knew and felt, at seeing, how man's hand
> Comes nearest God's herein, touching His charm
> Of rounded silvery clouds in that poised Dome
> Which hangs between the sky's blue and the stream's.
> * * * * *
> A passion, and a worship, and a faith,
> Writ fast in alabaster.
> * * * * *
> Oh, friends! verse is too bold seeking to tell
> How beautiful this Eastern tomb doth rise.
> How fair by sun or moonlight, how superb
> This house of Love and Death—all lily-white
> In the green garden upon Jumna's shore!
> The city, swarming past the river's bend,
> Wafts no noise here; far off you may discern
> The bridge of boats, the Fort's red wall, the Domes—
> Three pearly foam-bells—of the Mosque of Pearl
> Suspended o'er those distant parapets;
> Ram-Bagh; the tall palm-groves by Akbar's grave;
> And Akbar's judgment-terrace. Here the stream—
> Yamuna, silver daughter of the Sun—
> Glides broad and silent, washing sandy flats
> And ancient water-gates. By avenues
> Of *neem* and *palas*; past low huts of mat,
> Gay painted country-dwellings, topes, and wells,
> Temples, and little shrines where gilded gods
> Squat with crossed legs—Balkrishna, Hanuman;
> By pân and bangle shops, by weaving-grounds.
> By creaking Persian wheels, rice fields, and tanks,
> Winds the cantonment-way, made populous
> With tread of patient feet, which come and go
> Doing the errands of their placid day.
> You meet the brown-limbed laden coolie girls,
> The ekkas with full freight of pots and wives,
> The camels stalking slow, the palanquins,
> The belted peon, the sweetmeat man, the ox
> Grave-pacing with his spirting water-skins;
> The spangled dancing-girls, the fishermen,
> *Byrâgis*, sepoys, *hamals*, jungle-folk,
> The people of an Agra afternoon:
> When, suddenly, wheels stop, bridles are drawn,
> One cries, 'The Taj' . . . the 'Exalted one'—
> Queen of her Sultan's heart, and Hindostan—
> Here by her lord and lover laid to sleep.
> And here, too, sleeps the stately king who planned
> This splendour for his sorrow. * * *
> "First a proud archway, reared of rosy stone
> Banded with marble; and a frontal wall
> Crowned by low cupolas. The demi-vault
> Of entry towers aloft, framing huge space
> Of azure heaven, broad groined with span and rib
> In marbles brown and white. * * *
> "* * * Through the vaulted door opens to sight
> A glorious garden, green for ever green,
> Since hither comes no harsh or biting time,
> With cypress intermixed ranged all the way
> On either border of the broad paved path,
> Like sentinels of honour. From the gate
> Straight to the threshold of the Taj Mahs!
> Those trees of mourning marshall you. * * *
> "Led thus by sombre cypresses and lines
> Of dancing water-jets, and lillied tanks,
> And glistening garden-causeway, the gaze lights
> On that great tomb, rising prodigious, still,
> Matchless, perfect in form, a miracle
> Of grace, and tenderness, and symmetry,
> Pearl pure against the sapphire of the sky."

Space precludes us from quoting the finely wrought picture of the Taj itself which follows. For much as we feel the injustice of selecting individual lines in trying to give some idea of its approach, the wrong would be greater if the process were extended to a building whose essential feature is an exquisite and a perfect unity. The main body of the poem consists of recitals from Sa'di's Fruit Garden under the shadow of the Taj—a poetical paraphrase in regard to which Sir Edwin Arnold makes ample and well-earned acknowledgements to the prose-rendering by Captain Wilberforce Clarke. Those who desire to acquaint themselves with the most graceful form which can be given to esoteric Sufiism, should study these poems. The multitude of readers, who take the East less seriously, will find them full of that

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gentle mingling of realism and reflection, at once dreamy and despondent yet warm and human, which has given the Persian poets of the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries their subtle hold upon Americans and Englishmen of our own day. Nor upon the Western races of mankind only. For a semi-religious semi-literary society of Hindus has just published, at Benares, an edition of Sa'di's other great collection of poems—The Gulistan or Rose Garden. The appearance of a Muhammadan masterpiece under the auspices and at the expense of a Hindu association in the Sacred City of the Hindus is truly a sign of the times. Nor is it less significant that the Persian poet is rendered by the Hindu society not into Hindi, but, in the words of the title-page, is "faithfully translated into English."

It is scarcely possible to open Sir Edwin Arnold's version of Sa'di without finding something that one would like to quote. Here are the first verses from the long poem on "The True Lover," in which, of course, the esoteric school see a more transcendental meaning even than that which lies on the surface, and which may well enough suffice for us.

"Fair go the days of them that drink Love's wine,
Mighty and maddening! 'Tis a bliss divine,
Whether they suffer separation's anguish,
Or taste propinquity's sweet medicine.

"Earth's kingdoms shunning, these true Sultans be!
Rags of the prison wearing, these pass free
In changeless royal robes invisible,
For union's sake enduring poverty."

In a similar vein another poem runs:

"Shunners of earth there be beneath our sky,
Half angels, half wood creatures, wild and shy;
Like those, they rest not from remembering Heaven,
Like those, by day and night from men they fly.

"No expectation of the people's praise
Have these. Enough that God accepts their ways,
Enough He holds them dear, His Darvishes
Who without wool or waist cord pass pure days."

"The True Lover," "The Passionate Pilgrim," "The Bountiful Giver," who gives his all, "The Alchemyst" who throws his last piece of gold into the crucible—every type of unconquerable belief and of unshaken fidelity pass as a long procession of The Faithful through these poems. The perusal of them has something of the effect of a change of climate. We open the book, and forthwith leave behind our modern practical life, to find ourselves in a spiritual region of yearning, and ecstacy, and high-strung devotion. We close it, and come back to our work-a-day world with a feeling as if we had been breathing a softer and purer air.

W. W. Hunter.

A Memoir of Henry Bradshaw. By G. W. Prothero. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

"Those who felt the charm of Henry Bradshaw's personal presence will most easily understand the difficulty of presenting to those who did not know him an adequate portrait of his character." Thus writes Mr. Prothero in the preface to his memoir. Yet the portrait he gives of this quiet man of books, with his wide heart and strong intellect, with his quaint, loveable habits—"his very faults had something loveable in them"—will attract wide sympathy outside the number of his personal friends. Those who never knew the wealth of his friendship will readily realise with Mr. Prothero's guidance the genial scholar mid the litter of his books and papers, surrounded by all sorts and conditions of men:

"He never seemed to select his friends; they were drawn to him by some mysterious affinity, having often nothing in common but their liking for him. Athletes and students, senior classics and pollmen, young dandies with faultless collars, and sizars whose outward man told only too plainly of the *res angusta domi*, distinguished persons whose name was in every one's mouth, together with the retiring and unknown, sat on the same sofa and forgot their differences in the halo of his presence."

That much of Henry Bradshaw's influence was personal, and not the outcome of his writings, is clearly brought out by this memoir. We see large schemes of work planned—editions of Chaucer and Wyclif, histories of early printing, of breviaries or cathedral statutes—but little apparently completed. Masses of material are collected into voluminous note-books stretching over a long range of years; bibliography and palaeography become sciences in the master-mind, ready to reveal the history of the past; the linguistic knowledge and the topographical knowledge of MSS. and books widen with the years, till the late Cambridge librarian seemed able to lay his hand on any written or printed matter the student might require wherever it might be preserved in Europe, and in addition to *read* it, when he had taken it up. The whole apparatus possible to the man of learning was collected to an extent which surprised even the most specialised of foreign scholars; and then, with his task apparently scarcely begun, Henry Bradshaw dies, and his biographer can only set as his epitaph the lines:

"This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it."

It seems to be the sad fate of mortals that each should plough and sow, but when the harvest is ripe, the sower be not there to reap where none but he can garner for the after-time. Many years it may be before the field is tilled again, and a like fate may perchance meet the new worker. What a small fraction of men's knowledge is ever handed down in books, what stores are made and lost in each generation, only to be remade and lost again in the next!

Mr. Prothero endeavours to explain the paucity of Bradshaw's published work by his "procrastination"—a peculiar kind of "chronic paralysis of the will," such as Bradshaw described himself as afflicted with when he was asked to return an interesting book. But there seems to have been other more potent causes at work—foremost, his determination "never to take anything at secondhand," as he said himself of accounts of books given by bibliographers whom the majority would implicitly follow. Henry Bradshaw always doubted till he had handled book or MS. himself; and if he did not then correct others' accounts, he invariably added new and often important features which had hitherto escaped notice. In the next place, we have the time taken up by his duties as university librarian, which post he occupied from 1867 to the time of his death. It would appear that he frequently thought of resigning his post with the object of giving undivided attention to his literary researches. Thus he writes in 1877:

"I cannot go on at the library much longer, and then, if I live, I ought to bring out some of the many things for which I have been collecting materials all these years; otherwise they will never come to anything."

His duties as librarian were incompatible with much private work; yet, when we read of the oft-repeated help to other students, we cannot but feel that his devotion to those duties enabled him to do more real work—unselfish work—for aftertime than if he had published a complete edition of Chaucer. A friend remembers taking to him a version of a mediaeval Latin hymn printed from a Cambridge MS., with a view to the elucidation of certain obscure passages. Bradshaw made several suggestions, and next day sent a German reprint of the MS. Most of the suggestions appeared as footnotes to the text, but the fly-leaf bore a dedication to "Henry Bradshaw." This we believe to be only one out of several German works dedicated to him for the really editorial help he had given in their production.

It must not, however, be supposed that because Bradshaw did not live to fulfil all the great schemes of work he had planned in his earlier years he yet left no contributions to his favourite studies. Even the published papers, a bibliography of which Mr. Prothero gives in Appendix iii., represent no small amount of original work and sound criticism. The bibliography ought, perhaps, to have included the "Half-Century of Notes on the Day-book of John Dorne," which Mr. Prothero refers to on pp. 319-320. These manuscript notes presented to Mr. Madan have been reproduced in facsimile; and besides their interest to Henry Bradshaw's personal friends, owing to the circumstances of their origin, they contain a mine of lore with regard to mediaeval writers and their works.

The diversity as well as depth of Bradshaw's researches are well brought out in Mr. Prothero's eleventh chapter, which contains a survey of his literary labours in various branches of study:

"The chief of these branches were bibliography, especially, perhaps, that of Irish literature; palaeography, and the study of manuscripts in general; Celtic antiquities; ecclesiastical antiquities, particularly mediaeval service-books and cathedral organisation; early English literature, especially the works of Chaucer; and the early history of printing" (p. 328).

One of Mr. Bradshaw's "discoveries" seems to have escaped Mr. Prothero's notice, and is of sufficient importance to be recorded here. We refer to the fragments of an Antwerp edition of Hinrek van Alkmer's version of *Reinaert*, published by Gerar Leue, in the eighties of the fifteenth century. These important fragments are now in the Cambridge Library. They demonstrate with absolute completeness that the Low German Reinke Vos—well known to English readers from Goethe's translation—had its origin in Hinrek van Alkmer's work, thus completing the last link of the chain from Goethe to the early mediaeval Latin fabulists.

Although, as a boy, Bradshaw had an instinctive love of books, yet his tendency

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towards mediaeval studies appears to have become definite during the year of his schoolmastership at St. Columba's. While aroused, as all men of that day were, by the ritualistic controversies, while sympathising to a very great extent with a movement which at least brought a more accurate historical scholarship into the Church, he was yet not carried away by the theological torrent. It taught him to appreciate and understand the spirit and the work of the "dark ages," but it left him free from the dogmatism of any Church party. When we examine Bradshaw's Irish acquaintances and consider the influence they each may have had on the direction of his studies, we are compelled to attribute a very large share to his friend Dr. Todd. Dr. Todd belonged to the same school as Mr. Maitland, and was one of those scholarly Churchmen and historians whom to have produced is the special merit of the High Church movement. Incited to historical investigation by the various astounding myths which, since the age of the Reformation, have enveloped the origin of Waldensian, Lollard, and other sects, these High Church scholars, notwithstanding their party prejudices, succeeded in throwing a real historical light upon many difficult periods of mediaeval development. Their "appeal to history" might indeed be for party purposes; but their researches into original sources were almost invariably marked by real scholarship and erudition. It is these latter elements of their work which drew Bradshaw into such intimate relations with them. He appreciated their methods and imbibed their tastes, although he gradually ceased to have any warm interest in their special doctrines. To the end he remained a keen friend of many of the party, as he would have been to members of any party whose work he recognised to contain elements of genuine research.

When Bradshaw met Dr. Todd, the latter had already published, with introduction and notes, several Wycliffite MSS., he had edited the Irish version of Nennius's history, and was already busy with his *Hymns of the Antient Church of Ireland*. Although it was not till ten years later that Dr. Todd's *Books of the Vaudois* appeared, still his earlier writings exhibit traces of Waldensian studies. Finally, his catalogue of printed books in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, gives evidence of his bibliographical interests. Thus we may see as it were in Dr. Todd the focus of the divergent lines of Bradshaw's own studies. The debt of Dr. Shirley to Bradshaw for aid in his basic researches in the field of Wycliffite literature is referred to by Mr. Prothero on pp. 118-19. The delight he took in the steady production of Dr. Furnivall's Wyclif Society was great, and he was one of the few scholars who had not only read the *Trialogus*, but could give an intelligible account of Wyclif's metaphysics. Of Bradshaw's knowledge of mediaeval hymns and sequences, we believe Mr. Weale could give ample evidence. Bradshaw seemed to know his *Daniel* and *Mone* by heart. Of his Vaudois researches we have not only evidence in his discovery of the long-lost Morland manuscripts, but in the fact that he could translate Vaudois at sight—something more important than distinguishing it from Spanish. Indeed, there are few French or Italian scholars who have taken part in the recent revival of Vaudois studies who do not acknowledge their indebtedness to Bradshaw. Mr. Prothero does not lay too much stress on the results of Bradshaw's determination of the date of *La Nobla Leyçon* when he writes:

"It was thus placed beyond doubt that the date of the poem was the fifteenth, instead of the twelfth, century (p. 88). . . . Under these blows the foundation on which the supposed antiquity of Waldensian Calvinism had so largely rested crumbled away. The philological importance of the change of date need hardly be pointed out (p. 88)."

M. Comba's recent attempt to upset Bradshaw's results can hardly be treated as serious.

Nennius was not improbably the starting-point of Bradshaw's investigations with regard to the Arthurian legends, and thence, indirectly, of his Celtic studies. He would often say that till the relationship of the Breton and Welsh languages and folklore was more fully elucidated it was idle to hope for a solution of the Arthurian problems. It was his knowledge of Gildas and Nennius which brought him later into contact with Prof. Mommsen. And the samples of Bradshaw's letters to the German scholar which Mr. Prothero prints are (pp. 314-5) strikingly characteristic of Bradshaw's readiness to place his own results at the service of anyone who could value them:

"Do not scruple to ask any number of questions about the manuscripts which you think I may be able to answer for you. It will be no loss, much less *waste*, of time, to me; for I have longed for years past to find some one who will work at these books with grounded intelligence, and it is a real happiness to have lived to find the man."

Thus, if, as seems highly probable, much of Bradshaw's after-work was due to the incentive of Dr. Todd—including, perhaps, his increased interest in Irish books—it will be evident that his year of school-work at St. Columba's was indirectly of service, although he himself looked back upon it with feelings of aversion. Of the origin of the Chaucer studies we have not any clear history. Bradshaw appears to have read the poet with avidity as a boy; but between his school days at Eton and 1864 Mr. Prothero gives us no evidence as to the course of his work. Possibly his study of Wyclif's vernacular works led him again to the fount of English undefiled. The sketch, however, of the Chaucer researches in chap. xi. (pp. 346 *et seq.*) is very interesting, and we find Prof. ten Brink bearing equal testimony to Henry Bradshaw's scholarship and to his generosity.

The opportunity of pursuing investigation in these various branches was afforded by the unique post which Bradshaw held from 1856 to 1864 in the University Library. This post gave him a considerable amount of leisure and also turned his thoughts towards bibliography and typography. At this time he began to be an authority on Caxton, and Caxton led him to the Dutch printers. Here it is, perhaps, that he has been of most singular service to the University Library. Through his influence that library now possesses a museum of Dutch typography unparallelled in this country, and, perhaps, only second to the Royal Library of the Hague. It is arranged on the principle on which Bradshaw always insisted, namely the classification by printers and towns. This is, as all those who have touched upon early printing will admit, the only scientific method of classification. The scattering of the *incunabula* through a gigantic general catalogue, as is done in the British Museum, is hopelessly unscientific. It is impossible to discover all the output of a particular press unless the titles of the works are known; and what Bradshaw wrote, not a word too strongly, in 1870 still remains true:

"What I want is to ask if you can give me any encouragement to hope that some steps will be taken towards a systematic method of dealing with the vast treasures which the Museum contains in the way of fifteenth-century books? . . . . Of all the national libraries I have any knowledge of—Paris, Brussels, the Hague, Copenhagen, Vienna, and our own — the Museum is the only one where one can get no information, *except as it were by accident*, as to what specimens of early presses are to be seen there" (p. 206).

The result of the existing system is that some of the valuable early printed fragments appear to be catalogued solely under "Jesus Christ"!

From the Dutch presses, Henry Bradshaw's system led him up the Rhine to Cologne, and here his favourite printers were Arnold ter Huernen, Ulric Zel, and Nicholas Gotz, in whom he found traces of Dutch influence. But the magnitude of the typographical problems in Germany appalled him; and, although he did much for Mainz and Strassburg, he does not appear to have crossed over to the watershed of the Danube, or put his general lists of printers or the work of their presses into the same definite form as he gave to the Dutch publications in Mr. Conway's *Woodcutters of the Netherlands*. Possibly the "thirty-two stout note-books" in the University Library will prove on examination that he went farther towards a classification of the German *incunabula* than Mr. Prothero seems to indicate.

As a great number of early printed books are devotional works, it is not surprising that a study of early printing should have strengthened Bradshaw's interest in mediaeval service-books, and so in all matters of church ritual and discipline. Mr. Prothero mentions, in chapter xi., the chief contributions Bradshaw made to these subjects—notably, his bibliographical lists attached to the Cambridge edition of the *Sarum Breviary*, and his important, if not completed, inquiries into the history of cathedral statutes. We must not, however, follow him into these interesting points of historical investigation, nor into the manner in which he contributed to Celtic research through the medium of Mr. Whitley Stokes and Dr. Wasserschleben. We must content ourselves with quoting two remarks:

"His liturgical attainments were something extraordinary. One had to go back to the Benedictine ritualists of the beginning of the last century to find his equal" (p. 343).

"It is hardly too much to say that he almost re-discovered the Breton language (p. 338)."

We have sufficiently indicated the wide extent of Bradshaw's studies and the real magnitude of the work he accomplished. Those interested in the like problems will

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undoubtedly read this memoir for the light it throws on Henry Bradshaw's views on many difficult points of criticism. But those who are not scholars by profession ought also to read Mr. Prothero's volume in order to measure the pure, unselfish character of this man of books. The perusal will enable them to understand better the noble qualities which often underlie the outer garb of learning. Mr. Prothero portrays for us a man who must have left a strong personal influence towards straightforward action, tolerant opinion, and honest hard work. The loss to Cambridge through his death becomes still more apparent as we read these pages than it did even in the brief memoirs which appeared in February, 1886. Let us hope that the "Darwinlike men" of whom he speaks in a letter of 1882 have at least entered the gap, if they cannot fill it. X.

The Letter and the Spirit. Bampton Lectures for 1888. By Robert Edward Bartlett. (London: Rivingtons.)

Remembering the somewhat narrow conditions of the Bampton Foundation, and that it has been in existence for more than a century, it seems a little curious that a subject coming so close to the terms of the original foundation, and capable of such brilliant and fruitful treatment, as that chosen by Mr. Bartlett should not have occupied the attention of previous lecturers. Certain aspects of the general theme have no doubt already secured consideration. Conybeare, in 1824, dwelt on the allegorical interpretation of Scripture. Hampden, in 1832, in those famous lectures which are still remembered, as well for the controversy which they raised as for the melancholy exhibition of clerical bigotry which they revealed, showed how scholasticism tended to engender a combination of literalism and materialism in which the spirit of Christianity was wholly lost. Again, the lectures of 1851 by the late H. B. Wilson, approaching the subject from a different standpoint, dwelt on the ideological aspect of creeds and formularies as well as of certain historical phases of Christianity. It was an eloquent plea—conceived in a genuinely Pauline spirit—of the worth of the spirit above the letter. In the lectures of last year Mr. Bartlett has taken up the whole subject, as I have remarked, for the first time, and with decisive and conspicuous success. Approaching the question with a due sense of its supreme importance, as well as with independence of judgment and competent learning, he has treated it in a broad and comprehensive as well as Christian spirit, so that his lectures may fairly claim—what cannot be conceded to those of the majority of his predecessors—the permanent position of a valuable exposition of Christian truth.

He begins his first, or introductory, lecture with St. Paul. To have given his work a philosophical as well as theological completeness he might, in my opinion, have started earlier both in time and matter. He might at least have glanced in a few prefatory remarks on the genesis of the dualism—letter and spirit. Had he done so, some manifestations in its later development would already have received approximate elucidation, and he might have claimed whatever merit may be assigned to starting his theme *ab ovo*.

As indicated by the words themselves, the correlation of spirit and letter emerges first in language and the inevitable relations of thought and speech. It is obvious that the letter—the spoken or written word—should have an immediate connexion with the thought of which it purports to be the outcome. It is equally obvious, on a consideration of the nature of the human mind, that such a connexion should be not always determinable or homogeneous. Indeed, the fact that language is an intercommunication between two minds or intelligent spirits necessitates a two-fold relation of spirit and letter. There is first the degree in which the letter represents the mind of the speaker, and next there is the measure in which that mind is truly reproduced in the hearer. In either case the relation between letter and spirit may be incongruous to a greater or less extent, even though the incongruity cannot be easily determinable in precise terms. Thus the letter can never be more than the humble, facile, and unsatisfactory servitor of the spirit, so that to represent language as commensurate with thought, and its complete adequate exposition, must be described as a *reductio ad absurdum* of philological enthusiasm.

Mr. Bartlett, as I have said, takes up the dualism as it is presented in St. Paul's Epistles. Little fault can be found with his exegesis. More clearly than most Pauline expositors, he has seen how utterly opposed St. Paul was not only to the letter of the Mosaic law, but to all external standards of truth whatsoever. It is an interesting speculation what St. Paul would have said of the documentary and literary sources of Christian truth which began to prevail towards the end of the second century A.D. It is quite clear that he never contemplated a Christianity that should be dependent on written documents. As Mr. Bartlett summarises his teaching:

"The kingdom of God does not consist in anything outward, not in Church government, not in apostolical succession, not in Catholic ritual, but in righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" (p. 23).

We cannot gather from his Epistles what he would have said of the sources of Christian teaching and forms of Christian worship, as Christianity was carried further down the stream of time. Probably, with his own conceptions of the imminence of the second advent, the question did not suggest itself to him. The failure of the Quakers and similar sects to found an organisation without authoritative external standards may be accepted as the verdict of human nature and history on the possibility of realising the Pauline ideal in all its purity. Indeed, we must thank the letter of his own Epistles for that very exposition of its relation to the spirit which has so often opened men's eyes to new visions of Christian truth, and which has been received with acclamation by the noblest minds that have adorned our common faith.

Passing from St. Paul Mr. Bartlett discusses the relation of letter and spirit in Biblical exegesis, wherein he demands a liberty of interpretation which should satisfy every sane and serious thinker. In his application of his theme to the Church, Mr. Bartlett has a few remarks which read like a satirical comment on the proceedings of the late Pan-Anglican Synod:

"Can we look at Christendom as it at present exists, and believe that, while the Eastern Church is a legitimate branch of the Church Catholic, the non-episcopal communities of the West, with their manifold activities, their close contact with the life and thought of the present day, are outside the pale?" (p. 97).

The lecturer is even still more frank and outspoken when he comes to deal with letter and spirit in the Sacraments, and in Christian worship. His plea, in every case, for the superiority of spirit to letter is eloquently made, in entire harmony with the spirit of Christ himself, and from that and every standpoint wholly unanswerable. Nor dare we say that his appeal is either superfluous or untimely. In view of the teaching that is promulgated with increasing extravagance from so many hundred pulpits of the National Church, it is like a breath of a mountain breeze to be told that

"the essence of the Eucharist lies not in the mere ceremonial observance, but in the spirit of devotion to Christ, and of hopeful looking for his kingdom and of brotherly helpfulness to our fellowmen, and these things depend not on the hour of celebration but on the attitude of the heart towards God" (p. 170).

The last lecture, which deals with "the Church of the Future," is an eloquent and irresistible plea for growth in Christian theology and for Christian activity of all kinds. I had made sundry extracts from this lecture, but am unable to find room for them. Applying the subject of the lecture, I may be permitted to say that the *literal* evidence already conveyed by the above quotations is a sufficient attestation of its liberal and genuinely Christian *spirit*.

I have already incidentally glanced at the opportune appearance of Mr. Bartlett's lectures. Probably some of the literalists and materialists whose position it demolishes so effectually will put in their customary plea as to the importance of the letter and symbol in order to prevent the spirit falling into extravagance. At present, however, that does not seem to be the danger from which the English Church requires all the protection her saner members can give. Our most marked tendencies are towards a literalism and sacerdotalism in which the spirit of Christianity seems likely to be completely submerged and lost. I commend to the attention of such letter-worshippers the following anecdote, related in the recently published life of Robertson of Irvine. Admitting that the truth in certain Romanist legends lay more in the fiction or moral than in the fact or alleged story, he proceeds:

"I know some wise good people insist on separating the fact from the fiction, and throwing the latter away. But that may be the best of it—most likely is. They remind one of the ladies of England, who, when tea was first brought to this country, infused it, and then poured off the dusky brown water and ate the leaves with butter."

If we substitute spirit and letter for fiction and fact, the anecdote may well apply to certain prevalent customs and prejudices in the English Church. Here, too, the spirit, purport, and truth of Christianity is thrown

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away, and the literal residuum, solid and innutritious, is served in its stead—also "with butter."

John Owen.

The Alphabet of Economic Science. By Philip H. Wicksteed. (Macmillan)

J. B. Say has said too sweepingly "On s'est égaré en économie politique toutes les fois qu'on a voulu s'en rapporter aux calculs mathematiques." J. B. Say himself *s'est égaré* seriously in his exposition of the relations between utility and value. And it may safely be affirmed that this important subject can never be apprehended perfectly without the aid of the conceptions at least, if not the symbols, which are furnished by mathematics. Sydney Smith was justified in leaving the Political Economy Club upon the ground, as the story goes, that there was nobody there who could explain value. There was nobody anywhere in what may be called the pre-Jevonian era. Jevons was the foremost, if not the very first, who introduced the ideas appropriate to the subject. But Jevons's *Theory*, fenced round with formidable symbols, is hardly accessible "to the general." The mathematical key of this economic treasure is furnished by Mr. Wicksteed. A considerable part of his book is devoted to explaining what is meant by a "differential coefficient." Nowhere else can the student of economics find ready to hand exactly the sort and amount of mathematical knowledge which he requires. Mr. Wicksteed brings the science of Jevons down to earth. How many tedious controversies about value might have been cut short, if the disputants had seized the points which he puts so clearly! How much more economic science is contained in this little textbook than in almost all the ponderous mass of German literature which relates to the theory of worth! We, of course, except the quasi-mathematical school founded by Menger, the "Graecos qui vera requirunt."

Our author appears to us to be particularly qualified to act the part of mediator between abstract science and human dealings. Gossen and some other mathematical path-breakers have been deficient in humour, and hardly enough in touch with real life. But Mr. Wicksteed is not a man of one idea. His economic illustrations would be valuable, even apart from his mathematical theory. Among many shrewd and original remarks the following may be instanced:

"It is rather unfortunate for the advance of economic science that the class of persons who study it do not as a rule belong to the class in whose daily experience its elementary principles receive the sharpest and most emphatic illustrations. For example, few students of economics are obliged to realise from day to day that a night's lodging and a supper possess utilities that fluctuate with extraordinary rapidity; and the tramps who, towards nightfall, in the possession of twopence each, make a rush on suppers and sleep out if the thermometer is at 45°, and make a rush on the beds and go supperless if it is at 30°, have paid little attention to the economic theories which their experience illustrates."

Again, it is well said:

"The reply, 'We don't make up ha'poths,' which damps the purchasing ardour of the youth of Northern England, is constantly made by nature and by man to the economist who tries to apply the doctrine of continuity to the case of individuals."

We do not remember to have seen it remarked before that in the case of "presents" consisting of objects "which no sane person is expected to buy for himself," the ordinary relation between the value of a product and the pleasure which it affords to the consumer does not hold. Mr. Wicksteed does good service to science in exposing the fallacy of the optimist orthodox doctrine that the commodities most desired by the community are sure to be produced under a *régime* of competition. He proves, in defiance of popular political economy, that "the conformity of the net result to any principle of justice or of public good would depend on initial conditions prior to all exchange." With equal rigour he follows out the postulates of the Socialists to their remote consequences.

The difficulties of Mr. Wicksteed's task have been increased by the narrowness of his limits. His treatise is the alpha and beta, but hardly the omega, of economic science. It is scarcely possible to discuss value apart from production. But our author has allowed himself only one or two short excursions into the latter field. His analogy of Robinson Crusoe, distributing his labours so as to maximise his gratifications, is well conceived, but must be applied with caution to a *régime* where a division of labour prevails. Perhaps, as to the relations of value and labour, our author would have done well to strike out independently of Jevons. At another point, we could have wished that he had kept at a greater distance from his distinguished guide. We allude to the case of bargain between two individual dealers in the absence of competition. It appears to us that Jevons here goes to the very edge of a certain pitfall, and that Mr. Wicksteed goes one step further. He teaches that in general, and with one unimportant exception, the contract between such isolated parties is determinate in the same sense as the rate of exchange in a perfect market. But, as Jevons admits in his latest work, and as, among our rising economists, Mr. Price has most clearly pointed out, the bargain between individuals and combinations is not governed by the ordinary law of market. There is a "Spielraum," as the Austrian school have it, in which the interests of the contracting parties play, undetermined by any economic law. To ignore this property is not consistent with mathematical precision. But let not the reader be alarmed by the severity of this criticism. The weak point, which it is our duty to indicate, is not like the link of the proverbial chain. The doubtful passage lies quite apart from the general course of the reasoning. The little slip may entirely be avoided by skipping or skimming the last three or four pages of the book. We are not precluded from judging that, on the important subject which this manual introduces, it is the best educational treatise known to us.

F. Y. Edgeworth.

NEW NOVELS.

The Story of Helen Davenant. By Violet Fane. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Beyond Cloudland. By S. M. Crawley Boevey. In 2 vols. (Alexander Gardner.)

Her Last Run. By the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes. In 2 vols. (White.)

The Ghost of Dunboy Castle. By Huberto. In 2 vols. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Young Maids and Old. By Clara Louise Burnham. (Trübner).

On the Wrong Tack. By A. E. Wilton. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

My First Offer. By Basil Blackett. (Burnet.)

The Story of Helen Davenant is the strongest novel that "Violet Fane" has yet written. Singularly enough, too, it is strongest where hitherto her writing has been weakest. She has frequently endeavoured to construct an attractive plot, but she has never achieved a genuine success until now. *The Story of Helen Davenant* cannot be better described than as a feat in literary natation. "Violet Fane" precipitates herself into the whirlpool-rapids of mesmerism and clairvoyance, and yet she contrives to struggle through them to land in such a way as to suggest the suspicion that occultism is simply one of her stage properties. Be that as it may, neither Miss Braddon, nor the author of *The House on the Marsh*, could have contrived a more ingenious story than that of Helen Davenant—an impressionable girl, who is mesmerised into marriage with a mysterious prince who has, in his turn, been mesmerised into murder by his sister, "the superior fiend" of the two. There is a subsidiary problem to be solved—the question of the paternity of Helen Davenant. The solution of this problem is well managed, thanks to certain letters which make their appearance in the beginning of the book. But it is repulsive and superfluous. The tracing home of the murder he committed to Helen's unfortunate prince is—talisman, Hebraism, and all—as closely-linked a chain of plot as has ever been manufactured. *The Story of Helen Davenant* is not remarkable in the department of character-study. Both her husband and her lover are phantoms. The ambassador at the Russian Court who takes such a warm interest in Helen, for reasons which are not fully explained till the end of the story, is rather too old-fashioned a *grand seigneur*; and even the female fiend is little better than the commonplace Brinvilliers—she is, indeed, vulgar as well as commonplace—of a second-rate sea-side novel. There is, however, one really good character in *Helen Davenant*—her governess, whose ambition it is to make the facts of her environment as strange as the fiction which she revels in, and who practically succeeds in realising her ambition. Miss Warden supplies all the humour in *Helen Davenant*, and it is never farcical.

But for the altogether unnecessary and positively irritating mystical element in it, *Beyond Cloudland* would have been a thoroughly good story of that ordinary English country life—of rolls and butter indoors, roses and honeysuckles out-of-doors—the monotony of which is relieved by

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Beethoven and flirtation. As it is, there is some really good character-study in it. The lovers, Blanche Murray and Arthur Crampton, are both more than passable portraits of folk of the kind one may meet at any garden party. The description of the Tenterden household, and particularly of Minnie, who "was one of those beings who seem put into the world to add to its flavour, just as Harvey's sauce and pickles improve insipid food," is, in all respects so successful as to suggest the desirability of the author of *Beyond Cloudland* abandoning ambitious phantasy for unambitious social Thackerayanism. To judge from her too turgid preface, she has rather a contempt for "prosaic souls who neither possess the wings of imagination nor sympathise with her flight." But it is the "prosaic souls" in *Beyond Cloudland* that are at once the best and the best-drawn characters in it. Feminine readers will most emphatically resent the weakness of the heroine in returning to the lover who has treated her so shabbily. He deserves to be mercilessly humiliated and pigeoned to the extent that he is; but he does not deserve to have such a guardian angel as Miss Crampton or such a wife as Blanche. When all deductions are made, however, it must be allowed that there is both a great amount, and a great variety, of ability in *Beyond Cloudland*.

Her Last Run is a second-rate, but harmless, "sporting" novel, containing the average number of balls, steeple-chases, and feminine jealousies and slangy expressions. It ends badly; for the heroine, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, becomes engaged to a man whom she does not care for, and dies in the arms of the man she loves. This tragedy seems inartistic; for poor Madge is, by birth and temperament, one of those girls who seem born to triumph over troubles and enemies, and to be happy ever afterwards. The best thing in *Her Last Run*, at all events in the eyes of the more critical reader, is the reproduction of some genuine baby-talk.

Surely there never was such a preposterous combination of gorgeous diction and coarse seduction as *The Ghost of Dunboy Castle*. One might dwell at some length on the fact that, although the Ireland that figures in it—or rather in the story within this story—is the Ireland of 1651, the language (popular, scientific, and slangy) that is used is essentially that of the present close of the nineteenth century. It might be asked, among other things, how Rosa Gibson and her "paramour"—who, however, must not be confounded with her "destroyer"—could, "brilliant among the brilliant, have swept along the Boulevards to the Bois de Boulogne, to the Jardin Zoologique d'Acclimatation, or to the Bois de Vincennes." Anachronisms and other absurdities are, however, nothing to a writer who, like "Huberto," despises criticism in the manner in which he does in the extraordinary dialogue he terms a preface, and tells us in his first page that "night in seeming sympathy spread round her pall of darkness, and all creation, in emblematic mourning, assumed the sable investment—the judiciously selected garb which so well symbolises disfiguring melancholy." But "Huberto" might in any case have spared us Dr. Armstrong, with his heartless *liaisons*, the nameless horrors of his sound-proof "decoy-chamber," his murder-plots, his scientific "infidelity," and, above all, his unctuous repentance. The Noras and Toms, the Marys and the Geralds, the fighting and the fainting, the brogue and the blarney, in *The Ghost of Dunboy Castle* are all, however, genuinely Irish. Possibly enough "Huberto," if he ceased trying to walk on the stilts of an affected style, could write a readable story of humble Irish life in the present day.

Young Maids and Old is a really delightful story of New England life, about nothing in particular, and all the better for that. There is no special reason why the two couples in it—Irene Flanders and Leo Graham, Susan Farley and Phineas Thorne—should not have paired off at the end of twenty pages, instead of four hundred; for they have very little to do in such a quiet town as Proctor, that favourite retreat of Bostonians wearied out with the strain of their own intense intellectuality. But this happy dispatch would not have given poor Miss Emma Trowbridge time to make and mar a pretty matrimonial plan, or Irene Flanders to show the moral beauty of a nature which she can scarcely have inherited from a selfish father, or the light-hearted Susan Farley by looking on this picture and on that to discover and shelter herself under the goodness to be found beneath the almost boorish exterior of Phineas Thorne. *Young Maids and Old* is full of quiet humour, and is strong in the study of simple characters. It is above all things easy and yet enjoyable reading.

On the Wrong Tack is a passably written story, which runs on conventional lines. Noel Goffe, who, although a dramatist, is an "awfully jolly fellow," marries Christabel Burgoyne, the niece of a fine old admiral, and an affectionate, vivacious, but not very strong-headed, girl, whereas he ought to have married Dena Moore, "a queenly looking woman with beautifully moulded limbs and the face of a Greek goddess." But he has seen Dena fleeing from her aunt's house, and he takes it for granted that she is a fashionably frivolous woman leaving her husband and her home. Under these circumstances, he cannot well marry Dena, although he loves her and informs her of the fact. But he and Christabel live very happily, and, besides, Dena marries the fine old admiral. Here the story ought to have ended, and might have ended in a prettily pathetic fashion, like the genuine "Auld Robin Gray." It suits the author, however, to bring Dena and Goffe together again. It will thus be seen that *On the Wrong Tack* is, and is intended to be regarded as, a melancholy novel. But the author would be much more at home in a domestic story—of the type, say, that Miss Walford has, of late, rendered specially popular. She knows country scenery and country society; she is at home among the mild emotions of reasonably well-to-do people; and her style is in all respects careful.

There is a certain air of giggling schoolgirlishness in *My First Offer* which has all the appearance of a first experiment in fiction. It may be doubted, too, whether the author was well advised to present her (?) readers, not only with the town of Oakford—a "nice clean little place" with "delightful church services," and "the usual country-town society, lawyer, doctor, and so on"—but also with a poor and ferocious curate, who thinks of using a revolver upon himself, who cries "Tchut," who digs a pen into a table till it breaks, and whose "eyes, metallic in their lustre, absolutely scintillate with the fury of his passion," after making an offer of marriage in this fascinating fashion:

"I offer you an income of £200 a year, with the greatest improbability of its ever increasing. Straitened means are synonymous with very little society. Individually, I give you a self-sacrificing love, combined with jealousy, cruel and passionate, a querulous and exacting temper, unreasonable to a degree when provoked."

The curate apart, *My First Offer* is a fairly constructed and almost pedantically written story of jealousy, intriguing, murder, madness, and a lady who, because she has seen what she imagines to be a ghost, must needs take to somnambulism and to playing beautifully and cataleptically Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." For a Manchester girl, still lingering in her teens, Miss White, the heroine, has a wonderful number of adventures; but why her biographer should declare her life closed because she cannot marry a man who has a wife in a *maison de santé*, does not clearly appear. The photographing of clericalised country life is much more in "Basil Blackett's" line than tragedy or even melodrama.

William Wallace.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Rides and Studies in the Canary Islands. By Charles Edwards. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.) This book may be highly commended as one of the best of its class—that is, of books written to give readable information to intending visitors to season resorts, to help them over difficulties, to aid them towards gaining greater pleasure and benefit from their period of exile. The work has been called forth by the attempt to make the Canary Islands, and especially the town of Orotava in Teneriffe, a rival to Madeira as a winter station for consumptive patients. The question is one which can be resolved only by experience and by medical study. The heat so freely complained of would be no advantage, nor would the extreme dryness be beneficial, in all cases of pthisis. Great discrimination, we imagine, will be needed to decide whether Funchal or Orotava would be the more curative in any given case. Putting this aside, our author has written a delightful book, which may be read with pleasure by those who never think of visiting these fortunate islands. He has looked up his original authorities, and tells us just enough of the past history of the islands to stimulate the reader's interest to acquire more. We believe, however, that the remains of, and especially the inscriptions by, the aborigines are somewhat more numerous than are indicated here. The restrained descriptions of the riding tours round Teneriffe and Palma bring the scenery much better before the reader than any attempt at more brilliant word-painting would do. The drawbacks, as well as the pleasures, of such a tour are honestly told; and one of the greatest of the former seems to be, as in the case of the home Peninsula, the utter uncertainty of the conduct of the Spanish innkeeper in out-of-the-way places—at times civil, moderate in his charges, doing all he can to please with the means at his disposal; at others uncivil, scorn-

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fully indifferent to the comfort of his guests, and extortionate. The traveller's complaint is not that he has been so badly treated on the whole, but that it is impossible to guess beforehand how he may be treated. We are astonished to find the wines of the islands have so very much degenerated. Five and twenty years ago good liquor was not so rare either in the Canaries or in the Azores. All intending visitors to Teneriffe should read this book before proceeding to their winter quarters. It is an honest piece of work done by a capable hand.

Letters from Majorca. By Charles W. Wood. With numerous illustrations. (Bentley.) This is a good book of the lively tourist kind, but its goodness consists not so much in the text as in the illustrations. There is the usual funny man, and the man who is the object of his jokes. Mr. Wood is a master in the art of expansion. His descriptions of art and architecture are most deliciously vague. He seldom commits himself further than to say that such and such a building is "Gothic." Happily for his readers, the woodcuts, taken chiefly from photographs, will often enable them to attain greater precision. His stay in Majorca was limited to some six weeks in November and December, 1886, and to a like period in May and June, 1887; but nearly the whole of this last visit is occupied with details of the illness of his host. Mr. Wood makes no pretence of a knowledge of history; there are no statistics given, nothing of the geology, botany, or natural history of the island. He attempts only descriptions of the scenery, and a reproduction of the lives of the two or three Englishmen on the island, and of their Mallorcan servants. He gushes over with sentiment at the smallest provocation. As a guide, he failed to reach the summit of the Puig Major; and his account of the wondrous caves of Arta is in such general terms that it might well have been written by one who had never seen them. One thing we must heartily commend. In spite of his enjoyment of the warmth of a Mallorcan November and December, Mr. Wood does not hold up the island as a resort for invalids, but shows the drawbacks to its apparent excellencies. His work is done by a hand practised in making much out of little. The pages can be turned over with pleasure; and, as we said at first, as much, or more, instruction is to be gained from the illustrations than from the text itself.

Untrodden Paths of Roumania. By Mrs. Walker. (Chapman & Hall.) Of the 354 pages of this volume Mrs. Walker devotes 250 to the religious houses of the country, and she might have more accurately entitled her book "The Monasteries of Roumania." It opens with three chapters on Galats and life on the Danube, and closes with two devoted to the history of the Principalities; the remaining chapters contain the author's diary and sketch-book. There is no accounting for tastes, and there may be readers who will accompany these three English ladies on their round of visits to monasteries and convents without *ennui*. For our own part we must own to some disappointment, more especially when we remember the vivid picture of convent life in Moldavia contained in Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Episodes from a Life of Adventure*. On the important question whether monastic life tends to the good or evil of the general population, Mrs. Walker has absolutely nothing to say. She confines herself as a rule to descriptions of scenery which are pretty and bright, but become not a little monotonous. The following is a favourable specimen of her style, and is also one of the rare passages in which she shows some interest in human nature.

"Proceeding to one of the balconies I am watched by a very dirty old monk, emerged from a neighbouring room. He presently asks, 'Are you come to disturb and upset the arrangements of the monastery?' taking us, doubtless, for Government agents in disguise. He had placed his frugal breakfast—mamaliga and black beans—on a stone near the door of his cell, while he comes anxiously forward. He proves to be a Russian, capable of speaking a few words of French. I seek at once for information; but he instantly shuffles off, in a great fright, '*Non! je suis vieux! je suis vieux!*' in such dread of entanglement that he even forgets the little tin dishes in his precipitation. Presently he stealthily emerges like a rat from his hole and carries back his food" (p. 98).

An account of some of the flowers that bloom in these untrodden paths would have been very welcome; but only once does Mrs. Walker evince any interest in the local flora, and that is in alluding to a flower familiarly called "John and Mary" in Russia (p. 114).

With the Camel Corps up the Nile. By Count Gleichen. With numerous Sketches by the Author. (Chapman & Hall.) The literature of the ill-fated Nile expedition of 1884-85 is by no means proportionate in amount to the intense interest with which it was studied at the time. Sir Charles Wilson and Sir Henry Brackenbury have each written a little volume describing with authority the operations in which they severally took part; and one newspaper correspondent has also given us a somewhat critical narrative. There was therefore ample room—if only from the point of view of military history—for the present book, in which an officer of the Guards' Camel Regiment narrates, with equal modesty and good faith, what he actually saw and did. The book is eminently readable, and is enlivened with some clever sketches by the author.

Eighteen Hundred Miles on a Burmese Tat, through Burmah, Siam, and the Eastern Shan States. By Lieut. G. J. Younghusband. (W. H. Allen.) One of the paths to military distinction has always lain through adventurous travel in time of peace. Quite recently another officer of the name of Younghusband penetrated through Asia from China to India. The present author made only an excursion into the little-known borderland between Burma, Siam, and China; but we imagine that the risk he ran was greater than he cares to acknowledge, and that he owes much to the staunchness of his Gurkha orderly. After having once got reconciled to the flippant style of writing, which is probably the result of exuberant spirits, we follow the traveller with interest—though nothing can reconcile us to the illustrations.

A Ride through Syria. By Edward Abram. (Abram & Sons.) This little book is an agreeably written account of a pleasant trip through Syria. The traveller's route did not lie in the most familiar regions; and hence we are spared the oft-repeated details of things seen at Jerusalem or Bethlehem, instead of which we have a journey across the plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, with an account of visits to Mount Hermon, the sources of Jordan and Baalbec. Mr. Abram writes in a cheerful temper as regards his personal adventures, and in a spirit of devout yet intelligent reverence as regards the religious associations of the scenes he visited. The tour evidently left a pleasing impression on the writer's mind. The perusal of his account of it will leave the same on his reader's. The book is well got up, and there are many interesting pictures and an excellent map.

To Gibraltar and Back in an Eighteen-Tonner. By One of the Crew. (W. H. Allen.) This book reminds us of the Oxford story, how a man sailed to the Cassiterides in a canoe with an Ainsworth's Dictionary under his arm as cargo. Four friends with a couple of sailors and a boy make their way in a small yacht across the Bay of Biscay during the stormy weather of spring, loiter a few days at Vigo, Lisbon, and Tangier, and then sail home again. They seem to have retained their lightheartedness in the worst of discomforts, and it may be hoped found the good health which the captain sought from his two months' voyage. By means of the excellent chart appended, and the photographs and woodcuts of this little book, a stay-at-home reader may pleasantly share the cruise of the *Chiripa*, without the wettings and misery which at times it must have involved.

Four Months' Cruise. By Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe, and Lady Mary Wood. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"'The only thing to do is to write a book, and give an account of our cruise,' said one of the party.

"'So we will! Happy thought! and we will share the profits.'

"'Or the other thing,' unkindly murmured F."

This remark may not unfairly be described as the one happy thought of the book. We can only charitably hope that "the other thing" will not be very heavy. The English is surprisingly shipshod, even for the idle writing of an idle day. In two pages alone we find such expressions as "at once spotted the only house," "a look of homeiness. But if the literary partnership of these two ladies has not produced a delightful account of their yachting trip, their narrative is free from all suspicion of fine writing. It is written with simplicity, and may be of some interest to those who think of a cruise in the Mediterranean.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We understand that the two new volumes of Carlyle's letters, edited by Prof. Norton, which Messrs. Macmillan will publish very shortly, afford a tolerably continuous account of Carlyle's life from his marriage to the period when his fame was about to be established by the publication of his *French Revolution*.

Students of Spenser's poetry and bibliophiles will learn with interest that Dr. H. Oskar Sommer is going to edit, and Mr. T. C. Nimmo will publish, a photographic facsimile of "Immerito," the original edition of the *Shepheard's Calendar*, printed by Hugh Singleton (London, 1579), from the copy in the Grenville collection of the British Museum. The little volume, which is very rare, is in splendid condition, and consists of 56 leaves. The text is printed in black letter, the commentary and notes in Roman type. Each of the twelve Eclogues is preceded by a woodcut engraving appropriate to its contents. The editor's introduction will deal fully with the results of the studies on the subject up to the present time. Mr. L. B. Fleming will photograph, and Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. will print, the volume.

An investigation into the Civil List pensions granted since the accession of the Queen has been conducted for the committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors by Mr. W. Morris Colles. The list of pensions, shewing the names, amounts, and the grounds for which they were given, has been reprinted, and will be published in a few days, with comments and suggestions bearing upon the neglect of literature, science, and art.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish a new novel by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled *Neighbours on the Green*.

Messrs. Cassell & Company will publish early next week *The Metropolitan Year Book*, forming a guide to the municipal, commercial, ecclesiastical, educational, benevolent, and social institutions, of London. It will include particulars of the new County Council, together with a list of members.

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Mr. J. M. Barrie, author of "Auld Licht Idylls," is engaged on a Life of the late Mr. Alexander Russel, for many years editor of the *Scotsman*. Mr. Barrie would be glad if any persons who are in possession either of letters from, or of anecdotes about, the late Mr. Russel would forward them to him, at 7 Furnival's Inn, E.C.

A one-volume edition of the late Sheridan Le Fanu's novel, *The Wyvern Mystery*, is being prepared by his son, Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu, who is also making some illustrations for the volume.

Mr. Arthur Symons has nearly ready for issue a volume of poems, entitled *Days and Nights*, which he has dedicated to Mr. Pater. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the publishers.

Mr. Hume Nisbet's new novel, for which he is supplying several illustrations, is entitled *Eight Bells:* a Tale of the Sea and of the Cannibals of New Guinea. The book will be published shortly by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

Mr. J. Stanley Little's new novel, *Doubt*, illustrated by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, will be published immediately by Mr. Spencer Blackett.

Mr. Hugh L. Callendar, of Trinity College, will publish immediately, at the Cambridge University Press, *A Manual of Cursive Shorthand*; a Phonetic System adapted for general use. The introduction contains a discussion of the principles of shorthand, with illustrations from Pitman's system. An account is also given of an original series of experiments on shorthand writing, in which the time occupied by each movement was automatically recorded by means of an electric chronograph. The manual is accompanied by a system of phonetic spelling, analogous to Sweet's "Romic," which is used to indicate the pronunciation and accentuation of words.

Messrs. F. V. White & Co. will publish immediately—*Long Odds*, a three-volume novel, by Capt. Hawley Smart; a cheap edition of *The Cost of a Lie*, by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron; and *A Real Good Thing*, by Mrs. Edward Kennard; also a shilling novel, by Mrs. Alexander, entitled *A False Scent*.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are about to publish a short work, entitled *Galileo and his Judges*, by Mr. F. R. Wegg Prosser.

The same publishers will also issue next week the new edition of Mr. Wemyss Reid's *Life of the Right Honourable W. E. Forster*. It will be unabridged and contain additional matter and a new portrait, making a single volume of 650 demy pages.

An *édition de luxe* of Mr. F. C. Philips's novel, *As In a Looking Glass*, is now in the press. It will be profusely illustrated by Mr. du Maurier. Messrs. Ward & Downey expect to have it ready for publication early in March.

A new edition of Miss Florence Davenport Hill's *Children of the State*, edited by Miss Fanny Fowke, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in the course of February.

A new edition of the *Handbook of Bible Difficulties* is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

At the meeting of the Elizabethan Society, to be held on Wednesday next, February 6, a paper on the "Plays of Thomas Dekker," by Mr. John Addington Symonds, will be read. The paper is based upon an article by Mr. Symonds printed in the Academy exactly fifteen years ago. Since that time he has altered many of his views upon this playwright's work; and he intends to take this opportunity of recasting what he then wrote. The meeting will be presided over by Mr. A. H. Bullen. There will also be a special meeting of the society on Wednesday, February 20, when Mr. Havelock Ellis will read a paper on "George Chapman." The chair on this occasion will be occupied by Mr. Sidney Lee. Those desirous of attending either of these meetings should communicate with the hon. sec., Mr. James Ernest Baker, 38 Wivenhoe Road, The Rye, Peckham.

The committee for erecting a memorial to Christopher Marlowe is now definitely constituted. The chairman is Lord Coleridge; the treasurer, Mr. Sidney L. Lee (26 Brondesbury Road, N.W.); while the list of members includes Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Swinburne. From America, there are Mr. J. R. Lowell and Mr. H. H. Furness; and from Canterbury—where it has been decided that the memorial shall be placed—the mayor, the master of the King's School (in which Marlowe was educated), and Canon Fremantle.

Miss Ward, principal of the Maria Grey Training College, will deliver a course of six lectures on "The History of Education"—dealing with Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Mr. Herbert Spencer—at the Datchelor school for girls, Camberwell, on the two first Fridays in February and the two first Fridays in March, at 4 p.m.

Messrs. Macmillan have now added *Two Years Ago* to their cheap edition of Kingsley's works, which they are issuing in monthly volumes. *Two Years Ago* was first published (as its title implies) in 1857, and a second edition was called for within two months. A one-volume edition was issued in 1859, and reprinted in 1866. But since 1871 a fresh reprint has been demanded in each successive year, so that the total number of editions now amounts to 22, as compared with 25 for *Westward Ho!*, 19 for *Hypatia*, and 15 for *Yeast*. We suspect that most of Kingsley's admirers would put *Hypatia* above *Two Years Ago*; but the large circulation of all of them, in comparatively expensive editions—the cheapest hitherto has been 6s.—is a gratifying fact. We do not know whether they are equally popular in America.

Correction. — Several correspondents have written to point out some manifest errors of date in Sir R. F. Burton's "Notes from Vevey," in the Academy of last week. In the Ludlow inscription, the date of his arrival at Vevey should clearly be "1662," and not 1642; and the passage—"Ludlow returned to England in 1689, before the accession of Charles II."—should apparently run—"Ludlow returned to England in 1688, before the accession of William and Mary."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

It is announced that the Wykeham chair of logic at Oxford, vacant by the resignation of Mr. T. Fowler, will be filled up before the end of the present term.

Mr. Holman Hunt has been in Oxford for some little time, engaged in painting a picture connected with Magdalen College.

The annual meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society was held on Thursday, January 31, when Dr. Peile, master of Christ's College, was re-elected president, and the new officers appointed were Dr. Jackson as vice-president, and Dr. Verrall as member of council. Dr. Fennell read a paper on "The Relation of Accent to the Division of Words into Syllables in Aryan Speech, and Accent as a Cause of Phonetic Change, with special reference to Verner's Law, Sanskrit Gutturals (*velars*), and the Greek Vowel System."

The candidates for the Laudian chair of Arabic at Oxford—which has been vacant since the death of Mr. Gandell about a year ago—include Mr. David Margoliouth, of New College; Mr. Habib Anthony Salmone, now lecturer in Arabic at University College, London; and Prof. Hermann Ethé, of Aberystwyth, an examiner in the Oriental School.

Messrs. Bodley and Garner have been appointed architects of the proposed new buildings at King's College, Cambridge. It is to them that Oxford owes the new buildings at Magdalen.

Mr. A. H. Bullen, the well-known editor of the dramatists and lyric poets of the Elizabethan age, has been invited to deliver a course of lectures at Oxford this term on "Michael Drayton and other Elizabethans."

Prof. Westlake announces lectures at Cambridge this term on "The Suez and Panama Canals," "Egypt, Suakim, Massowah," and "The Future of Naval War."

A work on *The Principles of Inductive or Empirical Logic*, by Dr. John Venn, is about to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan. It contains the substance of lectures delivered in Caius College, Cambridge, for a number of years past. The general treatment of the subject is somewhat more in accord with that adopted by J. S. Mill than with that of the majority of recent English works on logic.

Mr. Arthur J. Evans delivered two lectures this week in the new lecture-room of the Ashmolean Museum, on "Sign Language, Pictographs, and Symbols," and on "Sun and Star Symbols in their relation to some pre-Christian Forms of the Cross."

The Oxford University Dramatic Society will produce "Julius Caesar" at the new theatre on Wednesday, February 27. Mr. Alma Tadema has designed most of the scenes, and Prof. Herkomer has also given his assistance.

A letter from the War Office has been published, stating that, if the effective strength of the Oxford University Volunteer Battalion be not raised to 360 members by June 1, it will be necessary to consider the advisability of withdrawing the adjutant and permanent staff, and taking steps for the disbandment of the corps.

The *Oxford Magazine* for January 30 prints, in continuation of previous articles, a bibliography of Oxford books for the year 1888, compiled by Mr. F. Madan, of the Bodleian.

The veteran lexicographer, Dr. Georges, of Gotha, has sent the following reply to the address of congratulation, drawn up by Profs. Nettleship and Sonnenschein, and widely signed by a large number of British scholars, which was printed in the Academy of December 1, 1888:

"Den Herrn Gelehrten, welche mir am Tage meiner 60 jährigen Jubiläums als Lexigraph übersendete Adresse gütigst unterzeichnet haben, sage ich meinen tief gefühlten Dank. Ich bin stolz auf die mir erwiesene Ehre, um so stolzer, als die Theilnahme an meinem Jubiläum in Deutschland fast nur auf den Kries mir persönlich befreundeter Gelehrten beschränkt hat."

"Gotha, den 20ten Jan., 1889.

"K. E. Georges."

In connection with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, Mr. J. D. McClure will deliver a course of ten lectures on "Astronomy" in Marylebone. At the first lecture, to be given in the Steinway Hall on Tuesday next, February 5, at 8 p.m.—to which admission is free—the chair will be taken by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

OBITUARY.

KARL ELZE, PH.D., LL.D.

Friedrich Karl Elze—for such was the full name of the great German Shaksperian who has so quickly followed Halliwell-Phillipps to

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the grave—was born at Dessau on May 22, 1821, and died, after a short illness, at Halle on January 21, 1889.

His name is probably better known in England than that of any German author on Shakspere since Gervinus; and several of his books have been translated into English. He was appointed professor of English philology at Halle in 1872, being the first occupant of the chair. He had previously studied at Leipzig and Berlin in classical philology; but he soon devoted himself to modern languages, and especially to English. A long bibliography of his writings is given in a recent number of the *Hallische Zeitung*. As early as 1857 he published a text of Hamlet, of which a new edition appeared in 1882. A collection of his *Essays on Shakspere* was translated into English in 1872 by Miss L. Dora Schmitz; and his well-known *Life of Shakspere* (first German edition, 1876) appeared from the hands of the same translator only last year (George Bell & Sons). He was also the editor of the *Jahrbuch* of the German Shakspere Society, which dates from 1865, being the result of the enthusiasm aroused in Germany by the celebration of the Shakspere tercentenary in the previous year. To the publications suggested by that celebration Elze himself contributed a work entitled *Die Englische Sprache und Litteratur in Deutschland* (1864). He further wrote biographies of *Walter Scott* (1864), and *Byron* (1870, second edition 1881), the latter of which was translated into English in the year following its first publication.

As compared with the late Halliwell-Phillipps, with whom it is natural to compare him, Karl Elze was a student and a critic, rather than an antiquary or collector. But in his own particular line—of erudition combined with sound sense—he has left no one, either in Germany or in England, who can exactly fill his place.

We also regret to record the death of Dr. P. A. Tiele, the Dutch librarian and bibliographer, which took place at Utrecht on January 22. Next week we shall print a notice of him by one of his university colleagues.

TRANSLATION.

HELEN AT TROY.

(*From Aeschylus's "Agamemnon," 681-716, 737-49.*)

Who named her? What weird tongue unknown forestalled
Their doom with deft surmise?
Helen! The spear-won wife,
The hell of towns and ships and men at strife,
From her rich canopies
She sailed with giant Zephyr, where he called;
And mâilèd huntsmen in the rowers' wake,
Though Simoïs' forest sighed
Above the beachèd galley, plied
The murderous quarrel for her sake.

Aye, Heaven's wrath, upon its purpose bent,
Sped her unkindly kin
To Ilium in time;
And her new brethren, whose loud bridal chime
Attainted them of sin
'Gainst hearth and home, abode their punishment.
So Priam's ancient burgh, in other strain
And dirgeful, last and first,
On Paris cries, the bridegroom curst,
For those her children's blood and bitter pain.

That presence softly brooding, for an hour,
Seemed to the town a trance
As of the waves at rest,
A jewel smiling there on Ilium's breast,
A gently darted glance
Of love, that bourgeoned into poignant flower.
But love with death consorting, joys with fears,
On Priam's house she trod,
To venge the hospitable God,
A Fury fed with widows' tears.

George C. Warr.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The first number of *Le Livre* for 1889 contains a note by the editor specifying certain intended changes, such as the "boiling down" of a greater number of small detailed pieces of information and paragraphs into the general *compte-rendu*. The main articles are two—a paper on George Eliot, by M. du Pontavin de Heussey, which would be improved by a little more criticism properly so called; and a very pleasant notice, by the editor, of *Un Almanach des Muses*, a hundred years ago. M. Uzanne, who has had the valuable collaboration of M. Robida as illustrator, and has used it liberally, has made an interesting, agreeable *causerie*, and, indeed, something of a romance, of his subject.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Belgique, la, actuelle, au point de vue commercial, colonial et militaire. Brussels: Muquardt. 1 fr. 50 c.

Bussjäger, J. Beiträge zur Entwicklung der russischen Reichsbefestigung in der Zeit vom J. 1855 bis zum J. 1877. Wien: v. Waldheim. 2 M.

Saporta, le Marquis de. La Famille de Madame de Sévigné en Provence. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY.

Chauffard, A. L'Apocalypse et son interprétation historique. Paris: Thorin. 8 fr.

Wolf, R. Die siebzig Wochen Daniels. Eine kritisch-exeget. Studie. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

Courcy, le Marquis de. Renonciations des Bourbons d'Espagne au trône de France. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.

Guillois, A. Napoléon, l'homme, le politique, l'orateur, d'après sa correspondance et ses œuvres. Paris: Didier. 15 fr.

Jubainville, H. d'Arbois de. Les premiers habitants de l'Europe, d'après les écrivains de l'antiquité et les travaux des linguistes. Seconde édition. T. 1. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr.

Matzat, H. Römische Zeitrechnung f. die Jahre 219 bis 1 v. Chr. Berlin: Weidmann. 16 M.

Mazade, Ch. de. Un Chancelier d'ancien Régime: le Règne diplomatique de M. de Metternich. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

Treuber, O. Beiträge zur Geschichte der Lykier. Tübingen: Fues. 2 M.

Voigt, F. Die Klosterpolitik der salischen Kaiser u. Könige m. besond. Berücksicht. Heinrichs IV. bis zum J. 1077. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bendichin, Ch. Sur l'origine des étoiles filantes. Leipzig: Voss. 2 M. 40 Pf.

Bruno, J. Le opere italiane, ristampate da P. de Lagarde. Vol. 2. Göttingen: Dieterich. 12 M.

Franchet, A. Plantae Delavayanae. Plantes de Chine, recueillies au Yunnan par l'Abbé Delavay. Livr. 1. Paris: Klincksieck. 10 fr.

Pohlig, H. Dentition u. Kranologie d. Elephas antiquus Falc. 1. Abschn. Leipzig: Engelmann. 25 M.

Reicke, R. Lose Blätter aus Kants Nachlass. 1. Hft. Königsberg-i.-Pr.: Beyer. 6 M.

Seeliger, H. Fortgesetzte Untersuchungen üb. das mehrfache Sternensystem ζ Cancri. München: Franz. 2 M. 80 Pf.

Weinberg, L. Der Mikrokosmos, e. angeblich im 12. Jahrh. v. dem Cordubenser Josef ibn Zaddik verfasstes philosophisches System, nach seiner Echtheit untersucht. Breslau: Koebner. 2 M.

Zopf, W. Zur Kenntniss der Infections-Krankheiten niederer Thiere u. Pflanzen. Leipzig: Engelmann. 9 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

Golther, W. Studien zur germanischen sagengeschichte. München: Franz. 3 M.

Granz, E. Th. Ueb. die Quellengemeinschaft d. mittelenglischen Gedichtes Seege od. Batayle of Troye u. d. mittelhochdeutschen Gedichtes vom trojanischen Kriege d. Konrad v. Würzburg. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

Hemmann, F. Consonantismus d. Gascognischen bis zum Ende d. 13. Jahrhunderts. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

Horatius Flaccus, Q. Erklärt v. A. Kiessling. 3. Thl. Briefe. Berlin: Weidmann. 3 M.

Müller, A. Türkische Grammatik. Berlin: Reuther. 8 M.

Paape, C. De C. Mario quaestiones selectae. Königsberg-i.-Pr.: Koch. 1 M.

Radloff, W. Versuch e. Wörterbuches der Türk-Dialecte. 1. Lfg. St. Petersburg: Eggers. 3 M. 60 Pf.

Schipper, K. Englische Metrik. In histor. u. systemat. Entwicklg. dargestellt. 2. Thl. Neuenglische Metrik. 2. Hälfte. Strophenbau. Bonn: Strauss. 11 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DANTE'S REFERENCES TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Jan. 26, 1889.

In his letter on this subject in the Academy of January 26 Dr. Moore quotes the comments of Boccaccio, Buti, and Benvenuto da Imola upon Dante's allusion to Alexander in India (*Inf.* xiv. 31-6), and at the same time asks for information as to several of the authorities mentioned by them. I think I can satisfactorily answer his queries so far as Buti and Benvenuto are concerned.

Benvenuto's "Gallicus ille qui describit [or, according to another reading, 'qui scribit'] Alexandreidam metrice" can hardly be other than Gaultier de Lille, or De Châtillon (commonly known as Gualtherus de Castellione), who was the author of an *Alexandreis*, an epic poem in Latin hexameters on Alexander the Great, based upon the history of Quintus Curtius, and written towards the end of the twelfth century (the murder of Becket, 1170, is referred to as a recent event). This *Alexandreis*, which is in ten books, was several times printed in the fifteenth century, and is, in fact, the identical work quoted from by Dr. Moore in the latter portion of his letter. The colophon of the Paris edition of 1659 mentioned by him gives the date (1278) probably of the execution of the MS. from which that edition is printed. It is certainly not the date of the composition of the original poem, which was written a hundred years earlier, as is proved not only by the allusion to Becket's murder, but also by the fact of its having been dedicated to William I., Archbishop of Rheims, 1176-1202 (see H. L. D. Ward: *Catalogue of Romances in British Museum*, pp. 94-6).

The "libro de' fatti d' Alessandro" spoken of by Buti, if not the same work as that alluded to by Benvenuto, is probably the Italian translation (entitled *I nobili Fatti d' Alessandro Magno*) of the abridged Latin version of Pseudo-Callisthenes, known as *Historia Alexandri Magni, regis Macedoniae, de praeliis*, or more commonly as *Historia de Praeliis*. The author of this Latin version was a certain "Leo archipresbyter," who, in the latter half of the tenth century, was sent on an embassy from Italy to Constantinople, where he found the Greek original from which he made his translation.

To identify Boccaccio's "Guglielmo d' Inghilterra" is not so easy. The only work by an Englishman on Alexander in existence at that date seems to have been a compilation in five books, entitled *De Gestis Macedonum*, written probably between 1146 and 1151, and attributed to a certain Galfridus Hemlingtonus (Geoffrey of Hemlington), a monk of St. Albans. It may be that Boccaccio had this book in mind and wrote "Guglielmo" by mistake; or possibly he wrote "*Galfrido* d'Inghilterra," and this was subsequently altered by a careless copyist into the more familiar "*Guglielmo* d'Inghilterra"—on this point the promised critical edition of Boccaccio's *Comento* may perhaps throw some light. It must be admitted, however, that the Compilation of St. Albans never seems to have been much known outside England (see Paul Meyer: *Alexandre le Grand dans la littérature française du Moyen Age*, tom. ii., pp. 52-63).

Regarding the more interesting question as to the source from which Dante derived his account of the episode alluded to in the *Inferno* (xiv. 31-36), I think there can hardly be a doubt that he took it, directly or indirectly, from the spurious *Epistola Alexandri Regis ad Aristotilem preceptorem suum de Mirabilibus Indie*. If taken *directly* from this source, Dante's description must, as Dr. Moore suggests, have been given from memory (we are apt to forget how largely

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writers had to trust to their memories in the days before printing, when books were excessively scarce and inaccessible); but, though he has undoubtedly somewhat confused the details, Dante's account more nearly resembles the original than would appear from the quotations given by Dr. Moore. The two conspicuous features in Alexander's narrative are the snow and the falling flames. Both of these, though in a somewhat different connexion, reappear in the passage in the *Inferno*. A comparison of the following extracts will make this apparent. The Letter says (I have transcribed the passage from a thirteenth-century MS. in the Brit. Mus., Sloane, 1785, fol. 6, verso):

"... frigus ingens uespertino tempore seuiebat Cadere mox *in modum uellerum immense niues* cepere quarum aggregationes metuens cum in castra cumularentur niues calcari feci ut quam cito pedum iniuria tabescerent.... Vna tunc res saluti fuit quod cum momento temporis ymber nimius subsecutus est.... Quem e uestigio atra nubes subsecuta est *uiseque sunt tanquam faces ardentes descendere* · ita ut *incendio earum quasi totus campus ardere uideretur*.... Iussi tunc milites sacras* uestes ignibus opponere."

Dante says:

"Sovra tutto il sabbion d'un cader lento
Piovean di fuoco *dilatate falde*,
Come di neve in alpe senza vento.
Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde
D'India vide sovra lo suo stuolo
Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde;
Perch'ei provvide a scalpitar lo suolo
Con le sue schiere...
Tale scendeva l'eternale ardore;
Onde l'arena s'accendea...."
(*Inf.* xiv. 28-38.)

It is possible, however, that Dante's description was only taken *indirectly* from this source, through the medium of the *Romans d'Alixandre*, a poem in *laisses monorimes* of twelve-syllable lines (hence called "alexandrines"), written in the twelfth century. In an analysis of this poem, given by M. Paul Meyer (*op. cit.*, tom. ii., p. 178), he speaks of Alexander's army being overtaken by "un tourbillon de vent, accompagné de *flammes ardentes qui tombent dru comme la neige*." How far this passage, which contains exactly the same simile as occurs in Dante, represents the original I am unable to say, as I have had no opportunity of referring to the latter. At any rate, the episode of the falling flames and the snow occurs in the *Romans*, which may well have been Dante's authority for his account.

As regards Alexander's relations with the Romans, the second point discussed in Dr. Moore's letter, I may mention that in this same poem Alexander is made to boast—"J'ai conquis Rome, Pouille, Calabre, Afrique"; this is prior to his Indian expedition (Paul Meyer, *loc. cit.*, p. 164). Also in a Durham MS. of the *Roman de toute Chevalerie* (containing an account of Alexander), by a certain Eustache, or Thomas of Kent, one of the rubrics is—"Coment Alix. conquist Lombardie," to which the rubric of a Paris MS. of the same romance adds—"et coment les Romains honnorerent Alisandre" (Paul Meyer, *op. cit.*, tom. i., p. 178).

It is evident, therefore, that the tradition alluded to by Dante in the *De Monarchia* was current in the Middle Ages; and it may have been derived by him from one or other of the French poems I have named. An examination of the passages in the Romances here indicated would probably do much towards the elucidation of the question.

Paget Toynbee.

Cambridge: Jan. 30, 1889.

Cf. the following: "Cepit enim intollerabile frigus oriri; cadebantque niues magne vt lana. Itaque timens Alexander ne cresceret, precepit militibus suis vt eam pedibus conculcarent." *Historia Alexandri de preliis*, ed. 1489, sign. d 6, col. 2. See also *The Wars of Alexander* (E. E. T. S.), ed. Skeat, p. 228, l. 4163, and the notes.

Walter W. Skeat.

* So apparently the MS.; printed edd. read *suas* or *teissas*.

SHAKSPERE'S "BALLOW."

Nottingham: January 18, 1889.

In "Lear," IV. vi. 247, Edgar says "or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder." The meaning of "ballow" seems to be quarter-staff; but as no other trace of the word has been found, it has been emended to "baton." This emendation differs from the vast majority of "improvements" of the poet's words in being reasonable and probable. Indeed, it has the approval of Dr. Murray, who says that "no such word [as 'ballow'] seems to exist, or to have any etymological justification." But, in spite of the strong case in favour of the emendation to "baton," that emendation is unnecessary, for "ballow" is no printer's error, but a genuine word. This will appear from the following quotation from the Nottingham Corporation records:

"And memorandum, there was paid to dyuers for kyddes and ballowe wood, and other services done then, xxxvjs. xd."

This passage occurs in an account of the expenditure incurred in preparing for the visit of James I. on August 13, 1621, which is entered in the Hall or Council Book for that year (3395, fo. 28). The passage is printed in vol. iv. of the *Records of the Borough of Nottingham*, p. 375 (now in the press). "Kyddes" are, of course, faggots, and "ballowe wood" would therefore appear to be wood of larger growth. It was not, I think, underwood, for that is invariably described in the Nottingham records of this time as "tinsil" or "trowse." The account does not, unfortunately, tell us for what purpose this "ballowe wood" was procured, but there was a payment of £3 15s. 10d. to labourers "for workinge in the highwaies." The roads, &c., were carefully surveyed and repaired prior to the arrival of the king, who visited Nottingham several times, so that it is probable that the "ballowe wood" was used in repairing gates or fences. This suggests that "ballowe wood" meant young trees or saplings.

Since I met with the above passage I have succeeded in finding an earlier example of the word, which agrees even more closely than the above with Shakspere's use of the word. In the Hall Book for 1503-4 (3353, p. 15) there is an entry of an action for assault brought by John Bult, one of the sheriffs' sergeants-at-mace, against Thomas Hewett, "cobler," in which he states that the defendant assaulted him "cum uno baculo cum ferro rostrato uocato '*a ballowe staffe*.'" If Edgar's "ballow" was similarly beaked with iron, we can understand how he succeeded in slaying a man armed with a sword, which would not be a very easy achievement with a baton. But the 1621 example proves that "ballow" has no reference to the iron of the staff, but to the wood of which it was formed. Still, the earlier passage is of interest as suggesting that Edgar's "ballowe" may have been beaked with iron like that of the Nottingham cobbler of 1503-4.

W. H. Stevenson.

THE OLD ENGLISH GLOSS "ELMAWES."

Cambridge: Jan. 22, 1889.

Some days ago Mr. Bradley asked me in the British Museum whether I could throw any light on the gloss *Lameres*, Anglice *Elmawes* in Wülcker's *Vocabularies*, col. 591. But it was a mystery to me. On my return to Cambridge I noticed that the gloss was one of those copied by Mr. Aldis Wright from a MS. in Trinity College Library, and that therefore no doubt as to its being correctly transcribed could be entertained. Still, as the treasures of the library of Trinity College are always easily accessible, I thought it worth my while to consult the MS., and found there "Lameres, id est lamia, vel anglice Elmawes; cetera feminea dicitur quod habet humanam speciem sed corpus bestiale." The gloss was now plain, namely, "*Lameres*(= Lemures, sometimes written Lemores and Laemures), Anglice *Helmawes*."

I thought it better to write a few lines to the Academy than to Mr. Bradley, as the solution of this difficulty, which took some time, will show to all future editors of Glossaries that, with respect to obscure and corrupt glosses, there is not much use in abridging works of this kind.

J. H. Hessels.

SUUM CUIQUE.

Oxford: Jan. 29, 1889.

The following paragraph appeared on January 24 in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"A rather good story is told of the late Bishop of St. Asaph. His lordship once delivered a short address to a village school on the subject of besetting sins. 'We all,' he said, 'have our besetting sins, myself like the rest. What do you suppose is mine?' Noticing the astonished look on the faces of his youthful hearers at the notion of a Bishop having a besetting sin, the right rev. prelate went on to say, 'Do not be afraid to answer.' At length one little fellow was courageous enough to hold up his hand by way of showing his willingness to respond to the episcopal questioner. 'Well, my boy,' said the Bishop, 'What do you say is my besetting sin?' 'Please, sir,' stammered the lad, 'droonkenness'! 'No,' rejoined his lordship, in the meekest of tones, 'not drunkenness, but vanity.' The Bishop's comment showed at all events that if he was vain he was also not destitute of a certain amount of humility."

On reading this "rather good story" I wrote a short letter to the editor, pointing out that it was well-known in the diocese of St. Asaph before the time of the late bishop—that, in fact, it was told of one of his predecessors. I added that nobody who new Bishop Hughes could believe it of him, as he was a man of sound commonsense and of no vanity, which, I went on to say, was not invariably the case with the English bishops whom the government sent from time to time to appropriate the spoils of St. Asaph, and snub the Welsh clergy of the diocese. I could not help observing also that it was somewhat doubtful whether the "tittle-tatler" had improved on the usual version of the story by the touch of dialect which he gave it in his "droonkenness," for that seemed to me to smack of the wrong side of Offa's Dyke. Be that as it may, the editor took no notice of my letter; and the calumny, published while the bishop's body was on its way to the grave, is now merrily making the round of the provincial press.

This must be my apology for troubling the readers of the Academy with my letter; but I will put myself in order, so to say, by finishing with a bit of philology. Many more stories about the "vanity" bishop are currrent in the diocese of St. Asaph. I will, however, only mention one. Among other gifts which he thought he possessed was that of lucid and edifying exposition of Scripture, so one day he spoke, greatly to his own satisfaction, on the words "in earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest"; and he explained how earing time and harvest were nearly synonymous terms, as "earing" referred to the work of cutting off the ears of the corn and gathering them together. When his instructive dis-

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course was over he asked a Welsh clergyman what he thought of it. The latter was not acquainted with the Gothic or even the Anglo-Saxon cognate of the word "earing," but he ventured to suggest that if his lordship could read the words in the Welsh Bible—in the language which this learned prelate detested—he would find reasons to believe that "earing" meant "ploughing." I am sorry to say that I forget the rest of the story. It probably went on to relate what happened to the Welsh parson who was rash enough to teach the "vanity" bishop the meaning of a word in the latter's own language.

JOHN RHYS.

LEGENDS OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS AND THE SWIFTEST MESSENGERS.

London: Jan. 29, 1889.

The passage in Kilhwch and Olwen which Mr. Lethaby communicates to the ACADEMY of January 26, is, of course, perfectly well-known to all students.

Apropos of parallels, a very curious one has just come in my way, and I should be thankful for any light that could be thrown upon it. In Lessing's Faust fragment (Lachmann² vol. ii., p. 515) Faust calls up spirits, and claims the services of the swiftest among them. One is swift as is the arrow of pestilence, another swifter than the wind, another than the beam of light, another than the thought of man, another than the vengeance of the Almighty. All these are too slow for the impatient magician. The last spirit alone contents him: *he* is swift as is the transition from good to evil.

In a Highland tale, communicated by the Rev. Duncan M. Campbell of Appin, Michael Scott has to speed to Rome to obtain the knowledge of Shrovetide. He betakes himself to the fairy riding-fillies—the first is as swift as the wind, the second swifter, the third can outstrip the black blast of March. "Scarcely will you do," says Michael. The fourth alone answers his purpose, she is as swift as the thought of a maiden between her two lovers.

The parallelism is remarkable, especially when it is remembered that the story in each case attaches itself to the wizard *par excellence* of the race. Is there a German folk-tale kindred to the Scotch one from which Lessing may have derived the idea of his scene? The Scotch test of rapidity is proverbial in the Highlands. See Fionn's Questions (Campbell, vol iii.).

In the after part of the tale, the Pope is disinclined to impart his knowledge. But, on Michael Scott's pointing out to his Holiness, who has just risen from bed, and thrust his feet into the first pair of slippers that come to hand, that he is shod as a lady, *il s'humanise*; and henceforth there was never any necessity for Scotland to apply to Rome for guidance. This theme is a well-known one. Perhaps, Dr. Köhler, who reads the ACADEMY, will say if this variant is known to him.

ALFRED NUTT.

THE FIRST RUSSIAN IN ENGLAND.

London: Jan. 26, 1889.

I should have mentioned that I gave the inscription on R. Moses ben Isaac's tombstone in an amended form as well as I could from Thoms's reading, which is utter nonsense as it stands. Luckily the name is quite certain, and it was with that I was chiefly concerned. The letters חרבר before Isaac's name in Stow should be divided thus—/הרב ר. R. Moses in the Preface to his "Onyx Book," applies them to his father Isaac. They are merely honorary, and do not imply much more than that Isaac had some pretensions to Hebrew learning. The term רב, nowadays applied to a chief rabbi, was not so significant in the early Middle Ages. Certainly Isaac could not have had any claims to that title, as we know the names of the Presbyters of the Jews of Early England from Henry I.'s time onwards, and none of them was named Isaac. The title "Chacham" (usually spelt "Haham" and in Portuguese writers "Jaxam") is only current among the Spanish Jews, and was introduced among them after the expulsion from Spain in 1492.

I do not know of any dispute as to the time when the above designations became current in England. Perhaps Mr. Hall is thinking of the distinction between the titles "Episcopus" and "Presbyter" as applied to leading English Jews before the expulsion in 1290. I am of opinion that "Episcopus" means one of the three *dayanim* or judges who constitute the *Beth Din* or ecclesiastical tribunal which is to be found in every large Jewish community, while "Presbyter" applies to the *Ab-beth-din* or president of that tribunal. There is an interesting passage about "an Israelite bishop without guile" in Robertson's *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket* (Rolls Series, iv. 151-2).

JOSEPH JACOBS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 4, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
5 p.m. London Institution: "Caedmon: our First Poet in the Island of England," by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," III., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Factors of Evolution in Language," by Mr. J. J. Murphy; "Intelligence among the Aborigines of Australia," by Dr. Fraser.

TUESDAY, Feb. 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," III., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Manufacture of Sèvres Porcelain," by M. Edouard Garnier.
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Roumanian and other little-known Versions of the Apocrypha of Jeremiah," by Dr. Gaster.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Working of Steep Inclines on Railways."
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Species of Batrachians of the Genus *Rhacophorus* confounded under the Name of *R. maculatus*," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Characters of some New Species of Birds of the Family Dendrocolaptidae," by Mr. P. L. Sclater; "Some New Species and a New Genus of Araneidea," by the Rev. O. P. Cambridge.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 6, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Status of the County Council," by Mr. G. M. Gomme.
8 p.m. Geological: "The Occurrence of Palaeolithic Flint Implements in the Neighbourhood of Ightham, Kent, their Distribution and Probable Age," by Mr. Joseph Prestwich; "The Cotteswold, Midford, and Yeovil Sands, and the Division between Lias and Oolite," by Mr. S. S. Buckman.
8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "The Early History of Bangor Monachorum, with an Account of the District, East of Offa's Dyke, reconquered by the Northern Welsh in the Eleventh Century," by Mr. A. N. Palmer.
8 p.m. Elizabethan: "The Plays of Thomas Dekker," by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

THURSDAY, Feb. 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Metamorphoses of Minerals," III., by Prof. J. W. Judd.
4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Unusual Features in Old Churches," by Mr. Thackeray Turner; "Banbury Cross," by Mr. W. Lovell.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Men, Women, and Artists," by Mr. Harry Quilter.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," IV., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8 p.m. Linnean.
8 p.m. Chemical: "Researches on the Constitution of Azo- and Diazo-Derivatives, V., Compounds of the Naphthalene β Series," by Prof. Meldola and Mr. G. T. Morgan; "Researches on the Laws of Substitution in the Naphthalene Series," by Mr. H. E. Armstrong; "The Action of Nitric Acid on Anthracene," by Mr. A. G. Perkin; "Methyl Fluoride," by Mr. N. Collie.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 8, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting; "Flexible Wheel-Bases of Railway Rolling-Stock," by Mr. J. D. Twinberrow.
8 p.m. New Shakspere: "Shakspere's Development in Comedy," II., by Miss Grace Latham.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electrostatic Measurement," by Sir William Thomson.

SATURDAY, Feb. 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Great Composers and their Works," with Illustrations on the Pianoforte, III., by Prof. Ernst Pauer.
3 p.m. Physical: Annual General Meeting, "Physico-Geometrial Models," by Prof. A. S. Herschel.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Physical Realism: being an Analytical Philosophy from the Physical Objects of Science to the Physical Data of Sense. By Thomas Case. (Longmans.)

THIS book is a courageous attempt to harmonise the theories of knowledge put forward by empiricist metaphysic with the current theory of molecular physics as held by the unmetaphysical student of natural science. Or it might be described as an attempt to restore mental philosophy to the standpoint of Bacon, and to undo the work done by modern philosophy generally, from Descartes to Hegel.

Physical science, Mr. Case points out, now compels us to believe in the existence of a world of molecules and aether, which, together with their motions, must always be both imperceptible and unimaginable, but which nevertheless the rules of logic require us to assume as the only possible explanation of the phenomena we perceive. Philosophy meanwhile has started from the percipient subject—not unfrequently, indeed, from the subject in its least known stage, the hypothetical infant—and has attempted (confusing, *e g.*, p. 35, object and operation) to construct the known world out of sensations and their association, assuming that these sensations, the immediate objects of perception, are purely mental. The two views are thus wholly divergent. For the imperceptible and unimaginable (Mr. Case calls it "inconceivable," but that word is ambiguous) can never be constructed out of sensations; and yet it is pre-eminently the known. We must then begin with this known world, the object as revealed to us by the best available knowledge of natural science, and proceed from it to the less known—the percipient subject and his perceptions. We must, in short, follow Aristotle rather than Descartes or Hume. When we do this we find that this external world cannot possibly be psychical, being imperceptible and unimaginable. As non-psychical we may call it physical. To explain this physical object we must assume physical data. The immediate objects of perception from which these physical realities are logically inferred must be physical as well. Now, science also teaches us that the immediate antecedent of a perception is some state of the nervous system. The inference, then, is that it is this state which is the immediate object in perception. The percipient subject—who is conscious of himself both as physical and as psychical—directly perceives a particular motion of the nervous system. It is true he does not perceive it as such, but that is only because the nervous system is not quite adequate. In the course of human evolution it may become more so, and we may perceive as motion what we now perceive as heat, or sound, or colour (a most disagreeable prospect). In perception, however, reasoning, of course (and, I suppose, association), co-operates, and the so-called "perceived object" is, in fact, largely composed of inferred elements. But these

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elements, too, are physical. A physical world like that posited by molecular physics requires physical elements of perception as its ground (a notable inversion of the usual idealist argument, that the perceptions being mental their antecedents must be mental too). Rejecting, then, the intuitive realism of Reid and Stewart, because it holds that we directly perceive the external object, and the cosmothetic idealism (of, *e g*, Mr. Herbert Spencer), because it is irreconcilable with the results of the most perfect form of knowledge we possess, Mr. Case propounds this intermediate theory, which he proposes to call "physical realism." Next, like a good Aristotelian, having stated the truth, he proceeds to state the cause of the error of idealism; or, rather, to trace its history from the revolution introduced by Descartes to the "most uncritical philosophy" of Kant (p. 323), the vestibule of which he says he cannot be expected to enter, though he does enter it—not, perhaps, with entirely satisfactory results. But it is the historical part of the book that will be read with most interest, and that has, I think, most permanent value, both as a criticism and for his occasional remarks on logic and on Aristotle, which are only what might be expected in clearness and distinctness by those who, like the present writer, have had the good fortune to attend his lectures at Oxford. Descartes, he maintains, in his famous reconstruction of the known world, really began with a hypothetical premise. He found he could suppose he had no body; and he therefore argued that if he had no body his mind and its content would at any rate exist. As a fact, however, we are directly conscious that we have bodies. His premise is purely hypothetical, and the conclusion that mind perceives only mental elements, and not physical elements, is only hypothetical too. Locke simply removes Descartes' hypothesis from the premises to the conclusion (p. 141), and so maintains that all the immediate objects of the understanding are ideas. True, he has a realist theory as well, but the two are not successfully reconciled; and, though he admits reflection and reasoning, yet he further opens the way to a complete and consistent idealism by supposing that reflection and reasoning, as well as sensation, are concerned about "ideas." Berkeley made Locke's idealism logical and consistent, and (Mr. Case holds) wrote the *New Theory of Vision* to support his idealist theory. Mr. Case then traces the development of the theory in Hume and Kant, and winds up with a promise—which it is to be hoped may soon be fulfilled—of a second volume, part of which is already in type, on post-Kantian idealism and the logic of science.

Mr. Case's historical criticism is, I think, for reasons which will appear presently, very much the most valuable part of his work. But it is not all of equal value. A criticism on Berkeley's theory of vision should surely take into account—especially when attacking idealism—the mass of recent work on the subject in Germany and elsewhere. Mr. Case's main attack on Berkeley is directed against his neglect of retinal magnitude, and does not seem to deal at all with the physiological aspects of the question. Still more open to question is the treatment of Hume. Mr. Case regards the *Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*, Hume's later work, as the authorised expression of Hume's views; and the *Treatise*—though containing views by no means retracted in the later work—as of somewhat inferior authority (p. 257). Now, it is precisely these views in the *Treatise* which are the central difficulty of sceptical idealism; and it seems evident, on reading the two works, that Hume, finding no way out of his difficulties, dropped the attitude of the ancient sceptic and assumed that of the modern positive philosopher, attacking metaphysic as a mere device of theologians to enslave mankind, and making an incursion into its domain simply to combat the theologians on their own ground, and to obtain that minimum theory of things which is all that the philosophic agnostic can hope to possess, but which he requires for purposes of action and life. Mr. Case seems entirely to overlook this change of attitude; yet it seems obvious, from a comparison of the first book of the *Treatise*, with its much more elaborate division of ideas, its fuller treatment of mathematics, and especially its examination of space, time, and the soul, with the first chapter of the *Inquiry*. The former belongs to Hume's life as a recluse and inquirer, the latter to his life as a man of the world. Mr. Case seems to quote from them indiscriminately. With Kant, I think, Mr. Case is even less successful. Least of all philosophers can Kant be dealt with apart from his historical antecedents. His *Criticism of Pure Reason* is really a criticism of the metaphysical structure erected by his predecessors. It is an attempt to find a new basis for exact science in the categories and the unity of apperception. Mr. Case seems to treat it as an attempt to idealise further (in spite of Kant's so-called refutation of idealism). It surely should be regarded rather as an attempt to meet Hume's scepticism by a cosmothetic idealism which will admit of natural science rather than by a cosmothetic idealism which will not. Mr. Case seems to me to ignore much of the destructive element in Kant and to misconceive the constructive. I cannot but think that he treats Kant too much as if Kant were solely concerned with the individual mind; and that his misconception is most evident in his treatment of Kant's view of mathematical judgments. He maintains that the propositions of arithmetic are deducible from definitions of the numbers: the true definition of 12 is not 12 = 7 + 5, but 12 = 11 + 1, which is an analytical proposition. Doubtless it is when you know it; but you have to make the synthesis, you have to *count* 11 and 1 are 12, "as anyone may see," says Kant, "by trying large numbers." Yet once made it is made for ever. Kant himself gives an illustration of his meaning as regards geometry. You cannot, by meditating on the definition of a triangle, discover the relation of its interior angles to two right angles. You have to connect these angles in a particular case with two right angles, which you do by interposing certain properties of parallel straight lines. Mr. Case here ignores geometry, and with it Kant's best illustration, and deals with arithmetic, ignoring there Kant's other illustration. But the most surprising feature in Mr. Case's historical examination is the total absence of any criticism of theories of causation. In one place, indeed, he seems to admit both efficient and material causes (p. 30); and throughout the book he tacitly assumes, apparently as involved in the existence of logic, the law of causation. But he neither distinctly justifies his own assumption nor says anything about the various forms of the theory in Locke, Hume, and Kant. I gather, indeed, that he adopts Locke's inconsistent and eminently anthropomorphic theory (*Essay*, ii., c. 21). But he does not appear to mention it; and it is a pity he does not, because it is in the development of the theory of causation that the main strength of modern idealism lies. Once show that causation is reducible to constant sequence, and that "power" is only a name for a generalised expectation of sequences to be perceived by human minds, and all ground is removed for the supposition of unknowable causes of our sensations—"noumena" in Mill's sense—things *per se* behind phenomena. Mr. Case may reply that he has overthrown idealism at an earlier stage of its growth by destroying the relativity of the object of perception; but it is none the less a pity that he did not notice this part of the theory. And does Mr. Case, when he maintains that Kant's philosophy knows of other units than those of arithmetic—for instance, the unity of apperception (p. 368)—really believe that Kant thought that unities of apperception can be counted, or that the Divine Unity can be added to the unity of apperception and the result expressed by 1 + 1 = 2? Moreover, the Divine Unity (p. 368) is most emphatically outside the scope of the *Kritik*. And Mr. Case retains the simple faith in Bacon (pp. 94, 318) which one would expect Liebig's work to have overthrown.

Along with all this debateable matter there is, of course, a great deal of very great interest and value. Incidentally, in the chapter on Hume, we have a sketch of a new theory of inductive logic, amplifying the realistic side of Mill, and substituting the "axiom of generality" for the "law of causation" or "law of the uniformity of nature"—a theory which does not at present seem to me an improvement, but which ought to be developed in an independent work. And nothing can be better than Mr. Case's occasional remarks on Aristotle (*e.g.*, pp. 38, 88, *seq.*), on the procedure of ancient philosophy (p. 38), on the "over-schematising" of logic, and the consequent irrational separation of conception, judgment, and reasoning (p. 317)—though, by the way, the germs of a similar view are to be found in Kant, and the criticism has often been made, though less concisely—his rehabilitation of Lambert's dicta of the three figures (p. 294), his clear separation of Locke's two theories as to the external world, and a number of his incidental remarks on logic (*e.g.*, p. 69) and criticisms, especially on Descartes.

But the fundamental misapprehension of the book is in the very first page. It does not follow that, because the molecules of science have been posited as "imperceptible" or "unimaginable," they are therefore not phenomenal, but "physical" or "material" in Berkeley's sense—things which exist out of relation to our mind. To show this it is only necessary to refer to the history of the molecular hypothesis. Of course, here I share that complete ignorance of science, other than as presented in popular lectures, which besets

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almost all students of the literary side of philosophy; but I believe it will be found that, imperceptible and unimaginable as molecules and aether are now held to be, the notions of them have arisen by gradual modification of sensuous images. This, at least, I gather from books like Lange's *History of Materialism* (*e.g.*, vol. ii., p. 350 *seq.*) and Wundt's *Logik*. The atomic theory, transferred bodily from ancient philosophy—not, as Mr. Case says, by Bacon (p. 94), who was probably little read, but by Bacon's contemporary Gassendi—seems to have been modified by the gradual removal of more and more of the content of the mental picture of the atoms or corpuscles—their rough surfaces and teeth, their differences of shape, even (with Boscovich) their materiality, until it has become the molecular hypothesis. They are now thought of symbolically by most imperfectly presented mental pictures; but they have not been directly discovered or invented by the physicist. The notion has arisen by a gradual whittling down of sensuous presentations. It may be said that we must assume a mind to effect this; but this, though valid as an objection to the scepticism of Hume, is eminently invalid against the modern idealist, who, admitting what Mr. Case says, would yet claim his right to interpret the term "physical" as he pleases, and in mental terms if moral or other phenomena seem to require it. From Prof. Tait let me appeal to his coadjutor Prof. Balfour Stewart, who (in the *Contemporary Review*, July, 1884) has put forward a modified form of the Berkleian theory, and supposes the physical atom to be "the result of an operation performed on itself by a Divine Mind." Or I might refer to the well-known tract of Prof. Dubois Reymond (*Grenzen d. Naturerkennens*), which asserts that our knowledge of nature is in truth no knowledge, but a substitute for an explanation; that a physical atom is occasionally a useful fiction" (p. 20); and that, in short, the dark, dumb world of the molecular physicist is merely a mode in which we represent the causal conjunction of phenomena. Now, these authorities approach the question from the purely scientific side. How, then, can it be held, as Mr. Case does, that idealism is incompatible with the molecular theory of scientific men?

All through the book, in short, the reader is constantly asking this question: What does Mr. Case mean by *physical*? Not (apparently) unperceived by the Divine Mind, but: not constructed out of our sensations. For Mr. Case holds that a Divine Mind can be inferred as a first cause from nature. But, as Mr. Case holds that the Divine Mind both perceives and sustains the physical, and the human mind infers it, is he not offending against the rule of Occam? May not "the physical" be, as Dubois Reymond seems to imply, an ideal construction; or as Berkeley and Prof. Balfour Stewart would say, some kind of mode or result of the Divine Mind? But to maintain this latter position would be to follow Mr. Case into a region where philosophy had best not penetrate. The future historian, finding that Mr. Case holds that certain axioms are the laws of the forms of logical processes, but not premises in the processes (p. 292), may point out that this is very like Kant's view of certain of his *a priori* principles, and may write a book on the "Apriorism of Case" as a companion to Dr. Webb's *Intellectualism of Locke*. A very moderate amount of interpretation indeed—assisted by the doctrine "Entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem"—would convert the creed here put forward into idealism.

I must, however, most earnestly deprecate Mr. Case's appeals to Christians (p. 379), and, in particular, his introduction of a mystery of the Christian faith (p. 194). The experience of centuries has shown that philosophy, equally with natural science, is, as Bacon said, not to be sought in Scripture; and considering that the Christian creed has been successfully held with every form of philosophical theory, from "crass" materialism to the purest idealism, its interest is not very likely to be promoted by Mr. Case placing the only way of salvation in a new form of realism. It is true that this appeal may be regarded as a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*, mainly of local and temporary interest; but none the less is it to be deprecated. Mr. Case's natural theology, too (*e.g.* p. 211), is now, one would have thought, untenable except as matter of faith. Indeed, I have sometimes been tempted to regard his whole book as a kind of *argumentum ad hominem*—an appeal to the Oxford Greats man, who knows there is a science school, but has just been staggered by Mill's psychological theory of the belief in an external world—but not as an effective attack on the kind of idealism which is now current among more advanced students. Perhaps this view is too narrow; but it is to his next volume (with its chapters on Hegel, p. 380) that we must look for an attack which shall possess "actuality." However, whether we are idealists or realists, I cannot but think that the most effective argument for a true "physical realism" will be found in post-Kantian and not in pre-Cartesian philosophy. It is to will, to emotion, to morals (as Kant and Feuerbach indicated) that we must look for proof of external existence: not to an analysis of the theory of knowledge, which ends at last in an ambiguous term. But it ought to be possible to formulate the logic of science independently of metaphysical theory; and I can only hope that a future volume may fill up the sketch of induction, deduction, and analogy, which is a kind of parenthesis in his chapter on Hume.

James Saumarez Mann.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALLEGED HITTITE TABLETS IN BERLIN.

London: Jan. 25, 1889.

With reference to a note in the Academy of January 19, I wrote to Prof. Eberhard Schrader, of Berlin, the distinguished Assyriologist; and I have been favoured with the following reply. It will be seen that the last announcement of the disappearance of the Hittite mystery resembles some which had preceded:

"It is not quite right that 'a large number of cuneiform tablets have reached Berlin, which are in the Hittite language, some of them being bilingual,' &c. There is here only *one* tablet in *cuneiform* characters, which is *not* written in the Assyrian or Babylonian language. The language *may be* Hittite. This is one of the Tell-el-Amarna tablets. A bilingual inscription *in the common sense* does not exist here."

Thomas Tyler.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Mr. Francis Galton has long been engaged upon certain problems that lie at the base of the science of heredity. The more important of his results, set forth in an orderly way, together with a large amount of new matter, will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in a volume to be entitled *Natural Inheritance*.

The medals and funds to be given at the anniversary meeting of the Geological Society on February 15 have been awarded by the Council as follows: The Wollaston Medal to Prof. T. G. Bonney, the Murchison Medal to Prof. Prof. James Geikie, the Lyell Medal to Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins, and the Bigsby Medal to Mr. J. J. Harris Teall; the balance of the Wollaston Fund to Mr. A. Smith Woodward, of the British Museum; that of the Murchison Fund to Mr. Grenville A. J. Cole, of the Science Schools, South Kensington; and that of the Lyell Fund to M. L. Dollo, of the Royal Museum at Brussels.

The fifteenth general meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching was held on Saturday, January 19, at University College, London. After the reading of the report of the council, Mr. R. B. Hayward, who had been president for eleven years, resigned the presidency; and the post was conferred on Mr. G. M. Minchin, professor of applied mathematics in the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill. In the place of Mr. Moulton, Mr. Hayward was elected a vice-president; while the other vice-presidents—the Rev. G. Richardson, Mr. R. Levett, and Mr. R. Tucker—retain their posts. In the course of his valedictory address, the retiring president remarked that, though they had not quite attained the expectations of some of their more ardent reformers, still they had met with a fair measure of success. Their influence was rather indirect than direct; and it must be expected that their advance would be, while steady, yet comparatively slow. The new president (Prof. Minchin) read a paper on "The Vices of our Scientific Education."

Rumours have recently been rife in chemical circles to the effect that Prof. Krüss, of Munich, has effected the decomposition of nickel and cobalt. It appears from a communication published in the *Chemical News* that Dr. Krüss has actually split up each of these metals, regarded previously as elementary bodies, into two parts, and found that both metals contain a common constituent. He has succeeded in obtaining green so-called nickel salts from the red cobalt salts and the colourless salts of the common component; while he has, on the contrary, transformed green nickel salts into red cobalt salts and other constituents. The characters of the new body obtained from both nickel and cobalt are not yet fully known, but they indicate a metal hitherto unrecognised.

The Faculty of Natural Sciences of the Florence University have conferred on Mr E. H. Man, author of *The Aboriginal Inhabitants of the Andaman Isles* (Trübner), the Galileo medal for special merit in the cause of science, and for valuable collections sent to their museums. Mr. Man last year received a gold medal from the Emperor of Austria for a collection of Nicobarese objects presented to the Imperial Museum at Vienna.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

Mr. James George Scott, of the Burmese Service, has found time, in spite of the arduous duties of his frontier post, to collect and send home to his brother, the bursar of St. John's College, Cambridge, a very valuable selection

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of Pāli, Burmese, and Shan MSS. Among the former are the Pātika Vagga of the great Dīgha Nikāya, complete, with a commentary in Pāli; a complete copy of the Yamakas; a portion of Buddhaghosa's Sumangala Vilāsinī, and the whole of the Attha Sālinī, his first work; and a copy of the Sārattha Dīpani *Tīkā*, an important mediæval treatise on Buddhist Canon Law. Besides these well-known standard works, there is also the MS. of a considerable treatise on Buddhist ethics hitherto unknown, entitled the Mani Sāra Mañjūsā. Prof. Rhys Davids and Prof. Carpenter have issued the first volume of their edition of the Sumangala. With that exception, all the above works are unedited. Among the Burmese books is a translation of the celebrated "Questions of Milinda," in which the Greek king Menander discusses Buddhist ethics with the elder named Nāgasena.

Prof. Menayeff, of St. Petersburg, is editing, for the Pali Text Society, the Bodhicaryāvatāra, a Sanskrit work on the Buddha's attainment of the supreme insight, or Bodhi.

Mr. Bunyin Nanjio, formerly of Oxford, and the author of the excellent catalogue of Chinese Buddhist books published by the Clarendon Press, has nearly completed an edition of Saddharma-pundarīka, already translated by Prof. Kern for the series of "Sacred Books of the East."

A work on the Evolution of Hebrew by Dr. Edkins, of Peking, will be published immediately by Messrs. Trübner & Co. He represents the current Hebrew syntax as modern and the syntax revealed in many parts of the paradigms of verbs as ancient. He finds that in the oldest forms of the language there is proof that the nominative preceded the verb and the adjective the substantive. But if Semitic languages can be reduced to a form where Semitic peculiarities disappear, it becomes possible to derive Semitic speech from an old type which has, farther east, given origin to the Tartar (Ural Altaic) and Chinese families. Prof. Sayce, in his *Introduction to the Science of Language*, has recognised that Semitic tongues have borrowed some characteristics from old Egyptian. Before these borrowings, Dr. Edkins aims to prove that Semitic speech was monosyllabic, and had a natural syntax like the Chinese.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Entomological Society, *Anniversary Meeting.*—(*Wednesday, Jan. 16.*)

Dr. D. Sharp, president, in the chair.—An abstract of the treasurer's accounts, showing a balance in the society's favour, was read by Mr. Osbert Salvin, one of the auditors; and Mr. H. Goss read the report of the council. It was announced that the following gentlemen had been elected as officers and council for 1889: president, Lord Walsingham; treasurer, Mr. E. Saunders; secretaries, Mr. H. Goss and Canon Fowler; librarian, Mr. F. Grut: council, Mr. H. W. Bates, Capt. H. J. Elwes, Mr. W. H. B. Fletcher, Mr. F. DuCane Godman, Prof. R. Meldola, Dr. P. B. Mason, Mr. Osbert Salvin, and Dr. D. Sharp.—Dr. Sharp, the outgoing president, then delivered an address, for which a vote of thanks to him was moved by Capt. Elwes, seconded by Mr. Salvin, and carried.—A vote of thanks to the treasurer, secretaries, and librarian was moved by Mr. J. W. Dunning, seconded by Lord Walsingham, and carried. Mr. Saunders, Mr. Goss, and Mr. Grut severally replied.

Meteorological Society.—(*Wednesday, Jan. 16.*)

Dr. W. Marcet, president, in the chair.—The report of the council showed that a large amount of work had been done during the past year, and that considerable progress had been made in the investigation of one of the most interesting and hitherto neglected branches of meteorology—viz., thunderstorms.—Forty-nine new fellows were elected last year, the total number on the books now being 525.—The president delivered an address on "Fogs," illustrated by a number of interesting lantern slides. Fogs and clouds are one and the same thing. A cloud is a fog when entered into; and a fog seen from a distance, suspended in the air, becomes a cloud. After describing the various kinds of fog—*e.g.*, river, sea, Newfoundland, radiation, town, &c., fogs—Dr. Marcet referred to London fogs. Dr. Tyndall has accounted for them by assuming each particle of condensed vapour to be covered by coal smoke. These fogs usually accompany a high barometer, and are frequently dry in their character. It is a well-known fact that cold air on the tops of hills, being heavier than the air below, slides down the slopes, so that the lower parts of the hill-sides are actually colder than the plains at some distance from the hills. Now London, in the Thames Valley, is surrounded by hills—to the north, Highgate, Hampstead, and Harrow; in a westerly direction, Putney and Wimbledon; and in a more southerly direction, Clapham and Sydenham. The air is colder on these hills than in London with its millions of inhabitants, its coal-fires and factories, hence it is heavier, and will have a great tendency to slide down the hills towards the town and river. Should the air in town be on the point of saturation, and the cold air from above saturated with vapour, it is obvious that the increased cold from above will produce a precipitation of moisture, and it will come to pass that a fog is produced. If the hill-tops be not only colder than the air below, but enveloped in a fog, it stands to reason that the fog below will be all the denser, and especially in the neighbourhood of water, such as the River Thames and the ornamental waters in the parks. The following were elected the officers and council for the ensuing year:—President: Dr W. Marcet. Vice-Presidents: F. C. Bayard, H. F. Blandford, W. Ellis, R. Inwards. Treasurer: H. Perigal. Trustees: Hon. F. A. R. Russell, S. W. Silver. Secretaries: G. J. Symons, Dr. J. W. Tripe Foreign Secretary: R. H. Scott. Council: E. D. Archibald, W. M. Beaufort, A. Brewin, G. Chatterton, W. H. Dines, F. B. Edmonds, C. Harding, B. Latham, Captain J. P. Maclear, E. Mawley, H. Southall, Dr. C. T. Williams.

Royal Asiatic Society.—(*Monday, Jan. 21.*)

Sir W. W. Hunter in the chair.—The secretary read an abstract of a paper by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, on "The Djurtchen of Manchuria." This interesting people occupied an important position in Central Asia during the Middle Ages. Their rulers, under the name of the Kin or "Golden" Dynasty, reigned over the northern half of China; and it was only the all-powerful Mongols who were able to oust them. But very little is known either of their language or of their literature; and even the correct spelling and pronunciation of their name has been open to doubt. All that we know of them is derived from Chinese sources; and the Chinese writing being uncertain in its reproduction of foreign words, European writers have spelt their name in very different ways. By a comparison of all the forms of it given by Chinese authors, the professor concludes that the name of the people, as used by themselves, must have been Djurtchen. Remains of their language have been discovered in vocabularies drawn up for the use of the Interpreters' College in Pekin, which were, probably, studied there as late as 1658. There is a copy of these vocabularies preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and Dr. Hirth, of the German Consular Service, has lately discovered another. The Djurtchen had two forms of writing—a larger and a smaller. The former has been found used on the celebrated bilingual inscription of Lang Kinn Salikan, erected in 1134, and several times published in Europe. The smaller ones have been supposed to be those of one of the six used in another celebrated inscription—that of Kin-yung-kwan; but they are not really so. A sketch of the known history of the Djurtchen concluded the paper; and in the course of this it was shown that they were descended from the same stock, but were not the direct ancestors of the Mandchus, and that it was almost certainly the Djurtchen dynasty who originated the wearing of the pigtail, generally introduced into China, as a national fashion, since 1627.

Royal Society of Literature.—(*Wednesday, January 23.*)

Dr. W. Knighton in the chair.—A paper was read, on "Ariosto and the romance of Chivalry in Italy," by Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael, foreign secretary. Starting from the fact that Ariosto did not seek out a subject for his great poem, but found it ready to hand in the popular Italian version of the Carolingian cycle, the reader argued that this cycle must have been long established in Italy to be current among the people, as a folk-song, when Pulci wove it into his "Morgante Maggiore." It was certainly, therefore, a popular possession long before it was made a delight for men of letters. But in Italy, the reader believed the romance of chivalry never really took root, for it was never seriously accepted as in other lands. In Italy it was always matter for jest and merriment, and not for encouragement to the crusading spirit. In support of this view, the reader gave specimens alike of the Roland Legend, as it appears in the pseudo-Turpin, and of characteristic passages from the works of Pulci and Boiardo, as well as of Ariosto, showing the very different aspects of the legend in the hands of the authors of the original epic and of its Italian version. The crusading spirit the reader considered to have been dead in Italy and in Europe generally in the days of Ariosto as in those of Tasso, beyond possibility of revival. Ariosto was capable of almost Danteesque writing, as in his description of Suspicion; he was a powerful satirist, as in his description of Discord and Silence; he was a great Italian poet, but he was not the poet of Italy.—The chairman stated that he thought that the reader had scarcely placed Ariosto upon so high a pinnacle in Italian literature as he might have done. For his part, he believed in him as an earnest writer; and, though he might be satirical, yet he was quite as frequently serious.—Dr. Tacopo Arata, from Genoa, congratulated Mr. Carmichael upon his appreciation of Ariosto, and expressed general agreement with the views he had enunciated. — Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, after intimating a doubt as to the possibility of foreign critics ever really comprehending the full force of a writer—a remarkable instance of which was visible even in German criticism upon Shakspere—went on to declare his opinion that an author leading the frugal and modest life which Ariosto did could hardly be other than earnest in composition.

The Society for Psychical Research.—(*Friday, Jan. 25.*)

Prof. Sidgwick, president, in the chair.—The president explained the attitude of the society, as represented by its most active investigators, in reference to the physical phenomena of spiritualism. They held now—as when the society was founded—that there were good grounds for treating the question of the genuineness of these phenomena as open, and as deserving of serious and systematic investigation; but as they had resolved to avoid paid mediums, and as no conclusion could be reasonably arrived at without repeated experiments under rigorous conditions, the difficulties of obtaining suitable opportunities for investigation were very great. He hoped, however, that these difficulties would be overcome.—Mr. T. Barkworth then read a paper on "The Analogy between Hypnotic Phenomena and certain Experiences of the Normal Consciousness," in which, after discussing the extent to which automatism can be carried in musical improvisation, &c., he distinguished two types of memory—the one operating by successive concatenated impressions, the second by a homogeneous pictorial impression—and brought evidence from hypnotic phenomena to show that this pictorial memory belongs especially to that state.

FINE ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

I.

The second series of Examples of British Art from 1737 to 1837 proves no less attractive than its predecessor. As before, a good deal of its interest consists in lesser works by great men, and in examples of lesser men of whom

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the ordinary public of these days knows little or nothing; but to the students of the English school, as a school, such pictures are very welcome in filling up gaps in existing knowledge and in testifying to the fact that, outside the few great names of English art, there are others whose works are worthy of study and admiration. No view of English art can be complete without taking into consideration the small as well as the great; and it is the special value of such exhibitions as this that the small and the great appear together in something like their proper proportion, as elements of the body of worthy pictorial effort in England during the century which produced them.

All the greater artists of the early part of the century are represented, and several of them by masterpieces, while of others the show is unusually fine. This is especially the case with the Norwich school, the Cromes being numerous and of very high quality. The same may be said of the Vincents; and of Cotman there is probably his masterpiece in oil, though unfortunately not in the best condition. By Morland there are a number of choice examples. Of less-known men the most fully represented is Edward Bristow, the painter of rustic scenes and animals. Excellently drawn is his "Old White Mare" (71). The state of landscape art before Gainsborough is illustrated by examples of George Barret, Sen., the artist who flourished while Wilson starved; and of Wootton, to whose works the early landscapes of Gainsborough show a likeness. Then, belonging more to the Morland group, we have works by Ibbetson and De Lontherbourg—scenic and rustic at the same time—and a bright and highly finished example of Richard Corbould, half Zuccarelli, half Gainsborough. As little known to the present generation are the names of H. D. Hamilton, John Russell, and Daniel Gardner, the pastellists; and even the example of George Knapton, who was a master in this art as then practised, will be a surprise to many. Those who know their Boydell *Shakspere* will be glad to meet the Rev. Matthew William Peters again; and the name of Henry Singleton will remind many others of the charmingly engraved book of illustrations published by Sharp and others. Henry Walton has a newer sound; and the two examples of his work, especially a lady on a sofa with a grey dress and a big muff, are charming in their broad treatment and well-selected colour. It will not be of so much advantage to the fame of other artists that their works should be seen here. Of the portraits by George Dawe and M. King, and of a dreadful pastel of William Chaworth, by one Stanley, the less said critically the better; but this last, like some other works, has an interest apart from its skill.

To begin with the great painters. There are fourteen examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and fourteen of Romney, nine Gainsboroughs, six Wilsons, thirteen Old Cromes, four Turners, six Hogarths, and three Wilkies; and many of them are of a high class. The Queen sends Wilkie's "Penny Wedding" (47) and "Blindman's Buff" (45). They look rather brown, and the former thin and faded; but both are still inimitable in spirit and character, and in that charming union of high spirits and fidelity to humble life with refinement and sense of beauty which mark his rendering of such subjects. The most important contribution to our knowledge of Sir Joshua are the portraits lent by the Earl of Aylesford. They include Henry, the fourth earl (23), somewhat surly, with his left hand in his breeches pocket; Frances, Countess of Dartmouth (46), an exquisite example of the master. Piquant but natural, with her pretty fingers interlaced, reminding us a little of Mrs. Abington, she sits in the open air with her left arm resting on the trunk of a tree. It is charming in colour and composition. Lord Dartmouth (95) is a worthy pendant to the countess, and the Marquis of Granby (76), with claymore and cuirass, is full of vigour and character. Of more ordinary quality are the second Earl of Aylesford (173) and the fourth Countess (91). Lord Burton sends one of the best preserved and most finely coloured of all Sir Joshua's works—the half-lengths of the Masters Gawler with their Newfoundland dog (50); a glowing portrait of Mrs. Morris, fine and meditative; and one of the most vigorous and pleasant of the artist's many portraits of Admiral Keppel (40). An early, rather green, but simple and agreeable portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, with a rose at her breast, from the Albemarle collection is lent by Mr. E. L. Raphael. Of Sir Joshua's children it would be difficult to find a sweeter than Sir Robert Harvey's little Miss Harvey, with her sunny hair (83); and we are glad to see again the vigorous little maiden "crossing the brook with her struggling curly haired dog" (57). The Marquis of Lansdowne sends the celebrated portrait of Sterne (65), his head against his hand; and one of John Denis, the first Marquis of Sligo (127), is lent by the present possessor of the title.

Reynolds's rivals, Gainsborough and Romney, are also well represented—the former by the ever welcome "Mall in St. James's Park" (4), so charmingly described by Hazlitt as "all in a motion and flutter, like a lady's fan." Lord Howe sends a full-length portrait of his ancestor, the Admiral (70), grave and manly, and full of reserved thought and power, which worthily occupies the centre of the north wall of the great room. Sir Richard Garth is to be congratulated on the possession of the finely sketched head of Mrs. Lowndes Stone (84), in which for once the artist seems to have caught something of Romney's feeling; and Mr. E. L. Raphael's Hon. Mrs. Fane (86), though rather dirty in the shadows, is a sweet and desirable possession. Mr. Colquhoun's landscape (98) looks rich behind its glass, but it is difficult to get more than an impression of it; and Miss Ethel Mortlock's brilliant landscape, with cattle on a bridge, deserves a note, if only for its curious composition.

Romney is seen in all his moods. His fine feeling for beauty, and also something of his artificial fancy, is seen in the charming, if rather affected, portrait of Mrs. Jordan, belonging to Mr. Cuthbert Quilter (20); the arms are beautifully drawn. Lady Hamilton we have, of course, now as "Miranda" (8), and now as "Euphrosyne," two seraphic heads only, belonging to Mr. J. Whitehead. Of a more simple charm is the rapid and masterly sketch of Lady Sligo (125), lent by the present marquis. Of Romney's children there are also some delightful examples, "simplex munditiis" as only his children are. The Rev. E. Wickham's Miss F. Sage (99), though her flesh looks a little rough and red, as it sometimes does in Romney's work, is charmingly fresh and natural in her pretty white satin frock; and of the two boys it is difficult to choose between the little man in brown, lent by Mr. G. E. B. Eyre (138), and the younger John Fane, in white frock and red shoes, which Lord Burton sends. The young Lord Burghersh (146), on the other hand, is a failure. Two portraits, said to be of the artist, by himself, are also there. One, a head, pale and thoughtful (81), belongs to Mr. J. Whitehead; the other, a three-quarter length bending forward on a raised knee with a palette and brushes in his left hand, is vigorous and carefully modelled, but rather hard. It is lent by Mr. Humphrey Ward (151). Of the other portrait painters, Hudson is represented by a portrait of Anne, Countess of Devonshire—very stiff and stately, with a coronet on a gilded console table—a good example of the condition of English portrait painting between Kneller and Reynolds. There are also some portraits by Opie, Hoppner, Lawrence, Cotes, Sir W. Beechey, Raeburn, and Wright of Derby, which we must leave unnoticed, at least for the present.

As there is a query affixed in the catalogue to the name of the painter of the very characteristic and interesting little portrait of Samuel Richardson the novelist, which is lent by Sir John Neeld, and it is not on record that Hogarth ever painted the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, we may be pardoned for not accepting the ascription; and we confess to have considerable doubt as to whether Hogarth had any hand in painting the lanky and ill-proportioned but spirited figures in that view of Spencer House, with the Green Park and its square pond, which is lent by Earl Spencer, and charms us by its pleasant primness and stiff fidelity. If it be by him, he has based his landscape on the clear, quaint, and, in its way, admirable art of Samuel Scott, his friend, whose delightful view of the Thames (172) forms such an excellent pendant to this "Spencer House." Not better drawn, but more characteristic of Hogarth in the incorrectness of its drawing, is Mrs. Wollaston's "conversation piece" of the Thornhill family (102) (How we wish that Mr. Armstrong had told us who the different members were! Is not even Mrs. Hogarth to be identified?); and the same sense of authenticity accompanies Mrs. Gough Nicholl's "Musical Study: Handel at the Organ, with Portraits of Farinelli, Mrs. Foxe Lane, and a Family of Distinction in Cheshire" (116). Doubt again creeps in when we look at Mr. C. Morrison's "The Punch Club" (103)—though not for the same reason—for this is evidently a version of one of Hogarth's best-known compositions—the "Midnight Modern Conversation." But of all the Hogarths, the only one which at all represents his maturer skill is Mr. John Murray's "The Beggars' Opera" (9). Other versions of this subject exist. Two were shown at the Grosvenor last year—one belonging to the Duke of Leeds and the other to Mr. Louis Huth; but there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of this.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRINITY COLLEGE DIPTYCH IN THE STUART EXHIBITION.

London: Jan. 26, 1889.

In none of the notices of this fine picture (including the detailed and interesting one in the ACADEMY of January 19) is there any reference to the fact that fifteen years ago the commonly assigned date (1484), and the attribution of one of the portraits, that of James IV., were challenged by a very able critic—the late David Laing, LL.D., of the Signet Library, Edinburgh—on strong historical grounds.

Mr. Laing was chiefly instrumental in getting it restored to Edinburgh in 1857 by the Queen's command, and contributed a short paper to the *Proceedings* of the Scottish Antiquaries in that year (vol. iii.), principally to record the grounds on which Her Majesty had directed its restoration, after an absence of about three hundred years. He did not then question the date, first assigned by Pinkerton in his *Iconographia Scotica* (1797), or the description there of the personages represented. But sixteen years later he came to the conclusion that the painting must be twelve or fourteen years earlier than 1484, and that the young prince represented was not the future James IV.; and he contributed a supplementary paper to the Scottish Antiquaries' *Proceedings* in 1873 (vol. x., p. 310), giving full reasons for his opinion. I will briefly re-state these historical points, having

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myself been obliged to study the period closely, as I think that the conclusions of such a man as David Laing—not only a historical antiquary of the first rank, but a good judge of art as well—should not be passed over lightly.

Mr. Laing said (1) such a painting must have had some definite object in its composition. Now, from 1478 or 1479 till his melancholy death at Sauchieburn in 1488, James III. was embroiled, first with his brothers Albany and Mar, and then with his nobles and people; and, during this era of ten years, there was no conceivable reason why such a painting should have been executed; (2) the youth of the two principal figures, the king and queen. Both are apparently under twenty, the queen considerably less, and both far too young to be the parents of the boy of fourteen or fifteen kneeling behind the king.

James III., the survivor of twin brothers, was born in the castle of St. Andrews between January 7 and 22, 1452-3, and was married to Margaret of Denmark in July, 1469, at the age of seventeen, the queen being four or five years younger. Their eldest son, afterwards James IV., was born on March 20, 1472-3. No one can look at the two figures, the king and young prince kneeling behind him, and believe that a difference of twenty years existed in their respective ages, or that the youthful queen was the young prince's mother. Mr. Laing, therefore, did not hesitate to suggest that the painting was intended to commemorate the marriage and coronation of the youthful queen in July, 1469, and possibly might have taken a twelvemonth or more before completion. It served the twofold purpose (1) of an altar piece for Trinity College Kirk, and (2) to connect the marriage ceremonial with its consecration. Sir Edward Boncle (not Boukil), the first provost, and confessor of the late queen mother, Mary of Gueldres, its foundress, who died in 1463, offers a soul-mass at the high altar, near which she was buried. The kneeling youth is probably Alexander, Duke of Albany, next brother of the king, who, having been born in 1454, was in 1469 fourteen or fifteen years old, just the age he appears to be in the painting.

I have confined myself strictly to historical points, not touching on the art question—for anyone with an eye, though not an artist, can judge of the respective ages of the figures; but I may say that Mr. Laing pronounced for Hugo van der Goes having been the painter, which he could not have been on the theory of its execution in 1484. I was much struck with Mr. Phillips's analysis and suggestion that the panel with Sir Edward Boncle's portrait, was of earlier date than the others, in a different and higher style of art, and undoubtedly by Van der Goes. It is certainly a noble portrait, and shows a master's hand. The other figures are much stiffer and not so freely or boldly handled, with, perhaps, the exception of St. Andrew. But I may remark that in all these panels, except that of the Trinity, portions of the architecture of the church are given, which are quite recognisable, clearly showing that all have relation to the same subject. One would scarcely think that Sir Edward Boncle would have his likeness painted at an earlier date than those of his royal master and mistress. Yet there is a difference in the work, however it arose.

JOSEPH BAIN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE hear that Mr. F. G. Prangé—formerly a prominent member of the fine arts committee of the Liverpool town council, and one of the founders of the Arts Club of that city—will henceforward be associated with Sir Coutts Lindsay as manager of the art department of the Grosvenor Gallery.

THE election of Mr. W. L. Wyllie to the Associateship of the Academy has been something of a surprise. Mr. Wyllie's art is vivacious and generally interesting; but he has hardly shown himself a colourist. We understand that Mr. George Lawson, the sculptor, and Mr. Ernest Waterlow stood next to Mr. Wyllie as to the number of votes obtained, so that Mr. Sergent's claims do not seem to have been very seriously considered, and those of Mr. Albert Moore have long been accustomed to be passed by. Where was Mr. Alfred Hunt too? And where Sir James Linton? We do not speak of the quite young men—Mr. Solomon and Mr. J. J. Shannon. They can quite afford to wait, because it is a certainty, and not a chance, that they wait for.

THE exhibitions to open next week comprise: (1) the annual spring water-colour exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; (2) a series of sketches and drawings of "Sussex Scenery"—painted principally in the neighbourhood of Arundel, Amberley, Bury, Burpham, and Slindon—by Mr. E. M. Wimperis, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, in New Bond Street; and (3) a collection of water-colour drawings of "North Wales Scenery," by Mr. E. P. Bucknall, at the Burlington Gallery, in Old Bond Street.

THE New English Art Club has made arrangements to hold a second exhibition of modern works of art, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Among the successful candidates at the recent election to membership of the society were M. Maurice Lobse and M. Helleu, whose pictures attracted so much attention at the recent pastel exhibition.

MR. W. J. LINTON will deliver a course of Cantor Lectures before the Society of Arts, on "Wood Engraving," on Monday, February 11 and 18. In the first lecture he will trace the history of his subject from the times of the Babylonians and Egyptians to the making of playing-cards. The various forms of block books will be described, and the work of Albert Dürer and his influence on the art of engraving on wood will be discussed. In the second lecture he will deal with Holbein's "Dance of Death," the engravings of Lutzelburger, and other works, leading up to the English schools as represented by Clennell, Bewick, Thompson, and Harvey, and ending with the influence of photography upon the art of wood engraving.

IT is proposed to hold an exhibition of art decoration and art applied to manufactures, during the months of April, May, June, and July of this year, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The exhibition will include tapestry, embroidery, wall-papers, ceramics, wood carving and turning, metal wares, bookbinding and art work generally. The object is to make known the many beautiful designs, processes, fabrics, and wares generally, that are now being produced in the United Kingdom; to encourage art workers; to arouse a spirit of emulation among art manufacturers; and to elevate the taste of the public.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES'S new plate—of which four different printings, all in the same proof "state," were exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's on Saturday—is an extremely important dry-point, in which he has translated most delicately into all requisite gradations of "black and white" one of Frans Hals's great Haarlem pictures—the "Banquet of the Officers of Archers." The spiritedness of the translation is that which first of all strikes the observer of the print, so much of the vivacity of this seemingly most energetic and decisive of the Dutch masters being suggested, even at once, by Mr. Menpes's work. And, in truth, that is due to the fact that so very little of the mechanical has entered into any part of this young artist's labour. Instead of being the translation of a translator, this is the translation of an original practitioner of art, who has his own methods and sees things in his own way. Thus it remains brisk as well as faithful. The plate is not yet finished. Certain work at the side, which looks, in its present state, comparatively flat and dull, will before long be brought up, without doubt, to that standard of brilliancy and expressiveness reached in the centre of the composition. And that standard, as we have already indicated, is exceptionally high. But there is another point of view from which Mr. Menpes's new plate—in its character an unexpected successor of his charming etched visions of Japan—deserves to be regarded. The print is a triumphant vindication of the capacities of dry-point, an eloquent witness to the advantages of this "positive" method, as Mr. Humphry Ward calls it in his little pamphlet. It will surprise many who have seen it when we tell them that it is executed wholly without "biting." Nothing, therefore, of its effect has been left for the artist merely to guess at. He has gone through his performance with a line engraver's certainty, but with more than his spontaneity. Yet again, this dry-point has the advantage of being printed by the artist himself, Mr. Menpes, with his art feeling, being determined to carry out to the full—even to the one hundred and seventy-fifth impression—the principle long ago acted upon, we may be sure, by Rembrandt, and, since then, laid down, and acted upon too, by those distinguished masters, Mr. Whistler and Mr. Seymour Haden.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE will lecture on "Turner and his *Liber Studiorum*" at the Oldham Free Public Library on February 25.

THE STAGE.

"THE MERRY WIVES" AND "HAMLET."

"THE Merry Wives of Windsor"—which has been given lately at the Haymarket at several *matinées*—is now to be transferred, for a while, to "the evening bill." It is a comedy not frequently presented; and a certain curiosity to see it will no doubt be sufficient to fill the theatre during the very few weeks in which it can be played, for Mr Tree has arranged to produce at Easter the new piece by Mr. Henry A. Jones, to which we look forward with interest.

The present performance of "The Merry Wives" is smooth and discreet, rather than brilliant. Mr. Tree's own impersonation of Falstaff is undoubtedly a *tour de force*. The make-up is, as is usual with this actor, quite excellent; and no fault at all is to be found with Mr. Tree's bearing, and very little with his delivery. But of that which Coleridge—was it not?—described as Falstaff's "golden temper," there *is*, in the impersonation, insufficient evidence. Falstaff, it is true, was rather under a cloud throughout the greater part of the piece: it is elsewhere—it is not in "The Merry Wives"—that he is placed in the circumstances which best develop his natural charm. Yet the very proof of a "golden temper" is that it is charming under other skies than the blue skies of prosperity. Mr. Tree's Falstaff has, of course, to bear disaster and discomfiture reasonably well—or he would not be Shaksperian in the slightest degree. He does, indeed, suggest a pleasant person, and a person too entirely satisfied with himself to

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be ever, for any length of time, profoundly dissatisfied with other people. But he is suave rather than genial, agreeable rather than sunny. And, the sunshine of the character being to some extent missed, it is inevitable that a greater emphasis should seem to be placed on all that is coarse and gross. The actor, we are sure, has no intentions of this sort. "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—Heaven knows!—is gross enough in dialogue in any case: so gross that, at the present time of day, no undue violence would be done to Shakspere by spending a careful five minutes in the moderate Bowdlerisation of the text. But, without any intention whatever of emphasising the coarseness of piece and part, such an impersonation as Mr. Tree is able to present of Falstaff does result in that direction—has unquestionably that tendency. His is a performance which we are glad to have had the opportunity of seeing. It is interesting, and even highly ingenious, though it is far from being ideal.

Three or four actors of position are associated with Mr. Tree in the performance of "The Merry Wives"; but one of them—Mr. Lionel Brough—cannot, it is said, because of other engagements, appear in the evening. There have been occasions when Mr. Brough has been overrated, and it is perfectly possible that his "Host of the Garter" is not very Shaksperian; but it is at least a performance of rollocking force, by an actor not only alive to the opportunities for stage effect, but capable of taking advantage of them. Mr. Kemble, who plays Dr. Caius, is an artist who never disappoints. His personality—his voice, for instance, as a part of it—sets limits, very likely, to his achievements; but never at the Haymarket has he made a failure, and he has made some brilliant successes. The cheery utterance and method of Mr. Righton are of service in the part of Sir Hugh Evans. Mr. Brookfield, as Master Slender, at all events suggests foolishness and emptiness. Mr. Macklin does not take the jealousy of Mr. Ford quite seriously enough. That worthy had, seemingly, good grounds for apprehensions, which were not, we may be certain, entertained in jest. Miss Alice Lingard, who knows her business, and Miss Rose Leclercq, who is wont to have a measure of distinction and of charm, are wanting a little in something that it is not quite easy to define—in "colour" I think I must call it—as the Merry Wives. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree—always intelligent and graceful, and with voice "softly freighted"—is seen to some advantage as Anne Page. The part demands, of course, no exhibition whatever of high dramatic qualities; nay, more, it may be rendered rather tepidly, and yet not rendered ill

The re-appearance of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and especially his re-appearance in "Hamlet," has been the sufficient justification for the withdrawal from the Princess's of a good melodrama, very well acted. The piece which is at once the most profound and the most popular of all Shaksperian tragedies, was played on Monday night, and will be repeated every night next week. This is not the moment for doing more than expressing, in a sentence or two, the satisfaction of the public at Mr. Barrett's return, and the continued excellence of a performance about which, as the actor reminded us on Monday, in his speech, about a mile of printed matter has been written. Mr. Barrett's view of Hamlet is original, shrewd, thoroughly reasonable; and on the stage he carries out his conception with completeness and skill. Of always dignified bearing, and impressive of speech, he is admirable in his suggestions of chivalry and of good fellowship. Nor does the meditative side of the character suffer at all in his hands—whatever may be the case with the purely poetic. But, indeed, the time has gone by for lengthy criticism of a performance so acceptable and so widely accepted. Now, as heretofore, the hand of the chief actor is discernible in the action of the whole play. The representation—albeit not precisely what it was when Mr. Barrett was sole tenant of the theatre—is wonderfully stirring, and, in a good sense, realistic. Miss Eastlake's Ophelia has lost nothing in tenderness, and has perhaps even gained in power. Her mad scenes are (what they have always been) very remarkable studies.

Frederick Wedmore.

STAGE NOTES.

Mr. Charles Pond's second recital at Prince's Hall, on Wednesday, January 23, proved very interesting. He disappointed his audience a little by restricting himself entirely to serious subjects. But the rugged force and pathos with which he delivered the third act of "Othello" fully compensated for the absence of lighter fare from the programme. The most interesting feature of the evening's performance was the recitation of two early scenes from "Macbeth," in which Mr. Pond, as the thane, was assisted by Miss Beatrice Lamb, as Lady Macbeth. Miss Lamb has already attracted some attention on the London stage, and we shall be surprised if a wider reputation is not in store for her. She spoke Lady Macbeth's lines with admirable emphasis, and infused into them so much fire and dignity and self control that we should like an opportunity of witnessing her rendering of the whole part. Miss Lamb will read a paper on "Lady Macbeth" at the New Shakspere Society's meeting on Friday, March 8. Mr. Pond announces two more recitals.

Miss Robins, the American actress, whose performance in London we favourably commented upon, was, by a clerical error, in last week's Academy described as "Miss Rivers."

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Mdlle. Janotha played Schumann's "Carneval" on Saturday last at the Popular Concert. Her fingers are agile and strong, and many of her intentions are excellent; but why does she hurry so many of the movements? The programme included Beethoven's Quintet in C (Op. 29) and his pianoforte and violin Sonata in G (Op. 30, No. 3). Mr. Brereton gave a successful rendering of Purcell's fine song, "Arise, ye subterranean winds" (from "The Tempest.")

On the following Monday Miss F. Davies played Schumann's three Fantaisiestücke (Op. 111). The first and second were novelties. No. 3 was given at these concerts eleven years ago. No. 1 is restless and passionate; No. 2, except for a short, vigorous episode, is quiet and melancholy; No. 3 opens with a stirring theme, but the middle section is soft and mysterious. Miss Davies played them exceedingly well. Signor Piatti's new Sonata in F for violoncello and pianoforte was performed by Miss Davies and the composer. Clearness of form, tuneful and flowing themes, and effective writing for the violoncello are the chief characteristics of this work. It is scarcely necessary to add that it was admirably interpreted by both artists. Miss Margeret Hall sang in place of Miss Liza Lehmann, who was unable to appear. Mdlle. Janotha on Saturday, and Miss Davies on the following Monday, responded to the demand for an encore. They are both favourites with the public, and could afford to set a better example.

Otto Hegner gave the first of three pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. After an excellent performance of Bach's Partita in B flat (not B major, as foolishly announced on the programme) he attempted Beethoven's so-called "Waldstein" Sonata. It needs the hands and the strength of a man to do full justice to such a work. At present it is beyond the powers of little Otto. The performance, however, in spite of shortcomings, was truly wonderful. In the last movement he played with aplomb and brilliancy, and with intelligence far beyond what one would expect from a boy in his teens. In some short pieces by Schumann and Chopin the effect was somewhat spoilt by slow *tempi* and by over-marking of chords with the left hand. He finished up with Liszt's second Rhapsodie Hongroise, and, of course, astonished the audience. But he might use his gifts to better purpose.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins, an American composer, gave a performance on Monday evening at the Prince's Hall of his Bible Opera "Samuel." Spoken declamation is a curious and by no means unsatisfactory feature of the work. The composer announces it as an "Opera," but in another part of the programme it is entitled a "Dialogue-Oratorio"; and the music is certainly of a hybrid character. The big drum plays a prominent part in the orchestra.

Mr. Henschel gave his seventh concert on Tuesday evening. Mr. Hamish MacCunn conducted his clever Overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," and was recalled. Mr. Hans Wesseley played, with fair success, Mr. Henschel's tasteful ballad for violin (Op. 39). Brahms' Symphony in D received a careful interpretation. The programme included Glinka's "Komarinskaya" and Wagner's "Huldigung's Marsch."

We are glad to see so many names of native artists on the programmes of the three Recitals announced by Miss Dora Bright, a student of the Royal Academy of Music, who is herself favourably known as a composer. At the first concert given at the Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Miss Bright played four of Mr. W. Macfarren's new studies, showing vigour and agility. She was likewise successful in two small pieces of her own, and in Grieg's "In der Heimath." But, until she can better control her fingers and her feelings, she ought not to attempt Schumann's Fantaisie in C (Op. 17). The programme commenced with Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor for organ, transcribed by Liszt. Pianists, led away by the interest of the music and the cleverness of the arrangement, seem to forget that the pianoforte is but a sorry substitute for the organ. Bach wrote fugues for both instruments.

J. S. Shedlock.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's Cantata, "The Sleeping Beauty," was produced at the Melbourne Exhibition last December. The work and the composer were most favourably received. Mr. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving" was repeated at the same concert.

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LITERATURE.

The House of the Wolfings. By William Morris. (Reeves & Turner.)

The form chosen for the new romance by the author of the "Earthly Paradise" will seem strange to many of his readers. The story of the Wolfings looks at first sight like the translation of some Northern saga, in the text of which are imbedded long passages from the mediaeval court-poems and fragments of more ancient lays. The likeness is increased by the use of Scandinavian names for the Gothic gods and warriors, by a constant use of those poetical metaphors and synonyms which formed the stock-in-trade of the later Skalds, and by the fact that many of the details of the life described in the story seem to belong more to the Icelanders of the Middle Ages than to any of the old German tribes. There are details of another kind relating to customs of exogamy and the use of the "totem-signs" which would seem to be inappropriate to Goths and Icelanders alike. On a closer examination it will be found that there is merely a superficial resemblance between a work like the Grettir saga and the new tale "written in prose and verse" about the fate of the House of the Wolfings and the other kindreds of the Mark.

Mr. Lang pointed out, in his notes on *Aucassin and Nicolete*, that the method of telling stories in mixed prose and verse was probably "an early artistic adaptation of a popular narrative method," though hardly any examples of it have come down to our times, except the graceful "song-story" of which he gave us a version in an English which is "elderly, with a memory of Malory." He cited a case of the same kind, first noticed by Mr. Motherwell, as existing in the literature of Scottish folklore: "Thus have I heard the ancient ballad of 'Young Beichan and Susy Pye' dilated by a story-teller into a tale of very remarkable dimensions, a paragraph of prose and then a screed of rhyme alternatively given." The verse, perhaps, in such a case was meant to be sung by the company while the bard or minstrel rested; or the practice may have begun in an imitation of the reciters of the "Arabian Nights," who filled up pauses in the story with reflective "tags" in couplets and quatrains. It is clear that the artificial methods of the "Cante-fable" must be sparingly used, if the reader's mind is not to be fatigued with constant changes of style; and it is very doubtful if it could be successfully applied to any but a direct and simple story, such as its readers will find the tale of the Wolfings to be, if they disregard the somewhat too minute details of its archaeological decoration.

The tale is cast in a historical form, though it is easily recognised as being a vision of Utopia or a dream from some golden age of the world. Several of the leading incidents would suit the third century of our era, while for others a much later date might be postulated. The Wolfings and Elkings and Laxings and other kindreds of the Mark are of a Gothic stock, still settled in agricultural communities not far from the banks of the Vistula; but other tribes of the same blood had already become "dastards," and, as subjects, or allies, had submitted to the Roman dominion. The Franks and Burgundians beyond the Elbe were engaged in the same imperial service, and the forest-tribes had already fought with Huns "who would sweep them away from the face of the earth." The Romans are represented by a poetical licence as still endeavouring to push forward the boundary of the empire into the remoter corners of Germany, and the interest of the plot turns on the defence of the Wolfings' home and the abject defeat of the "loathly folk." The story opens with a pleasant picture of a free agricultural republic. Three "islands in the woods" were inhabited by a kindred known as the Markmen, "though of many branches was that stem of folk, who bore divers signs in battle and at the council, whereby they might be known." The Wolfings, for instance, were marked on the breast with the image of a Wolf, "that they might be known for what they were, if they fell in battle, and were stripped." It was a custom of the folk that the men of one house might not wed the women of their own house. "The Wolfing men and the Wolfing women were as sisters; they must needs wed with the Hastings or the Elkings or the Bearings, or other such Houses of the Mark as were not so close akin to the blood of the Wolf." It may be noted that this system of exogamy is not, as we might expect, connected with the idea of female kinship, and that the sacredness of the "totem" or tattooed crest did not prevent some of the "fish-tribes" from breaking the ordinary rule by "eating their namesakes." The great hall or "Roof" of the Wolfings is very like the house described in the Grettir Saga.

"Two rows of pillars went down it endlong, fashioned of the mightiest trees that might be found, and each one fairly wrought with base and chapiter, and wreaths and knots, and fighting men and dragons; so that it was like a church of later days that has a nave and aisles; windows there were above the aisles and a passage underneath the said windows in their roofs. In the aisles were the sleeping places of the Folk, and down the nave under the crown of the roof were three hearths for the fires, and above each hearth a luffer or smoke-bearer to draw the smoke up when the fires were lighted. Forsooth, on a bright winter afternoon it was strange to see the three columns of smoke going wavering up to the dimness of the mighty roof, and one maybe smitten athwart by the sunbeams."

There is a fine description of the hall, when it was lit for the funeral of the war-dukes, whose corpses, "clad in precious glistering raiment," looked down on the kindreds from the high-seat:

"Fair cloths were hung on the walls, goodly broidered garments on the pillars; goodly brazen cauldrons and fair-carven chests were set down in nooks where men could see them well, and vessels of gold and silver were set all up and down the tables of the feast. . . . Sweet gums and spices were burning in fair-wrought censers of brass, and so many candles were alight under the roof, that scarce had it looked more ablaze when the Romans had litten the faggots therein for its burning amidst the hurry of the Morning Battle."

The peace of a summer evening, when "the nightingales on the borders of the wood sang ceaselessly from the scattered hazel-trees above the greensward," is suddenly disturbed by a blast from the great war-horn of the Elkings, and a messenger appears with a bode-stick "ragged and burnt and bloody" as a sign of the coming invasion:

"For great is the Folk, saith the tidings, that against the Markmen come,
In a far-off land is their dwelling, whenso they sit at home,
And Welsh is their tongue, and we wot not of the word that is in their mouth,
As they march a many together from the cities of the South."

The whole story of the war is well told, and the battle-songs especially are all extremely spirited. The warriors come like a storm-wind, "and drive the ruddy rain"; their dreaded foemen marched "brown-faced about the banners that their hands have borne afar"; the listening prophetess catches a sound "muffled by the tree-boles," and she hears the shielding-song "and warriors blithe and merry with the battle of the strong."

Two passages may be selected from the mythological portions of the story, in one of which the War-duke Thiodolf tells how he felt after being saved in battle by the wood-nymph, who was also one of the Choosers of the Slain.

"Far fairer the fields of the morning than I had known them erst,
And the acres where I wended, and the corn with its half-slaked thirst;
And the noble roof of the Wolfings, and the hawks that sat thereon,
And the bodies of my kindred whose deliverance I had won;
And the glimmering of the Hall-Sun in the dusky house of old;
And my name in the mouth of the maidens, and the praises of the bold,
As I sat in my battle-raiment, and the ruddy spear well steeled
Leaned 'gainst my side war-battered, and the wounds thine hand had healed."

The other passage contains his answer to the spirit or goddess, when she laments his refusal of her magical hauberk, and mourns over his approaching death. "A few bones, white in their war-gear, that have no help or thought, shall be Thiodolf the Mighty, so nigh, so dear—and nought." He has tried once to his cost the gift of the cowardly dwarfs, and will not again wear "this grey wall of the hammer in the tempest of the spear"; and, "as for the rede of the gods," he says, "'I know it not, nor may I know it, nor turn it this way nor that, and as for thy love, and that I would choose death sooner, I know not what thou meanest.'"

"I am Thiodolf the Mighty; but as wise as I may be,
No story of that grave-night mine eyes can ever see,
But rather the tale of the Wolfings through the coming days of earth,
And the young men in their triumph, and the maidens in their mirth;

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And morn's promise every evening, and each day the promised morn,
And I amidst it ever reborn and yet reborn. . . .
What sayest thou of the grave-mound? Shall I be there at all
When they lift the Horn of Remembrance and the shout goes down the hall,
And they drink the mighty War-Duke and Thiodolf the old?
Nay rather: there where the youngling that longeth to be bold
Sits gazing through the hall-reek, and sees across the board
A vision of the reaping of the harvest of the sword,
There shall Thiodolf be sitting; e'en there shall the youngling be,
That once in the ring of the hazels gave up his life to thee."

The author bids the world of men to turn towards the reflection of the past "across the waste that hath no way":

"A while I bid it linger near,
And muse in wavering memories
The bitter-sweet of days that were."

But it is very difficult to sustain an interest in the conversation and adventures of fairies and demigods, and the effect desired by the author must be diminished to a great extent by the wealth of his mythological illustrations. The historical lesson, in such circumstances, takes the appearance of an allegory; and the poem loses its directness, and incurs the suspicion of being didactic, and of leading up to some conclusion of social or political economics. Many writers have endeavoured to find an origin for their favourite institutions in the customs of the old German tribes; but the task has never been hitherto undertaken by anyone possessing such a power over nervous prose and vigorous dashing verse as the author of the legend of the Wolfings; though, perhaps from the very nature of the case, it must still be confessed that there is something missing from the verse of the music of the "Earthly Paradise," and of ballads like "The Tune of Seven Towers" and "The Sailing of the Sword."

Charles Elton.

"The Expositor's Bible."—*The Book of Isaiah*. By George Adam Smith. Vol. I. Isaiah i.-xxxix. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is sad, but true, that there is a deep gulf between those who know the Scriptures (as distinguished from Scripture) and those who preach and listen in our churches. Theological prejudice and unstatesmanlike timidity in high quarters have, for a long time, almost stifled the voice of protest. But here is a well-trained critical scholar calmly, but with full consciousness of this gulf to which I have referred, coming forward to help preachers and ordinary readers to a truer comprehension of their Scriptures. He knows that if "they overdrive them one day, all the flocks may die" (Gen. xxxiii. 13), and has a reverent regard to the interests at stake, which are not merely those of historical truth. To succeed in being at once tender and veracious was, no doubt, easier in the case of a prophetical than of a narrative book; but it was not a prize within the reach of the ordinary church-scholar. In all essentials this new expositor has succeeded. His work is in every sense mature, and shows a thorough comprehension of the problem. Let me first say a little about the book itself.

Mr. Smith takes up the popularisation of Isaiah at the same end at which I took it up myself in 1870—in a far darker period than the present. He sees the hopelessness of making Isaiah intelligible without arranging the books of which it consists in some chronological order, and retranslating it. He does not, indeed, give a complete translation; but, whenever he does translate, it is in a scholarly and yet literary style. He is not hampered as I was in 1870 by a regard for King James's version. Sensible people have come to understand at last that no touch of inspiration belongs to those admirable men who represented the scholarship of the seventeenth century. Strong, nervous English lies close to his hand, so at least it seems; but his fellow-students will know that such a prize is not to be won without persistent toil. In one passage, however (the ode on the King of Babylon), he has surpassed himself. Whatever the original rhythm may have been, the "rough and swinging rhythm" of the English is well adapted to set off the satire of the "taunt-song." But the chief strength of the book lies in the exposition, which is presumably such as the author would offer from any town-pulpit. So far as it goes, it is free and fearless. For instance, Mr. Smith declines to believe that Isaiah saw in the ideal king of the future a God in the metaphysical sense of the word (p. 140). Or take this comment on "A Topheth is prepared of old," &c.

"So Isaiah saw life, and flashed it on his countrymen. At last the glass fell from their eyes also, and they cried aloud, 'Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?' Isaiah replied that there is one thing which can survive the universal flame, and that is character" (p. 337).

And then he continues:

"Have we done well to confine our horror of the consuming fires of righteousness to the next life?"

And as another thought to be harvested he gives the following:

"Isaiah's figure for life was a burning. Ours is a battle, and at first sight ours looks the truer. . . . [And yet] though our dull eyes see it only now and then strike into flame in the battle of life, and take for granted that it is but the flash of meeting wits or of steel on steel, God's justice is everywhere pervasive and pitiless, affecting the combatants far more than they have power to affect one another" (p. 341).

It is the subject matter, much more than the external history, which interests the author, at least, for his present purpose. But he rightly sees—and the perception is one in which even great preachers are wofully deficient — that, without a view of the historical circumstances of a prophecy, you cannot get more out of it than a few pale, vague, general truths of doubtful application. In his introduction (p. xiii.) he remarks—perhaps in opposition to the excessive claims of our rising Assyriologists — "Signs of a development [in Isaiah's teaching] like these may be fairly used to connect or support the evidence which Assyriology affords for determining the chronological order of the chapters." I should rather think so, indeed! I quite agree, too, with Mr. Smith, that "any chronological arrangement of Isaiah's prophecies must be largely provisional"; and also that "the religious problems are so much the same during the whole of Isaiah's career that uncertainties of date, *if they are confined to the limits of that career*, make little difference to the exposition of the book." The italics in this last sentence are noteworthy: they are the author's, and not mine. It is not surprising, therefore, that Book V. is headed "Prophecies not relating to Isaiah's time"; these prophecies are Isa. xii. 12—xiv. 23; Isa. xxiv.; Isa. xxv.—xxvii. and xxxiv., xxxv. We may be certain that in Vol. II. this hearty and undiluted concession to criticism will be more manifest than it is as yet in its full scope and bearing.

Meantime, one can but express thankfulness that Mr. Smith's critical conclusions have already had some theological results. Biblical theology—that most important part of Bible study, so generally neglected as yet in the curriculum of English theologians — is recognised, discreetly and tentatively recognised. Mr. Smith knows his public, perhaps, better than I do. I could wish that his exposition had absorbed somewhat more of the ideas and results of the historical study of doctrine. It seems to me that the applications of Isaiah's words to modern life are so excessively prominent that they will almost obscure their theological bearing. To my taste, the book is overweighted by its generally striking and beautiful but disproportionately extended practical exegesis. Yet there are passages as free as anyone could wish from academical severity, and yet honest and accurate, which cannot be too earnestly pondered by the student. Such, for example, is the whole chapter on the Messiah to which I have referred already, and from which I quote these words, bolder than any popular church-writer has yet ventured to utter, but expressing an axiom of historical criticism:

"Isaiah's forecast of Judah's fate was, therefore, falsified by events . . . This boldness to entrust to future ages a prophecy discredited by contemporary history argues a profound belief in its moral meaning and eternal significance; and it is this boldness, in face of disappointment continued from generation to generation in Israel, that constitutes the uniqueness of the Messianic hope among that people" (p. 141).

With this portion of the work may be compared a valuable essay on "The Messiah in Isaiah i.—xxxix.," by the same author, in the *Theological Review and Free Church College Quarterly*, June, 1887, which, though partly incorporated in this volume, contains some more directly critical matter. I am not prepared to criticise this here. The Immanuel prophecy, in particular, is one of those many details in the volume of the More than Two Isaiahs which demands deliberate re-examination.

It would be unfair to conclude without a few more references to notable passages in this book. The treatment of the subject of immortality is much to be commended. Mr. Smith has evidently grasped the historical as well as theological bearing of passages like Psalm xvi. 8-11 and xlix. 15 (see his note on p. 411). And most true is his remark (p. 394) that the Semitic race, including the Hebrew section of it, "was unable to develop any strong imagination of, or practical interest in, a future life, apart

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from foreign influence or divine revelation" (the latter phrase is unavoidably theological). To me, however, the Hezekiah of the famous song is no more that royal saint than the David of Psalm vi. is the "darling of the songs of Israel." Nor could anything have induced me to say or to write the erroneous rendering of Psalm xvi. 10, "see corruption" (p. 395). But what a fine application of Isaiah xxxvii. 3 is this: "All life thrills with the pangs of inability to bring the children of faith to the birth of experience. The man who has lost his faith, or who takes his faith easily, never knows, of course, this anguish of Hezekiah" (p. 353). How well, too, Isaiah xxxvii. is illustrated by a passage in the life of Napoleon (p. 355)! Less satisfactory is the illustration of Isaiah vi. 6, 7 by the experience of Mazzini (pp. 84-86). This is more appropriate for the life of Jeremiah. Did Isaiah's followers desert him? We do not know that they did. But the mass of Jeremiah's and the Deuteronomist's probably did. Very touching is the comment upon Isaiah xxv. 9, xxvi. 8, and the illustration from the life of an Arctic explorer (p. 442). I like, too, the passage on Isaiah's "sacrament of fire" (pp. 73-74); that on the extermination of wild beasts, with its pretty picture of a warm spring day in Palestine (pp. 190-191); and that on forgiveness (p. 326); also the few (designedly few, I suppose) but suggestive pages on the disintegration of Isaiah (pp. 401-404).

Lastly, as to misprints, from which I have suffered only too much myself. On p. 172 (foot), is "Isaiah" an error for "Micah"? On p. 175 (foot), have some lines dropped out? On pp. 350, 351, I like not "Rénan" (twice); nor can I, on p. 394, tolerate "Mahommed."

T. K. Cheyne.

Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan. (Chatto & Windus)

This is an autobiography of one of the four great soldiers who appeared in the Civil War of America. Lee was the master spirit of that gigantic contest. His operations around Richmond are specimens of admirable skill in war; and it is questionable whether Lee or Moltke is the better strategist of the school of Napoleon. Stonewall Jackson was a consummate officer in the field; and, though we see no genius in the campaigns of Grant, his tenacity, his energy, and his moral power mark him out as a distinguished chief, and he may be said to have combined in himself some of the qualities of Massena and Blücher. The most brilliant, however, of these eminent men was Sheridan, the son of an Irish peasant. Like Clive, he was a warrior as if by instinct, and in some respects one of the most remarkable of the generals of the nineteenth century. He was not tried in the highest parts of his art, and he was not perhaps a scientific soldier; but he possessed in the very highest degree some of the best gifts of a great commander—extraordinary resource in the conduct of war, the faculty of winning the hearts of men and making them capable of heroic deeds, above all, readiness and insight in the field; and he is one of the few chiefs who can point to a career of almost unbroken and striking success. These volumes describe his life and his exploits; and, though not marked by much literary skill, they form a valuable and most attractive narrative. The author has well worked out the idea which he has made, so to speak, the principle of his book. He has given us a full and clear account of his own experiences of the Civil War, and of the memorable deeds in which he took part; but he has not written a history of the war, and he has carefully abstained from dwelling on phases in the struggle not observed by himself. This is, therefore, an autobiography in the proper sense; and seldom, we should add, has an autobiography been composed in so candid and moderate a spirit, or is so full of keen and intelligent criticism.

Phil Sheridan—this was his name in the camp—was born in 1831, the son of an Irish farmer, who found the home of an emigrant in the wilds of Ohio. He had none of the advantages of book-learning, but he gave early promise of ready cleverness; and he tells us that, from his first youth, he had set his heart on becoming a soldier. He passed into the ranks of the United States Army, from Westpoint, without peculiar distinction; and many a cadet not to be named with him as a warrior had doubtless much more knowledge. He served for some years on the frontier of Texas, engaged in those "piping times of peace" in occasional skirmishes with the Comanches, and in the routine of outpost duties; and in 1855 he received a commission as lieutenant in a regiment of foot, stationed in the far west along the Pacific seaboard. The young officer distinguished himself in tracking and hunting down the savages of the Californian and Oregon tracts; and he displayed such skill in destroying a band of these marauders, and in saving a small outlying settlement of whites, that he was specially noticed by the veteran Scott. At the outbreak of the great Civil War he obtained the command of a regiment of volunteers; and from the first moment he gave signal proof of the high qualities which have made him famous. He quickly won the confidence of his men by attention to their wants and by the power of genius; and at a skirmish at Booneville, on the plains of Missouri, he routed an immensely superior force by one of those daring and brilliant movements which reveal the inspiration of a true chief. This feat of course secured him a brigade. "He is worth his weight in gold," was his superior's phrase; and this promotion was soon followed by his appointment to the command of a division in the army opposed to the Southern forces in the theatre between the Ohio and the Tennessee. The war here raged, with ever changing fortune, from 1862 to 1864; and Sheridan, ere long, made himself conspicuous for his admirable resource and power as a leader. He bore the brunt of the attack at Murfreesboro; and, but for his constancy and ready skill, the issue of that fiercely contested struggle must have been disastrous to the arms of the North. The same qualities were seen at Chickamauga. His attitude checked the efforts of Bragg, and, perhaps, saved Rosencrans's imperiled army, caught as it was in a false movement; and his tenacity and energy are proved by the fact that he lost a third of his troops, though successful. The most remarkable of his gifts, however—his vigour in pursuing a defeated enemy—was first displayed in the operations of Grant, ending in the battle of Missionary Ridge. Had Granger followed Sheridan's counsels, and seconded him as he ought to have done, the Southern Army of the West would have been utterly destroyed.

The great powers of Sheridan quickly brought him forward in a death struggle like the American War. He was placed at the head of the cavalry of the North, when Grant obtained the supreme command of the Federal Armies in the beginning of 1864. Nature had given him the faculties of a leader of horse; and, under his direction, that arm found its true sphere, and developed resources unknown hitherto to the Union chiefs. Up to this time, the Federal Cavalry had been mainly employed on outpost duties; and it had had no influence in deciding battles, and in determining the issues of campaigns, while the cavalry of the South had achieved great results. All this was changed by the new commander; and Sheridan played a conspicuous part in the memorable advance of Grant on Richmond. Slipping round the flank of Lee, and harassing his rear, he afforded considerable relief to Grant in the terrible engagements on the Virginian frontier; and he skilfully covered the movements of his chief, as, indomitable but reeling under the strokes of Lee, Grant crossed the James, and attained Petersburg. Sheridan, too, performed most important service by destroying the railways around Richmond, and thus isolating the Southern capital; and he acquired for his men the ascendancy of success—an ascendancy they never lost afterwards—by routing the main body of the Confederate horse in a pitched battle under the lines of Richmond. He was transferred, in the autumn of 1864, to the valley of the Shenandoah, to take the command of an army assembled to check a raid on Washington, skilfully planned by Lee, to weaken the grasp of the foe on Richmond; and his operations are of peculiar interest. Sheridan's force was about 26,000 strong, and he was opposed to Early—a capable chief, who, at the head of some 20,000 men, had marched up the valley and affrighted Washington by his rapid and unexpected advance. Bearing his adversary back, Sheridan caught Early and nearly overwhelmed him at the town of Winchester; and a few days afterwards he gained a victory at Fisher's Hill, which, but for the fault of a subordinate, would have destroyed his enemy. An incident soon occurred which shows how great was the personal influence of this most brilliant soldier. Sheridan had repaired to Washington by the President's command; and Early, in his absence, suddenly fell on his army, deprived of its master-spirit and in a position inviting attack. Victory seemed to smile on the Southern chief, and he had, in fact, compelled his foes to fall back; when the sudden appearance of Sheridan on the scene changed as if by magic the turn of events, and converted defeat into complete triumph. Sheridan closed an admirable and important campaign by turning the valley of the Shenandoah into a waste—a cruel expedient, but one which barred a sallyport through which Confederate armies had repeatedly menanced the chief seat of the Union.

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Sheridan rejoiced Grant in March, 1865, having ravaged the country around Richmond in his march from the valley of the Shenandoah. The end of the Civil War was at hand. Grant and Sherman were approaching each other; and Lee, after a display of genius worthy of the campaign of 1814, was utterly overmatched by his converging foes. Yet the great chief of the South might have effected his escape, and outmanœuvered Grant for a time, but for the insight and decision of Sheridan, who really brought the struggle to a close. Grant, confident that he could overpower Lee, requested Sheridan to join Sherman, advancing towards Richmond from the Carolinas; but Sheridan properly objected to a move which would have weakened Grant at the decisive point, and Grant, fortunately for himself, yielded. Lee broke up from his lines at Petersburg, and, endeavouring to make his way to the South, fell on the extreme left of the Federal army, his object being to reach Johnston, and, if possible, to prolong the contest. He encountered Sheridan with some success; but Sheridan, skilfully holding his ground, and having been reinforced in time, defeated him with heavy loss at Five Forks; and Grant only spoke the truth when he described this victory as one of the most important of the whole war. The struggle was practically all but over. Lee made desperate efforts to escape, but Sheridan hung in force on his flank; and, in fact, but for the slowness of Meade, who did not co-operate at the fitting moment, his army would have succumbed at Amelia Court House. The catastrophe, however, was merely deferred. Sheridan closed on the line of his retreat, and, as the world knows, the war ended by the historic surrender near the Appomatox.

We have outrun our limits, and cannot dwell on the career of Sheridan after the war. He stood in the highest place in the esteem of his countrymen, and his premature death was widely mourned in the great republic which he had done much to save. He was one of the most distinguished soldiers of an age rich in military fame.

William O'Connor Morris.

Addresses on Educational Subjects. By S. S. Laurie. (Cambridge: University Press.)

The reports of the recent Royal Commission on education are, no doubt, as valuable as they are voluminous; but the critic of a happier and more philosophic future will probably be struck less by the immediate practical importance of the evidence collected and conclusions reached than by the absence of authoritative expert opinion on educational questions, as questions of education pure and simple rather than as questions of practical expediency in the presence of partisan difficulties. It is not, of course, that experts were not examined by the Commission: some of the most valuable opinions in England were asked and given. It is not, on the other hand, that the Commissioners were not most intimately acquainted with the subject in hand: many of them are indisputably the highest authorities in the kingdom on most of the practical questions of primary education. But they are also closely associated with the oversight of the working of the Education Acts, and have in nearly all cases taken active part in most of the inevitable controversies. It is just this last point which makes one regret the absence from the Commission of really philosophical experts, untainted by partisanship and accustomed to look on education as a whole reasonable system, as one of the conditions of right living necessary to all. With such an immense mass of evidence before him—evidence elicited by the most competent interrogators—the philosopher who was also a king (that is, a member of the Royal Commission) might have done a good deal to take away from many recommendations the unmistakeable flavour of partisanship which does so much to invalidate even what is not manifestly partisan.

Most of the papers in Prof. Laurie's book might serve as chapters to a philosophical introduction to the report. It has just what such documents in general chiefly lack—definite and orderly derivation of details from principles, based on an examination of the constitution of mankind in relation to a philosophy of life. No reasonable man asks that educational matters should be settled for us by expert opinion alone. Exclusively expert opinion can be valuable in dealing with morbid, or, at least, abnormal conditions alone; in health of body and affairs we require no consultation of physicians or lawyers, ordinary matters being sufficiently provided for by empirical practice. Moreover, the popular character of our educational habits, their growth independent of legislation, their democratic and local constitution, all require that for anything like successful remodelling we should have such due regard to lay opinion as to give it a preponderant—or at least an equal—voice in the settlement of educational questions. And yet, while exclusively expert opinion would be nearly valueless in practice, as subject to all sorts of professional bias, it is surely in the highest degree unreasonable to exclude from a law-suggesting or law-making body just those who have special qualifications for dealing with the matters in hand, as purely technical questions, abstractedly.

The two characteristic prejudices that beset the partisans do not, of course, weaken the force of anything that comes from Prof. Laurie. He cannot be supposed, on the one hand, to sympathise with those stunted and niggardly spirits who would deny all education to "our masters," except as much as would render them less likely to turn and strip us; nor, on the other hand, do we find him in accord with those amiable but dangerous lunatics who think that a child's brain is capable of infinite distension, and ought to be filled with detailed information on all things thinkable under the sun, while he can be taught, as well, before he leaves school, all things doable. Prof. Laurie is a theorist, too; but his theories are reasoned, and are not fads and panaceas.

Nothing could be clearer than the fruitful character of the "leading idea," which he suggests as guide and criterion through all educational stages—that is, nutrition: in the first stage, nutrition of feeling, training with a minimum of discipline; in the secondary stage, nutrition by the hard facts of life and concrete ideals with a maximum of discipline; in the third stage, nutrition through ideas, with self-discipline as a necessary condition. This is one striking result of the principle manifest in all our author's treatment of educational questions—that the end of education is the formation and liberalisation of character. No education can be good which aims at shovelling information or limited manual dexterities into a capacity which is supposed to be of endless proportions. Capacity must be developed, food supplied appropriate in character to each general stage, and intellectual suppleness and strength of moral fibre will follow in the natural order of things. What is true of the university professor is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of teachers in all grades, and even in technical and professional schools, that is, that

"no man is a fit professor who is not alive to the university idea in what he teaches, who does not make his students aware of the intimate relations of all knowledge, the philosophy which permeates and gives significance to every subject. If the student does not attain to this, he has fallen short of the academic aim."

A proper conviction of this truth is indispensable not alone to the teacher, but to all those also who wish to see any particular study or craft take a predominant place in the ordering of the pursuits of any school stage.

In chap. iv. the author addresses himself to the difficulties surrounding the "organization of the curriculum of secondary schools," the consideration of which in detail follows naturally on the subjects dealt with more generally in chap. i. We start again with that statement of the educational aim which has commended itself to all the most sagacious men—Plato, Aristotle, Melancthon, Sturm, Ascham, Montaigne, Milton, Comenius—who have considered the problem at all: the main educational aim is "the wise and capable conduct of life." It will be no real gain to substitute for what is universal what is narrowly practical, though as a means of education, the practical is valuable just in so far as it is universal. Clearly, given two alternative subjects, that is the more valuable which enables the child to deal hereafter with the greatest number of "practical" details. This leads us to place the study of language, as literature, as a synthetic and as an analytic study, at the head of all other studies, "because it is the sole universal in the intellectual education of every human being." This, of course, as Prof. Laurie points out, is nothing new. The most capable people in the world—the Athenians and the Romans—were well aware of it; and the Middle Ages feebly followed. But here is a double-edged caution:

"It was only analytically and with a view to *immediate use* as an organ of communication that language was taught in the episcopal and monastery schools. Down to the thirteenth century the mediæval studies were thus not only abstract and grammatical, but they were also, in truth, utilitarian. It was this utilitarianism, the subservience of language to merely ecclesiastical and other necessary uses, that emptied it of all general liberalising influence."

The curriculum which our author suggests as adequate for the secondary stage of education is not a very large one, but he holds that

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it has claims to be universal; and it must be confessed that it is hard to gainsay him. It is, as he says, "practical, and fits for life, 'commercial' and other. There is no 'modern' side in education. Education rests on principles." The obvious criticism which will be made on his scheme is that it is too exclusive, and does not provide adequately for all types of intellect. Science, he thinks, is satisfactorily represented in secondary education in the nature-knowledge included under the head of geography. I cannot quite agree with him in all that seems implied by his opinion that "the theory of chemistry and the abstractions of physics are not more educative than the learning of a Greek verb." Mere "theory," strings of facts put together to be learnt by rote, whether they are set forth in the hand-books of chemistry and physics, or in Greek grammars, are nearly useless. But the real teacher does not think of teaching chemistry or physics without experiments, nor Greek verbs without philology. Much more depends on the teacher than Prof. Laurie here admits, though he does full justice to him elsewhere. But he will find many to agree with him heartily in holding that "with humanism will go moral ideals, spiritual life, art, and poetry." Chemistry and physics are certainly inadequate to keep these alive; and Greek verbs, it must be confessed, are little better.

We are favoured with a special chapter on "Liberal Education in the Primary School," which is quite excellent from beginning to end. It should be in the hands of every primary school manager. Its main burden is this: do not sacrifice the general to the particular; your scholars are to be citizens first and handicraftsmen after. He answers Prof. Huxley's invitation to Englishmen to make their blunder cheerfully because no one can quite define technical instruction, by defining it; and probably Prof. Huxley's unusual diffidence lay merely in the fact that he felt the practical objection was too much for him. Take our author's general definition:

"Technical instruction is instruction with a view to gaining a living in some department of industry, or to discharging some specific social function."

Exactly; but this instruction is to be provided in what? for whom? and why?

Technical instruction, *as it is usually understood*, is like the "rate in aid" of the bad old times. It is hard to see what it can do beyond helping the employers of labour. To some of the workmen, perhaps, it merely opens out opportunities for them to displace present employers. Thus, in a certain great town in the north, a working-man of considerable trades-union influence recently declared publicly that no system of technical training could be considered satisfactory to working men, unless the sons of employers of labour were strictly debarred from its benefits. Unless, therefore, very strict precautions are taken, local authorities may make technical schools usurp the place of the primary school, the right aim of which is to lay the foundation of a liberal and humanising education. Anyhow, there is no need to evade the Factory Acts by passing another bill. It would be simpler to repeal the said Acts.

In all that our author has to say the same mature sagacity rules. He makes a strong, indeed an unanswerable, appeal for the creation of lectureships on education, for the teaching of the science of education. The hearing of lectures on teaching, of course, cannot make a good teacher; but the ordinary workman is better for technical training, beyond all doubt, and nature has given no special charter to teachers, although sympathy and imagination are more necessary to their success than is the case with any other kind of craftsmen. Of examinations he has many a weighty word to say, and he rightly defines their limits and their proper methods. It is certainly a pity that it is not generally understood how

"if the subject is Aristotle, questions might be so framed as to pluck Aristotle himself, and a Chinaman could do it. If the subject be the interpretation of Robert Browning, anybody could pluck *him* on his own works."

I think the latter feat has been achieved.

Other subjects treated in this admirable book are free schooling, method in geography teaching, religious education of the young (in which last, however, I feel that Prof. Laurie does not quite rightly understand the immediate practical difficulties), practical hints on class management, and, in an appendix, a most valuable series of suggestions for a possible primary school code. It is a thoroughly practical work in the best sense. It is the work of a real expert.

P. A. Barnett.

New Zealand of To-Day (*1884-1887*). By John Bradshaw. (Sampson Low.)

Mr Bradshaw, having already written *New Zealand as It Is*, now publishes *New Zealand of To-Day* The former work appeared in 1883; and most of its pages, he tells us, have by this time become obsolete. If we were to judge by the sensation caused in New Zealand by the publication of *Oceana*, we should be inclined to suppose that one of the principal events in its recent history was the visit of Mr. Froude. Mr. Bradshaw devotes his first chapter to a refutation of Mr. Froude; but this is not enough, for in the latter part of his book he more than once returns to the charge and hurls various New Zealand newspapers at his head. Whence is it that Mr. Froude's criticisms have excited such a bitter feeling in New Zealand? We are strongly of opinion that it is because they contain a considerable amount of truth, which touches the *amour propre* of the colonists to the quick. What business, they argue, has a man who only spent three weeks in the colony to express any opinions at all? But a man of Mr. Froude's shrewdness and capacity may learn more in three weeks than some men in as many years. Then the source of his information is said to be evidently Sir George Grey. We may ask, would he have done better to have consulted Sir Robert Stout and Sir Julius Vogel, who were governing, or rather, to follow our author, misgoverning the colony at the time of Mr. Froude's visit? Mr. Froude is said to have been inspired by a malignant fairy, and to have libelled the colony. He had the temerity to question the excellence of the roads in New Zealand. A more recent traveller has described them in much more pungent language. Again, Mr. Froude speaks harshly of the specimens he saw of the younger generation of colonists. He may be too severe; but it is a common experience that they are inferior to their fathers, and conceited to such a degree that they can admire nothing outside their own island. But Mr. Froude's principal crime consists in his remarks on the state debt and general financial condition of New Zealand. Now Mr. Bradshaw himself admits that, in proportion to the population, the debt of New Zealand is six times greater than that of France; and we all know how the finances of the colony are regarded in the city.

The best justification of *Oceana* is Mr. Bradshaw's own book. He is an unsparing critic; but, probably, the colonists will accept from one of themselves what they would repudiate from a stranger. During the greater part of the period between the dates of his two works, New Zealand was governed by Sir R. Stout, Sir J. Vogel, and Mr. Ballance. This ministry fell, "none too soon," in the summer of 1887. Of the first of these gentlemen, Mr. Bradshaw says that "he is a hobby-rider, rather than a statesman; a theorist, rather than a political economist; a devoted disciple of Mr. Henry George." Mr. Ballance he describes as equally a disciple of Mr. George; and he concludes a full account of Sir J. Vogel in these words: "But the real drift of his every argument is invariably the same; and, however skilfully concealed, would, if accepted in its integrity, involve the legislature in the confusing mazes of protection." Mr. Bradshaw is as severe on many of their measures as on the ministers themselves; and he certainly justifies his censures by what he tells us of relief works, professional agitators, and state education.

In New Zealand, we see the system of state education pushed to its furthest extreme. With the usual "dog in the manger" policy, private schools have been shut up; but, notwithstanding a profligate expenditure, the state, so far as primary schools are concerned, has proved quite unable to keep pace with the requirements of the colony. The system of education is thoroughly faulty, and begins and ends with cram. Here is a specimen:

"The examiner in grammar, composition, &c. in a late scholarship examination, held at Timaru, felt constrained to inform the Board how greatly disappointed he had been with the way in which the candidates did their papers. He asked them to write essays on 'Printing' and 'Newspapers,' and they made a very bad hand of it altogether. One candidate—no doubt a girl—said the newspapers were very useful for announcing births, deaths, and marriages in; and what increased their usefulness was that they were very handy for rapping [*sic*] up parcels."

A somewhat utilitarian view, which will disgust the apostles of progress!

In his former work Mr. Bradshaw remarks that one great drawback to the system of government in New Zealand is that, as a rule, the colony gets too much law. If that were true in 1883, it has become still more true since; and what would he have said had the new protective tariff been passed before his book was printed? Still, the natural resources of New Zealand are so great that she must

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become more and more prosperous and important, in spite of the schemers and pedants who have done so much to retard and injure her.

On all matters connected with agriculture and trade Mr. Bradshaw's work is valuable and interesting. New Zealand is *par excellence* the wheat-growing colony. The average yield of wheat almost equals that of this country, and far surpasses the ridiculous crops grown in Australia. He asserts that on the best lands in the South Island fifty, sixty, and even seventy bushels of that grain are frequently threshed out to the acre. Did this statement rest on less good authority we could hardly accept it. The climate, too, especially of the North Island, is far superior to ours; and yet we are by no means convinced that energy, knowledge, and capital may not be laid out to greater advantage on the land in England than in New Zealand It is extremely difficult to compare the prices of land in the two countries; but so far as we are able to judge, taking everything into consideration, we believe that farming land is no dearer here than there. With respect to emigration our author is cautious. He points out no doubt many advantages; but he gives as his opinion that no old colonist, if he be wise, will positively advise any man to emigrate. We gather from him what we have found from other writers on the subject, that the people to get on in the colonies are generally those who would get on at home. New Zealand is no place for the feeble, the lazy, or the unthrifty.

William Wickham.

NEW NOVELS.

A Lost Estate. By Mary E. Mann. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Violet Vyvian, M.F.H. By May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Faithful and Unfaithful. By Margaret Lee. (Macmillan.)

A Nine Men's Morrice: Stories Collected and Re-collected. By Walter Herries Pollock. (Longmans.)

The Grey Lady of Hardcastle. Edited by a Friend of the Family. (Burns & Oates.)

The Very Same Man. By Greville Gordon. (Burnet.)

The Blue Ribbon. By the Author of "St. Olave's." (Spencer Blackett)

Mrs. Mann is not a new writer, for on her title page are the names of no fewer than three previous novels; but as a critic who speaks in his own name and for himself alone is free to disclaim the omniscience of the editorial "we," I may frankly confess that until I read *A Lost Estate* she and her work were both unknown to me. The habitual reviewer of fiction is a man who has learned from sad experience not to cherish great expectations, and occasionally this stern repression of hopeful emotion has its reward in a shock of pleasant surprise. Such a surprise is in store for readers of this book, who will wonder, not at all unnaturally, at the comparative obscurity of a writer capable of such powerful and impressive work as is to be found in the three volumes of *A Lost Estate*. It is not too much to say that the character of Henry Barber, the vigorous, strong-willed, fiery-tempered profligate and misanthrope, whose gentle descent makes itself vaguely manifest through all his coarse brutality, is not unworthy of either Charlotte or Emily Brontë. There is, indeed, in Barber something of Rochester and something of Heathcliff; but he is originally conceived and strongly individualised. He stands on his own feet; and he is no more a duplicate of either Rochester or Heathcliff than they are duplicates of each other. The story of his strange friendship with Tom Merry, who wins his confidence by a total absence of the fear which it is one of the chief delights of his life to inspire, and maintains it by an altogether reckless frankness, is characterised by wonderful imaginative grip and dexterity of literary presentation; and it is not often that we find, in any contemporary novel, passages which in lurid, sombre power can be compared with the scene in which Barber turns Sally Pack out into the darkness, or that other scene in which Barber's guilty wife and the man she has ensnared see his dying face glaring upon them through the doorway. That *A Lost Estate* is a cheerful book is one of the few things which cannot be said in its favour; so it is hardly likely to be appreciated by those who accept Dr. Downward's dictum that "a novel should occasionally make us laugh and always make us comfortable." It will, however, be successful in appealing to that smaller but more select class of readers who are prepared to welcome any imaginative work which illustrates Aristotle's definition of the aim of true tragedy, and who have sufficient discrimination not to mistake for such tragedy the vulgar melodrama, which, instead of purifying the soul by pity and terror, simply revolts the taste, curdles the blood, and sickens the stomach. There is here none of the strain, spasm, and exaggeration which are often commended to us—though not under these names—as evidences of remarkable imaginative and literary power, they being really the surest, the most unmistakable indications of imaginative and literary weakness. To the competent reader the mere power of *A Lost Estate* is not more noticeable than the precision with which it is directed, and the sense of fitness by which it is restrained. It is natural that, on looking back upon the book, such movingly dramatic situations as those to which I have referred should be the first to strike the memory; but they are not forced into artificial prominence. They are not limelight effects in a dull play. They drop into the story quite naturally, just in the same way that great crises drop into very quiet lives; and in simple adequacy of imaginative realisation and presentation they are equalled by the portrait of the quite commonplace Mrs. Merry, and by the pleasant but entirely unexciting chapters devoted to the young days of Archie and Tom and the Waller children. *A Lost Estate*, in short, is an exceptionally strong novel all round—a novel which treats adequately themes the adequate treatment of which testifies to a writer's possession of very unusual ability.

In cases of literary collaboration, the attempt to assign to each collaborator his or her share in the joint work is generally hopeless. Beaumont and Fletcher, Erckmann and Chatrian, Besant and Rice, are Siamese twins of literature; and, though in our rashness we may easily confound the persons, it is impossible rightly to divide the substance. *Violet Vyvian, M.F.H.*, presents no such difficulties. Two-thirds, or perhaps three-fourths, of the book is devoted to incidents of very miscellaneous sport, and the remainder to a love-story, which is saved from monotony by the machinations of a certain Mrs. O'Brien, who would take a high place in a competition among the wicked beauties of fiction. One can have no hesitation in assigning the love-business to Miss May Crommelin, and the sport to Mr. Moray Brown; for, though a lady may have as intimate a knowledge of hunting as was possessed by that charming feminine M.F.H., Miss Violet Vyvian, she is hardly likely to be able to write like a book upon such diverse masculine amusements as horse-racing, boxing, badger-baiting, rough-shooting, pig-sticking, and tiger-killing, upon all of which Mr. Moray Brown—if I may judge from the titles of his previous works—seems to be an authority. Being in relation to all these fine arts what Mr. Hamerton calls an "atechnic" (I thank thee, scribe, for teaching me that word), I am compelled to accept the sport in unquestioning faith As I cannot criticise its quality, I can only hope that it is above criticism; and I may, perhaps, incur the contempt of connoisseurs by hinting that the quantity is somewhat excessive. As for Miss Crommelin, she gets on admirably with her love-making and her scheming, considering the narrow limits of the space left her by her badger-baiting and pig-sticking fellow-worker. Jack Ramsay is a chivalrous hero; Violet Vyvian, though fatuously credulous, is a charming heroine; and Mrs. O'Brien is a past mistress in the pleasing arts of lying and letter-suppression. *Violet Vyvian, M.F.H.*, is not a very substantial book, but it is vivacious and decidedly readable.

Faithful and Unfaithful is the reverse of vivacious; and though I cannot, without falling to the mendacious level of Mrs. O'Brien, call it unreadable, I myself having worked my way from the beginning to the end of it, I cannot honestly commend it to those by whom the quality of readableness in a novel is regarded as essential. It appears that the book has been published in the United States under the title of *Divorce*, which, we suppose, did not commend itself to the taste of the highly decorous firm who are its English sponsors. Its latest title is sufficiently meaningless to be appropriate to a very dreary series of pictures of the seamy side of married life, as exhibited among the rich vulgar of New York. If it has secured more readers in America than it seems likely to secure in England, it may possibly be effective as a protest against the utterly disgraceful divorce laws which prevail in some of the States, and which are, it seems, recognised and held valid throughout the Union; but the lighter ends of entertainment aimed at by the ordinary novel it certainly will not achieve. Even the patronage of Mr. Gladstone will, I think, fail to ensure popularity for *Faithful and Unfaithful*.

It is not easy to find an explanation for the title which Mr. Walter Herries Pollock has

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given to his volume of stories, unless it be an admission that he is conscious of leading his readers through a strange dance. Not one of these tales could have been written save by an exceedingly clever man; and yet, with one exception, they are distinguished by a fantastic perversity, or, rather, a perverse fantasticality, which is in excess of the cleverness, and rather overpowers it. Mr. Pollock seems to aim at a grotesque treatment of supernatural *motifs*—at a combination of the creepy and the farcical; and the discordant elements refuse to combine for any other end than the spoiling of each other. "Mr. Morton's Butler," for example, is a nightmare without terrors, and such a nightmare has no reason of being. The four stories of which this is the second remind me forcibly of some similar literary experiments made by Edgar Poe, and Poe's failure might have warned Mr. Pollock of the very small chance of success. The best told story is that entitled "Edged Tools," written in collaboration with Mr. Brander Matthews; but there is something inexpressibly irritating in a mere recital of wonders detached from all antecedents and all consequents. "Lilith," the first and longest of the nine stories, is also the least faulty. The heroine somehow eludes the imagination; but the latter half of the tale has some picturesque effects, and the catastrophe is led up to very skilfully. On the whole, however, the book strikes me as being a brilliant failure.

In ultra-Protestant circles, I believe, "insidious" is the word generally used to describe a book in which a more or less attractive tale is made a vehicle for the inculcation of Romish doctrine; but the epithet cannot be applied with even a show of reason to *The Grey Lady of Hardcastle*. The powder of Catholic truth—I impartially vary my phrases—is not even concealed from sight by the jam of narrative, while the taste is quite as pungent as it would be were there no jam at all. The story is thin enough to appeal to nervous readers who are afraid of excitement; and the ghost, who turns out to be a sleep-walking servant girl, is the most ineffective spectre I have ever encountered.

The Very Same Man is a story of a criminal who escapes capture by taking a drug which produces the appearance of death. He is supposed to have been buried, but has actually got away to Sweden, reappearing upon the scene in the character of his own cousin. The opening chapters of the book are much the best part of it; as the plot thickens the working out of it becomes somewhat clumsy and confusing.

The Blue Ribbon is simply a new and cheap edition of an attractive novel by that always pleasant writer, the author of *St. Olave's* and *Janita's Cross*. It is a decidedly readable book.

James Ashcroft Noble.

SOME BOOKS ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

The History of the Roman Republic: abridged from the History by Prof. Mommsen. By C. Bryans and F. J. R. Hendy. (Bentley.) We have often wondered why an enterprise like this was not undertaken before. Dr. Mommsen's work has been on too large a scale for schoolboys to attack it with much of profit; but its salient points might well have been picked out and made accessible to the rising generation. The task has now been undertaken with excellent discretion by two editors, who bring to it knowledge and interest of their own. It is no easy work to reduce the scale of an important book; but in this case it seems that the scale has been reduced, and that the proportions have not suffered. The abridgment must have cost an amazing quantity of trouble; but the result is that everything is in its place, and that a reader familiar with the large history finds in the small one a survey which reminds him of views taken through the wrong end of a telescope. Everything is diminished, nothing is distorted. It is true that we miss the brilliant chapters on "Religion" and "Literature"; but, on the other hand, the editors have added an introductory chapter on the authorities for Roman history, and have placed throughout the work notes giving in more detail the evidence for particular subjects or views.

Imperium Romanum Tributim Discriptum. J. W. Kubitschek. (Prag: Tempsky; Leipzig: Freytag.) Drier than a gazetteer, nearly as dry as a table of statistics, this little work will yet be of great value to the historian. By slow degrees it is becoming possible to construct something like a full picture of the old Roman world. Information is flowing in on us on every hand; and what we want, perhaps, as much as anything just now is co-ordinators of that information—men who can sort it, arrange it, tabulate it. A hard head, a good memory, and a clear method are needful for this particular task; and all three Herr Kubitschek seems to possess. He names under each province every township in it of which we can say with confidence to what tribe its citizens belonged; gives his authorities, epigraphical or other, and adds some particulars of the administrative history of the town. This sort of work is indispensable for the minute or detailed study of any province, and we owe Herr Kubitschek thanks for undertaking it. It is interesting too to see how rarely, for obvious reasons, Roman tribes can be traced in the Greek East, and how often in the Romanised West. In Britain, however, "de tribu ne unius quidem oppidi constat." The tombstones of soldiers found in Britain naturally do not tell us what we seek. It is curious that the children born "in canabis," in the vicinity of a Roman camp, should, on receiving citizenship, have been drafted into the Pollian tribe, "utpote quae *pollentium* putaretur"; and we may hope that some military jokes were better than this. For the theoretical considerations which underlie and give a meaning to his collected facts, Herr Kubitschek appeals to his *De Romanarum Tribuum Origine ac Propagatione* (1882).

De Pontificum Romanorum inde ab Augusto usque ad Aurelianum Condicione Publica. Scripsit P. Habel. (Breslau: Koebner.) Although C. Bardt in 1871 dealt with *Die Priester der vier grossen Collegien aus römisch-republikanischer Zeit*, no one before Dr. Habel has specially examined their position in the early imperial period. Dr. Habel's present work is divided into two parts. He gives us the Fasti of the office, and then goes on to a number of interesting questions about the pontifices, as to their official position rather than their religious duties. How were they appointed? By whom? From whom? Was the office held for life? When and how did an emperor, who was not already a pontifex, attain at one step the *pontificatus maximus*? How far is it true that only that Caesar was admitted to the pontificate whom the reigning emperor wished to succeed him? In these and other matters Dr. Habel makes out a good case for the existence of fixed rules, more or less disguised by the inexact writing of Latin authors. But the more successful he is in doing this, the less willing are we to accept his explanation why the *pontificatus maximus* is often omitted among the titles on the coins of T. Antoninus Pius. "Pius," he says, "pro dignitate pontificis maximi videtur esse substitutus." But this is improbable among a people so wedded to set forms as the Romans; and it seems still less likely when we remember how uncertain Spartianus and Lampridius were as to why the emperor was ever called Pius. If the Life of Hadrianus (xxvii. 3) is consistent with (we will not say supports) Dr. Habel's view, cxxiv. 3, and the Life of Heliogabalus (vii. 10) give accounts inconsistent therewith. At page 87 Dr. Habel throws doubt on Marquardt's statement that pontifices were irremovable, but he can produce no evidence on his side. The essay, however, is a good specimen of careful and independent research.

De Q. Asconii Pediani Fontibus ac Fide. Scripsit Carolus Lichtenfeldt. (Breslau: Koebner.) Dr. Lichtenfeldt has written a good deal less about the *fides* than about the *fontes* of Asconius, probably because he felt that in one sense the *fides* was above suspicion. Asconius was a loyal and truthful writer, too interested in his matter for its own sake to wish to falsify it for any ulterior ends. But in another sense we feel our belief in his authority shaken by the careful and almost exhaustive survey of Dr. Lichtenfeldt. The remains of Asconius are few enough; and, when we have seen how much of them is certainly, and how much probably, due to recoverable authorities—to Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Fenestella, the Acta, and other sources—we begin to doubt whether a man who incorporated whole passages in such a way that they can be identified and traced (some passages which must have come originally from Livy or Sallust can be recognised even in the Greek version of Dion Cassius—"Qui quam saepe Livii scrinia compilaverit in dies magis patefit") can have properly assimilated them with his other reading, or worked them up in his own mind. Had he, in fact, made what he copied really his own? If not, his judgment is worth little to us, and he may even have misunderstood what he did copy. Dr. Lichtenfeldt has, of course, had the benefit of being preceded by Madvig (1828); he has not had to work up all the material for himself. But still, we are grateful to him for the care and skill with which he has set the material forth. His Latin is for the most part smooth and agreeable, though there are a few rather late, or rather early, words in it. *Compluries* seems to have no advantage over *pluries*. On p. 4, para. 3, *quae* is probably a misprint for *quas*.

Observationes in Cassium Dionem. Scripsit J. Maisel. (Berlin: Calvary.) Of the various and rather disconnected discussions about Dion which are contained in this pamphlet of twenty-four pages, the most interesting is, perhaps, Dr. Maisel's attempt to discover what MS. was used by Leonicenus (M. Nicolo Leoniceno), the first translator, in his Italian version of a large part of Dion. The work of Leonicenus appeared in 1526, two years after his death, but some years earlier than the *editio princeps* of the text was published by R. Stephanus. Dr. Maisel expresses himself with praiseworthy caution; but he makes it appear probable that, if Leonicenus and Stephanus did not use the same MS., their MSS. at least were very similar, and that Leonicenus may well have used the *Codex Venetus* 396, which differs but little from the readings of Stephanus. Beyond probabilities we cannot get at present, partly from the want of an adequate *apparatus criticus* for Dion's text, and partly from the free and even faulty character of Leonicenus's translation.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

Owing to the recent rapid development of their business, Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh, are obliged to build larger premises. They have secured a prominent site in Charing Cross Road, close to Covent Garden, where building operations will begin at once. They hope that their new premises, which will bear the name of "Newbery House" in memory of the founder of the business, will be ready for their occupation in June or July next. Thus, after 150 years, the old business at the corner of Saint Paul's Churchyard will follow the example of so many others and migrate to the west of London, and another ancient landmark of the city will disappear.

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. will publish in a few days *Four Famous Soldiers*, by Mr. T. R. E. Holmes, author of "A History of the Indian Mutiny." The volume will consist of biographies of Sir Charles Napier, Hodson of Hodson's Horse, Sir William Napier, and Sir Herbert Edwardes, which, though short, are based upon independent research. It will be illustrated with a map and two plans.

Mr. Linley Sambourne has undertaken the illustration of a fresh volume of political squibs from the pen of Mr. C. L. Graves, which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co., under the title of *More Blarney Ballads*. This series contains fewer travesties in dialect but, like its predecessor, is concerned exclusively with humorous phases of the Home Rule controversy. A fourth edition of the original collection is to be issued at once.

Messrs. Kerr & Richardson, of Glasgow, announce for publication by subscription a Concordance to the poems and songs of Burns, compiled by Mr. J. B. Reid. All the dialectal or unusual words will be explained; and full quotations are given of each use of the word, with references to the title of the poem and (in the case of long poems) to the number of the line. The text adopted is that published in the lifetime of the poet, or the earliest editions of the posthumous poems. The total number of words given exceeds 8000, with an average of five quotations to every word. The work, which will consist of about 600 pages, double columns, large octavo, will be handsomely printed and strongly bound.

Dr. William Leech has nearly completed an elaborate history of French literature, based entirely upon independent research. This gentleman, formerly resident in New York, was the author of the poetical satire, *The Obliviad*, which roused such a storm of critical wrath some ten years ago.

Miss E. H. Hickey will publish a new volume of poems in the spring, with Messrs. G. & A. Arnold, of Liverpool, under the title of *Verse-Tales, Lyrics, and Translations*.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will have ready shortly a translation of Viktor Rydberg's *Teutonic Mythology*, edited from the Swedish, with notes, &c., by Rasmus B. Anderson, American Minister at Copenhagen. The book will be in two demy volumes.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces two volumes of verse for early publication—*Kaeso:* a Tragedy of the Early Church, and *Through Cloud and Sunshine:* a Collection of Original Hymns and Sacred Songs, by E. G. Sargeant.

The next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be Bayard Taylor's version of *Faust*, with some of Goethe's minor poems, translated by Miss Elizabeth Craigmyle.

Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore—who shares with Mr. Walter Rye the credit of both conceiving and carrying into execution the work left undone by our historical societies, and whose *Index Library* forms a marvellous monument of labour for a single man—has issued a proposal for a series of Gloucester and Bristol Records. Provided that only two hundred subscribers will guarantee half a guinea each a year, he proposes to publish in quarterly parts (1) the Calendars of Wills at Gloucester and Bristol, in similar form to those he has already printed for Northamptonshire and Rutlandshire; (2) the Marriage Licenses at Gloucester, from 1661 downwards; and (3) the Feet of Fines for the county, such as Mr. Walter Rye has given for Norfolk. Subscribers should address themselves to Mr. C. J. Clark, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

Mr. J. Meadows Cowper, of Watling Street, Canterbury, wants a few more subscribers to his series of Canterbury Parish Registers, of which only 106 copies are printed privately. He is now engaged on those of St. Mary Magdalene, 1559-1800; and he has, since his return from Paris in 1880, issued those of St. Dunstan's, 1559-1880; St. Peter's, 1560-1880; and St. Alphage, 1558-1880. If he can get subscribers to pay his printer and binder, he proposes to issue a register a year for the next ten years, copying and editing the whole gratis. He has an Index of 40,000 references complete, but delays it for another volume or two. He has also printed his own parish-books, an abstract of the registers of Holy Cross, and the Churchwardens' Accounts of St. Dunstan's, 1483-1500; besides the *Memorials of Holy Cross* and a *Handbook to Canterbury*. Mr. Cowper still keeps up his extracting for the Philological Society's Dictionary, which he began five and twenty years ago.

The council of the Harleian Society have just completed the second volume of the Marriages at St. George, Hanover Square, from 1788 to 1809, edited by Mr. J. H. Chapman. It makes a portly book of nearly 600 pages. It contains the marriage of the late Duke of Sussex with the daughter of the fourth Earl of Dunmore, which was afterwards declared null and void; also the entry of the marriage of the twelfth Earl of Derby with the celebrated actress, Miss Farran, besides many other entries of note.

Another's Crime, a dramatic romance of real life, by Mr. Julian Hawthorne (from the diary of Inspector Byrnes, chief of the New York detective force), is to be commenced in No. 281 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, published on February 13.

We have received from Messrs. Dean & Son *Debrett* for 1889, which comes out with commendable promptitude after the opening of the year. We are glad to find that the editor has at last thought fit to omit his derivation (upon which we have more than once commented) of "sire" from the Greek! Only the other day we traced back this portentous etymology to an early issue of *Anglice Notitia*. An interesting feature of *Debrett* is the tabular statement of honours that have been conferred, and hereditary dignities that have become extinct, in the last twenty years. Many people will be surprised to learn that, during 1888, the net total of peers diminished by one, and the baronets by two. Nor was last year altogether exceptional in this respect, though jubilee creations and changes of ministry have, of course, produced a large total increase in a series of years.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

Great interest is felt at Cambridge in the election to the provostship of King's College, vacant by the death of Dr. Okes, which is to take place to-day. Prof. Henry Sidgwick is the candidate of those who, in the words of the college statutes, maintain that the head should be "distinguished for his attainments in theology, literature, or science."

We must be content this week briefly to record the death of our valued contributor, Dr. Gudbrand Vigfusson, university lecturer at Oxford in Icelandic literature and antiquities, and joint-editor with Mr. F. York Powell of the *Corpus Poeticaum Boreale*. An interesting "in memoriam" notice of the man and his work, signed C. P., appears in the *Oxford Magazine* for February 6.

Prof. Henry Nettleship has undertaken to edit Seyffert's *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities* for Messrs. Sonnenschein.

The annual address to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching will be delivered this year by Prof. Max Müller, at the Mansion House, on Saturday, February 23, at 3.30 p.m. The subject of the address will be "Some Lessons of Antiquity," and the Lord Mayor will preside.

We should have included Dr. R. E. Brünnow, son of the former Astronomer Royal for Ireland, among the candidates for the Laudian professorship of Arabic at Oxford. Dr. Brünnow was formerly of Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards pursued his oriental studies under Profs. Nöldeke and Socin. He is the author of several works on Arabic literature.

It is understoed that Prof. A. H. Keane, Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, and Mr. J. T. Wills, are candidates for the lectureship in geography at Cambridge, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Guillemard. The appointment is vested jointly in the University and the Royal Geographical Society.

Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, professor of music at Oxford, will deliver a public lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre, on Thursday, March 7, upon "The Ancient Forms of Dance Music in England," with illustrations on the pianoforte.

At a meeting of the Ashmolean Society at Oxford, on Monday next, February 11, the following papers will be read: "A Photometer for measuring Light radiated in different Directions," by Mr. A. Vernon-Harcourt; and "An Electric Chronograph" and "Some new Forms of High Resistance," by the Rev. F. J. Smith.

According to the *Oxford Magazine*, there have been forty-two elections to fellowships during the past four and a half years, showing an average of about nine a year. This compares with an average of about fifteen a year two decades ago. Of the total number of fellowships, fourteen, or just one-third, are stated to have been gained by members of New College, six by Balliol, and four by Magdalen.

TRANSLATION.

THE SEAFARER.

(*From Old English.*)

True, true is the tale I can tell of my voyaging over the sea,
Sore time of trouble and toil and of bitter heart-sorrow to me;
And keen was the care I endured in my keel when under me swept
The terrible surge of the sea, and all through the darkness I kept
My weary watch in the prow till my keel on a reef was tost,
And my feet were benumbed with cold and bound in fetters of frost.
But hot round my heart, 'mid the cold, rushed the sigh of the sorrows I bore,
And my soul sea-weary and worn a ravening hunger tore.
But never a man who joys in his home on the land can know,
In his home on the ice-cold sea, the depth of the exile's woe;

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When far from the friend who could cheer the winter's wearīful hours,
The rime hath robed him in ice, and the hail is flying in showers.
And nought did I hear but the roar of the surge of the ice-cold sea,
And the song of the swan and the cry of the gannet gave solace to me.
The bark of the seal was a joy like the laughter of men that is true,
And a joy like the drinking of mead was the cry of the wild sea-mew.
When the roar of the hurricane swept round the cliffs that towered to the sky,
Though its wings were as wings of ice I could hear the sea-swallow reply;
And the eagle scream to the storm, though its wings were bedrenched with dew,
But to comfort my joyless soul O never a friend I knew.
And never a man believes, who has felt but the joy of life
In the joyous city, and knows but little of struggle and strife,
And never a man believes who is proud and flown with wine,
How oft on the paths of the sea alone I must linger and pine,
When the snowstorm blows from the north and the hailstones leap to the ground,
And the earth is fettered with rime and the shadows of night fall round.
But thoughts like the blast of a storm, the thoughts of my ocean home,
Swept over my heart and I o'er the heaving brine must roam.
And never an hour went by but the longing came over me
Far hence to voyage alone and the land of the stranger see.
There is never a man on earth though ever so proud of mood,
Though fired with the glow of youth and a merciful giver of good,
Though he glory in valorous deeds and his lord may bountiful be,
But sighs with a trust in God to traverse the paths of the sea.
His heart is not set on the sound of the harp nor on worldly things,
And he recks not a woman's love, and he scorneth a treasure of rings,
And nought else on the earth have I known save the surge of the billows be
A joy to the longing soul that pines for the heaving sea.
When the earth awakes in the spring and the bloesom is seen on the spray,
When the city and fields look fair and the cuckoo is singing his lay,
When the watchman of summer sings his sorrowful song, then he
Is wrung with a bitter grief who is eager to roam the sea.

GEORGE R. MERRY.

OBITUARY.

COUNT RIANT.

Moscow: Jan. 31, 1889.

THE death of this true scholar on December 17, 1888, at St. Maurice (Canton Valais), after long illness, at the early age of 52, should not pass without notice.

Although personally little known in England, the works which M. Riant published have won warm recognition among our students of history as the outcome of a spirit of untiring scientific inquiry and critical judgment, which has given to the world valuable texts hitherto unknown or little accessible. His wide learning and varied studies were persistently directed to one branch of history, to which he devoted his life—that of the crusades, and of Christian institutions in the East. To this object, the materials for which already lay thickly to hand in France, he procured the collaboration not only of eminent French, but of German, Italian, Swiss, and English scholars, scrutinising every detail with infinite care.

M. Riant's theses for the degree of Docteur ès Lettres in 1865—*Expéditions et pèlerinages des chrétiens en Terre Sainte au temps des Croisades*, and *Haymaro Monacho archiepiscopo Caesarienti* (the second, containing the text of a poem on the taking of Acre in 1191, was reprinted at Lyons in 1866)—showed his early bias; but it was not till some years had passed that he began to put forth the fruit of his continued labours. An edition of Thaddeus of Naples—*Magistri Thadei neapoletani hystoria de desolatione et conculatione civitatis Acconensis* (Geneva, 1873)—was followed two years later by his edition of Gunther's *Historia Constantinopolitana* (Geneva, 1875). In *Exuviae sacrae Constantinopolitanae* (Geneva, 1877-78) he pointed out a fresh source of documents as to the crusade of 1204. He also brought out a new edition of Comenius—*Alexii Commeni Romanorum imperatoris ad Robertum I. Flandriae comitem epistola spuria* (Geneva, 1879). To all these he prefixed introductions or essays (in French), enriched by his intimate acquaintance with the literature of the subject. During the same years he also published various articles in the *Mémoires* of the French Society of Antiquaries, and of the Académie des Inscriptions, and in other learned publications.

Perhaps, however, the chief monument to M. Riant's energy and catholic learning is the Société de l'Orient Latin, which he founded in 1875, and continued to direct in the intervals of illness till his death, contributing largely to its material support. Some notice of the publications of this society was given in the ACADEMY of February 16, 1884. Eight volumes have been printed up till now, three belonging to the geographical series, five to the historical, consisting of careful editions of the earliest itineraries of travellers and pilgrims to Palestine, descriptions of the Holy Land, and other large texts from early writers. M. Riant also carried on a publication involving enormous labour and research, the *Archives de l'Orient Latin*, of which two thick volumes (in 1881 and 1884) have as yet appeared; and which is, to use the words of his friend M. Paul Meyer, in the *Revue Critique* of January 6—"Un recueil de matériaux, de descriptions, de manuscrits, de dépouillements variés se rapportant à l'Orient chrétien," comparable to the *Archiv* of Peltz. These volumes, illustrated by plates, are a perfect mine of valuable and curious information, contributed by various specialists. The latest work of M. Riant seen by the present writer is the first part of a history of the bishops and the bishopric of Bethlehem—a thick volume issued last year; the second part, towards which he had collected much curious material, including what relates to the English bishops of that see, unhappily remains unfinished.

M. Riant filled a place in generous, worthy scholarship which will not easily be supplied.

L. T. S.

DR. P. A. TIELE.

Utrecht: January 29, 1889.

ON January 22, there died at Utrecht the well-known author and highly distinguished librarian, P. A. Tiele, doctor of literature *honoris causa*.

Dr. Tiele was born at Leiden in 1834, and received his early training in the Amsterdam Library under the archaeologist, Frederick Muller. From Amsterdam he went to Leiden, as keeper of printed books in the university library; and he catalogued the books in both these libraries in a masterly manner. In 1878 he was appointed to the university librarianship at Utrecht. And here, again, despite weak health, he not only compiled both alphabetical and classified catalogues of the printed books, but also revised, in accordance with modern principles, the very unsatisfactory catalogue of our numerous MSS. already in existence. Of his other publications I can only mention his "bibliothèque" of pamphlets on Dutch history; his *Mémoire bibliographique sur les journaux des navigateurs neerlandais*; his bibliography of geography and ethnology; his history of the voyages of discovery since the fifteenth century; and his history of the Europeans in the Malay archipelago. He was known, too, in England by his contributions to the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and by his critical notes to the *Itineraria* of H. van Linschoten.

The death of Dr. Tiele is a great loss to Holland, for his equal as a bibliographer will not easily be found.

J. H. GALLÉE.

[The *Itineraria* of Van Linschoten referred to above was published by the Hakluyt Society, in two volumes, in 1885. The editing of the first volume was the last thing accomplished by the great Indian scholar, Arthur Coke Burnell; the second volume was edited by P. A. Tiele, who also contributed the introduction. Of Tiele's share in the work Sir R. F. Burton wrote, in the ACADEMY of March 27, 1886, "It may be said, with all-sufficient praise, that he has worthily finished a task worthily begun."—ED. ACADEMY.]

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE February number of the *Expositor* (Hodder & Stoughton) is a well-varied one, but no article comes up to Prof. W. M. Ramsay's in general interest. His examination of two specimens of Phrygian hagiology is well worth reading. Dr. Davidson, of Edinburgh, replies to Dr. Bruce on a point of exegesis, wherein the two commentators differ (Heb. ii. 9). Dr. Bruce himself has only advanced in his exposition to Heb. ii. 11-18. Dr. E. G. King gives a study of the Hallel (Ps. cxiii.-cxviii.), tracing the connexion of the Psalms with the seven feasts in Lev. xxiii., characterised by much independence of view. Prof. Delitzsch explains his relations to Salkinson as a translator of the New Testament into Hebrew, and gives particulars as to his own work. Dean Chadwick begins a character-picture of the Apostles.

THE *Jewish Quarterly* (David Nutt) for January fully maintains its high opening. Among the most interesting articles is Dr. Neubauer's on the "Lost Tribes," with members of whom a certain supposed Eldad the Danite professed to have communicated; Archbishop Trench (see his poem on the River Sambation) would have appreciated this paper. Mr. Schechter's plea for dogma will find perhaps almost too much sympathy. Mr. Montefiore claims the right to speak of mystic passages in the Psalms, and makes a valuable contribution to Biblical theology. Prof. Sayce, in his clear, keen style, gives a historical study of the Book of Hosea. He suggests that "Jareb" was the original private name of Sargon, as Pul was of Tiglath-Pileser.

THE current number of the quarterly *Revue des Etudes Juives* contains a first article on Abu Zachariah ben Bilâm's glosses on Isaiah, for which a MS. in the Firkovitch collection in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg has been used by M. Derenbourg. Ben Bilâm was born at Toledo about 1020, and maintained a constant rabbinical war with Moses Haccohen ibn Gikatila, one of whose "misleading and corrupting opinions" (arguing about Joshua's sun and moon) was: "It is, for me, impossible that continuous motion should ever intermit." An interesting paper on the folk-tale talismans that give notice of danger hanging over absent

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friends is by the manager of the review, M. Israel Lévi. Among such magic alarums are the ring-stone that gets dim or else breaks; the krug of beer that foams over; the bottle of water or milk that gets muddy, or else black or red; the blood that comes on a bright knife-blade, or on a horse's legs; the three drops of fish's blood that boil up; or the laurel that withers and dies, which last, strangely enough becomes a "tree of life" in a Kalmûk tale. A striking Talmudic expression here turns up. Abisai, hastening to the aid of David, on seeing blood in the water, arrives at the same moment he sets out, "for the ground shrank up under him." Another rabbinical utterance, not always now borne out by heredity, is that "children resemble the brother of their mother." It is referable, no doubt, to a matriarchal past. An article on the Jews of Touraine gives one of the innumerable local records of the insane fourteenth-century phantasm of the Jews and Lepers poison-plot. M. Isidore Loeb completes his commentary on Joseph Haccohen, busying himself on this occasion chiefly, and minutely, with the various chronologies. And there are, as usual, several notes and miscellaneous communications, and some pages on the Tetragram under its title of *shem hamephorash*.

SLAVONIC PUBLICATIONS.

The third part of the second volume of the *Prace Filologiczne* ("Philological Studies"), edited by Baudoin de Courtenay, Karlowicz, Kryn'ski, and Malinowski, has appeared recently at Warsaw. It contains many valuable papers on Slavonic philology, especially the Polish branch of it. We may call special attention to that of A. Kalina on the history of Slavonic conjugation, which throws so much light on that of the Indo-European languages generally; A. Kryn'ski's publication of the Polish glosses in a work by Balthasar Opec'; and Prof. Malinowski, of Cracow, on the Polish suffixes—*-en'stwo*, *-arnia*, and the phonetics of some Polish dialects. A. Kryn'ski contributes an obituary notice of Jan Hanusz, who died in July 1887 at Paris, aged twenty-nine years. His brilliant talents and untiring industry gave promise that he would become one of the most eminent Slavists. This review appears in Polish.

An interesting work has just been published in Russian at Warsaw by M. Vinaver, being an essay which gained a gold medal at that university. It is on the old Polish law-book preserved in the public library of Elbing, which dates from the thirteenth century, and was first published by Helcel in 1868. Its contents were hardly known till that year, as its owner, Stadtrath Friedrich Neumann, like some persons among ourselves, refused to let anyone see the volume, which also contains an old Prussian vocabulary, explained in German. In the latter years of his life, however, he allowed the book to be copied; and, besides the law-book by Helcel, the vocabulary was also published by Nesselmann—*Ein Deutsch-preussisches Vocabularium* (Königsberg, 1868). At his death Neumann bequeathed the MS. to the public library of Elbing.

W. R. Morfill.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Bresso, M. Roma nei proverbi e nei modi di dire. Rome: Loescher. 5 fr.
Carnoy, H., et J. Nicolaïdes. Traditions populaires de l'Asie Mineure. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr. 50 c.
Fernbuil, Th. Les Principes de 1789 et la science sociale. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
Hennequin, E. Études de critique scientifique: écrivains francisés. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
Lestrade, Combes de. Eléments de Sociologie. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
Reinach, Joseph. La Foire Boulangiste. Paris: Victor-Havard. 3 fr. 50 c.
Rossignol, J. P. De l'éducation et de l'instruction des hommes et des femmes chez les anciens. Paris: Labitte. 6 fr.
Schwicker, J. H. Geschichte der ungarischen Litteratur. Leipzig: Friedrich. 15 M.
Simon, Jules. Souviens-toi du deux-Décembre. Paris: Victor-Harvard. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, ETC.

Bertrand, P. Lettres inédites de Talleyrand à Napoléon, 1800-1809. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.
Maurenbrecher, W. Geschichte der deutschen Königswahlen vom 10. bis 13. Jahrhundert. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 5 M. 40 Pf.
Sathas, C. Μνημεῖα ἑλληνικῆς Ἱστορίας. T. 8. Paris: Maisonneuve. 20 fr.
Simón, Rémi. Annales de Domingo Francisco de San Anton Munon Chimalpahin Quauhtlehuanitzin (1258-1612). Paris: Maisonneuve. 30 fr.
Wallon, H. Les représentants du peuple en mission, et la justice révolutionnaire dans les départements en l'an II. (1793-4). T. 2. L'ouest et le sud-ouest. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
Zuckerkandl, R. Zur Theorie d. Preises, m. besond. Berücksicht. der geschichtl. Entwicklg. der Lehre. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Andree, R. Ethnographische Parallelen u. Vergleiche. Neue Folge. Leipzig: Veit. 7 M. 50 Pf.
Berthelot et Ruelle. Collection des anciens Alchimistes grecs. Paris: Steinheil. 30 fr.
Diener, C. Geologische Studien im südwestlichen Graubünden. Leipzig: Freytag. 2 M. 20 Pf.
Dubuc, Paul. Essai sur la méthode en métaphysique. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
Jannasch, P. Gesammelte chemische Forschungen. 1. Bd. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 5 M.
Láska, W. Sammlung v. Formeln der reinen u. angewandten Mathematik. 2. Lfg. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 6 M. 50 Pf.
Lehmann, E. Die verschiedenartigen Elemente der Schopenhauer'schen Willenslehre. Strassburg: Trübner. 3 M.
Putsage. Étude de science réelle. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
Schierholz, C. Ueb. Entwicklung der Unioniden. Leipzig: Freytag. 3 M. 40 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

Chabaneau. Le Romanz de Saint Fanuel etc., publié d'après le manuscrit de Montpellier. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr.
Guillaume. l'abbé Paul. Istorio de Sanct Ponce. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr. 50 c.
Straehlke, G. De caesuris versus Homerici cap. I. Breslau: Koebner. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLD ENGLISH GLOSS "ELMAWES," AND WÜLCKER'S VOCABULARY.

Cambridge: Feb. 2, 1889.

If Mr. Hessels, before writing the letter which appears in the Academy of to-day, had consulted me, I might have prevented him from making some mistakes both of omission and commission in transcribing a very plain piece of fifteenth-century MS. As I agree with him that there is a disadvantage in abridging extracts which contain obscure glosses, I give the gloss in question exactly as it stands in the MS. (O. 5. 4, Trinity College Library, Cambridge):

"Lameres riū hec ·i· lamia/ usl anᶜᵉ Elmawes."

That is all to which the gloss has reference. But the next article is "Lamia," which, being too long to be completed in one line, is continued in the line above, after the word "Elmawes" which ends the article "Lameres." From this it is clearly marked off by a coloured symbol, and to ensure against mistake the scribe bracketed the two lines together and placed an *a* against the lower and a *b* against the upper one. The article "Lamia" therefore reads thus:

"Lamia mie h*ec* cor pⁱ crudelior est suis fetib*us* aliis bestiis quia suos catulos laniat pedes h*abet* equinos ꝺ facīē homis cet'a feminea G'gᵒ [Gregorius] dicit qᵈ h*abet* huⁿnā spēm *sed* corpus bestiale."

It will be seen that Mr. Hessels has written "Helmawes" for "Elmawes," has attached to a complete sentence an imperfect part of another sentence, has omitted "Gregorius," which he apparently could not read, and has then changed "dicit" to "dicitur."

I am glad to have this opportunity of explaining what my connexion with these glosses has been. They were transcribed more than twenty years ago merely for my own use, and not for publication. Consequently, having the original at hand to refer to, I did not take such full notes as if I had intended to publish them. They were borrowed from me in 1873 by the late Thomas Wright, for use in the second edition of his *Volume of Vocabularies*, and were in his possession at the time of his death. Some years afterwards I ascertained that they had been handed over, together with the other materials which he had collected, to Prof. Wülcker. Although I was not consulted in regard to this arrangement, I had no objection to it, and only asked that I might see the proofs. These were sent me at the beginning of 1882, and I went through them carefully with the MS., making many corrections and additions; but, as I had no opportunity of seeing a revise, I cannot tell whether they were inserted. In these circumstances it is not satisfactory to me to be held responsible for the glosses as they now appear, especially as the editor says, "Our text is based on a copy made by Mr. W. Aldis Wright." What he has done to it I do not know.

One lesson I have learned by this, and that is to be more chary of lending my notes to others.

If I might venture a conjecture as to the word "Elmawes," which is plainly so written in the MS., I would suggest that it is possibly a corruption of "Eluawes," a form of "Elves." The stages would be *Eluawes*, *Elnawes*, *Elmawes*. In the *Promptorium Parvulorum* and other vocabularies we find—"Elfe, Spryte, *Lamia*."

W. Aldis Wright.

POPE AND ADDISON.

London: Feb. 5, 1889.

Until recent years, it was believed that the famous lines upon Addison which Pope afterwards incorporated in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, published in 1735, were first printed in the *Miscellanies* of 1727; but it is now known that the lines appeared in *Cythereia* (1723) as "Verses occasioned by Mr. Tickel's Translation of the First Iliad of Homer. By Mr. Pope." In the notes to the *Dunciad*, it is stated that the lines were "a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public till after their own journals and Curll himself had printed the same." It was in reply to this charge that Curll declared in the *Curliad* (1729) that the libel "was first published by Mr. John Markland, of St. Peter's College, in Cambridge, with an answer thereto in a pamphlet entitled *Cythereia* . . . . 1723."

But Pope's lines were not, after all, first printed in *Cythereia*. Bibliographers appear to have overlooked the allusion to "journals" made by Scriblerus in the passage I have quoted from the *Dunciad*. One of the weekly periodicals of the time was the *St. James's Journal*, which contained "Memoirs of Literature and the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestick," and which lasted from May 1722, to May 1723. The paper was largely concerned with questions of public trade and policy; and many of the numbers in the copy in the British Museum are attributed in a contemporary handwriting to William Wood, Esq., who may have been the William Wood who was Secretary of the Customs, and who published several books on trade.

On February 26, 1721-2, Atterbury wrote to Pope, asking for "a complete copy of these

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verses on Mr. Addison," and urging Pope to publish them. From this it appears that versions of the lines were then passing from hand to hand in manuscript, or at least from mouth to mouth; but, so far as I know, they were not printed until December. In the *St. James's Journal* for December, 15, 1722, was a letter from "Dorimant" dated "Button's, December 12, 1722." "Dorimant," who, among other things, wrote reviews of Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, said that he "professed poetry," though it did not pay. In a postscript to his letter he wrote: "The following lines have been in good reputation here, and are now submitted to public censure," and then he gave this version of the lines, against which an annotator has written "Mr. Pope."

"If meaner *Gil-s* draws his venal Quill,
I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still;
If *Den-s* rails and raves in furious Pet,
I'll answer *Den-s* when I am in Debt:
'Tis Hunger, and not Malice makes them print,
And who'd wage War with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*?
But was there one whom better Stars conspire,
To form a *Bard* or raise his Genius higher;
Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with Ease;
Should such a Man, too fond to reign alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no Brother to the Throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous Eyes,
And hate for Arts which caus'd himself to rise,
Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint Affront, and hesitate Dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timrous Foe, and a suspicious Friend?
Fearing ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Who, when two Wits on rival Themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best;
Like *Cato* gives his little Senate Laws,
And sits attentive to his own Applause;
Whilst Wits and Templars every Sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise:
Who but must grieve, if such a Man there be?
Who would not weep if *Ad-n* were he!"

This version differs in many points from those in *Cythereia* (1723), and in the MS. at Longleat, written before 1724 (see Appendix VI. to "Poems," vol. iii., in Elwin and Courthope's *Pope*). In *Cythereia*, we find "Addison" in the last line; in the MS. "A-n." The version in Curll's *Miscellany* (1727) ends

"Who would not laugh if such a man there be,
Who would not weep if Addison were he?"

but, in other respects, closely resembles the 1722 version. In the "Fragment of a Satire," published in Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies* (1727), there are several variations, and a long passage is interpolated. The word "Affront" is peculiar to the 1722 version, and was, doubtless, a mistake; in all the other cases we have "a fault."

G. A. Aitken.

THE FACSIMILE PAGES IN LORD SPENCER'S COPY OF MALORY'S "MORTE DARTHUR."

6 Upper Woburn Place, W.C.: Feb. 3, 1889.

When Southey's edition was prepared in 1817 from Lord Spencer's copy of Malory's "Morte Darthur," that copy was deficient by twenty-one pages, which were, as Sir Edward Strachey has proved, supplied from the later black-letter editions. Later on the missing pages were added, in facsimile, from the Osterley Park copy by the skilful hand of Mr. Whittaker. Though these facsimiles are so well done that at first sight one might easily mistake them for the original pages, one cannot help noticing on a closer examination many small, yet very characteristic, differences in the single letters. My aim was, therefore, to have these pages collated for my own forthcoming edition. Through the courtesy of Mr. B. F. Stevens, my copy was submitted to the present owner of the Osterley Park copy, Mrs. Ally E. Pope, of Brooklyn, U.S., who kindly had them collated for the purpose. The result of this collation has confirmed my expectations. Very few and insignificant errors are noticeable, as will be shown below. Having almost completed two-thirds of the text, however, I discovered that the statement given by Messrs. Longman,* as well as by Mr. Blades,† with regard to these facsimiles is not absolutely correct. Sig. e_2 is not a facsimile, but the original leaf; and Sig. N_2 and Sig. N_5 are, on the contrary, not original, but facsimiles. I had, therefore, to send these four pages to America for collation. The result of the collation of the first seventeen pages is this: four pages—leaf r_8 verso, ee_3 recto, ee_4 verso, and ee_6 recto—are faultless. On

Leaf l_1 recto read: line 5, for *doe*, doo; 8, *roffhynge*, raffhynge; 13, *befpeckled*, befperkled; 25, *leue*, lene; 29, *myzteft*, myztyeft; 35, *fore*, fayre; 35, *manayr*, manoyr.

,, l_1 verso: 12, *manore*, manoir; 23, *fays*, fayd.

,, r_7 recto: 28, *palfray*, palfroy; 34, *corne*, torne; and *xxj*, xxij.

,, r_7 verso: 8, *faunte*, faunce; 11, *reyentyd*, repentyd; 25, *fal wed*, falewed; 29, *fyonas*, lyonas.

,, r_8 recto: 26, *racreaunt*, recreaunt; 30, *worlde*, world.

,, T_1 recto: 10, *enchere*, encheue; 24, *bere*, bare.

,, T_4 verso: 8, *ye*, yo; 33, *efcared*, efcaped.

,, T_5 recto: 2, *Gatahad*, Galahad.

,, T_5 verso: 5, *departede*, departed.

,, ee_3 verso: 13, *Bleoheris*, Bleoberis; 14, *Gahuleaniyne*, Gahalantyne; 16, *laft*, luft; 18, *preefthod*, preefthode; 21, *bodoly*, lowly; 29, *then*, thou; 30, *parcuey*, puruey; 34, *oe*, or 37, *fore*, fote.

,, ee_4 verso: 3, *there*, their; 17, *welcye*, wekyes; 25, *houe*, haue; 26, *So*, Se; 33, *ther*, there; 37, *bedd*, bedde.

,, ee_5 recto: 10, *proue*, preue; 18, *togydere*, togyders; 20, *bernnyng*, brennyng.

,, ee_5 verso: 38, *ded*, dede.

H. Oskar Sommer.

GUILLAUME DE DEGUILLEVILLE.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Jan. 17, 1889.

Prof. Skeat, in his remarks upon Chaucer's "A. B. C." (*Chaucer's Minor Poems*, p. xlvii.), gives the name of the French author whom Chaucer has imitated in this poem as "Guillaume de Deguileville," on the authority of M. Paul Meyer. The correct form of the name is "G. de Deguilleville," for which there is the authority of Guillaume himself, as may be gathered from a statement of M. Paulin Paris in his *Manuscrits François* (vol. iii., p. 240):

"L'abbé Goujet . . . a eu parfaitement raison d'admettre avec les éditions imprimées, et de soutenir plus tard contre les réclamations du Mercure de France, que le nom de l'auteur étoit *G. de Deguilleville*; toutes les lettres de ce nom forment les initiales de deux chansons farcies, placées dans le corps de l'ouvrage."

This form is accepted by M. Gaston Paris in his *Littérature Française au Moyen Age*. The form "de Guileville," mentioned by Prof. Skeat as being adopted by Mr. Morley in his *English Writers*, occurs in the rubric of MS. Brit. Mus. Add. 22,937, at the commencement of the vision proper: "Cy après est la vision que Guillaume de Guileville moine vit en son dormant."

I do not know on what authority Prof. Skeat speaks of de Deguilleville's *Pèlérinage* [sic] *de la Vie humaine* as a *prose* piece. It is a poem, consisting of many thousands of lines, originally composed in 1330-31, and remodelled with considerable additions about 1358. Guillaume conceived the idea of writing his "Pilgrimage" while reading the *Roman de la Rose*, as he himself tells us:

"Une vision vueil noncier
Qui en dormant m'avint l'autrier.
Qu'en veillant avoie veu
Consideré et bien leu
Le très beau Roumant de la Rose.*
Bien je croi que ce fut la chose
Qui plus m'esmut ad ce songier
Que cy après vous vueil noncier."

A prose version of the *Pèlerinage* exists in French (according to M. Paulin Paris) as well as in English, but there seems no doubt about it having been a poem in its original form.

Apart from the fact that Chaucer made use of it, the work has a peculiar interest as having very probably (through a translation) suggested to Bunyan the idea of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Paget Toynbee.

P.S.—It may perhaps not be out of place here to point out that Prof. Skeat (or Mr. Brae) is quite mistaken in saying in the note on *Carrenare* ("Boke of the Duchesse," v. 1029) that Dante alludes to the Gulf of Quarnaro (*Inf.* ix. 113) "as being noted for its perils." Dante simply compares the tombs (*avelli*) in the Sixth Circle of Hell to the sepulchres at Arles and at Pola "presso del Quarnaro." It is implied in the note that the sepulchres have some connexion with "the perils" of the Gulf of Quarnaro. This may or may not be the fact—quite a different account of their origin is given by the old Dante commentators—but certainly no such inference can be drawn from Dante's words in the passage quoted.

In another note to the same poem (v. 435) Prof. Skeat corrects "monteplier" (Méon's reading) to "mouteplier." This correction is unnecessary, the former being common in Old French (*vide* Godefroy's Dictionary).

P. T.

THE MURDER OF SHANE O'NEIL.

Great Cressingham Rectory, Norfolk: Jan. 25, 1889.

Dr. Jessopp is one of the most fair-minded of men. I am sure, therefore, he will be glad for the readers of the *Dictionary of National Biography* to be set right about a statement in his exceedingly picturesque life of Elizabeth.

He speaks (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, vol. xvii., p. 212) of "Shane O'Neil's savage murder *in a characteristic Irish brawl and massacre*." The fact is that Shane O'Neil was murdered by the Scots under young Alaster M'Donnell. He had long been their bitter enemy, hunting them down in the interests of England and by the advice of the deputy. Just before the war broke out which ended in his death Lord Chancellor Cusack praised his "dutifulness and [from the English point of view] most commendable dealing with the Scots." But when Shane found that almost every Irish chief, and even Desmond, had been gained over, in his extremity he set free his Scots prisoner

* A note by Messrs. Longman attached to the Althorp copy.

† W. Blades, *The Life and Typography of William Caxton*, London, 1861-63 fol. (vol. ii., p. 178).

* *Cf.* a similar passage in the "Boke of the Duchesse" (vv. 45-48) which seems to be imitated from this; the "romaunce" in Chaucer's case was the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

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Sorley buidhe (Yellow Charles), and, with a very small following, threw himself on Alaster's generosity. He was hospitably received; but Sir W. Piers pointed out to the Scots how they might at once pay off old scores and propitiate the now all-powerful English by killing their former persecutor. Accordingly, at a feast, they picked a quarrel with some of Shane's men and murdered the whole party. Piers got a thousand marks for Shane's head. The Scots soon found they had little cause to congratulate themselves on their share in the business.

I cannot think that if Dr. Jessopp had had the facts before him he would have called this bit of cold-blooded treachery "an Irish brawl." Piers, who arranged it, was an Englishman; the M'Donnells, who were his instruments, were Scots. No doubt Dr. Jessopp will remind me of "the Irish of the Isles" and *Scotia major*. Yes, but (unhappily) to the everyday reader "Irish" connotes something very different from "Scotch."

It seems that Ireland under Elizabeth does not, in Dr. Jessopp's view, demand any minute statement of facts, else he could hardly have omitted the most characteristic feature of Elizabeth's dealings with the Irish, viz., the repeated seizures of chiefs at peaceful banquets, and the poisonings (one of them attempted against Shane himself), which I will not call English—God forbid that I should call them Italian—while to speak of them as Tudor would be to lay an unwarrantable stigma on a Welsh family. Dr. Richey says of Sussex (who sent Shane a butt of poisoned wine), "high-minded Christian gentleman as he was, he looked on the native Irish as colonists do on Australian aborigines."

Henry Stuart Fagan.

DANTE'S REFERENCE TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Am Hof, Davos Platz: Jan. 30, 1889

Dr. Moore, in his letter about Dante's References to Alexander the Great, mentions a story which Boccaccio could not find in *William of England*, nor Benvenuto da Imola in "Gallicus ille qui describit Alexandreidem metrice." Dr. Moore asks who these two authors, William of England and the French poet of the Alexandreis, are. The latter is certainly Walter of Lille or Gualtherus de Insula, famous for his Latin epic on Alexander and also for his Goliardic poems. He has frequently been confounded with our English Walter Map, whose contemporary he was, since he visited England in 1166, and held a diplomatic post at the Court of Henry II. I venture to suggest that Boccaccio, when alluding to William of England—if indeed he did not write Walther instead of William, the contractions of Gualthero and Guglielmo being similar—was pointing to the same authority, Walther of the Island. Notices of Walter of Lille will be found in Giesebrecht's "Vaganten" (*Allg. Monatschrift für W. und K.*, 1853), and Hubatsch's *Lateinisiche Vagantenlieder* (Görlitz, 1870). John Addington Symonds.

BASQUE NAMES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Sare, Basses Pyrénées: Jan. 28, 1889.

Mrs. Knight's letter in the Academy of January 26 calls attention to a fact more widely spread than perhaps she imagines. From their excellent qualities as mariners, emigrants, and missionaries, Basques both of France and Spain took part in nearly every expedition to the New World; and, consequently, some Basque names may be found in the topography and history of every part where these nations made settlements. The Basques are the oldest fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland; and in the last century, while Canada was under French dominion, Basque was spoken in parts of Lower Canada, just as it is now spoken in parts of Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. I myself met with Basques for the first time in Montevideo. The first Basque grammar was printed in Mexico in 1607, and some of the earliest Basque church hymns were also printed there. Basques names of estates are found in Venezuela, New Granada, and Ecuador. Ithurbide (fountain way), the Emperor of Mexico, has left numerous relatives who have never quitted the old home in the parish from which I write. Basque ball-players and Basque *bersorali* make tours in the countries of La Plata just the same as English cricketers and football players do in Australia and New Zealand. Therefore, nothing is inexplicable in the fact that an estate bearing a Basque name should be found in Louisiana; but the name "Iberia" may have been given as a fancy name to his estate by a Spaniard as well as by a Basque. Into the derivation of "Iberia" I do not enter. Wentworth Webster.

ARROWSMITH, THE FRIEND OF THOMAS POOLE.

London: Feb. 1, 1889.

The author of that excellent book, *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, will allow me, I trust, to correct a misapprehension on her part, which might mislead some of her readers.

At pp. 142-3 of vol. ii. she speaks of having met, at Sir Roderick Murchison's, some twenty years ago, Mr. Arrowsmith, "a very old man," whom she identifies with the Arrowsmith mentioned on p. 141, under the year 1805, and "whose name," Mrs. Sandford says, "was on the very oldest atlas that I ever remembered" (p. 143).

But the good old man whom she met at Sir Roderick's, *circa* 1868, was *John* Arrowsmith, nephew of *Aaron* Arrowsmith, the earlier friend of Thomas Poole. The names of both were attached to atlases of standard excellence, each in its day—Aaron Arrowsmith, born 1750, died in 1823; John, born 1790, died in 1873.

H. Yule.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, Feb. 11, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Some Curiosities of Magnetism," by Mr. Shelford Bedwell.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," V., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Wood Engraving," by Mr. W. J. Linton.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Philosophy of Religion," by the Rev. Dr. J. Lightfoot.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations in the Glacier Regions of the Selkirk Range, British Columbia, in 1888," by the Rev. W. S. Green.
Tuesday, Feb. 12, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," IV., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Some Canal, River, and other Works in France, Belgium, and Germany," by Mr. L. F. Vernon-Harcourt.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Western Australia—its Present and Future," by Mr. A. P. Hensman.
8 p.m. Metropolitan Scientific Association: "Recent Theories bearing on Glaciation in Britain," by Mr. J. W. Gregory.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Human Remains discovered by Gen. Pitt-Rivers at Woodcuts, Rotherley," by Dr. John Beddoe; "A Demonstration of Centres of Ideation in the Brain," by Mr. Bernard Hollander.
Wednesday, Feb. 13, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Salt: its Production and Consumption at Home and Abroad," by Mr. P. L. Simmonds.
8 p.m. Geological.
8 p.m. Microscopical: Annual Meeting.
Thursday, Feb. 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Metamorphoses of Minerals," IV., by Prof. J. W. Judd.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Darwin *versus* Lamarck," by Prof. Ray Lankester.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Roman Architecture," VI., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8 p.m. Linnean.
8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Diophantine Relation $y^2 + y^2 =$ square," by Prof. Cayley; "Projective Cyclic Concomitants or Surface Differential Invariants," by Mr. E. B. Elliott; "Algebraical Symmetry, with particular reference to the Theory of Operations and the Theory of Distributions," by Major Macmahon; "Condition that a Line should be cut in Involution by a Cubic and its Hessians," by the President.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "The Insulation Resistance of Electric Lighting Circuits," by Prof. A. Jamieson; "Certain Phenomena connected with Imperfect Earth in Telegraph Circuits," by Mr. A. E. Kennelly.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries:
Friday, Feb. 15, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Ruby Mines of Burma," by Mr. G. S. Streeter.
8 p.m. Philological: "The Anglo-Saxon Nouns of more than one Gender," by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electrical Stress," by Prof. A. W. Rücker.
Saturday, Feb. 16, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Great Composers and their Works," with Illustrations on the Pianoforte, IV., by Prof. Ernst Pauer.

SCIENCE.

SOME MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

Plotting or Graphic Mathematics. By R. Wormell. (Waterlow & Sons.)

A New Theory of Parallels. By Charles L. Dodgson. (Macmillan.)

A Text-Book of Euclid's Elements. By H. S. Hall and F. H. Stevens. (Macmillan.)

Dr. Wormell's book consists principally of exercises in the graphic methods of arithmetic, geometry, and kinematics, with illustrative examples carefully worked out. It begins by showing how with a page ruled into small squares decorative patterns may be designed, plans or drawings may be copied, and interesting results in the theory of numbers may be obtained. Then follow chapters on the determination of areas, proportion, equations, the paths of moving points and projectiles, the parabola, ellipse, and hyperbola, higher graphs, and curves of observation. While the importance of graphic methods is well-known to those who are preparing for technical work, it does not seem to be so well recognised that they are a valuable complement to a general mathematical training.

"The charm of the method," as Dr. Wormell says, "is inherent in its nature. It gives something to be done by the hand and followed by the eye—keeping pace with the course of thought and reasoning. The proof of a rule or law often lies entirely in the process by which the rule or law is graphically illustrated, and the consequence is that the pupil while following the course is constantly on a voyage of discovery, and has all the pleasure and stimulus of an original investigation."

No elaborate outfit of either mathematical instruments or knowledge is required for working through the book, the explanations are concise and clear, the exercises are well graduated and not too difficult, and any one may understand it who has mastered the elements of algebra and geometry.

Mr. Dodgson's work contains an attempt to found the theory of parallels on a new axiom, one that will not be open to his own objection to Euclid's axiom, that it

"is *not* axiomatic—the intellect has not yet occurred among that species of vertebrates which may be defined as 'bimanous bipeds' which accepts that axiom as *intuitive* truth."

It will be seen that objection might be taken to the meaning given to the word "axiom." The axiom actually selected is as follows. In every circle the inscribed equilateral hexagon is greater than any one of the segments which lie outside it. The author considers that the truth of this axiom "falls into the eyes," as the Germans say; but is its truth so very obvious when we remember that the axiom must hold good however large the figure may be? What the axiom practically assumes is the existence of similar figures. By means of this axiom the author works out the theory of parallels most ingeniously. The book should

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prove of interest to all students of elementary geometry, both as giving a treatment of the subject from an unusual point of view and as containing a very interesting piece of geometrical reasoning. The author, however, does not seem to see the connexion of his method with the modern development of non-Euclidian geometry. The book contains several appendices, in one of which the question is discussed whether Euclid's axiom is absolutely true. Perhaps it would not be wrong to describe the contents of this appendix as "paradoxing." Nothing but confusion can result from giving an absolute meaning to the terms "infinite" and "infinitesimal."

Messrs. Hall and Stevens, in their edition of the first six books of *Euclid's Elements*, have adhered pretty closely, except in the case of the fifth book, to what may be called the *textus receptus*, namely the edition of Robert Simson. In a few instances they have made changes, sometimes on Euclid's proofs and sometimes on Simson's, all of which are improvements. The enunciations have been altered very little, even in those propositions where there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by studying brevity. Indeed, brevity at all hazards is not an object which they have striven to attain: and they very justly remark in the preface that the form of statement most suitable for the page of a text-book need not be that which is best adapted to examination purposes. Without departing from Euclid's mode of proof, a few changes of the most trifling character on some of the propositions would have enabled a reader to see that a connexion exists between the propositions. As examples of what is meant, the diagrams to propositions 9 and 11 of the first book, to propositions 5 and 6, 7 and 8, 11 and 12 of the third book, might have been lettered to correspond. Perhaps it may be thought too great a liberty to take with the second book to make evident the correspondence which exists between all the pairs of the propositions contained in it. In one case the authors have done so, and have changed not only Euclid's lettering but also his diagram. It is satisfactory to see that in two instances (iii. 35 and vi. 18) Euclid's text has been preferred to Simson's. The most valuable feature of this edition, however, is the additional matter that has been appended to the various books. This consists of classified deductions, italicised when they are important, and brought into connexion with typical examples worked out either partially or in full. The appendix to the first book treats of analysis and synthesis, the identical equality of triangles, inequalities, parallels, parallelograms, miscellaneous theorems, the concurrence of straight lines in a triangle, the construction of triangles with given parts, areas, loci, and intersection of loci. In the appendix to the sixth book are given the fundamental theorems on harmonic section, centres of similarity and similitude, pole and polar, radical axis and transversals. These and the other appendices contain a large and well-digested mass of useful geometrical information (the section on maxima and minima may be specially noted); and the book, as a whole, can be heartily recommended to students of geometry.

LATIN ETYMOLOGIES.

MOST of the following etymologies have been suggested during a recent perusal of C. O. Müller's edition of Festus' *De Verborum Significatione* (Leipzig, 1880).

1. *Andabata*, "a blindfolded gladiator." Probably a loan from the Gaulish **ando-batta*, where *ando-* is = Skr. *andha-s*, "blind," and *batta* is a masculine *a*-stem cognate with Welsh *bath* "coin," Corn. *bathor* "coiner," Lat. *battuere*, Fr. *battre*. So the Sanskrit word for "deaf"—*badhira*—has its reflex in the Celtic languages: Irish *bodar*, Welsh *byddar*, Breton *bouzar*.

2. *Caprunculum* "vas fictile," a diminutive of **caprúnco-*, cognate with Irish *crocan* (gl. olla), Welsh *crochan*, with regular loss of *p* and ejection of the pretonic vowel. For Welsh *ch* from *nc*, cf. *llech*, *trwch* with Latin *planca*, *truncus*.

3. *Cerritus*, *cerritulus*. Cognate with Ir. *cerr*, "askew, wrong, lefthanded"; *cerr-bél*, "wry-mouthed."

4. *Ferctum*† "genus libi dictum, quod crebrius ad sacra ferebatur, nec sine *strue*, altero genere libi; quae qui afferebant *stru-ferctarii* appellabantur." Here *ferctum* is from **ferg-to-m*, root *ferg* = Skr. *bhrj*, "to parch, to fry," and cognate with Lat. *frigo*, Gr. φρῦγω, φρυκτός; Ir. *bairgen*, "cake"; Welsh *bara*, "bread."

5. *Frivola* "sunt proprie vasa fictilia quassa." Cognate with Welsh *briw*, "broken," from **bhrîvo-s*.

6. *Mango*, "*mangones* qui colorem fuco mentiuntur," Quint. Cognate not only with Gr. μάγγανον, but also with Ir. *meng*, F. "guile," "deceit."

7. *Plēbes*, for **plēfes*, **plēθes*. Cognate not only with Gr. πλῆθος, but also with Old-Welsh *liti* for **liδi* (*Gr. Celt.* 140), in *liti-maur* (gl. frequens populis).

8. "*Subucula* et genus libi dicitur ex alica ("spelt") et oleo et melle, et genus vestimenti." Here are two different words, the common *sub-ūcula*, "shirt," and the rare *subūcula*, "bonne-bouche," where *su-* is identical with the Skr. and Irish laudatory prefix *su-*, Welsh *hy-*, Gr. εὖ-, and *būcula* is cognate with *bucca*, *buccea*, *buccella*, and *buccellatum*, "soldiers' biscuit."

9. *Superus*, compar. and superl. *superior*, *supremus*, with loss of the *no*-suffix, as in *mag-nu-s*, *major*. So in Irish *fern*, "good," from **u(p)erno-s* = *s-upernus*, and *ferr*, "better," from **u(p)eryos* = *s-uperior*. The Neo-Celtic cognate of *s-uprēmus* is Welsh *goreu*, "best."

10. *Sūra* from **svera*, cognate with Ir. *seir*, "heel" (from **sverit-*), acc. dual *di pherid*, LU. 69.[a]

11. *Uva* from **ogva*, cognate with Gaelic *ubh*, "egg"; *ubhall*, "apple," "ball."

12. "*Vallescit* [better *valessit*?] perierit." The root is (*g*)*val*, whence Old-Saxon *quelan*, Ir. *at-bail*, "perit"; Welsh *a-ballu*, "perire."

WHITLEY STOKES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ETRUSCAN "TEN"-FORMS—"TEZAN."

Barton-on-Humber: Jan. 14, 1889.

I now proceed to a detailed examination of the numeral *tezan*, mentioned in my last letter (ACADEMY, December 1, 1888, p. 358). There is a widespread Turanian "10"-form in *t-s* and variants, as follows: Finnic *ksan*, *ksen*; Esthonian *ksa*; Mordvin *kso*, *kse*; Lapponic *tse*; Tcheremiss *chse*; Basque *tzi*; Circassian *txey*.

E.g.
- Finnic — *kahde-ksan* ("8") = *kaksi* ("2") from *ksan* ("10").
- Esth. — *kahhe-ksa* ("8") = *kaks* ("2") from *ksa* ("10").
- Mord. — *kav-kso* ("8") = *kavto* ("2") from *kso* ("10").
- Lap. — *kak-tse* ("8") = *kwekte* ("2") from *tse* ("10").
- Tche. — *kanda-chse* ("8") = *kandaks* ("2") from *chse* ("10").
- Basque — *zor-tzi* ("8") = *zort* ("2") from *tzi* ("10").
  bedera-tzi ("9") = *bedera* ("1") from *tzi* ("10").

P
- Circas. — *yi* ("8" = *oh* ("2") from [*tzey*] ("10").

† Müller prefers the corrupt form *firetum*.

As previously noticed, *ksan* = a prior *tsan*, = an earlier *tasan*, and we find:

- Finnic — *t-a-s-an*
- Etruscan — *t-e-s-an*, *t-e-z-an*
  } = "10."
- Magyar — *t-i-z*
- Turkic — *o-t-u-z*
- Yakute — *o-t-u-s*
  } = "3 × 10" = 30.
- Zyrianian
- Permian
- Votiak
- Five Non-Aryan dialects of India
  } *d-a-s* = "10."

Pauli has, I think, shown conclusively that the Etruscan goddess *Nurθ* (*Nursia*, Juvenal, x. 74; *Nortia*, Livy, vii. 3) became "the goddess Ten," Latin Decuma, Decima, as connected with the ten months of the Etruscan year; and that, hence [*nu*]*rθz* (*nurθzi*) = "10 times"; and that for *nupφzi* (Fab. 2339), we should read *nurθzi*; and, further, that *tezin* at times = "dedicatio." But it does not, therefore, follow, as he supposes, that *tezan* did not mean "10." Special circumstances having evolved a special "10"-word (*nurθ*), an ordinary "10"-word (*tezan*) receives in time another, and a secondary, sense, but yet one which makes its primary meaning remarkably clear. That which is dedicated is the Tenth, the tithe. So, after the defeat of Xerxes, the Greeks dedicated a tenth of the spoil (Diod. xi. 33). So the Athenians dedicated the tenth part of ransom obtained from Boiotians and others to Athena (Herod. v. 77). In like manner the Siphnians sent the Delphic Apollo the tithe of their gold mines (Paus. x. xi. 1). The tithe of Arês with respect to war-spoils is referred to by Lucian (*Peri Orchêseôs*, 21); and, lastly, to take an Italian instance, we read in Livy—"Tibi [sc. Pythico Apollini] hinc decumam partem praedae voveo." Hence, there is no difficulty in understanding, with Pauli, such an inscription as *Tezan te ta tular* (Fab. 1910) to mean "Eine dedicatio statuta [sc. est] hic cippus," *tezan* being "a pious offering," literally "tithe."

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

THE DUAL IN SABEAN.

Cambridge: Feb. 1, 1889.

In the thirty-eight Yemen inscriptions transcribed by Prof. Derenbourg in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (September and October, 1887) we twice meet with the termination ניהן (xvi. and xxix.), which, so far as I know, occurs only three times in the 686 inscriptions of M. Halévy (261. 2; 374. 3; 535. 6). From the frequent use of ן as a demonstrative enclitic, it appears very doubtful whether it ever forms part of the dual termination, which, certainly in very many cases, consists only of י. I would suggest that we have in this י an attenuation of an *a* sound. The same may be seen in the suffix for the 3rd pers. dual המי as compared with the Arabic as well as in the terminations of the decads, which will thus agree with those in Assyrian and Ethiopic; and this dual was itself probably nothing but a shortened form of what was once the accusative plural. Again, the syllable הן, in some cases at all events, is not an "article défini très énergique," as M. Halévy thinks, but is a dual termination corresponding to the Arabic *ân* (*âni*), the ה being equivalent to א. Thus, we may have in the termination יהן a double dual, a form perhaps somewhat analogous to the termination ית for the Sabean fem. pl. const. With the use of י and הן to express the dual we may compare the use of *â* and *âni* in the perfect and imperfect of the Arabic verb. It is suggestive that the inscriptions referred to belong rather to the Minean than to the Sabean dialect.

G. W. COLLINS.

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THE KING OF ARZAPI'S LETTER.

Southampton: Feb. 2, 1889.

Should it prove that Prof. Sayce is correct as to the dialect of this despatch, it would seem that the Akkadian comparison of the Hittite language is likely to be confirmed sooner than I hoped in publishing this view in 1887.

Why Prof. Sayce regards *mi*, "my," and *ti*, "thy," as indicating an Indo-European connexion I do not understand, as these forms occur also in Turanian speech—*e.g.*, Zirianian *me* Ostiak *ma* (as well as in Akkadian), Zirianian *te* Magyar *te*. Nor do I understand why Prof. Sayce, who for some years has regarded the Hittite as an agglutinative speech, is inclined now to think it may be Aryan. He informs us, however, that the "verbal forms are Akkadian," which would confirm my published views as to the Hittite—if the tablet be Hittite.

Mr. Ball seems to me to have shown that some Aryan tribes were known to the later Assyrians. But this does not affect the question of Hittite nationality a thousand years earlier; and he has accepted my published comparison of certain Hittite names with Turkic and Etruscan words, which cannot be reconciled with any Aryan theory.

C. R. Conder.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have in the press *Jenner and Vaccination*, a popular account of the history of vaccination, by Dr. Charles Creighton, author of the article "Vaccination" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Mr. Swanzy has presented to the library of the Ophthalmological Society a copy of George Bartisch's *Augendienst* (1583), which is probably the oldest treatise on diseases of the eye in existence. It is in excellent preservation, and bound in a parchment cover, on which is some music. Besides a long preface, the volume contains over five hundred pages of closely printed matter, and a large number of interesting and curious plates.

The most important paper in the February number of the *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute is a contribution by Dr. E. B. Tylor on "A Method of Investigating the Development of Institutions, applied to Laws of Marriage and Descent." In order to show that anthropological problems admit of strictly scientific treatment, the author takes a subject upon the study of which he has been engaged for many years, and proceeds to its investigation on a basis of tabulation and classification. The rules of nearly 400 peoples have been scheduled out into tables so as to ascertain the "adhesions" of each custom, thus showing which peoples have the same custom and what other customs are associated with or dissociated from it. Dr. Tylor's paper is one of the most philosophical communications ever submitted to the institute.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

The forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "The Assyrian Oracles concerning Esarhaddon," by P. A. Delattre; "The Geographical Situation of Saparda," by O. J. Hagen; "The Geography of Northern Syria and some Neighbouring Lands, viewed from the Assyrian Side," by the Rev. H. G. Tomkins; and "Sacred Trees of the Assyrian Monuments," by Dr. J. Bonavia.

The *Revue Archéologique* for November-December, 1888, contains an interesting article by M. Berthelot on the origin of the word "bronze," the etymology of which is admittedly obscure. Hitherto it has been supposed that the earliest examples of the word are those occurring in the Piacenza chronicle printed by Muratori, dated about the beginning of the fifteenth century. In this record the forms are *bronzium* and *bronzinum*. M. Berthelot, however, points out that a MS. of the eleventh century, preserved at Venice, mentions the metal under the name of *βρονττήσιον*. All doubt as to the meaning of the word is removed by the express statement that it denotes a mixture of copper and tin. M. Berthelot suggests that *βρονττήσιον* may be a corruption of (*aes*) *Brundusinum*, and refers to Pliny's statement that the best mirrors in use among the ancients were those made at Brundusium, which were composed of a mixture of copper and tin. The derivation of *βρονττήσιον* from *Brundusinum* is not quite free from difficulty; but, as the conjectures hitherto proposed respecting the etymology of the word are not entirely satisfactory, M. Berthelot's suggestion appears to deserve consideration.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Manchester Goethe Society.—(*Wednesday, December 5.*)

The Rev. F. F. Cornish in the chair.—After the election of auditors to audit the society's accounts for the annual business meeting in January, a paper was read, by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, on "Goethe as a War Correspondent." Mr Wilkinson first, with the help of two excellent maps, described in detail the actual course of the campaign of 1792, from the declaration of war by France, in April, to the entry of the allies into France, on August 19, followed, a few weeks later, by their disastrous retreat—a retreat of which a Prussian general, who was an eye-witness on both occasions, wrote: "The Prussian soldiers in 1792 offered, perhaps, a more pitiable spectacle than those of Napoleon, in the retreat from Russia." It was on August 27 that Goethe, then in his forty-third year, joined the Duke of Weimar, by the latter's strong wish, in the camp near Longwy, reluctantly tearing himself from his quiet home and peaceful researches into the theory of optics. He seems to have made himself as comfortable as circumstances would allow, with well-stocked travelling chaise, sleeping car, and attendant valet, and to have busied himself more even here with scientific investigations than with the events going on around him. Yet, that, even so, he saw and felt something of the realities of war is evident from the few vivid hints which his endeavour "not to avoid the fitting degree of euphemism" could not quite cut out from his account of that miserable time. This account, however, published in 1822, is by no means what its form implies—a personal diary, kept up from day to day at the time of the events recorded. It is, on the contrary, an attempt made nearly thirty years later to reconstruct from the scanty notes of his own diary, supplemented by a careful study of published accounts of the campaign (notably the Memoirs of Dumouriez and the Memoirs of Massenbach), a picture of the daily events such as might have been written at the time, but was not. Goethe, indeed, took with him a diary, in which before and during the campaign he made a number of entries; but the entries seem to have become briefer as the campaign proceeded and, apparently, ended altogether soon after the retreat began. He was parted from his chaise before October 6; and, though he rejoined it on the 9th, it was not until the 14th, when he was already at Luxembourg, that he reopened the trunk in which his diary was kept, and even then his distress and disgust were such that he would not touch the diary. As an inevitable result of this method of compilation, the campaign in France, while giving in the main a faithful and lifelike picture of the general character of life in camp and on the march, is not free from historical inaccuracies. The description of the day of the battle of Valmy is particularly weak. [Here Mr. Wilkinson, from his own knowledge of the country, showed how, in a number of cases, Goethe's memory was faulty.] Goethe's description of the moral effect on the Prussian army of not attacking is most instructive; but his celebrated saying—"From here and from to-day starts a new epoch in history"—can hardly date from the day of the battle—it could only have been written by the light of subsequent events. The whole work of Goethe on the campaign, indeed, is spoiled by the unfortunate attempt to compile a substitute for reminiscences. A work of Goethe's, written at the time of the events or immediately after them, would have been of priceless value to the military student. There are traces enough in the work we have to show that Goethe would have admirably analysed and depicted the moral element which is always the dominant factor in the conduct of war. Even if Goethe had merely written out his vague recollections, they would have been a valuable source; but to cast into the form of a personal diary what is after all largely a historical compilation was, surely, a mistake. The campaign is half art, half history—that is to say, it is neither the one nor the other. The general maxims which form part of the composition are mostly vague generalities of little value; only those few which are the result of his direct observation are valuable, as, *e.g.*, when Goethe remarks on the evils of unsystematic requisitions, the firstcomers always destroying more than they take. The descriptions which Goethe borrows directly from his own recollections are invariably vivid and faithful—his account, *e.g.*, of the camp of Prancourt, of the road from Verdun to Etain (October 11), and from Longuyon to Longwy the next day. In these we have fragments of Goethe himself—bits of his actual life. From these there is more to be learned than from all the rest, and to such passages alone is due whatever value belongs to the work of Goethe as a war correspondent.—The chairman then made a few remarks on the paper, and Mr. Schelling, from his own experience as a war correspondent in the same district, in 1870, bore witness to Goethe's fidelity to fact in the reminiscences written down at the time.—The hon. secretary called attention to Saphan's pamphlet, *Friedrich des Grossen; Schrift über die Deutsche Litteratur.*

Browning Society.—(*Friday, January 25.*)

Dr. Berdoe in the chair.—The Rev. W. Robertson read a paper on "La Saisiaz," in which he called attention to the fact that the poem is in no sense dramatic, but that in it Browning expresses his own opinions in his own person. Its introduction is lengthy, and is probably intended to prepare our minds for the severity with which the question at issue is treated. In it Browning gropes his way back to the ultimate grounds for his conviction of the truth of immortality. His soliloquy on the events which produced this train of thought is marked by the poet's characteristic simplicity, directness, observation of nature, and almost ruthless accuracy of description. This introduction occupies twenty-two pages, and ten still intervene between it and the main argument. They are occupied by the question, Does the soul survive the body? He can bear the answer, not God's answer, but man's, and accordingly weighs the conclusions of modern scepticism in the balance. But, leaving these suddenly, he shows the necessity for his belief that life is a training-school for the soul, and that only by granting a second life does our earthly experience become intelligible. Thus, Browning presents us with a working hypothesis of life. Life is to be judged by its utility either for the world or for the individual soul. If men are transient beings, their sufferings concern us as little as leaves that fade and fall, and sacrifice for such is unintelligible. Sacrifice is only a means to an end, not an end in itself. We die to live, otherwise altruism is suicide. Only in its influence on character is life intelligible, and if man is mortal that influence is futile. The Christian faith that there is progress in human life, and that the production of character is one constant result of circumstance, shows that the soul is worthy of training, and that all things are at work moulding into finer shape this soul of man. On this estimate of life Browning bases his surmise that it will continue. Reviewing the whole argument in the language of theological terminology, Mr. Robertson maintained that the poet's position was the Christian position. He then treated the poem as a work of art, maintaining that it might have

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carried as much weight in prose.—The chairman proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Robertson for his powerful and interesting paper; and then, pointing out an instance of Browning's conciseness in his rapid transition from describing the scenery around him to the death of his friend, "this dread way you had your death," he suggested that what seemed like lack of pathos was really reticence. He himself agreed with the poet that life viewed as probation is the real basis of belief in immortality. Browning speaks in different poems to different minds: in "La Saisiaz" he addresses the thoughtful of all creeds. The paper read that evening offered many points for discussion, and was distinguished by singular freshness of thought and expression.—Dr. Furnivall thanked Mr. Robertson for the fairness of his paper, which never forced the subject beyond the limits which Browning intended. He himself considered that the poet just touched on all the pathetic points of the situation, and then subdued them in view of the main point, and on this he spoke for himself. Dr. Furnivall continued: Belief in immortality at best is only a hope, so is the belief in the perfection of life only a hope, but one more logical than the first. Sacrifice for posterity is surely intelligible, and was at all events understood by Christ. For himself he was satisfied with ignorance about immortality, content to do without it, and do what little he could of useful here. The society would print Mr. Robertson's paper for the help of members.—Mr. Revell had greatly enjoyed the valuable paper. He thought Browning's optimism may have something to do with the rarity of pathos in his poems. He himself considered the question of immortality purely one of evidence. Belief without evidence is immoral, and to his thinking Browning offers no justifiable evidence of immortal life. He assumes that life is a probation, and on that assumption founds his belief.—Mr. Slater, Mr. Kingsland, and other members continued the discussion.

Clifton Shakspere Society.—(*Saturday, January 26.*)

W. C. H. Cross, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. J. W. Mills, in a paper on "'Julius Caesar' and 'Plutarch,'" said that no student of Shakspere who has been at pains to compare plays like "The Winter's Tale" with *Pandosto*, or "As You Like It" with *Rosalynde*, can escape a feeling of wonder at the smallness of the poet's obligation to the fashionable novelists of his own day. And if he extends the comparison over that entire group of plays which may conveniently be styled "romantic," this feeling will rather deepen than dissipate. Secure in the boundless wealth and resources of his own faculties, our poet gleans but little from imaginative mediæval prose. The meagre, undecorated outline of a moving story, a few names, with a stray collateral incident here and there, generally constitutes all that the dramatist condescends to use. The skilful development of the plot, the more striking episodes, the language, imagery, sentiment—in a word, all that has lifted his dramas into the serene empyrean of immortality is the production of Shakspere's individual genius. Now, if we quit the "romantic" and turn our attention to the "historical" group, we note at once a change. Here the poet comes before us in a new guise. Like a student preparing for examination, he "gets up" his subject with an exactitude and painstaking thoroughness which, had he lived in our own time, would have satisfied the most exacting of examiners. His obvious aim is to make the play as near an approach to the reality of historical truth as the exigencies of stage representation and of dramatic art will permit. As a natural corollary, the characters of "Julius Cæsar," for instance, are as truly Roman as the bold figures upon the Arch of Titus. Other modern dramatists have also chosen Roman themes; but not one can rival Shakspere in this admirable characteristic. How few English lovers of French literature can really enjoy Racine's Roman plays! The reason seems that in almost every case the characters have nothing Roman about them, save the name, and this incongruity startles the reader out of the spell of poetic illusion. The characters troop with imposing grandeur across the shifting scenes; they declaim magnificent sentiments in stately and sonorous language; but too quickly we perceive that our heroes are but the polished courtiers of "le grand monarque" indulging in a little harmless masquerade. The liveliest imagination is powerless to conceive, for instance, a semi-barbarous Asiatic prince dying with these words:—"Mais c'en est fait de moi, et j'ai vecu, Madame"; although hardly any sentiment could be more natural and appropriate in the mouth of a dying marshal of France in the gilded magnificence of the court of Louis Quatorze. "Julius Cæsar," on the other hand, is saturated through and through with the living spirit of antiquity. Mr. Mills then commented in detail upon many parallelisms between North's *Plutarch* and the play.—Mr. John Taylor read a paper on "Shakspere's Conservatism." Bulwer Lytton was right when, in *Ernest Maltravers*, he said that "Brutus the aristocrat stabs his patron that patricians might again trample on plebeians"; and Shakspere, by making Brutus the hero of "Julius Cæsar," shows his unchangeably conservative feelings. The desire to have Cæsar as a single master in place of the patriciate was the cry of plebeian Rome. Popular liberty was the last thought in connexion with the assassination. An unformed mass of populace, a confused, discordant multitude, whose sudden passions, falsely called reason, are their motive of action, who defy authority and distract society to spoil the law-abiding community, naturally meet with the poet's reprobation, whether they be Romans, as in "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus," or English, under the leadership of Jack Cade. It cannot be that Shakspere held, as Browning, in his "Lost Leader," seems to intimate, like political views with Milton, Shelley, and Burns. It can be clearly gathered from the plays that Shakspere had no theories of government to advocate; but it can be shown that he was a high-minded and consistent patriot, upholding settled law and order, an opposer of political rabbles, a defender of the monarchy, and of military and civil ranks and gradations, without being a politician in the customary sense of the term. Had he lived now he would probably have said to both Tories and Radicals, "A plague o' both your houses!" while he clung to the constitution. With large love of freedom, he was essentially conservative, and has expressed at once his belief in cultured superiority and his disbelief in unenlightened demagogism. He thought, with Aristotle, that superiority should be vested in those who have power of deliberating, of judging, of foreseeing, of pre-arranging, and, above all, of commanding.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read a paper on "Lepidus," who, although he speaks less than four lines in "Julius Cæsar," stands out strongly individualised. This is through Antony's marvellous description of him in IV. i. By this, Shakspere, in his inimitable manner, lets us see his view of Antony as well as of Lepidus. The former is disclosed as a mere time-server and user of other men; and the sincerity of his eulogy of Cæsar is largely discredited, as it was animated more by hatred of Brutus than by love of Cæsar. It is strange that Shakspere here, and in "Antony and Cleopatra," ii. 7, represents Lepidus in such a mean and ridiculous light. The reason of it is difficult to see, as he found no authority for it in Plutarch.—Mr. Walter Strachan, in a paper on "Brutus and Cassius," said that these two leaders of the conspiracy seem marked out for comparative reflexion. Their characters are widely different. The destruction of Cæsar is only undertaken by Brutus as necessary to the salvation of the state, and he will allow no other life to be sacrificed. Although Brutus had a cold phlegmatic exterior, yet his affection for, and appreciation of, Portia showed that he had a kind and sensitive heart. A grander man than Brutus is hardly possible. He appears without blemish, unless perhaps this crime of assassination darkens the glory of his character; and even that for public reasons, and with the unmistakable favour of public opinion, might be justified. Cassius, although proud and testy, was far-seeing and cautious. He knew that the secret of ruling is to hide the fact that you rule. If this astute diplomatist had directed the conspiracy instead of Brutus, success would have been certain throughout, and in the sequel.—The secretary read an anonymous paper on "Brutus as a Husband," in which it was stated that our estimate of Brutus has been unduly influenced by the panegyric passed upon him by Antony (V. v. 68-75), who, we know, from his dealings with Cleopatra, and his attitude towards his own wife Fulvia, was no competent judge of a man in his domestic relations. Brutus, in the scene with Portia, comes out not only as an impatient and irritable husband, but as a mean equivocator. Portia's anxiety was all thrown away upon him, for he wholly disregarded it; and when the news of her death, hastened by his neglect, comes to him, he receives it with a cold-blooded indifference that shocks even Cassius. Neither then, nor in his last hours, do we hear one word about his noble wife; but this loquacious "hero" talks grandiloquently about the moral wrong of suicide, and then commits it to avoid going bound to Rome.

Aristotelian Society.—(*Monday, January 28.*)

Bernard Bosanquet, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Dr. A. Bain read a paper on "The Empiricist Position." Empiricism has been usually defined by experience, and is opposed to intuition. This is not sufficient at the present day. The contrast is made somewhat more precise by saying that while intuition may be admitted as suggestive, it has no validity without the confirmation of experience. Yet this does not cover all the points at issue. There are problems, the chief being perception, where validity does not enter: the question being how to express, without contradiction, what we all admit as true. Even as regards intuitive suggestion, there are still differences of view: the controversy as to innate ideas, although greatly altered in our time, is not finally adjusted. The term "Epistomology" is conveniently restricted to the first sources of our knowledge: for although usually covering validity, there are other titles better fitted to comprise that class of questions. As regards innate ideas, the empiricist position is that our knowledge is wholly obtained from sensation with the co-operation of our intellectual powers, heredity being also allowed for. To uphold this position, of course, requires us to give an account of our notions of space, time, cause, the soul or ego, without pre-supposing pure intuition. The relative priority of the universal and particular is empirically settled by maintaining that the two must proceed together. When from innate ideas we pass to innate truths, validity comes in. The testimony of consciousness has here to be appraised at its true worth. No single revelation of consciousness is admitted as final; there must be comparison to overcome illusions. Hence the final criterion of validity in general is consistency, or the absence of contradiction, through a sufficiently wide range of conscious experiences. The great question of cause, which has been long a bone of contention, is best approached under the form—uniformity of nature. Does the empiric hold that experience establishes the certainty that the future will resemble the past? Hobbes says no, and the modern advocate of empiricism agrees with him. Lewes and some others regard it as an identical proposition. Whether this be so or not, the intuitionist view can be shown to beg the question twice over. Experience teaches what has been in the past, but cannot avouch the future. That must be presumed, begged, or taken for granted, by everybody; there is no proof, but the absence of contradiction, in the past. Another question connected with cause, is whether we are to rest satisfied with mere physical sequence, or must postulate mind at every step. The principle of uniformity ranges wider than causation; it includes laws of co-existence, of which gravity is the chief, and laws of equality, or mathematics. It is impossible to exclude these from the experience test. The problem of external perception has a unique character among the controversies that divide the empiricists and the apriorists. The idealist view is what empiricism must adopt. It is a case of uncontradicted uniformity in the recurrence of certain appearances; and we are entitled, but only as an assumption, to postulate the same recurrence in the distant, and in the future. The point is how to express the appearances while they are unperceived. It is a marked contradiction to give them characters in themselves without any reference to their being perceived. If we must express what is permanent in other terms than how it appears to

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our perceptions, we can do so only in the most abstract language that can be devised. The whole attempt is an accommodation to human weakness, which desiderates an assurance beyond the fact of regular recurrence. Most transcendent of all the questions is what is expressed by thought and equality, with their numerous synonyms When reduced to a distinct issue, this is found to imply that what we know has some co-relations in the unknown, expressible only in terms of the co-relation. The most typical case is design, as implying a designer. It is through this procedure that philosophy has relations with theism, which, however, cannot be exhausted by such approaches. The empiricist, like everybody else, would be bound to take the subject in all its bearings.

FINE ART.

REMBRANDT'S DRAWINGS.

Mr. A. W. Thibaudeau will publish immediately in London, and there will be issued simultaneously in Paris and in Berlin, the first of what are meant to be four, but may possibly in the fulness of time become five, parts of a work devoted to the reproduction of the authentic drawings of Rembrandt. Herr Lippmann, of Berlin, and Herr Bode, of the same place—and with them two or three English connoisseurs—direct the publication, which, it is well to understand, is not undertaken with any intention of pecuniary gain, but simply to enable connoisseur and student to have at hand what I may call a reference-library bearing upon the work—nay, being itself the work—of the greatest Dutch master. To finish, in a business-like form, the announcement of the bare facts, let it be further understood that there will be issued, in all, only a hundred and fifty copies of the publication, and that the price fixed upon is so moderate that almost faultless reproductions of fifty drawings of Rembrandt—the first part out of the four or five parts to be issued, that is—will be attainable, until the small edition is exhausted, for a sum less than that which is often charged for a gaudy Christmas volume of photogravures. It is needless to say, that this honourable enterprise could never have been undertaken if some of the best treasure-houses in Europe, both public and private, had not opened their doors to give it welcome. The collections of the Berlin Museum, of the British Museum, of the Albertina at Vienna, of Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, and of Mr. J. P. Heseltine, will be drawn upon. Nor do these exhaust the list.

Those reproductions which I have thus far seen are of drawings at Berlin and at Mr. Heseltine's. Of the really important Rembrandt collections these are among the most recently formed and in the catalogue of Rembrandt's drawings which Mr. Vosmaer gave in his great work on the master—a work now twelve years old—some of the sketches at this moment in Berlin are chronicled as at home in other places. Thus the *croquis* which Mr. Vosmaer describes as "Garçon Recalcitrant" and the extremely interesting washed drawing, "Homme agé," as he calls it—adding, for our edification, "nommé à tort Vondel"—were, at the time of his writing, in a great private collection. Unless his difficulties of belief have latterly been overcome, Mr. Vosmaer does not accept this masterly work—the "Homme agé"—as a Rembrandt. "Bien que ce dessin soit d'une grande beauté, je doute fort," he says, "qu'on puisse l'attribuer à Rembrandt." But other connoisseurs, at all events, remain of a different opinion. It is conceded, I hear, by some of those who have to do with the issue of these reproductions, that two drawings not finally to be attributed to Rembrandt's hand have slipped themselves into the collection. These, it seems, are a Berlin drawing with cows in the foreground and a little possession of Mr. Heseltine's, "View across a large Sheet of Water with a Town in the Background." The first is not remarkable in any degree, and the second yet more unmistakably suggests a hand less powerful than Rembrandt's, and less delicate. Two other drawings which, while I do not quite venture to impugn their authenticity, I must at all events decline to value highly, are the "Portrait of the Artist"—pen and brush, in indian ink—with which the work begins; and the drawing in red chalk, "A Philosopher," in which, while the head is no doubt clever enough, the lines are generally wanting in significance, in decisiveness, in that economy of means which was so completely a note of Rembrandt's art.

When these things have been mentioned, I do not know that the austerest, the least confiding, criticism can mention anything else in depreciation of the manner in which this enterprise has thus far been conducted, or can suggest any means by which it would have been possible to better the present issue. Great variety has been secured, and in some of these drawings the master has said *le dernier mot* of artistic refinement and of force. Contrast, for instance, such drawings as the "View of a Town with a Cathedral" and "Saskia van Ulenburgh." To have been capable of both is, if I may draw a simile from the art of the musician, to have performed with equal expressiveness the weightiest work of Beethoven and Schumann's *Träumerei*. The "View of a Town," though in some part executed with the pen, gains its character of unlimited potency by the wash of sepia—the swiftly disposed dab, the very splash, as it were, upon the paper. The "Saskia"—which depicts the *fiancée*, or, as Vosmaer has it, the wife of Rembrandt, gentle, intelligent, and quite pretty to boot; twenty-two years old upon June 8, 1633—is a silver-point, on white prepared vellum: a work of faultless vivacity and refinement. Both these great things, and many others, such as the "Descent from the Cross" and the "Elijah in the Desert"—with the great style in every line of it—and the "Pen-and-ink Study of Three Figures," belong to Berlin; while among Mr. Heseltine's finest treasures must be placed the lateish drawing of the "Town Hall of Amsterdam" after a fire had occurred there in 1552 (this is one of two known drawings of the same subject), and "An Old Man seated in an Armchair" (a washed drawing wonderful for its illumination), and, lastly perhaps, the "Group of Large Trees on the Edge of a Pond." Alike to the authorities of a museum and to a private collector it must be a pleasure to know that unique possessions, in themselves so desirable, are now, in a sense, to be accessible to the student, in many places, by means of this publication.

Frederick Wedmore.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

Of the two examples of Constable, both contributed by Mr. T. Horrocks Miller, the "Water Mill," which is apparently an early example, is hard and formal. The "View on the Stour, near Dedham," painted in 1822, would seem, at first sight, to challenge our admiration as one of the great series of which the type and the masterpiece is the famous "Haywain," now in the National Gallery. On closer examination, however, it appears by no means on a level with those great examples, being far less rich, less true, and less happily composed than the best of them; it is, indeed, rather a dull and uninspiring, though a perfectly sincere, piece of painted prose, which belongs to the second or third rank of the painter's productions. Bonington—English by origin, but French by artistic training and method—is represented by the most exquisite specimen of his landscape art with which we are acquainted: this is the "River Scene: Picardy" (60), which, like all the other oil paintings in the first, and not a few in the great gallery, forms part of the Horrocks Miller collection. It is sober in local tint as a water-colour by Cozens or Girtin, grey as a Van der Capelle; yet it is the most luminous picture in the room—not excepting perhaps Turner's great "Quillebœuf"—and seems to have absorbed and to give forth light. The "Study" (64), by the same artist, is a most brilliant combination of green and crimson tones. It is one of a class of which there are many examples in the Manchester House collection, and shows Bonington as one of the earliest disciples, and in one sense, as a precursor of the French romantic school in its full development. Etty's "Coral Finder" (29), though, as usual, unmeaning and purely decorative in intention, is as rich as, and much more transparent in colour than, most specimens of his work, the shadows not having acquired the trenchant blackness which mars so many of his paintings. Something in the rendering of the deep blue, vanishing coast-line recalls Delacroix, whose predecessor in point of date Etty was; probably the landscape backgrounds of Titian were to both painters the source of inspiration. The earlier and better phase of John Linnell's art is splendidly represented in four or five first-rate examples. If we choose to forget the tiresome and monotonous mannerism of his later time, he may with works such as these take his place not much below England's foremost masters of landscape. The "Windsor Forest" is a beautiful study of trees standing out sharply against the luminous background of an afternoon sky, the gold of which permeates the whole scene, accentuating the calm, English character of its beauty. Very remarkable for the pellucid quality of its atmosphere—verging almost upon a cristalline hardness—is "The Purchased Flock"; and still finer is the "Kensington Gravel-Pits," in which the foreground, showing men busily labouring among broken mounds of red soil, is drawn and modelled with a force and truth altogether admirable. The silvery blue of the sky, in itself beautiful, is here in somewhat stringent contrast with the reddish-orange of the gravel, the tone of which is neither very agreeable nor very true to nature. The sombre "Welsh Mountain Road" (5) is a conception which has much of the strength and pathos that we are wont to associate with the works of Théodore Rousseau. The sky already shows traces of the mannerism which was later to overwhelm the artist.

It is well to be brought occasionally face to face with the English art of forty years ago, though that period, being undoubtedly the one at which our school had reached its nadir, a collection of works distinctively representing it is inevitably a depressing spectacle. In the presence of the cheap, bourgeois romanticism, the leaden hues and hard wooden textures of a Newton, an Egg, a Maclise, a Ward, and, above all, in the presence of the uninspired and uninspiring Philistinism of their mode of conception, the rebellion of the P.R.B., their indignant repudiation of the formula of their day, is more than ever explicable: better than ever do we understand the excesses of naïve realism into which the youthful band were, as it were, stung. Though the specimens of the above-mentioned artists now shown at Burlington House are carefully chosen and of more than average quality, there is certainly no temptation to dwell on their characteristics, technical or other. They are, nevertheless, of interest as illustrating a well-defined phase in the art-history of our time, and one too

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recent to have been as yet sufficiently described. It is for this reason, and no other, that we cannot deplore the exhibition, or rather re-exhibition, of such works on the walls of the Academy. On a not much higher level, from a technical point of view, stand the works of C. R. Leslie; but these are redeemed by a real vivacity of conception, a keen zest for a certain element of stage comedy, which is here well illustrated in the popular "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," as it is, too, in many works contained in the Sheepshanks collection. The vigorous execution of John Phillip, his strength, if not his unity or complete harmony, as a colourist, and his power of conceiving a subject, from his own point of view, with a certain dramatic life and power, take his work out of the category of the "Victorian" painters already named; while, on the other hand, the obviousness—nay the vulgarity—of the sentiment which informs even his most distinctive productions, the inability which he evinces to penetrate below the surface of the thing conceived or reproduced, render him, in some respects, mentally, if not technically, their brother. The picture awkwardly named "The Huff"—and yet not inappropriately, since there pierces through all its Spanish colour a certain unmistakeable British flavour—is a strong and characteristic, if not a very engaging, example of the painter's merits and demerits. The three remarkable specimens of the delicate art of John Fredk. Lewis, severally described as "The Bouquet," "An Armenian Lady, Cairo," and "The Coffee-bearer," have a peculiar charm of their own, wrought up by a loving finish and delicacy of execution, a refined feeling for colour, and a genuine skill in rendering the sheen and the very web of rich oriental stuffs, as in depicting the tender greens of early foliage illuminated by the brilliant light of a southern spring. Against this charm, and this rare mastery of detail, must be set, in execution, a certain hardness and want of flexibility in the rendering of flesh; in conception, a lack of life and individuality. Lewis's orientalism, too—like John Phillip's Spanish colour—is strongly flavoured with that same indefinable British ingredient, which has unconsciously forced its way to the surface in the works of both men. It is, perhaps, unfair to expect of any artist whose gifts stop short of genius, whose originality is not that of the pioneer or the combative innovator, that he should divest himself of the faults which colour the very atmosphere of his time. We had almost forgotten to mention the "Jacob and Rachel" of that precursor of the Pre-Raphaelites, William Dyce. It is a characteristic example, in which hardness and over-deliberation in the execution are redeemed by real pathos and a genuine dramatic instinct.

Seldom, if ever has the art of Turner, even in the galleries of the Academy, been more splendidly illustrated than on the present occasion; the oil paintings, though less numerous, are not less distinctive than the water-colours, though these are of unrivalled interest. The worshippers of each several period of the master's practice will be gratified, and will, no doubt, find additional fuel to feed the ardour of their individual preferences. The first work in order of date is the water-colour, "Conway Castle" (16), painted in 1796, and very suggestive of Girtin, both in conception and execution. Then come unsurpassable specimens of the first style in its maturity, and of the transition to the second: the exquisite "Cader Idris" (10), with its background of sun-tipped mountains melting into the sky, painted as Turner alone could have painted it; the splendidly true and noble "Edinburgh" (14), upon innumerable points of which great work it would be a pleasure to dwell; the "Falls of the Clyde" (12); and the powerful, if somewhat, hard "Pembroke Castle" (4), painted in 1806. Among the oil paintings, the well-known "Bonneville, Savoy" belongs to this time. It comprises a rendering of nobly-shaped mountains, abruptly descending on three sides to a smooth dark lake, which it would be difficult to excel for realism or for beauty; but the picture is marred by a hard and over-solid sky, forming an insufficient contrast to the rugged masses which it canopies. A contemplation of these glories of the first manner more than ever emboldens those who venture, in hushed tones, to suggest that it is in a sense the master's truest and noblest period. The not too highly idealised truth which he here expresses allows the poetry of nature herself to speak, shows without distortion the latent and mysterious affinities which exist below her many aspects, and the infinite shades of human passion. She is not here, as later on, used—and misused, though it may be splendidly misused—as a medium of expression in the hands of the poet-painter, audaciously striving to conquer the limits of his art, and to depict, to express the impossible. Fine specimens of the second manner are the "Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt," exhibited in 1832, and the apparently much earlier "Wave" (181). To this style belongs, among the water-colours, the series engraved in *England and Wales*, and, no doubt, mainly produced for that purpose; of which some fine specimens are here shown, including the "Stamford," the "Chatham from Fort Pitt," the "Prudhoe Castle," and the "Barnard Castle." To the same style and period belongs the "Stirling Castle," painted in 1834, and engraved in Sir Walter Scott's *Prose Works*, and also the "Shoreham." All, or most of, these works, are exquisitely well preserved, and are wrought with the greatest delicacy and skill, showing, too, the developed resources of the painter as a colourist. Yet do they either convince, or very deeply move the beholder? These balanced and improved arrangements of nature lack the truth of the first period, and the lyrical element, the soaring temerity of the last. It is as if, in the careful preparation necessary to render the subjects suitable for engraving in accordance with the taste of the day, the subtle essence of truth and beauty of the higher order had evaporated. In striking contrast with these finished drawings are the singularly interesting "Rhine Sketches," now, for the first time, through the kindness of Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, temporarily framed and placed before the public. These are fifty-one in number, and were drawn by Turner during a tour of about fourteen days on the Rhine in 1819. The interpretation of nature is here truer, simpler, and more sympathetic. The rendering may be further amplified, and perhaps corrected, but for freshness and comprehensiveness of vision it cannot easily be improved. Where so much is remarkable it would be tedious to cite many examples; yet we may single out as exceptional for accuracy and beauty the dark moonlight scene, "Goarshausen," the "Peterhoff," with its stormy sky, against which stands out a rainbow, and the delicious grey-green "Marksburg," with its winding river and peaceful evening sky. Two oil paintings of great importance represent the transition from the second to the third period, if they do not actually belong to the latter. Of these, the "Quillebœuf" is almost unique for the perfect state of preservation in which its magnificent colouring now appears, for the richness and transparency of the shadows and the brilliancy of the light which alternate on the storm-tossed, subsiding waves. Yet the quiet French coast-scene, as it appears under the strange illumination of a lurid sky pierced by the rays of the setting sun, is presented in a fashion which altogether fails to convince: the splendid unreality of the painter's dream overwhelms and crushes the subject upon which it is superposed. A dream, too, is the beautiful "Venice" (141), but a dream more truly expressing the essence of the reality from which it is generated: the theme is here suited to its embellishments. As magnificent specimens of the third period, still in its saner phase, may be pointed out, among the water-colours, the "Oberwesel" (6), the "Lake of Nemi," and, above all, the dazzling, yet lurid, phantasy which the master has called "Heidelberg" (17).

It is a cruel kindness to have honoured the late Frank Holl, as he is here honoured, by arranging the very complete and representative show of his portraits and genre pictures in immediate juxtaposition with the unequalled series of Rembrandts; and the only fair way to utilise this unique opportunity for estimating the modern painter's artistic position is to pass straight into the two galleries which contain what is practically his life-work, deaf—or rather blind—to the enticements offered on either hand as we pass. It was as a painter of pathetic—too pathetic—genre that Holl first took the fancy of the English public; but it is not by this branch of his art that his reputation will be sustained. Already in these lugubrious scenes the execution has an ease and breadth not common among English artists at the time they were painted. The technique, and especially the mode of illumination, have points of contact with, and may have been suggested by, those of the modern Dutch school. But this pathos, if by no means insincere, is of an obvious and superficial order, such as is calculated to draw easy tears from the pit of the Adelphi or the Princess's Theatre. It is melodramatic and spectacular, rather than drawn naturally and truly from life. Not the catastrophes, not the blackest woes of existence alone should be the theme of the creative artist, whether poet or painter, who seeks to express the uncertainty, the indefinable sadness which weighs down those of to-day. The mystery of human life in its myriad aspects, chequered with sun and shade, is worthier of contemplation and of expression than the mystery of death; and the pathos extracted from the latter by itself can be but incomplete and ephemeral. As a portrait-painter Holl will take an important, though by no means the highest, position among English artists of his period. He possessed uncommon breadth and, within his own limits, certainty of draughtsmanship and technique generally, and especially a happy power of composing his subjects in attitudes at once natural and picturesque. He successfully expressed without constraint or affectation a measure of the individuality, both mental and physical, of his sitters, though giving neither aspect in the highest form of which it was capable—never attaining the sympathetic insight which marks the happiest works of a Watts, or the exuberance of life which distinguishes the finest portraits of a Millais. When at his best, he happily rendered what all the world perceives in a striking individuality, without adding to the impression any very personal interpretation of his own. Against these merits must be set the defects of a wearisome monotony in conception and arrangement, and of a very conventional system of illumination; above all, that of a system of colouring, striking, but harsh and unpleasant, particularly in the bluish tints of the painter's favourite black, and the clay-like textures, the leaden tones of much of the flesh-painting. Among the most vigorous and complete portraits here are the truculent "Duke of Cleveland," the urbane "Earl Spencer," and the manly and thoroughly English "Lord

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Stalbridge." A finer intuition is, however, shown in the simple and pathetic portrait of the nonagenarian "Captain Sim"—a type of mentally resolute if decrepit old age. Consummately well-drawn and painted, and admirably lighted, if not in other respects very interesting, is the portrait of a young girl holding a sheathed sword, called "Did you ever kill anybody, father?" Nowhere, however, has the painter succeeded in simulating physical elasticity and vigour—akin in quality to that in which Frans Hals delighted—with such success as in the uncompromising presentment of "Pierpont Morgan, Esq., of New York." Here is frankly portrayed a true son of the new world, standing out in striking contrast to the old-world celebrities by whom he is surrounded. This is one of the three last portraits painted by Holl, whose art, it will be thus seen, was still in a sense progressing at the moment of his premature and altogether unexpected death.

Claude Phillips.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANDREA DEL SARTO'S "CARITA."

Florence: Jan. 18, 1889.

The *Contemporary Review* of November, 1886, contained an interesting article by Prof. Max Müller about his discovery in an antiquary's den of this city of an *abozzo*, which he believes to be a first sketch by Andrea del Sarto for the celebrated "Carita" in the Chiostro del Scalzo (Via Cavour) a hundred yards distant from Savonarola's old monastery, San Marco. This *abozzo* may be what he thinks; but it is curious that another very beautiful and perfect copy—or original as the finder insists—has lately come into the possession of Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis. So what Prof. Max Müller doubted to be possible—viz., that "any other was extant"—has apparently been settled in the affirmative.

I have seen the Florentine professor's duplicate of "La Carita" now hanging on the walls of his villa, painted on canvas in *chiaroscuro*, or grey in grey, and a letter announcing his treasure-trove to the Oxford professor. Comparing a photograph of it with the group in the Chiostro, to my eyes it is even more delicate and refined in the expression of the central figure; but that difference may be attributed to the smoothness of the material, and, in part, to the effect of time and damp on the rough surface of the fresco.

Prof. Max Müller claims that this benignant woman, carrying and sheltering beneath her robe three lovely boys — who represents to ordinary beholders simply the greatest of all the Christian graces—portrays the features of Lucrezia, the wife too much idolised by the infatuated and unhappy painter. If such is still his persuasion let him revisit Florence, and the study of the angelic face of the fair and frail Lucrezia in other pictures will make all allusion to vanish. Lucrezia may be traced beyond dispute in the "Madonna del Sacco," and in the "Birth of the Virgin," to be seen in the cloister and *cortile* of the church of the Annunziata, also in the Madonna called "of the Harpies" in the Tribuna of the Uffizi Gallery. Most exquisite among all she appears in the girlish profile of the Madonna in the Pitti Palace in the painting of the "Holy Family," so-called for want of a better title, although San Giuseppe is absent. But there is no need to travel outside the cloister of the Scalzo; for in one of the scenes depicting the Life of St. John the Baptist, the soft, sweet face that haunted and pursued the painter even to the court of the French king, Francis, is ever present, and as Herodias glances across a table in seeming confidence of sure recognition. History records (and, if readers will abandon Vasari in order to refer to L. Biadi and Baldinucci, they may see for themselves) that Lucrezia had two sisters; but I fail to find, what some have thought to discover in Andrea's other pictures, any trace of them in the fresco of "La Carita"—not even a slight sisterly resemblance.

Prof. Max Müller laments the crumbling and decay of these frescoes in the Scalzo from exposure to wind and weather. They are now under lock and key, and have been roofed in for the last 120 years. But I could tell of many a church, monastery, and cloister in Italy where worse destruction has worked hand in hand with an iconoclastic government to hasten the slow steps of ruthless time. The condition of Ferrara, which I lately visited, calls aloud for rescue from the military destroyer, who cries havoc there within sacred walls, consecrated in other days to religion and art, as understood and practised by Garofolo, Dosso Dossi, and many others whose works, thus perishing, will soon become the shame, as once the glory, of the Italian nation.

William Mercer.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Although, as stated in the Academy of last week, Mr. F. G. Prange will henceforward be associated with Sir Coutts Lindsay as manager of the art department of the Grosvenor Gallery, we are asked to state that Mr. Charles W. Deschamps will continue to give his services in the collection of works by deceased artists for the winter exhibitions.

The exhibitions to open next week include the seventeenth exhibition of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society, in Conduit Street; and a collection of water-colour drawings and sketches in Serk, North Wales, &c., by Mr. Paul Naftel, at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street.

Mr. Roscoe Mullins will, in all probability, send to the Royal Academy a life-size group of mother and child - suggested by no ordinary domestic incident, but by a passage in the second part of "Faust." The young woman kneels upon one knee, the maintenance of her pose being aided by pressure on the foot of the other leg. She is almost Greek in type, benign of expression, large of structure, and amply and finely developed. From many points of view the work offers lines of interest and charm. Its composition is, indeed, admirable. Mr. Mullins has likewise in a forward state a design that is destined for the New Gallery. It is the almost nude figure of a boy with a modelling tool in the right hand, and in the left a mask of comedy; the work—which is charged with vivacity and energy—having been suggested by the well-known phrase of Ben Jonson, "Life's a jest, and all things show it." The same sculptor has completed a striking bust of Mr. Ritchie, to whom, it will be remembered, we owe the scheme of County Councils.

Mr. Samuel Fry is far advanced with a statuette of fair size, at this moment in clay, but presently to be cast in bronze. It represents a muscular and largely-built young woman, nude and in the act of stretching. This bids fair to be one of the most original and successful of the artist's works; the lines of the composition being unquestionably fine, and the figure, although expressing by her action the fatigue of the hour, being in truth of energetic and powerful type.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club closed to the public last week its exhibition of the drawings of Cotman, which, by the amount of interest in the artist which they have aroused, cannot but be considered to have at least fulfilled the aim with which they were brought together. We hear that the club is preparing to open, during next month probably, an exhibition of precious miniatures, which will doubtless prove attractive.

The *Scottish Art Review* will publish in early issues reproductions of the series of Rossetti's drawings in the possession of Mr. William Morris. There will also appear in the March number reproductions of two of Mr. Whistler's etchings, one of them a quite recent plate. The editorship of the *Review* was recently assumed by Mr. James Mavor.

The Grolier Club has been holding in its rooms, at Madison Avenue, New York, a very representative exhibition of the etchings of M. Legros—an exhibition in which the prints shown were good as to "state" and good as to impression. About eighty subjects were got together—that is about half the number catalogued by M. Thibaudeau a few years ago, in his book upon this austere master. Of course, many of the etchings are more than rare—they are practically unattainable. We are glad to think that the latest good service which the Grolier Club has rendered to the cause of art should have taken the form of a tribute to this genuine and, as yet, too little appreciated etcher.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

To what we shall venture to describe as the ill-advised interference of the London School Board must be attributed the somewhat premature withdrawal of Mr. Savile Clarke's version of "Alice in Wonderland" from the Globe, and of Miss Filippi's true children's pantomime from the Court Theatre. A contemporary has no doubt been right in asserting that the action of the School Board in these and in similar cases cannot be judged only from the theatrical point of view. But from the point of view of the best interests of the children engaged—many of them, it must be remembered, children of the gutter, washed and dressed and brought into relation with people of intelligence on the stage—it is probable that the interference of which we speak is a pedantic mistake.

Miss Kate Rorke gives on Tuesday next a special *matinée* at the Gaiety, when Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, of somewhat sombre interest—but, we doubt not, of real literary merit—will be brought out for the first time in London.

On Thursday in this week—just as we were about to go to press—there was to be produced the new piece founded on *Pickwick*, the words by Mr. Burnand, the music by Mr. Solomon.

MUSIC

NIECKS'S "LIFE OF CHOPIN."

The Life of Chopin. By Frederick Niecks. In two volumes. (Novello.) In 1877 Moritz Karasowski, a native of Warsaw, published his *Friedrich Chopin*, and in 1882 appeared a Polish edition of that work. Why then another Life? Mr. Niecks, in his preface, tells us that the one by Karasowski is incomplete and inexact. Little information is given in it about the composer's early life in Paris, and fancy sometimes takes the place of fact. The letters, too, of Chopin to Fontana are said to lose much of their value, owing to Karasowski's inability to

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assign approximately correct dates to them. Let one example suffice. Chopin writes from Nohant: "Mdme. Viardot spent a fortnight here." Karasowski thinks the letter in which this sentence occurs was written in 1839. But, Mr. Niecks reminds us that Pauline Garcia had not then become the wife of Louis Viardot. Again, Liszt's "Fred. Chopin" appeared in 1851 in *La France musicale*, and in book-form in 1852; but Liszt, says Mr. Niecks, was "a poet, not a chronicler."

One has only to read the preface to the new work to see that Mr. Niecks has tried to improve upon his predecessors. The author has laboured for more than ten years; and besides studying books, pamphlets, letters, &c., he has conversed and communicated with pupils, friends, and acquaintances of the master. Of the difficulties he had—nay, impossibility at times—in getting at the exact truth, here is an instance. Where did Chopin first meet George Sand? "At a ball given by the Marquis de C.," says L. Enault. "At a musical *matinée*," says Gutmann. "At his own house," says Liszt. Of course, in a case like this, Mr. Niecks can only give the several statements. Here is another. What did the Countess Potocka sing to Chopin when the latter was near death? "A Hymn by Stradella and a Psalm by Marcello," say Liszt and Karasowski; "a Psalm by Marcello and an air by Pergolesi," according to Gutmann; whereas Franchomme asserts that it was "an air from Bellini's 'Beatrice di Tenda,' and that only once, and nothing more."

Mr. Niecks appropriately begins his book with a description of Poland and the Poles—for Chopin's music is deeply rooted in the national soil. The various classes of the population are thus described by an eighteenth-century writer, "Polonia coelum nobilium, paradisus clericorum, infernus rusticorum." Chopin was, from early youth, the pet of the aristocracy of Warsaw, but the music of the people attracted him. We are told how he delighted to mix with the peasants and listen to the quaint and beautiful strains of the mazurkas, polonaises, and krakowiaks which they played and sang. In an instructive chapter our author briefly traces the history of music in Warsaw from the reign of Augustus of the house of Saxony. This was the sovereign to whom Sebastian Bach dedicated the Kyrie and Gloria, afterwards incorporated into his great B minor Mass.

Chopin's life at home, his musical studies under Elsner, his journeys to Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and other places, his love for Constantia Gladowska—these and other matters are fully described, and in an interesting manner. But when we reach the Paris period there is not only interest but novelty. By various means already noticed our author is able to present to us much that is quite new. The letters written by Chopin to his friend, Fontana, appeared in the Polish edition of Karasowski's life; but they are now translated for the first time. Of interest—though often of a painful kind—there is no lack. "The loves of famous men and women, especially of those connected with literature and the fine arts, have always excited much curiosity," says Mr. Niecks. And the curiosity is all the greater when, as was the case with George Sand and Chopin, both were "distinguished practitioners of ideal crafts." Majorca, Nohant, Paris—these three words recall the romance of the novelist and of the poet composer. Soon after they had become acquainted they went to Majorca; and whether at Palma, where "the sky is like a turquoise, the sea like lazuli, and the mountains like emeralds," or at the old monastery of Valdemosa, "a really sublime place," the story is fascinating. Then there are the yearly visits to Mdme. Sand's *château* at Nohant—the dinner parties, the balls, the evenings devoted to music and the drama. And Paris—though connected with many festive days, with music-making and intercourse with celebrities in the worlds of art and literature—reminds us of the final rupture. The story of the *liaison* of George Sand and Chopin has proved a tempting one to the biographer. It is the prominent feature of the book; but then the story itself is a prominent feature of Chopin's life. The letters written by the composer after his settlement in Paris are, with rare exceptions, disappointing. "Their matter," says Mr. Niecks, "is suggestive of a commercial man writing to one of his agents." Here is a specimen—Chopin is communicating with Fontana from Nohant in 1841:

"I send you the Prelude, in large characters, for Schlesinger, and in small characters for Mechetti. Clip the MS. of the Polonaise to the same size, number the pages, and fold it like the Prelude, add to the whole my letter to Mechetti, and deliver it into Leo's own hands, praying him to send it by the first mail, as Mechetti is waiting for it."

But Chopin could be amusing. From Palma, where for two weeks he had been "as ill as a dog," he writes in reference to three doctors who had seen him:

"The first said that I would die, the second that I was dying, the third that I had died already; and in the meantime I live as I was living."

And the letters contain much which repays one for all the dry parts. How composers appreciate the titles given to works without their consent may be seen from the following:

"If he [Wessel, the publisher] sustained losses by my compositions, it is most likely owing to the foolish titles he gave them, in spite of my directions. Were I to listen to the voice of my soul, I would not send him anything more after these titles. Say as many sharp things to him as you can."

The Nocturnes (Op. 9) were called "Murmures de la Seine," the Valse (Op. 18), "Invitation à la Valse," the Scherzo (Op. 20), "Le Banquet infernal." One of the best letters is that addressed to his old teacher Elsner. It was written in 1831, soon after Chopin's arrival in Paris. In it he speaks of "my perhaps bold but noble resolve—*to create a new art-era.*"

Of course, Mr. Niecks has much to say about Chopin as a composer. It has been asserted that hardly any traces of development can be found in his works. His biographer, however, sees as much difference between his early and his latest productions as between Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphony. While not going quite so far, we fully agree with Mr. Niecks in the broad distinction which he makes between the early virtuosic and the later poetic style. Classifications of this sort, however, are, as our author is well aware, liable to be misunderstood. Broadly speaking, they are correct; yet there was poetry in the early, and virtuosity in the later period. In connexion with the early works, the Fantasia (Op. 13) and Krakowiak (Op. 14), Mr. Niecks cannot remember any virtuoso performing either in public until Mdlle. Janotha revived the former. However, in the catalogue of the works performed at the Crystal Palace we find that Mr. Dannreuther played the Krakowiak there in 1866. Mdlle. Janotha's performance of the Fantasia took place in 1880. Mr. Niecks agrees with Liszt and many musicians that in Chopin's works in the larger forms there is "plus de volonté que d'inspiration." He looks upon the Allegro de Concert (Op. 46) as "unsatisfactory, nay, almost indigestible." He reminds his readers that a critic, after listening to a performance of that work by M. de Pachmann, stated that what "seemed dry and involved became under his fingers instinct with beauty and feeling." This decided judgment caused Mr. Niecks to examine the piece once again, but without causing any change in his opinion. We gather from this remark that he has not heard Pachmann play it. Perhaps he will not mind our saying we think that would alter his opinion. Does he not himself tell us that Lenz *read* through Chopin's Barcarolle (Op. 60), and that it did not please him at all? When, however, he heard it played by Tausig, he confessed "that the virtuoso had infused into the nine pages of enervating music, of one and the same long-breathed rhythm, so much interest, so much motion, and so much action, that he regretted the long piece was not longer."

Mr. Niecks has gathered together some of Chopin's opinions on music and musicians. He worshipped Mozart, and was a zealous student of Bach. One day, Hallé played to him a Beethoven Sonata (one from Op. 31). Chopin found the last movement vulgar. From this Hallé concluded that he could not have made a deep study of the master's works. Lenz, indeed, has said: "Chopin did not take a very serious interest in Beethoven. He knew only his principal compositions, the last works not at all." Chopin cared little for Mendelssohn, and—if the statement of Schlesinger be true that he did not consider Schumann's "Carneval" to be music at all—still less for a composer who thoroughly appreciated and admired his own genius. He preferred Bellini to Berlioz.

Mr. Nieck's second volume is so attractive that one could fill many columns with pleasing extracts. We must, however, forbear. Chap. xxviii. will be read with special zest by pianists. Chopin as a teacher, and his method of teaching, are here described. The master could be sarcastic. A pupil once played carelessly the *arpeggios* of the A flat Etude (Op. 25). Chopin jumped from his chair exclaiming; "Qu'est-ce? Est-ce un chien qui vient d'aboyer?" He could also be angry; although Mr. Niecks doubts Karasowski's statement that he was sometimes known to throw the music from the desk, and, worse still, to break chairs.

The account of the visit to England and Scotland in 1848, as described in chap. xxxi., is most interesting. One critic spoke of his works as giving one "the idea of an enthusiastic school boy, whose parts are by no means on a par with his enthusiasm." When he played at the Grand Polish Ball and Concert at the Guildhall, November 1, 1848, the *Times* noticed the dancing, the costumes, and other matters, but said not a word about Chopin. Of course he met with many who better knew how to appreciate him. The Sterlings were very kind to him in Scotland; and it was Miss Sterling who, in the following year, hearing that Chopin was ill and in want of money, sent him anonymously 25,000 francs.

In conclusion, we have only to mention that there is a valuable list of the master's works, a capital index, and a portrait by Kwiatkowski—an etching after a charming pencil drawing in Mr. Nieck's possession. His Life of Chopin is, as the title-page asserts, *The* Life of Chopin. It is complete and exact, and is written in so attractive a manner that it must appeal to readers of all kinds.

J. S. Shedlock.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Schubert's Octet was played again at last Saturday's Popular Concert. This long but lovely work seems to be a never-failing attraction. Only one or two persons availed themselves of the short interval made after the third movement to leave the hall, and even their departure may have been dictated by necessity and not choice. The programme-book informed us that Mendelssohn used his powerful influence at Leipzig to make Schubert's instrumental

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music known, and that Schumann, too, did much towards the same end "by his elegant writing and criticisms." Now that Mendelssohn laboured for the cause of Schubert is true; also that Schumann used his pen. But honour to whom honour is due. Schumann, in 1838, actually discovered Schubert's great Symphony in C at Vienna. It was sent to Leipzig by the composer's brother, and so it happened that this great work came under Mendelssohn's notice. The programme included Emanuel Bach's graceful Sonata in C minor for pianoforte and violin, interpreted in a pleasing manner by Sir C. Hallé and Mdme. Néruda. The former also gave two Chopin solos—the Impromptu (Op. 36), and the "Grande Polonaise" (Op. 44). The pianist was in unusually good form. He played as if he were thoroughly enjoying the music.

Mr. Max Pauer made his first appearance this season on the following Monday evening. He gave a vigorous reading of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques; but, for a player generally so careful and correct, the second variation was certainly slovenly. He was well received. Mdlle. Fillunger sang some delightful songs by Schumann and Brahms, and interpreted the music with good taste and feeling. The concert commenced with Haydn's concise Quartett in D minor (Op. 42), and concluded with the Beethoven Septet.

Mr. Henschel gave his eighth Symphony Concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. Tschaikowsky's solemn Overture, "1812," was repeated "by desire." We see no reason to alter our opinion of this commonplace sensational piece. Mr. Max Pauer played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat. It will readily be understood that a performer so well trained, physically and mentally, did justice to the work. After this came Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor. It had evidently been carefully rehearsed. In an ideal work of this kind one desires to forget, as much as possible, the means by which the music is being produced; but we could not always do so. Mr. Henschel generally arranges his programme with considerable tact, so that we fail to see why he gave us three pieces of programme music on the same evening. The first was Tschaikowsky's Overture already noticed. The second was Saint-Saens's Danse Macabre. The French composer shows more skill and musicianship than his Russian contemporary, but it is a prostitution of musical art to attempt a representation of death dancing and fiddling on a tombstone. This, or the Overture, or even both, might have been omitted. The third, Liszt's Symphonic Poem, is, of its kind, extremely effective—indeed, one of the composer's best works. Next week there is a strong programme, to commemorate the sixth anniversary of the death of the Baireuth master—some important excerpts from his works, and the "Eroica" Symphony.

MUSIC NOTES.

Half a Century of Music in Liverpool, an interesting pamphlet by Mr. W. I. Argent, consists of a reprint of various articles contributed to the *Liverpool Mercury*, in connexion with the celebration of the jubilee of the Philharmonic Society in that city. Its history is given from the time of its formation in 1840, and also that of other societies which preceded it. The "Musical Society" was already established in 1820. Dr. Mackenzie wrote his "Dream of Jubal" specially for the Philharmonic jubilee concert, where it was produced last Tuesday evening, under the composer's direction. It will be heard in London on February 26, at the next Novello concert.

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LITERATURE.

Thomas Poole and his Friends. By Mrs. Henry Sandford. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

This book was well worth writing, and it has been written well. It was worth writing for Poole's sake, perhaps also for Wordsworth's sake, and certainly for the sake of Coleridge. Tom Poole is a man of no particular interest in himself. He wrote nothing of value, and he did nothing of much consequence. But he occupied the mind of Coleridge a good deal at one period; and if it is worth while knowing Coleridge, it may be worth while hearing about his friend. The friends of an interesting man need not be as interesting as himself, but yet more interesting than most men; and, certainly, Tom Poole was worthy of the friendship that is now his chief distinction. If one wished to measure his intellectual worth, it would not be necessary to go farther than to compare him with ninety-nine out of the hundred of men in his walk of life to-day.

Poole was a tanner, and was very fully immersed in his occupation at one time, employing his superfluous energies in writing or revising the article on tanning for the third edition of the *Encylopaedia Britannica*. His tastes were literary, and his learning was not contemptible. His early friends were a band of young and penniless men, who had nothing better than their brains to recommend them. This does not make a formidable muster of recommendations, but they ought to suffice; and the man of whom so much may be said has as much right to be glorified in two volumes of reminiscence as many a charlatan who has made a bigger splash.

The Coleridge interest in this book is strong, and many new letters seem to be printed; but I do not know that any material addition is made to the known facts of the poet's life. The Pantisocratic scheme is discussed in a letter of Poole's with more fullness and more temperance, but with hardly less sympathy, than in the documents we have hitherto possessed. A rather sad episode is added to that story of a day-dream in the occasional glimpses we get of the after-life of one of the youthful dreamers. It is but a feeble vision that does not leave some effects for good or bad; and the vision of communism on the Susquehanna, which only strengthened Coleridge's intellectual sinews, seems to have so shrunken those of poor George Burnett that he halted ever afterwards. His life, which was opening fairly enough when the wild dream came to him, appears to have been wrecked by it. It surprises me that Coleridge and Southey, who must have known of Burnett's bankrupt fortunes, and cannot have been blind to the chief causes of the poor weakling's failure, made few or no references to him after the Pantisocratic scheme had lapsed.

With many details of Coleridge's domestic life that are both old and of no value whatever in themselves, there are in these volumes just two facts of great importance brought out with even more painful clearness than before. The first is the fact of Coleridge's extreme poverty in the early days of his marriage. If there is one thing clearer than another it is that this poverty was not due to any want of industry. It seems that on the failure of the *Watchman* a number of Coleridge's friends subscribed five pounds apiece, and sent the money, together with an address, on the day of the last issue. The address is pitched in a high key; but, under many extravagant phrases, there is no mistaking the burden of its message, and it is this—Coleridge has worked hard against heavy odds, he has sacrificed much to his principles, and he is in a condition approaching to penury. I dare say it would be easy to exercise a little cheap wit on the address, and point to the clause wherein the poet is said to have "united himself to her he loved regardless of every other consideration"; but it matters very little whether a rich widow had made an open tender for the hand of Coleridge, or his Sara was a purchase made conditional upon the payment of an annuity of £20 a year to the mother from whom she was taken. Certainly, literary adventure to Coleridge in those days was "bread and cheese by chance." I doubt if there is anything more pitiful and at the same time amusing in all biography than that long letter written by Coleridge to Poole on the relative attractions of Stowey and Acton as places of residence. I hardly know whether one ought to laugh or to cry over it, and, perhaps, I may say that I have done a little of both. It seems that Coleridge was then living at Clevedon, and his household consisted of his wife and her mother, his child Hartley, and Charles Lloyd. His income appears to have been at the rate of two pound eight shillings a week, of which thirty-two shillings came from Lloyd for board and lodgings and three hours of tuition daily, and sixteen shillings a week from certain "magazines." This represented comfort and content to Coleridge; but Lloyd's father began to grumble, and talked of requiring his son to abandon learning and choose a profession. The uncertainty of the future led to various vain attempts to become tutor to young children, and Coleridge was willing to remove to Derby for so doubtful an appointment. Eventually, Poole proposed that the Coleridge family should remove to Stowey, and take a cottage there that contained three rooms and had an acre and a half of "ground" about it. This was so entrancing a prospect that Coleridge instantly set about a rearrangement of his household on the basis of such a future as Stowey held out. Probably Lloyd would not be there, and so his thirty-two shillings would be missing; but there was the ground, and it would bring them all they wanted except clothes and money for rent. Coleridge was to learn agriculture; Poole was to teach him. Every day from daylight to dark he was to toil on his plot and rear potatoes and cabbages and wheat, and in the evenings he was to earn his sixteen shillings a week from the magazines for the two necessities that even an acre and a half when tilled by the poet would not provide. Coleridge was all ardour for the venture, and Sara was enthusiastic; but Poole began to have misgivings, and urged the rival attractions of Acton. Then did Coleridge pour out his soul in a letter of remonstrance, appeal, and agony. Had Poole cooled in his friendship, or did his mother disapprove of their projected neighbourhood? In any case, it was a blow more terrible than words could describe that this fair future should be withheld from him. Poole's letter he kept back from his Sara; his own reply he would not read to her; to look into his babe's face he would not dare; to sleep at night he could not attempt. The loss of an acre and a half of ground, a cottage with two habitable rooms but no firegrate, sixteen shillings a week, and the society of Tom Poole, was an eventuality that called forth one of the very finest letters ever penned by any man. And that letter was written by the biggest, broadest genius of our century.

The other fact of Coleridge's life that is developed by this biography is the fact of his wretched health. Some of the letters describing his sufferings are among the brightest in these volumes—less sentimental, less whining, and more manly than certain of the letters on the same subject addressed to Cottle and Sir George Beaumont. It is abundantly clear that Poole did not suspect Coleridge's opium-eating until long after it had become a habit. In this regard he was no more than abreast of Cottle, who did not realise the truth until about 1814; and Southey, who cannot have known it, when Coleridge left England for Malta. This does not show that Coleridge practised any concealment. The simple and obvious truth is that he made no disguise whatever of his constant use of the Kendal Black Drug. I am quite satisfied that he need not have practised deceit in the moderate or even immoderate use of that nostrum. In a cottage not far from Greta Hall I recently came upon a magazine of the period, published, I think, in Kendal; and it contained in conspicuous type an article on the many virtues of the Lancaster Black Drop, with a full account of its ingredients and the best method of home manufacture. Clearly the pernicious drug held the place of linseed tea or Spanish juice in the homes of the Cumbrian peasantry. We know that Coleridge recommended it on every side and for nearly every ailment. No wonder if he were the first to realise how fatal was the habit which the constant use of it had fostered.

But the chief interest of this book for me is in the picture it presents of a friendship between two men. Mrs. Sandford says truly that Tom Poole had the gift and faculty of friendship. Coleridge had it in no less a degree; and I do not know where I would look in literature of any kind for a more beautiful and touching example of the affection of man for man. Certain of the letters here printed do indeed convey a suggestion of affectation; but making allowance for the manifest difference of the language of yesterday and to-day, I doubt if there was any conscious excess on either side. It is amusing to think what high sport some of these letters must afford to certain nimble little witlings

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who mistake waggery for humour and think they are laughing when they are trying to grin.

"My Dearest Friend," writes Poole—"the friend held dearest by me—*I say it thinkingly*—and say it as a *full* answer to the first part of your interesting letter. By you, Coleridge, I will always stand, in sickness and health, in prosperity and misfortune; nay, in the worst of all misfortunes, in *vice* . . . if vice should ever taint thee—but it *cannot*."

Well, there is not much like it nowadays—more's the pity! Friendship is a gift that wants the temperament of genius; and, whenever you find a man of genius, you find the faculty of friendship developed beyond all the possibilities of mere friendliness. More than that, genius not only possesses the faculty of friendship, but inspires it; and the friends of a man of genius are often held to him with hooks of steel through all his fortunes, in spite of all his excesses, and notwithstanding his whims and weaknesses. And, when genius was not quite so rare as it is now, the deep affectionate friendship of man for man was so common a thing that it could be spoken of, written about, celebrated and sung, without the faintest fear either of the banter of the little wit or the sneer of the big sensualist. Hall Caine.

The Ministry of the Christian Church. By Charles Gore. (Rivingtons.)

In this work Mr. Gore states the case for the High Church view of the origin and functions of the Christian ministry, and does so with ability and learning, and with a moderation of tone that almost disarms hostile criticism; just as Dr. Hatch, in his Bampton Lectures of 1880, presented the other side with probably not less learning and ability, and with an equal degree of candour and sweet reasonableness. The question, of course, is whether the three-fold ministry was the creation of circumstances (providentially ordered, if you like), after the pattern furnished by the many secular associations of the early centuries, bishops, presbyters, and deacons becoming gradually differentiated from one another; or was *ab initio* of divine institution, the bishops or presbyter-bishops alone taking the place of the apostles, and possessing the exclusive power of transmitting to others the mysterious influence or gift by which the priest is enabled to perform his peculiar functions. The answer to this question is to be derived from documents, some of which are of doubtful or disputed authenticity; from inferences from what might be supposed to be the probabilities of the case or the intentions of the Founder of the Church; and from general statements and allusions occurring here and there in the works of the ecclesiastical writers of the first five centuries And the unprejudiced reader who shall consider the evidence laid before him in these two able works will be very apt, I think, to conclude that, while there is certainly a great deal to be said on both sides, there is a decided want of any solid grounds on which to build a firm and consistent opinion. It is certain, for instance, that Irenaeus taught that the bishops were the successors of the apostles, and wielded their authority; but when we look for any definition of their powers, or ask in what respect they differed from presbyters, we find ourselves very much in the dark. Dr. Hatch asserted (surely, rather rashly) that the view was actually later than the fifth century which maintains that "the bishops had also succeeded to the power of the apostles in the conferring of spiritual gifts," and that they alone could ordain; and now Mr. Gore challenges the production of a single case in which ordination by a presbyter was allowable. Such cases, indeed, have been alleged, that of Paphnutius being the most plausible; but Mr. Gore considers that this one will not bear examination, and on it he writes a special note, in which he shows that even laymen are often said to "ordain" in the sense of appoint or get ordained. The case of the Alexandrian presbyterate mentioned by Jerome is fully discussed in his text. On the other hand, the position of the Bampton lecturer seems quite untenable in the face of such a passage as Mr. Gore quotes from Epiphanius, and which he refers to as "his famous saying": "That while presbyters could beget children to the church—*i.e.*, by baptism; only bishops could beget fathers to the church—*i.e.*, by ordination."

Mr. Gore, having treated of the foundation of the church in an introductory chapter, and defined and expounded apostolic succession in another, proceeds in his third to set before us the witness of church history, beginning from Irenaeus, where the ground is tolerably firm under his feet, and tends to become firmer as he goes on. He then takes us back to the original institution of the apostolate, and from that passes on to discuss the ministry in the apostolic and the sub-apostolic ages, finishing off with a short chapter of "conclusions and applications." The plan of the work seems excellent. It is obviously all-important to understand, in the first place, what exactly is claimed in the doctrine of apostolic succession, and what are the powers ascribed to bishops and presbyters which ordinary Christians do not possess; and here, as an humble layman, I must wish that the author had been even more explicit than he is. He seems to me to be very moderate in his doctrine. He repudiates sacerdotalism in the sense of vicarious action. He says he agrees with Dr. Liddon in thinking that the difference between clergy and laity is not a difference in kind, but in function. Still, I suppose he holds that when the eucharist is administered by an episcopally ordained presbyter something takes place which does not take place when it is administered by anyone not so ordained. If so, it may be a question whether there is not here more than a mere difference in function. If not, the controversy seems a barren one, and the numerous ministers who now perform valid sacraments, though not standing, or claiming to stand, in the line of succession from the apostles, will scarcely feel called on to seek episcopal ordination merely to satisfy an uncertain tradition. Returning, however, to historical ground, it was well to be shown first what the church actually was at a time when its organisation might be supposed to be complete, and then to be taken back to the Gospels, in order to see that this organisation must have been designed and established by the Founder of the Church. On this *a priori* ground the High Church case is strong. The difficulty is to connect the powers conferred on the apostles, historically and scientifically, with those afterwards claimed by the bishops, to the exclusion of the presbyters and deacons. Where is the evidence in Scripture that no ordination was valid unless performed by an apostle or one commissioned to act in his place? On the other hand, is not the power of binding and loosing, *i.e.* of absolution, which was conferred on the apostles, claimed by every presbyter? That several links are wanting in the chain of historical evidence is, indeed, obvious enough. Still, granting the Incarnation, granting the authenticity of all the New Testament books, granting that the apostles actually possessed the powers ascribed to them, and that the church is a supernatural institution—and all these points are here assumed—there can be no doubt that there is a good case for the high Anglican view; and Mr. Gore has certainly put it in a very plausible and attractive form.

Robert B. Drummond.

The Career of Major George Broadfoot, C.B., in Afghanistan and the Punjab. By Major W. Broadfoot, R.E. (John Murray.)

The hero of this admirable and opportune biography distinguished himself in the first Afghan War, and, after holding an important political post during the troubles that led to our collision with the Sikhs, was killed at the battle of Firozshah. Shortly before the outbreak at Kabul he had been sent down to Jelalabad with a company of sappers. The murder of Alexander Burnes, with whom perished Broadfoot's brother James, the siege of the British cantonment, the negociations with Akbar Khan, the treacherous slaughter of Macnaghten, and General Elphinstone's ill-judged surrender, are matters of well-known history; but the letters and documents now published with the Life of George Broadfoot put a new colour on the current account of the heroic defence of Jelalabad. Brigadier Sale was for making terms with the enemy; but Broadfoot, now Garrison-Engineer, would not hear of it. He had foreseen that surrender at Kabul would mean disaster and disgrace.

"The General [Elphinstone]," he writes in December, 1841, "urges the Envoy [Macnaghten] to capitulate. It would be insanity to do so; they would inveigle our troops into the passes, and, on the horses dying of hunger and cold, would attack them, seize the guns, and starve or massacre the men."

This prophecy was fulfilled almost to a word, and only one man struggled into Jelalabad to tell the tale. But there and at Kandahar, thanks to the determination of Broadfoot at one place, and of General Nott and Major (now Sir Henry) Rawlinson, at the other, the English stubbornly held out. At Jelalabad the praise was due to Broadfoot, almost, if not entirely. "All I fear," he wrote, "is panic in our leaders, and consequently in our troops. We are strong if that be kept off—strong enough to do great deeds." But this feeling of confidence was not generally shared. Sir Robert Sale, brave soldier as he was, inclined to a policy of capitulation. He had all but resolved to negociate with the enemy for a safe retreat to the Punjab. Broadfoot said—and he put it forcibly: retreat if you like, but not in accordance with terms made

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with the Afghans. The garrison, he maintained, could hold out till relieved; but if a retreat was still deemed necessary, let it fight its way back to India. There were hot debates in the council of war, and General Sale used strong language about Broadfoot's obstinacy. Nevertheless the engineer's views ultimately prevailed, though Sale still continued to think and say openly that capitulation would have been the wiser course. It is worth while quoting Broadfoot's views on the general aspect of our Afghan policy. He maintained that having advanced so far in Afghanistan we ought to stop there.

"Recede from the country," he wrote, "we never can, or the Afghan Government must cease to be in our interests or even neutral. We must regard Afghanistan as a fortress to be held for the security of India; a certain expense indeed, but an inevitable one."

Passive measures in India, he considered, would be as dangerous as they proved in Kabul, and for the same reason. Our army was weak in numbers, and it was only by moral strength we could hope to overcome our enemies. "Terror of our fortune and constant success, as well as of our daring, must unnerve and disunite them."

After the close of the Afghan war, Broadfoot was posted to civil duty in Lower Burma, being selected by Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, for the Commissionership of Tenasserim. But he was presently required for more arduous work on the Sikh frontier. In August, 1844, he was appointed Agent to the Governor-General there, in succession to Colonel Richmond. Things in the Punjab had been going from bad to worse. Maharaja Sher Singh, one of Ranjit's reputed sons, was murdered in September, 1843; and after one or two plots and counterplots and a succession of massacres Dhulip Singh, a boy of nine was proclaimed Maharaja. The new British Agent had not been many weeks at his post before the situation began to develop. The Sikh Minister Regent was striving to destroy the power and influence of the chiefs and to bring the army back to a proper sense of discipline. All his plans were frustrated, and a collision with the Indian government was precipitated by the caprice and daring of a young and beautiful woman, the mother of Dhulip Singh. Jind Kawar, daughter of a Sikh trooper, was a notable character. Hearing that she was well favoured, Ranjit had sent for her to be added to the list of his wives. The royal reprobate had sixteen wives and any number of slave girls in his harem; but he was never blessed with more than one son, legitimate or illegitimate, and this one perished after a brief but stormy reign of a few months. Ranjit Singh's court was an earthly hell of iniquity; and the young Sikh beauty, Dhulip's mother, soon eclipsed all the others in the open recklessness of her conduct. Before long she gave birth to a son, the Dhulip Singh who was recently an English squire, and is now posing in Paris as the implacable foe of England. Who his real father was is doubtful. Ranjit, as already stated, never had but one son; but he was quite ready to acknowledge as many children as his wives were pleased to present him with. At any new addition to his reputed family, the cynical monarch would calmly inquire, Whence this mysterious stroke of fortune? To return, however, to the state of things when Broadfoot was posted to the north-west frontier. The lad Dhulip Singh was titular Maharaja, but the government was in the hands of the Minister Regent. The still young and beautiful Rani Jind Kawar now allied herself with the army, and the Minister was slain. In describing the events that led immediately to the first Sikh war, writers have differed on one or two material points. It has been said on the one hand that Sir Henry Hardinge and his lieutenant, George Broadfoot, were eager to hasten on the struggle; and on the other hand that, when the Sikh army at last crossed the Sutlej, the government of India was found unprepared. Neither of these charges is well founded. Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, said plainly that forbearance would be carried to the utmost limit compatible with safety; but at the same time a large force was quietly and unostentatiously posted on the north-west frontier. Broadfoot, meanwhile, was particularly careful to deprecate anything that might be construed as provocation. There was no need, he said, for more precaution on our frontier than was necessary at all times with such neighbours. We could be perfectly vigilant without either showing or feeling fear. The difficulty was that there was no one who could control the Sikhs—no one with whom we could hope to come to an understanding. After the murder of the Minister Regent, the administration was carried on by a council composed of military chiefs and one or two old servants of the state. The council debated everything with the young Rani, who would scold them from behind her curtain. At length the crash came. The Rani had done all she could to maintain her influence over the soldiers. In spite of the scandal it caused, she would receive them unveiled. One of the brigades promised to confirm her in the government of the kingdom provided she would move into their camp and let them see her face whenever they wished. Yet they recommended her, if she disliked solitude, to marry again, instead of disgracing the Sikh name by her gallantries. She, on her side, abused them in the vilest terms. Then she took to reviewing the troops, unveiled and dressed as a dancing girl; and the soldiers would sometimes hold her horse's bridle and expostulate with her on her misconduct, bidding her behave more decently or they would no longer revere her as the mother of all the Sikhs. This state of things could not last. The young Rani saw that as long as the army was all-powerful she could only be a cypher herself; and she then conceived the desperate expedient of inducing the troops to cross the Sutlej, hoping they might be annihilated by the English. The army was ready to fall into the snare; and, at a solemn meeting held at Ranjit's tomb, its leaders pledged themselves to punish the British. By September 11, 1844, the bulk of the Sikh host had crossed the Sutlej; and the first battle was fought at Mudkhi on December 18. Broadfoot's energy in collecting supplies had enabled our forces to make a rapid march to the front from Meerut. The Governor-General had asked the Commissariat how long it would take to collect supplies for ten thousand men. The answer was that it might possibly be done in six weeks. "It must be done," Sir Henry cried, "in five days"; and, turning to Broadfoot, he said "You must do it." "It is rather sharp work," Broadfoot answered, "but it shall be done." The Governor-General had gone to the right man. It was Major George Broadfoot, Sir Robert Peel told the House of Commons, who was Commissary-General of the Army of the Sutlej. The battles of Mudkhi and Firozshah have been described, perhaps, often enough. In the second action Broadfoot lost his life. He had been hurled from his horse by a shot, but insisted on mounting again, only to fall mortally wounded a few minutes afterwards.

So perished in the field of battle the friend of Havelock and Colin Mackenzie. He had already given abundant proof of a capacity for high achievement. The defence of Jelalabad and the preparations made to repel the Sikh invasion, as well as the gallantry he was always displaying in action, form a record of which any soldier might be proud. It was a tradition with the Afghans that the offended ghosts of his two brothers—slain, the one at Peswandara, and the other, with Burnes, at Kabul—hovered over Broadfoot's sword and added might to every stroke. Neither endowed with unusual strength nor specially skilled as a swordsman, he was believed to be invulnerable. A brother officer asked him how it was he always came off best in single combat. It was quite simple, Broadfoot answered. "When two men fight one always funks before the other, and gets killed. I am never that one." Of Broadfoot's share in the defence of Jelalabad, Sir Henry Durand writes: "Thus, the firmness of one man, and he nearly the junior in the council of war, preserved his country's arms from suffering another deep and disgraceful blow." Nor is there the least doubt that, had Broadfoot lived, he would have added still more to his reputation. It was his death that opened the way to the rise of the Lawrences. Certain as we may feel that Henry and John Lawrence would have distinguished themselves in any capacity, it is equally certain that George Broadfoot would never have been outstripped.

Stephen Wheeler.

UMLAUFT ON THE ALPS.

Die Alpen. Handbuch der gesammten Alpenkunde. Von Prof. Dr. F. Umlauft. Mit 95 Illustrationen, 15 Karten im Texte, einer grossen physikalischen Karte der Alpen, einer geologischen Uebersichtskarte, einer Höhenschichtenkarte, einer Karte der Flussgebeite und einer Strassen- und Eisenbahnkarte der Alpen. (Wien: Hartleben, 1887. 11 Marks.)

The Alps. By Prof. Umlauft, Ph.D. Translated by Louisa Brough. With 110 Illustrations. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 25s.)

It is hardly possible, except by direct and constant reference to Dr. Umlauft's original volume, to criticise the unfortunate and mutilated travesty of his work which has appeared in England, without doing great injustice to a laborious and methodical writer, who, if he is not altogether master of his

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subject, has amassed and arranged a quantity of scattered materials and statistics, and produced a really valuable work of reference, fairly illustrated, and excellently provided with maps. We begin our comparison with those external features which first catch the purchaser's eye. The English volume has a gay snowfield on its back and cover, and large type. But here its advantage ends. The Vienna volume contains an excellent physical map of the Alps, constructed to illustrate their groups as described in the text. For this the English book substitutes a map constructed with no reference to the text, in which we are ashamed to see the exploded old fiction of Mont Iséran served up once more. Three other maps—those of river basins, means of communication, and a contoured physical map—are omitted. To allow of larger type, the most useful lists of authorities in the footnotes and almost all the statistics and more serious historical notices of scientific discussions have had to be left out. The translator, it is true, is good enough to assure us that "nothing of importance or of special interest has been omitted." We shall endeavour to show cause why her judgment should be received with reserve.

But first let us, in passing, point out certain errors for which Dr. Umlauft himself is responsible. The annexation of Mont Blanc to the Graian Alps is a bold step for which, however, there is much to be said. But what wicked climber has induced the professor to believe that it is possible to recognise from Mont Blanc the Mediterranean, the lakes of Garda and Constance, and the spire [the translator characteristically writes "spires"] of Strassburg? To call the inhabitants of Canton Freiburg "Deutschen und Franzosen" is surely a loose use of language. Is there no Prof. Freeman in Germany to look after Burgundian interests? The habitat of the *bouquetin* is wrongly given as the Valaisan Alps. In the list of waterfalls, the noble cascade of the Serio and the numerous falls of Val di Genova in the Adamello group are omitted. In the chapter on Alpine roads, the historically important Col de l'Argentière and the Col de Galibier, second in height only to the Stelvio among Alpine carriage roads, are left out, and the Little St. Bernard is called "beschwerlich." Dr. Umlauft derives his knowledge of the Caucasus from Dr. M. Wagner, which is pretty much as if he quoted Archdeacon Coxe on the Central Alps; and consequently the pains he has taken to compare the Alpine and Caucasian chains are for the most part thrown away.

We have picked these holes at random. We might find a few more of the some sort. But the German work, taken as a whole, is sound of its kind; careful, discriminating, positive when it is possible to be so, judicial when conflicting theories have to be balanced, and well stocked with statistics and references in their proper place. Whether, so far as the topographical chapters—about half the book—are concerned, it is of the right kind, may be left an open question. For English readers we believe this minute local detail to be unsuitable. It has the faults of a catalogue without the merits of an index. It is wearisome to read, and inconvenient to consult. But literary digestions differ strangely in different nations, and in Germany they have no fear of toughness.

The obvious course, it would seem, for a judicious translator and adaptor was to lighten the topographical chapters, especially as regards the less important portions of the Austrian Alps—to which, despite an obvious intention to be fair, Dr. Umlauft and his illustrators have been unable to resist giving an undue share of notice—and to make the most of the more general and scientific portion of the work. What has been done is to increase the proportion of the topography to the rest of the work from less to more than one half, to omit the valuable tables, footnotes, and references, and to curtail the physical discussions. The sins of commission are more difficult to deal with summarily. De Saussure never described the actual top of Mont Blanc as a "jagged ridge." The Flégère is not "a mountain" with "a ridge," nor is it "ten miles north" of Chamonix. The Col de la Seigne is not south, nor the "Mont Cramont." (Dr. Umlauft is responsible for the pleonasm), east of the Allée Blanche. The Mer de Glace is not "nearly twenty-five miles long," but nine; nor are the Grands Mulets "two miles long." The Rhone glacier is made "over twenty miles long." The Forno glacier, in the Orteler group is made "no less than fifteen and a half miles long and nearly fifteen broad." The following sentences are quaint: "On this peninsula [Sermio] the Roman poet Catullus retired to sing his elegies, and at a later period Charlemagne and the mighty race of Hohenstauffen held communion with nature in this lovely spot." "The breadth of the Eastern Alps is not quite 112 square miles." "Notwithstanding its enormous height the Œtzthaler Ferner has no central mass." "Alter Eisseen" is translated "old frozen lakes"; *Gipfel-grat*, really a "summit ridge," as a "ridge of peaks." The statement that from Mont Blanc to the coast at Nice tarns are wanting shows that large-scale maps of the Maritime Alps have not been referred to. Here is a sentence for the unfortunate student (p. 360):

"The characteristics and varieties of form in the longitudinal contour of the valley must now be considerered. These are the origin, or head of the valley, the fall of the valley, the height of the valley, and the direction of the valley. The head of the valley is the highest part and the furthest removed from its mouth. It lies at the foot of what Sonklar calls the back-slope (*Hintergehänge*) of the valley, which closes it at its upper end. The form of the back-slope is very varied; sometimes it is a narrow channel, which occurs where two defiles unite at a very sharp angle, and as it were cover the back-slope, and sometimes it is simply a trough."

A "back-slope" which occurs as a "narrow channel" and is "covered" by two defiles! Two pages on "Werden jedoch die Structurflächen des Gebirges von der Thalrichtung schief oder senkrecht geschnitten," is translated, "If the rocks on the surface are cut off either obliquely or vertically from the direction of the valley." Lakes are said to "disperse into damp, dirty meadows." There are touches here and there which make us doubt if the translator has ever seen the Alps at all: *e.g.*, the rosebushes, meaning Alpine rhododendrons on p. 471, and the subsequent sentences relating to the same plant on p. 474, the reference to a waterfall "in the Sixt Valley at Chamonix," the failure to give any hint that the glacier grotto figured on p. 464 is artificial, and the statement that Piz Bernina was first climbed "from Coaz"

Knowing by experience the labour of rendering scientific treatises from German into English, we should not have been disposed to be severe on Dr. Umlauft's translator had she shown care in simple matters, where there was no excuse for error. But we feel bound to protest, with what force we can, against the issue in a costly and pretentious form of letterpress which teems with blunders that could not have escaped any competent revision. The work in its present form is an outrage on the patience and the purses of English readers and students.

Douglas W. Freshfield.

"Epochs of Church History."—*The Popes and the Hohenstaufen.* By Ugo Balzani. (Longmans.)

The period of one hundred and thirty years (1138 1268) covered by M. Balzani's study is not only one of the most picturesque and dramatic pages of history, but is also one of the most important for the proper appreciation of what the empire and the papacy meant to each other and to the world at the close of the Middle Ages, when the power of the one was declining and the power of the other was in the ascendant. The house of Franconia had been worsted by the papacy, and its rebuff was made patent in Henry's submission at Canossa, and by the settlement of the disputes about investitures in the Concordat of Worms.

M. Balzani's book shows us how the next imperial House, the Hohenstaufen of Swabia, likewise spent their power and their ability in an endless struggle with the Popes; and how, after many vicissitudes of fortune, their lives were crushed and extinguished at Benevento and Tagliacozzo. The history of the house of Hohenstaufen is as dramatic a tale as can be found in the annals of a royal line; and the picturesqueness of the story is infinitely heightened by the character of the men who took part in the tragedy. We find a series of figures as striking, as admirable, as attractive, as those of Frederick Barbarossa, Henry VI., Frederick II., Manfred, and Conradin opposed to pontiffs as strong, as single minded, as determined as Hadrian IV., Alexander III., Innocent III., and Gregory IX. The prowess of Hohenstaufen showed itself in Frederick I., the indomitable warrior, who found a soldier's grave among the sands of Antioch. The statesmanship of the race was apparent in the short but fruitful reign of Henry VI., and even more so in the long and intricate reign of his great son Frederick II. The culture of the race was displayed at the court of Frederick in Sicily, where his son Enzo was bred a poet no less than a soldier. The tragedy and pathos of the race is summed up in the brilliant career and noble end of Manfred. "Dead is Manfred! dead is Manfred! O king Manfred! we did not know thee alive, and now we bewail thy death." The old chronicler, though hostile in politics, cannot resist the contagion of popular sympathy with the last bright scion of so grand a house, "fallen cold and dead."

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Nor is the importance of the period inferior to its picturesqueness. Under the Hohenstaufen, the struggle between the empire and the papacy entered upon a new phase and became more complicated. Hitherto this struggle, it has been justly remarked, had presented more or less the characteristics of a family quarrel between the two heads of one household. But now some of the sons of this family, the communes of North Italy to wit, had grown up, become almost independent, ready to take their own line in the quarrel, solely guided by a desire for their own liberty, and ready to side now with the emperor, now with the pope, as one or the other menaced their freedom more nearly. Feudalism was in dissolution in Italy; and, though the system was still vigorous north of the Alps, it never was a system well suited for invasion, or for operations in a foreign country. The consequence was that the emperor seldom commanded a great force in Italy. He could not prevent his German army from dwindling away as this or that great feudatory left the imperial camp to attend to his private interests at home; nor could he raise a powerful Italian army among a people so infinitely subdivided in aim as the Italians, who cared not one jot for the emperor except as the embodiment of an idea which they would never permit to interfere with their actual interests. Hence the need for the emperor to hold some portion of Italy upon a tenure more personal and intimate than that of suzerain. This object appeared to be achieved when Henry married Constance, the heiress of the Hautevilles, and brought with her the kingdom of Sicily as dower into the private possession of the Hohenstaufen. But this possession of Sicily did not bring to the Hohenstaufen the strength they sought. It entailed three consequences fatal to their house. In the first place it brought the pope and the emperor into collision not over spiritualities but over temporalities; for the pope claimed to be suzerain of Sicily, he maintained that the kingdom was a fief whose investiture lay with him, that the Hohenstaufen, as kings of Sicily, were his vassals. Again, the emperor, holding that Sicily was his basis for the proper reduction of Italy, was often detained there to the injury of his interests in Germany. And, finally, Sicily was the immediate reason which made the pope summon Charles of Anjou to his aid to deal the deathblow to the house of Hohenstaufen, and to inaugurate that fatal policy of inviting foreign interference in the affairs of Italy.

We hear little or nothing about the fourth Crusade in M. Balzani's book; but he, perhaps, fairly considered that this episode lay outside his subject. The account of the great Peace of Venice is very well condensed, following Romualdus for the most part. On p. 37 the author, speaking of the coronation of Frederick I. in St. Peter's, says "under the domed roof the cheers of the Germans echoed like thunder." We do not believe that old St. Peter's had any domes.

It is to be regretted that the author has not added to his close-packed and valuable little book a chapter containing an estimate of what the empire and the papacy gained and lost respectively during the reign of the Hohenstaufens, what changes had taken place in their relative positions, and how each stood to the world at large at the close of that period. Some such estimate appears to us essential in an essay which is in reality one of a series of studies in Church history.

We are glad to see that M. Balzani promises us a larger and more detailed work on the same subject.

Horatio F. Brown.

NEW NOVELS.

Reuben Sachs. By Amy Levy. (Macmillan.)

A Stiff-necked Generation. By L. B. Walford. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

A Dangerous Catspaw. By D. Christie Murray and Henry Murray. (Longmans.)

Cyril. By Geoffrey Drage. (W. H. Allen.)

Restitution. By Anne Beale. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Queen Anne's Hospital. By A. T. Schofield, M.D. (Sonnenschein.)

The Queen's Token. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. (Spencer Blackett.)

Sir John's Ward. By Jane H. Jamieson. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

Reuben Sachs is a novel exclusively descriptive of Jewish life, written by a lady who, at least by birth, is a member of that community. In this respect the book is, as a novel, perhaps unique; for the occasional portraiture of Hebrew personalities or customs that occurs in the works of Disraeli, George Eliot, and other writers of fiction, may have successfully illustrated prominent types of character or notable tribal peculiarities, but is in no way an exposition of the day-to-day life of a people of whom the outside world is permitted to know but little. It must be confessed that the glimpse of the social *régime* peculiar to the children of Israel which is here unveiled to us is far from prepossessing. Miss Levy gives one the impression of having laid bare the failings of her people with a rather merciless hand, assuming, perhaps, by right of kinship a freedom of description which might be resented as "flat perjury" if indulged in by an unprivileged Gentile. The novel, appears, however, to have a purpose quite distinct from the mere gratification of alien curiosity. Reuben Sachs, the hero, is a man who, after enjoying all the opportunities of culture afforded by English institutions, as embodied in Oxford, the Inns of Court, and the House of Commons, nevertheless remains the slave of inherited instincts, and deliberately breaks away from the grand passion of his life from mercenary or ambitious motives. Herein seems to be intended a moral and a warning. Miss Levy is apparently conscious of a certain soullessness and absence of ennobling ideals in the national character, and deplores her kinsmen's sordid devotion to material interests and lack of any yearning for a higher life. The book, though crude in parts, is, on the whole, cleverly written; and we shall be glad to see further revelations from the same pen.

A Stiff-necked Generation represents, in its early part, a struggle between Lady Caroline Liscard, a woman of masterful and strong-willed nature, and her eldest daughter Rosamond, a young woman of eighteen, equally strong-willed and somewhat *émancipée*. The family entertain a design of marrying the latter to her cousin, Lord Hartland; but injudicious tactics on the part of the mother drive her, in mere spirit of opposition, into an engagement, of which she afterwards bitterly repents, with Major Gilbert, a brave officer, but a man of rather plebeian manners. If this were a first venture in fiction the manifold excellences of the book would call for some words of commendation, which are scarcely necessary in the case of so well approved a writer as Mrs. Walford. Compared with some of that lady's previous performances, the present novel is, to say the truth, a little disappointing. With Major Gilbert, a *preux chevalier* and noble-minded fellow, one can scarcely associate the free-and-easy, thick-skinned vulgarity with which the writer accredits him; and Lord Hartland, who ultimately marries Rosamond, is rather uninteresting, and just a little bit of a prig.

Mr. David Christie Murray's productive powers in the way of fiction writing seem inexhaustible. We can call to mind some half-score of works that have issued from his pen during the past two or three years, and now he appears in the character of joint-author with Mr. Henry Murray. *A Dangerous Catspaw*, which is the result of their united labours, is, in regard to descriptive power and dramatic effectiveness at least, equal to Mr. Christie Murray's best known writings; but, in point of mere quantity, the book is so short that one can hardly understand how the aid of a collaborateur could have been needed. It is a tale of a burglary, committed, not by any professional cracksman, but by Mr. Wyncott Esden, a gentleman of good birth, education, and abilities, and holding an assured position at the bar, but dissolute in habits, shaky as regards moral principle, and deeply involved in debt. He appropriates a case of jewels, the property of a Scotch heiress who is staying in the same house as himself, and to whom he has been paying his addresses. It is not his intention to sell these jewels, but merely to utilise the reward that will, probably, be offered for their recovery for the purpose of meeting a bill for £150 just falling due. The balance of the reward he will, he tells himself, return at once anonymously, and the £150 also in course of time. Viewed in the light of these equitable intentions, his proceeding appears to him to be raised above the level of a vulgar theft, and to assume the comparatively harmless complexion of a mere borrowing transaction. The picture presented by the authors of this man's various mental attitudes, from the first commission of the crime until the terrible moment of final exposure, is an attractive feature of the book and saves it from ranking as a mere Scotland-Yard episode.

Cyril, written by a scholar and intelligent thinker, is a work in one volume of nearly 800 closely printed pages, ends tragically, and bristles from cover to cover with political speculations. The principal characters are Evelyn Grey, a young English barrister, and Viera Galitzine, a Russian princess of revolutionary tendencies. Evelyn's brother, Cyril, from whom the story takes its name, plays only a minor part in its pages. The writer appears to be a vigorous armchair

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politician, and possesses views of a pronounced kind as to the proper conduct of national affairs. In default of space and inclination to pass judgment on these views, or to run the risk of offending the author by erroneously "dubbing him Whig or damning him Tory," the book may be dismissed with a brief intimation that readers who foresee in the near distance the disintegration of the British Empire, or who regard the Russian Bear as the future tyrant of Christendom, will find much in the pessimism of these pages with which their disturbed souls can sympathise. It may be well, perhaps, to remind Mr. Drage, in case he should be contemplating another work of the same kind, that an eclectic system of politics is the easiest thing in the world to manufacture.

Restitution is a book that recalls to memory the old-fashioned religious novel of fifty years ago. The sectarian and controversial matter, however, which was usually characteristic of this class of fiction, is happily excluded in the present case. It would scarcely be possible to describe the story as being a particularly lively one; but to the healthy and earnest sentiment which pervades it no sort of exception can be taken. It may safely be recommended as an excellent book for Sunday reading.

The man who writes a "novel with a purpose" has at least this much in his favour, that, if the purpose be a good one, it will *pro tanto* disarm hostile criticism. On the other hand, it is confessedly difficult for any but a man of exceptional genius to write successfully in this line. The artist is too apt to become lost in the lecturer or the partisan; and when, as in the present instance, a moral is not only intended to be conveyed by the work as a whole, but is industriously thrust upon one in the course of every five or six pages, the most patient reader not unfrequently becomes restive under the infliction. *Queen Anne's Hospital* is a temperance lecture disguised as a work of fiction. The intention is an admirable one, but not altogether original. It was the prize tale entitled *Danebury House* that first brought the late Mrs. Henry Wood's talents as a writer into notice some thirty or forty years ago. The lady novelist, however, if we remember rightly, avoided debatable ground, and employed all her powers upon highly realistic descriptions of *delirium tremens* and other maladies incidental to alcoholism. Dr. Schofield, on the other hand, entering the field as an avowed advocate of the total abstinence propaganda, is himself open to an imputation of intemperance—of another kind—in maintaining a theory which has certainly not as yet met with universal acceptance, and provokes a contest where all should be harmony. It would have been well also, in other questions besides this, if the writer had expressed himself with greater moderation. Considering the gravity of the questions relative to the distribution of the national wealth, there is a sort of smug pharisaism in speaking of a young man as "degrading himself" (p. 92) by attending a Socialist meeting. The view maintained throughout that brewers are morally guilty of the misery and crime resulting from intemperance would be offensive if it were not puerile. Puerile also is the suggested remedy—though an isolated instance in fact, and another in fiction, may be quoted in its support—that brewers should acknowledge, as a body, their evil ways, and forthwith turn the public houses owned by them into coffee palaces *en masse*. As regards the characters and plot of the story, little need be said. The *dénouement* is certainly an unexpected one, and of a nature to jar disagreeably on the nerves of some people. There are several slips of grammar and spelling, *e.g.*, "Why do you listen like that to old Bones for?" (p. 15), "squallor" (p. 354), "practise" for "practice" (p. 338), &c.

Mr. Spencer Blackett's select shilling series is announced as being restricted to works by popular authors; and, as it includes such names as those of Miss Braddon, Bret Harte, F. W. Robinson, &c., the purchaser of one of these volumes may feel assured of obtaining his money's worth, at all events in regard to quality. Mrs. Cashel Hoey is excellently qualified by her linguistic and antiquarian attainments for the task of writing a historical novel; and in *The Queen's Token*, a short but interesting tale of treasure trove, founded on a romantic tradition connected with Mary Queen of Scots, we have a thoroughly enjoyable book. The story is a rather sombre and pathetic one, pervaded throughout the earlier chapters by all the reverential solemnity that attaches to scenes of cloister life, and saddened by a tale of disappointed love at the close.

Those who have read *The Laird's Secret*—an earlier work by the same hand—will find in *Sir John's Ward* all the freshness and graphic power which distinguished the writer's first effort; the scenery and characters, moreover, which form the subject of description, are of a precisely similar kind. It is the autobiography, from infancy to marriage, of Alicia, heiress of Gladdiswoode, who, on the death of her father, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, had been carried away secretly by her Protestant mother and placed in charge of a trustworthy Scotch peasant woman, in order to evade the provisions of a will which would have placed the child under the care of Catholic priests until her eighteenth birthday. The book modestly claims to be merely "a quiet chronicle of country life"; but the incidents, if homely, are told with a lightness and liveliness that are wanting in many more pretentious works.

John Barrow Allen.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Poole's Index to Periodical Literature. The first supplement from January 1, 1882, to January 1, 1887. By William Frederick Poole and William I. Fletcher. (Trübner.) The appearance of this portly volume is doubly welcome. It not only adds another useful book of reference to the shelves; but it shows that co-operative bibliography is a continuous possibility, and that the patient drudgery for the public good which produced Poole's Index can be counted upon for its systematic continuance. For that reason it marks a new era, and opens out even greater possibilities in the future. When Dr. Poole, still a student at Yale College, first began to make an index of the subjects dealt with in the handful of magazines belonging to an academic society, he had probably no expectation that the seed would grow to such a great tree even in his own life-time. The third edition, issued in 1882, was the first in which the plan of co-operative indexing was tried, and the joint labours of Dr. Poole and his friends resulted in a volume of 2882 columns. Now comes the first supplement, extending to 966 columns more, containing about 48,000 references to articles in magazines and reviews. If to this we add 141,000 as the number of references in the main edition, it will be seen that Poole's index gives precise information as to the exact place of 189,000 articles upon all sorts of subjects in the periodical literature of England and America. The information thus made available would otherwise be completely buried, for few and rare are the men or women who have either the patience or the leisure to hunt through long sets of magazines. Doing so is the literary parallel to the proverbial hunt for the needle in the bundle of hay. The difficulty has now been smoothed over; and the excellent article in the *Edinburgh*, or the suggestive paper in the *Spectator*, can be unearthed without loss of time. The bulk of the work has fallen upon the editors, and to them is due hearty recognition and gratitude. That the labour has been one of love is evident, and "the labour we delight in physics pain." An "Index to General Literature" is mentioned as a matter of hope. May that anticipation be speedily realised!

The career of *John Francis, Publisher of the "Athenaeum"* (Bentley), was worth telling for the zeal with which for more than thirty years he pursued the definite purpose of obtaining the abolition of the paper duty. His attention was arrested in 1830 by the advertisement of the *Examiner*, which justified its publishing price of 7d. by the details, "paper and print, 3d., taxes on knowledge 4d."; and from that time until 1861 he never relaxed his endeavours to secure the removal of the obnoxious impost. How great a drawback to the spread of knowledge this tax was may be realised from the fact that the amount of duty paid on the seventh and eighth editions of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* was £8573. With equal ardour did Mr. Francis labour for half a century in publishing the weekly issues of the *Athenaeum*; and these two volumes, which describe its progress from its birth in January, 1828, to the full perfection of its powers in 1882 are a fitting record of the literary history of that period. It was founded by Silk Buckingham, a man of the greatest literary enterprise; but his pecuniary necessities did not allow him to witness, as its proprietor, the successful fulfilment of his undertaking. The first review was written by Dr. Stebbing, who remained with us until a very recent period; and after a few numbers he found himself bound to its office from morning until evening as the working editor. John Sterling and Frederick Denison Maurice were his principal coadjutors, and before long the paper passed into the possession of some half-dozen friends with Maurice as its editor. In divided counsels and under "highly uncommercial management" it went from bad to worse, and prosperity did not mark its course until it became the property of the ancestor of the present proprietor. The chief of its contributors in 1832 were Carlyle, Hood, the Howitts, Leigh Hunt, Lamb, and the Roscoes; and one of the most striking reproductions from its columns is the short poem by Thomas Carlyle on "Faust's Curse [from Goethe]," which appeared on January 7, 1832. These two volumes contain an immense mass of information on the literary history of the oldest weekly review published in London.

American Literature, 1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson. Vol. II. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) We noticed the first volume of Mr.

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Richardson's work in the ACADEMY, July 30, 1887, p. 69. On that occasion we found it necessary to remark that the author had attempted a task beyond his powers, or, indeed, beyond the powers of any man at the time. Our complaint against Mr. Richardson was that he had not understood his limitations. There were, however, indications that he was capable of better things; and we ventured to predict that, if he would put forth his efforts "within the realms of the possible," he would produce something worthy. He has taken the advice, and we are happy to find that we were true prophets. The truth is, he was then riding a very high horse, and has since stepped down, to the gain of himself and of his readers. In this second (and concluding) volume Mr. Richardson treats of American poetry and American fiction in a spirit of calm and judicious criticism. Hitherto, American criticism of American literature has not reached a particularly high level. There is usually too much spread-eagleism about it. The ordinary American is not sufficiently assured of the value of his country's literature to be quite able to judge it fairly. Censure, when called for, is not forthcoming. Praise when possible is made extravagant. The men of to-day are too readily ranked among the men of all time. Mr. Richardson proves himself able to weigh and balance better than most of his fellow-countrymen. He contrasts and compares his authors with judgment. It is true he is only setting one American author against another. If he was called to settle the relative claims of American and foreign authors—of Channing and Milton, or Howells and Shakspere, for example—the result might be different. We dare not guess at it. Meanwhile, Mr. Richardson has done the task he undertook. We do not pretend that we agree with all he says. By no means. We might, for example, estimate Walt Whitman somewhat higher than he does, and Bayard Taylor, as a poet, somewhat lower. The merit we see in Mr. Richardson is not that his views coincide with ours (which might be no merit at all), but that he has thought out his ideas, has not jumped to conclusions, and is generally free from prejudice. Mr. Richardson's task—although a considerable one—has proved to be well within his powers; and future critics who may have occasion to estimate American poetry and American fiction will find much in this volume that is suggestive and helpful.

French Literature. By Gustave Masson. (S. P. C. K.) In this little book, which forms part of the Christian Knowledge Society's series on the "Dawn of European Literature," we have probably the last and, from certain misprints, we should say the not fully revised work of a man who did a very great deal of useful work in his time, with far less assumption than many men who have done much less. It contains a full and useful collection of examples of the earliest documents in French literature, together with a good deal of information on the formation and the dialects of the language. Perhaps the merely linguistic part might with advantage have been severed more distinctly from the literary; and in the literary part proper, it might be possible to desire a clearer and closer classification by literary kinds instead of a rather adventurous and theoretical attempt to trace "Latin elements" and "Teutonic elements" not merely in the safe field of language, but in the very unsafe one of literature. Almost everyone, however, has his own way of dealing with such matters, and M. Masson was quite entitled to have his. Indeed, he can hardly be accused of self-will in choosing it, as he has for the most part very faithfully followed, and wherever he has followed has clearly acknowledged and specified his following of, the best French authorities.

Stray Chapters in Literature, Folklore, and Archaeology. By William E. A. Axon. (Manchester: Heywood.) Mr. Axon, as we gather from his preface, found it by no means an easy matter to select a title for a volume of essays of a character so purely miscellaneous. We have enjoyed reading the book, for the author is never dull; but we cannot help feeling that the time we have spent over it would have been more profitably employed had the writer taken more pains. Two or three of the papers are well worked out, and contain all that a reader should require. "The Cost of Theatrical Amusements" is excellent. We do not know any other place where we could find so much knowledge of the kind packed away in so little room. The article headed "English the Dominant Language of the Future" contains much that is useful. The figures, if trustworthy, as we believe them to be, will be of much service to future investigators. We cannot, however, follow Mr. Axon in the speculative or prophetic parts of the article. As things stand at present, it seems by no means unlikely that, at some time or other in the not very far-off future, English may be the language of civilised man; but there are many possible impediments in the way. That factor which we ignorantly call chance has, during historic time, played so many strange pranks with languages that to endeavour to forecast the future with any approach to accuracy is little better than an idle pastime. The paper on "The Manchester Rebels" is very good—so good that we cannot but wish Mr. Axon had made it still better, by leaving out certain political reflections which, whether true or false, have been made so often as to have become insipid. If there were a Stuart pretender still across the water, it might even now be useful to tell very young persons all about the good we have gained by "the Glorious Revolution"; and that, though Jacobitism was picturesque, the final cause for which it was ordained to come into being and to linger was that it might be the fountain whence flowed certain sweet fragments of verse which are charming when sung by gentle female voices. As things are, however, any protest against the lost cause is mere verbiage—not quite innocent, however, as it distorts our view of past history. Mr. Axon evidently sees that there was something unselfish in the conduct of the Jacobites of '45. His affections go with them; and yet he finds it needful to tell us, as if there were some present danger still ahead, that if George II. and that which he represented had been sent back to the fabled kail garden,

"the tide of civilisation would have rolled back a century, and the freedom bought with such lavish expenditure of blood, the liberties for which Russell and Sydney died would have been lost, and Britain again have sunk to the disgraceful position of a pensioned minion of France."

Accent and Rhythm. Explained by the Law of Monopressures. Part I. (Blackwood.) This is an attempt, at once scientific and literary, to rectify the current ideas of scansion. It is scientific in its treatment, literary in its object. For instance (p. 3) we are told that

"the voice-vibrations necessary to produce the vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, &c, are very much modified in passing forward as a vocal current, by the varying channels formed in the mouth, and by the position of the tongue. There is no great hindrance to the vocal current when vowel-sounds are uttered; but consonant-sounds are produced by attempts to obstruct the clearness of the vocal current."

Highly technical as this sounds, it is easily verified. As to the term "monopressures," it is thus explained (pp. 4-5).

"Speech is possible only in monopressures; a speaker's . . . . continuity and subtle successive utterance is [are?] due to his power to separate pressure from pressure, jet from jet, and volume from volume, while, at the same time, he avoids unnecessary roughness in the distinct pronunciation of his consonants."

The literary object emerges somewhat later. The writer "thinks nobly" of human speech, and still more of human thought. The chapter called "Language" (pp. 75-81) is a curious mixture of penetrating remarks with palpable platitudes, *e.g.*

"It is the force of thought that results in language." "The utter dependence of man on the Creator is as significantly displayed in the capacity for speech as in any of the Creator's gifts. It is intended that man should use the gift."

Something of the same simplicity (or is it really archness?) appears on p. 62, where, in analysing the rhythm of Gray's lines—

"While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty."

The writer gravely proclaims that by his system of vocalisation "murmuring labours" is significant of "repetitions of Latin, Greek, and other task-work diligently gone over by the studious lads of Eton College." But what else did it ever suggest to anyone? The notation, however, whereby the writer formulates his law of monopressures and applies it to the varying scansion of Shakspere and Milton, is of high interest and value. The "Explanatory Notes" (pp. 47-64) give a new sense of the irregular melodies of blank verse. We do not think, however, that lovers of Shakspere will allow their "Julius Cæsar," to be carved as on p. 60. We infer from the last page that a continuation of the work is contemplated; a certain want of balance in this instalment of it may be thus accounted for.

Elizabeth Gilbert and her Work for the Blind. By Frances Martin. (Macmillan.) The beautiful and sublime life of Elizabeth Gilbert is well told in this biography. To the blind daughter of Bishop Gilbert of Chichester is mainly due the immense improvement which late years have witnessed in the condition and treatment of the blind, not only in England, but over the whole of Europe. When Miss Gilbert began her work "even good and merciful people looked upon it as rebellion to endeavour to mitigate and alleviate the lot of those who live in the dark." Her endeavours have not only put an end to to this cruel superstition, but have proved that, with a little help and sympathy from those who can see, the blind may be enabled to live lives and do work pleasant to themselves and useful to their fellows. Miss Gilbert's blindness, following upon scarlet fever in infancy, was accompanied by ill-health, which made her a constant sufferer. It is, therefore, specially striking that she should have so nobly persisted in preaching the doctrine that the blind can help themselves. Her life, as told in these pages, is full of interest. We long for a companion sketch of W. Hanks Levy, the blind manager, whose extraordinary energy and courage made him Miss Gilbert's right hand. There is a fine story of Wordsworth on page 13, and a characteristic letter from Mr. Ruskin (p. 256) refusing a subscription to the Association for the Blind on the ground that his work was "with a much lower race of sufferers . . . those who have eyes and see not."

Memoir of William Ellis. By Ethel E. Ellis. (Longmans.) William Ellis is mentioned in Mill's *Autobiography* as "an original thinker in the field of political economy, now honourably known by his apostolic exertions for the improvement of education." It is chiefly in the latter aspect that William Ellis is here portrayed by his granddaughter. Her very interesting

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account of his "conduct-teaching" is enhanced by her own judicious reflections upon education. Ellis's method may be described as Socratic. He knew how to instil virtue into the youthful mind by a series of well-directed questions. Thus, at a reformatory school he asked: "Will it be possible occasionally for you to shirk some portion of the work which he [your future master] will be expecting from you?" Answer: "Yes." "What would you do were such an opportunity to present itself." It is rather refreshing that one boy had the audacity to cry out—"Shirk my work." This youthful Thrasymachus was gently shut up by the modern Socrates. The reader must not expect a Platonic element in Ellis's philosophical dialogues. He himself has well characterised his own powers and limitations in the following contrast between himself and Mill:

"He was for inquiring into every thing, going to the bottom of everybody's theories and ideas. I cared only for the practical value of political economy, and did not want to think deeply on points which would have no bearing on social affairs and human conduct."

The Life and Letters of Mrs. Sewell. By Mrs. Bayley. (Nisbet.) The seventy-six pages which comprise Mrs Sewell's autobiography form the most interesting portion of Mrs. Bayley's book. At the advanced age of eighty-four Mrs. Sewell tells the story of her life, and gives us a pleasant insight into a Quaker country home at the beginning of the present century. The following is her description of the school at Acworth, where Mr. John Bright was educated:

"The discipline was exceedingly strict, not to say severe. The law and the word of command ignored all the little peccant places and infirmities of the flesh to which the young as well as the old are subject. Little things unused to water had no time given to stand and plead at the water's edge, but were heroically seized and plunged in, and sent off to make way for others. Stone chairs, stone floors,—nothing to comfort the desires of the flesh in dress, food, or affection. The awful superior of the school was named Don Bavon."

Mrs. Bayley has written her own part with much sympathy, but at too great length.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Some years ago there was published at Calcutta an *Oriental Biographical Dictionary*, founded on materials collected by Thomas Beale, which is now difficult to obtain. A revised and amplified edition of this, with the more appropriate title of "A Dictionary of Hindu and Muslim Biography," is now in preparation, under the general editorship of Mr. H. G. Keene, the popular historian of Mohammedan India. It will consist of short articles on the lives and writings of the most eminent kings and soldiers, poets and philosophers, of nearer Asia; and it will be published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., in a single volume, similar to Hughes's *Dictionary of Islam*.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have in the press a volume of *Essays and Addresses* by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, formerly fellow of University College, Oxford. The subjects discussed are chiefly of a social, religious, or philosophical character. Mr. Bosanquet has also edited for the same publishers a translation of Dr. Schäffle's "Quintessence of Socialism"—a summary of socialist doctrine which has been translated into every European language.

Mr. George Redway will publish, within the next fortnight, a new book by Mr. C. Staniland Wake, entitled *The Development of Kinship and Marriage*; which treats, in full detail, with those subjects connected with the relations between the sexes and the rules of descent that have lately been so much discussed among anthropologists. It will form a volume of nearly 500 pages, with two folding plates and an index.

Mr. Lewis Sergeant has thoroughly recast and revised *The Government Year-Book*, which, with important enlargements and additions to the articles, will be published as the 1889 edition, in a few days, by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

In his forthcoming book, *Darwinism and Politics*, Mr. David G. Ritchie, fellow and tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, discusses the manner in which the evolution theory affects politics, and in particular its application to the position of women and the questions of labour and population. Messrs. Sonnenschein will be the publishers.

Messrs. Blackwood announce the publication, beginning in March, of another series of "Tales from *Blackwood*," uniform with the two former series under the same title, which now number twenty-four volumes; and also, beginning in April, an entirely new series, to be called "Travel, Sport, and Adventure, from *Blackwood*." As the prospectus states, some of the most distinguished travellers and explorers, from Sir Richard Burton downwards, have first communicated their adventures to the public through the pages of *Blackwood*. And we may add that the succession is maintained in the current number by two notable articles—in one of which we have the fullest and most authentic account of the circumstances preceding the death of Major Barttelot, and in the other a charming picture of the little known island of Minicoy, in the Indian Ocean.

Mr. Charles Marvin—who, at the request of the government, delivered some lectures on petroleum before the Royal Engineers at Chatham a fortnight ago—has in the press a new pamphlet, entitled *The Coming Oil Age*, which will contain the latest results in regard to the development of the petroleum industry. Among the topics touched upon will be the government oil borings near Quetta, the discovery in Canada of the largest oil deposits in the world, the rise of the oil tank steamer fleet (now consisting of nearly 150 vessels) the adoption by Chicago of liquid fuel, the development of large power oil lamps, and the heavy oil problem—to solve which premiums have been offered by the Russian Government. The pamphlet will contain maps of the Canadian, Burmese, and other petroleum regions.

The Brotherhood of Letters is the title of a new book by Mr. J. Rogers Rees, author of "The Pleasures of a Bookworm," announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

A Play upon People is the title of a volume, half play, half satire, on certain aspects of modern life, by an anonymous author, which will be published next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Under the title of "The Victoria Library" a new series of monthly shilling volumes, in all departments of literature, will shortly be commenced by Messrs. L. Reeve & Co. The first of the series will be a volume of British Oratory; the second, a volume of Old English Dramas.

The Secret of the Lamas: a Tale of Thibet, is the title of a new book of adventure which will be shortly published by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, U.S., announce *Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee:* a Study in the Evolution of the Wages System, by Mr. Nicholas P. Gilman, editor of the *Literary World*.

Mr. Fergus Hume's forthcoming work, *The Girl from Malta*, will shortly be issued by the Hansom Cab Publishing Company.

Mr. Spencer Blackett will publish in the course of a few days a popular edition of Mr. J. Freeman Bell's fantastic romance, *The Premier and the Painter*.

A special meeting of the trustees of Shakspere's birthplace was held on Wednesday at Stratford-on-Avon. It appears that, in 1872, the late Mr. Halliwell Phillipps handed to the trustees 186 bound volumes, the condition being that none of the books should be consulted during his lifetime, but that after his death the collection would become the absolute property of the trustees without any condition whatever. The works were deposited in a carved oak bookcase, made specially out of wood which formed part of Shakspere's house, and Mr. Halliwell Phillipps kept the keys. On Wednesday one of the executors attended the meeting and produced the keys of the case, which was then opened. In it were found 128 volumes, consisting of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps's MS. notes and extracts from ancient black letter, all intended to illustrate the works of the poet. There were also volumes described as "The Folio Shakspere Papers," and Malone's edition of the plays in thirty-five volumes. The collection forms a valuable addition to the library at the poet's house.

The Barlow Lecturer on Dante (the Rev. Dr. E. Moore) proposes to give a course of three lectures at University College, Gower Street, on "The Early Biographers of Dante." The lectures will be at 3 p.m.; and on the following days and subjects: (Wednesday, February 27) "The Lives attributed to Boccaccio"; (Thursday, February 28) "The Lives by Villani, Lionardo Aretino, Manetti, and Filelfo"; (Wednesday, March 6) "Personal Traits and Characteristics of Dante, as gathered from the Early Biographies, and illustrated by Passages in his own Writings."

Dr. Sidney Martin will, on Thursday next, February 21, begin a course of four lectures at the Royal Institution, on "The Venom of Serpents and Allied Poisons, including those used in the Middle Ages"; and Lord Rayleigh will, on Saturday, February 23, begin a course of eight lectures on "Experimental Optics, including Polarisation, Fluorescence, Wave Theory," &c. Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne will give a discourse on Friday evening, February 22, the title of the subject being "In the Heart of the Atlas."

Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, of St. Paul's Churchyard, have received the first award for their exhibit at the Melbourne Exhibition, consisting of specimens of their publications, books in leather bindings, &c.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

Miss F. Mabel Robinson will contribute to the March number of *Atalanta* an article on "The Children of the Italian Sculptors." The text will be illustrated by reproductions of the work of the brothers Della Robbia, Donatello, Mino da Fiesole, &c.

Mr. Karl Blind will have an essay in a forthcoming number of the *Archaeological Review* on "A Fresh Scottish Ashpitel and Glass Shoe Tale." It contains comparisons with Hellenic myths and with a Finnish folk-tale, and goes to show that amber ("gless,") glass, gold, and the sun are mythically well-nigh identical, and that there is a likelihood of Cinderella's glass shoes having originally been conceived to be of golden-hued amber.

London Society for March will contain a paper, by Mr. Alexandar Gordon, on "The Silver Pits; or, The Work of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen." The same writer also

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contributes an article to the *Argosy* on "Fish Catching on the Dogger."

A critical paper on the career and writings of Mr. Robert Browning, by Dr. A. H. Japp, will be the leading feature of the next number of Mr. Eyles's *Popular Poets of the Period*, to be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. towards the end of this month. Included also in the same number will be brief biographies and selections from the poems of the Rev. E. C. Lefroy, Mr. F. B. Doveton, Mrs. Edmonds, Mr. W. J. Robertson, and Dr. Westland Marston.

The first number of a new comic illustrated weekly, entitled the *Jester*; or, The New Dunciad, will be published on February 19.

Shakesperiana, the monthly magazine exclusively devoted to Shaksperian matters and criticism which has reached the threshold of its sixth volume, will hereafter be conducted under the auspices of the New York Shakspere Society, and published by the Leonard Scott Publication Company, of New York.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ON THE EAST COAST.

"We are in God's hand,
How strange, now, looks the life he makes us lead."—R. Browning (*Andrea del Sarto*).

The boat went out with the ebb to sea,
That June-tide in the morning.
My bonny boys waved their hands to me,
That June-tide in the morning.
I stood and watched them from the door,
My bonny, brave boys came back no more,
That June-tide in the morning.

The sun shone bright and the wind was low,
That June-tide in the morning;
And I kissed them ere I bade them go,
That June-tide in the morning.
The leaves were young upon the vine
When my boy's warm lips were pressed to mine,
That June-tide in the morning.

I watched the boat as it left the bay,
That June-tide in the morning;
And ever until my latest day
That June-tide in the morning
Comes back to me when the skies are clear
And the roses bloom—yet I felt no fear,
That June-tide in the morning.

A mist came up and it hid the sea,
That June-tide in the morning.
Little I thought what awaited me,
That June-tide in the morning.
How those lips had been pressed to mine,
Here on earth for the very last time,
That June-tide in the morning.

The rising tide brought them home no more,
That June-tide in the morning.
Ere noon the boat drifted safe ashore,
That June-tide in the morning.
The mist had hidden the Dead Man's rock,
And never a boat could withstand its shock,
No matter how fair the morning.

They found their grave in the great North Sea,
That June-tide in the morning—
My boys who came never back to me,
That June-tide in the morning.
Yet the waves were stilled, and the wind was low,
Thank God, I kissed them ere they did go,
That June-tide in the morning!

F. P.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The February number of the *Archaeological Review* concludes the second volume and the first year of the magazine. From the editorial announcement prefixed it would appear that a larger proportion of space will henceforth be devoted to archaeology proper. A series of papers is promised on the present condition of archaeological research, with reference to the Bible, Greece and Rome, America, India, &c.; and also a subject index to the local antiquarian publications of the United Kingdom—a work, undoubtedly, of immense value. In the current number, the only archaeological article is an excellent analysis, by Mr. Sidney Hartland, of Gen. Pitt-Rivers's excavations in Cranborne Chase, which we commend to those who are not fortunate enough to possess the general's privately printed volumes. Mr. Joseph Jacobs has compiled, with great industry—partly from printed books and partly from the original records—a list of the references to Jews in the Pipe Rolls of the thirteenth century; and Mr. Hubert Hall writes, no less competently, about the site of the ancient Exchequer at Westminster.

The numbers of the *Altpreussische Monatsschrift* for 1888 (vol. xxv.) are of more than usual interest and variety. To the history of the sixteenth century belongs (in part ii.) a long catalogue, with summary and specimens, of letters and other documents, now in the possession of the Kneiphof gymnasium at Königsberg. One of these is a news-letter dated from the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. To the same period refer two papers of literary history: one giving some account of the quaint verses of Christian Wernigke, the other a poem on an incident in the struggle between Dantzig and Poland. The student of economics will find much that is valuable in a well-edited publication of the chamberlain's accounts and statements of salaries at Königsberg in 1724, the year in which the city first saw a common municipal organisation for its several parts at work. Archaeologists will find a discussion of the probable use of certain old turrets which recur in almost all the fortresses once belonging to the Teutonic Order in East Prussia. The philosophy of Kant has been always a specialty of this magazine, and the present year is no exception. In the first and second quarterly parts we have from Dr. E. Arnoldt a careful examination (*apropos* of Stern's publication) of the alleged differences between Garve's original draft of his review of Kant's *Kritik*, and the review which actually appeared in the Göttingen journal after it had been subjected to Feder's redaction. The general result is to minimise these differences, and to put a low estimate on Garve's capacity to interpret or criticise Kant. The editor, Dr. Reicke, continues his publication (in the second and fourth quarterly parts) of the "Loose Leaves" from the philosopher's remains in the Königsberg Library. Among many points they contain of importance in the history of Kant's thought may be specially noted the passages (from the years 1783-7) which seek to guard and explain his idealism, and those (from the year 1793 onward) which defend his moral doctrine against Schiller's charge of "rigorism." We are glad to learn that Dr. Reicke has issued these *Lose Blätter* in a separate form.

The longest article in the *Boletin* of the Real Academia de la Historia for December is a memoir and vindication, by F. Danvila, of a Valencian lady, Na Carroça de Vilaragut, the favourite of Juan I. of Aragon and of his queen, who was impeached and driven from the court by the Cortes of Monzon in 1389. F. Codera writes of the Christian embassies to the court of Alhaquem II. of Cordova in 970-5, mainly from a MS. of Cidi Hamuda preserved at Constantine in Algeria. Dr. Hübner treats of the epigraphy of the Balearic Isles, supplementing the *Corpus*. A plan and engraving are given of a fine mosaic found in the Isleta del Rey, Minorca. Padre Fita reports on a Greek inscription to Clio from Almeria.

The chief works now running, or lately concluded, in the *Revista Contemporanea* are a study of "Parliamentary Government and Universal Suffrage," by J. Sanchez de Torre, written in a conservative sense. It is concluded on January 30. "The Rôle that Poland has played in Europe," by J. Perez y Oliva came to an end on December 15. The works being still continued, either regularly or at intervals, are "Ginés Pérez de Hita," by N. Acero y Abad; "Los Males de la Patria," by Lucas Mallada; "Felipe II. and the Conclave of 1559," by R. de Hinojosa; and the "Critical Observations on the Dictionary of the Academy," by Fernández Merino. The two first numbers of this year—January 15 and 30—are especially valuable: they contain general indices to all the numbers from January 1880 to December 1888 inclusive.

GERMAN PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY LAND.

Dr. Reinhold Röhricht, the well-known historian of the Crusades, has done a great service to this branch of history by publishing an epitome of the great book which he wrote together with Dr. Heinrich Meissner, under the title of *Deutches Pilgerreisen nach dem heiligen Lande*, I. (Berlin). He rightly says that the original is too voluminous for most readers, on the one hand; while, on the other, it contains texts, in Middle High German, which are not readily accessible to students. As these texts deal with matters concerning ecclesiastical and social life in the middle ages, and the history of countries, towns, families, and eminent persons—not to speak of contributions to the political economy of the time, in the record of prices and means of communication by land and sea to and from the Holy Land—he considered himself justified in presenting this useful information in a more popular form, at least the historical part, which forms the first chapter of his epitome. The notes, which are, unfortunately, given at the end instead of at the foot of the page, are so abundant and so full of information as to make the work a bibliography of German pilgrims. Many additions have been made to the original, which was published in 1880—*e.g.*, pilgrims of Swiss nationality, so far as the author could obtain information, are included. The second part of the epitome treats of the pilgrim songs, with musical notation. The third part gives the names and the writings of German pilgrims from 1300 to 1697. This is followed by an elaborate index, which greatly enhances the value of the work. It would be important for the history of the Crusades to possess a similar record of the pilgrims of other nations. The late Count Paul Riant, the instigator of the publications of the Orient Latin, to which he contributed so much, is known to have collected materials for a history and bibliography of French pilgrims. We hope that his MSS. will be published, even though in an incomplete form. The new English "Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society" would do well to direct its attention to the bibliography of the writings of the pilgrims of the United Kingdom. Only with such kind of publications may we expect a complete bibliography of travels in the Holy Land, so ably begun by the late Titus Tobler. It is gratifying to learn from Dr. Röhricht's preface that he is carrying through the press such a bibliography up to 1888, which is to appear next year.

A. N.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Bled, Victor du. Les Causeurs de la Révolution. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

Coubertin, Pierre de. L'éducation anglaise en France. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.

Daudet, Alphonse. Les femmes d'artistes. Paris: Guillaume. 25 fr.

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Hartmann, E. v. Zwei Jahrzehnte deutscher Politik u. die gegenwärtige Weltlage. Leipzig: Friedrich. 6 M.
Lemercier, A. P. Etude littéraire et morale sur les poésies de Jean Vauquelin de la Fresnaye. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.
Mehring, S. Der Reim in seiner Entwicklung u. Fortbildung. Berlin: Mehring. 3 M.
Sommer, H. O. Erster Versuch üb. die englische Hirtendichtung. Marburg: Ehrhardt. 3 M.

THEOLOGY.

Bovet, F. Les Psaumes de Maaloth: essai d'explication. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr. 50 c.
Chavannes, C. G. La Religion dans la Bible: étude critique de la manière dont la religion est prêchée et défendue dans les divers écrits bibliques. Vol. I. L'Ancien Testament. Paris: Fischbacher. 6 fr.

HISTORY.

Carré, H. Recherches sur l'administration municipale de Rennes au temps de Henri IV. Paris: Quantin. 3 fr.
Coquelin, F. B. Histoire de l'abbaye de Saint-Michel du Tréport. T. II. Rouen: Lestringant. 12 fr.
Heussler, H. Francis Bacon u. seine geschichtliche Stellung. Breslau: Koebner. 4 M. 50 Pf.
Monumenta vaticana historiam regni Hungariae illustrantia. Series I. Tom. 3. Bullae Bonifacii IX. p.m. Würzburg: Woerl. 20 M.
Robillard de Beaurepaire, Ch. de. Cahiers des Etats de Normandie sous le règne de Henri III. Rouen: Lestringant. 12 fr.
Sicotière, L. de la. Louis de Frotté et les insurrections normandes, 1793-1833. Paris: Plon. 20 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Oudemans, J. T. Beiträge zur Kenntniss d. Chiromys Madagascariensis Cuv. Amsterdam: Müller. 2 M.
Resultate, wissenschaftliche, der v. N. M. Przewalski nach Central-Asien unternommenen Reisen. Zoologischer Thl. 1. Bd. Säugethiere. Bearb. v. E. Büchner. 2. Lfg. St. Petersburg: Eggers. 15 M.
Weber, W. Der arabische Meerbusen. 1. Thl. Marburg: Ehrhardt. 2 M.

PHILOLOGY.

Bertrand, L. Sur les idiomes et les dialectes de la France. Stuttgart: Gerschel. 1 M. 50 Pf.
Blass, F. Commentatio de Antiphonte sophista Iamblichi auctore. Kiel: Toeche. 1 M.
Immerwahr, W. Die Lakonika d. Pausanias, auf ihre Quellen untersucht. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.
Lauchert, F. Geschichte d. Physiologus. Strassburg: Trübner. 7 M.
Rosenberg, J. Das aramäische Verbum im babylonischen Talmud. Marburg: Ehrhardt. 2 M.
Saizmann, J. Die Hersfelder Mundart. Marburg: Ehrhardt. 2 M. 50 Pf.
Simon, R. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der vedischen Schulen. Kiel: Haeseler. 4 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER OF THE POET OF THE "SEASONS."

Springwood Park, Kelso: Jan. 21, 1889.

In the issue of the *Kelso Mail* for April 13, 1797, was printed a letter which purports to have been written by Thomson, and which (if it be, as it seems to be, genuine) deserves—as the production of a man about whom too little is known, written at an interesting period of his career and containing a very characteristic passage—to be accorded a wider publicity.

Thomson's connexion with this country is well known. The letter, which is addressed to a certain Dr. Cranston (who appears to have been the companion of the poet's early youth, and who was the son of the then minister of Ancrum), on the death of the recipient, fell into the hands of a brother, and subsequently into those of the brother's family. It then lay unnoticed among lumber until it happened to be taken up by a servant for the purpose of packing some candlesticks which were sent to Kelso to be exchanged. The person into whose hands it next fell fortunately discovered its value—which led to its being printed in the *Mail*.

Of course, this story, unless backed by strong internal evidence of the authenticity of the letter, would be worth little; but I think it will be conceded that such evidence is forthcoming. The letter is without date, and is signed only with the initials J. T. It appears to have been written soon after the arrival of the poet that was to be in England—whither he went after the death of his mother. It opens with a somewhat diffuse statement of the writer's pecuniary position, followed, after some circumlocution, by an application for a loan—to be promptly repaid. It then proceeds as follows—the original spelling is retained:

Now, I imagine you seized wt. a fine, romantic kind of a melancholy, on the fading of the year. now I figure you wandering philosophical, and pensive, amidst the brown wither'd groves: while the leaves rustle under your feet, the sun gives a farewell parting gleam and the birds

"Stir the faint note, and but attempt to sing."

then again, when the heavens wear a more gloomy aspect, the winds whistle, and the waters spout, I see you in the well-known Cleugh, beneath the solemn arch of tall, thick, embowering trees, listening to the amusing lull of the many steep, moss-grown cascades; while deep divine contemplation, the genius of the place, prompts each swelling awfull thought; I'm sure, you would not resign your part in that scene att an easy rate. none e'er enjoy'd it to the height you do, and you're worthy of it. ther I walk in spirit, and disport in its beloved gloom. this country, I am in, is not so very entertaining. no variety but that of woods, and them we have in abundance. but where is the living stream? the airy mountain? and the hanging rock? with twenty other things that elegantly please the lover of nature? Nature delights me in every form, I am just now painting her, in her most lugubrious dress; for my own amusement, describing winter as it presents itself. after my first proposal of the subject,

"I sing of winter, and his gelid reign;
Nor let a ryming insect of the spring,
Deem it a barren theme, to me 'tis full
Of manly charms; to me, who court the shade,
Whom, the gay seasons suit not, and who shun
The glare of summer. Welcome! kindred glooms!
Drear, awfull wintry horrors, Welcome all, &c."*

After this introduction, I say, which insists for a few lines further I prosecute the purport of the following ones

"Nor can I o departing Summer! choose
But consecrate one pitying line to you;
Sing your last temper'd days, and sunny calms,
That chear the spirits, and serene the soul."

Then terrible floods, and high winds, that usually happen about this time of year, and have already happen'd here† (I wish you have not felt them too dreadfully) the first produced the enclosed lines; the last are not completed. Mr. Rickleton's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head. in it are some masterly strokes that awaken'd me. being only a present amusement, 'tis ten to one but I drop it in when e'er another fancy comes cross.

The remainder of the letter, which is a somewhat lengthy one, is occupied with matters of less interest. I am indebted to Mr. John Smith, the present editor of the *Kelso Mail*, who has recently reprinted the letter in his columns, for permission to make this communication.

George Douglas.

BECKFORD'S "VATHEK" FROM AN ORIENTAL ORIGINAL?

Wadham College, Oxford: Feb. 7, 1889.

Lord Byron, in his notes to the "Giaour," says of *Vathek*:

"For correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, this most eastern and sublime tale far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation."

In a recent discovery of mine at the Bodleian this view met with strong corroboration. In examining the copy of *Vathek* which belonged to the Douce collection—a beautiful little octavo volume bound in morocco, the first English edition, published in 1786 at the price of 15s.—I observed several notes which Mr. Douce had inserted. Among them, on the second page, are the following particulars relating to the origin of the tale:

"One of Wortley Montague's MSS. fell into Mr. Beckford's hands. A Turk who was on a visit to him translated into very bad English the story of *Vathek*, which was in this MS. Mr. Beckford translated the Turk's version into French, with great alterations and additions. Mr. (now Dr) H. procured Mr. Beckford's translation, which he rendered into English with notes and illustrations, in which form it was printed, as in the present copy. Dr. H. thought Mr. B. could have added but little, as the text afforded such genuine matter for the illustration of Oriental manners; but he felt himself at liberty to make some slight alterations in Mr. Beckford's translation."

This note is signed, "F. D." (Francis Douce)—"From Dr. H.'s own information: February 14, 1802"; and close beneath it comes the following:

"Mr. Clarke has since informed me that Mr. B. wrote the English version himself, which Dr. H. published in his absence without authority. This is obscurely alluded to in Mr. B.'s preface to his own French edition republished in—"[date illegible].

The Dr. H. of there notes is easily identified with the Rev. S. Henley, rector of Rendlesham; and the passage in "Mr. B.'s preface" referred to is probably that in the third French edition, where the author says:

"La traduction, comme on sçait, a paru avant l'original; il est fort aisé de croire que ce n'étoit pas mon intention—des circonstances, peu intéressantes pour le public, en ont été la cause."

If we accept this evidence, Dr. Henley would appear, on his own confession, to have been guilty of a gross act of literary piracy; but his statement as to the Arabic MS. would be none the less valuable—there being no apparent motive for falsehood on this point. If its existence be regarded as established, we are at once supplied with a much needed explanation of the deep-seated Oriental characteristics of the tale—for some of which, it must have occurred to many readers besides Lord Byron, it is almost incredible that a European, and a European of the eighteenth century, can have been responsible. At the same time, the crude material, wherever procured, has been so fused in the crucible of genius that in its present form it is unmistakeably stamped in every line with Beckford's *bizarre* and cynical personality—with his audacious licentiousness, and what the *Quarterly Review* called "the diabolical levity" of his contempt for mankind.

Again, if Mr. Clarke's information is correct, we are to believe it was Beckford himself and not Dr. Henley who wrote the English version, which is of such merit that, as the *Dictionary of National Biography* puts it, "it eclipsed the original, and is sometimes taken for it."

In any case, it is curious that recent editors have consistently overlooked these notes of Mr. Douce's, and it would be interesting to have further light thrown upon the question.

Harold G. Parsons.

THE LATIN ARISTOTLE OF 1482.

C.C.C., Oxford: Feb. 11, 1889.

In an examination of the bindings of books in the library of this college, we have, among

* These lines appear to have been cancelled in the sequel; but, in the address to the Earl of Wilmington at the opening of *Winter*, the poet speaks of filling his ear

"With bold description and with *manly* thought."

† The editor of the *Mail* supposes the letter to have been written at Barnet.

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numerous other fragments, found some 250 leaves, entire or fragmentary, belonging to the 1482 Latin edition of Aristotle's works on natural philosophy, with Averroes's "De Substantia Orbis," printed at Venice "per magistrum Philipum Venetum." As we have not yet been through one half of the library, we have good hopes of finding most of the remainder. The whole work consists of 360 leaves, according to Hain, who describes the volume (*Rep. Bibl.*, vol. i., No, 1682); but his list of contents omits two works found in our register—the "De Respiratione" and "De Morte et Vita." Panzer (*Ann. Typogr.*, iii., No. 593) has a very imperfect description of the work. This appears to be the first edition of any but single treatises of Aristotle; and no copy exists either in the Bodleian, or (apparently) in the British Museum. Hain, however, mentions a copy in the Royal Library at Munich. Do any other copies exist? and, if so, where? Lastly, is the discrepancy between Hain's description and the register of our book due to his having consulted an imperfect copy, or to some other cause?

J. G. Milne.
R. G. C. Proctor.

P.S.—Further examination shows that our copy consisted originally of 364 leaves, or four more than that described by Hain.

THE ONLY KNOWN MS. OF COMMODIANUS.

Bowdon, Cheshire: Jan. 31, 1889.

I hope it may not be too late to remind collectors and librarians that the only known MS. of Commodianus is among the treasures of the Middlehill Library. Of this Oehler wrote in 1847, after stating that the MS. used by Baluzius had been hopelessly lost:

"Alter Commodiani codex MS., qui quidem mihi innotuit, olim Meermannianus, extat hodie in locupletissima et splendidissima Bibliotheca Thomae Phillips, Baronis in Middlehill, saeculi xi membranaceus . . . Sed neque hujus libri copiam mihi facere licuit, nec cui nostratium aditus illius bibliothecae pateret comperire potui."

Ought it not to be secured for the British Museum? J. Edwin Odgers.

THE OLD ENGLISH GLOSS "ELMAWES."

Cambridge: Feb. 9, 1889.

Mr. Aldis Wright has misunderstood my position with regard to the gloss "Lameres= Elmawes," about which I wrote a few lines in the Academy of February 2.

It was not my intention to reproduce, palaeographically, the two entries with which I was concerned. My sole object was to call attention to the omission of the word "lamia," without which "lameres" was unintelligible, and to the disadvantage, in general, of abridging obscure and corrupt glosses. For this purpose my extract from the Trinity MS. ought simply to have run: "Lameres, id est lamia, vel Anglice Elmawes." But as "Lamia" followed in the MS. immediately after "Lameres," I wished to give this in an abridged form. By some accidents, which I do not think it worth my while to explain, an error crept into this latter gloss, but it was not due, as Mr. Wright suggests, to a misreading of the MS.

It is true that I did not know at once what "Gg" in the MS. meant. But, as my time was pressing and the point immaterial to my purpose, I deferred it to some other occasion. Experienced readers of MSS. know how impossible it is to feel at home at the spur of the moment in such a huge and complicated MS. as the one in question. Therefore, my very difficulty induced me to ask future editors of glosses not to abridge them, as glossaries are most difficult, and can only be mastered by those who work steadily at them.

I admit that I should not have abridged a gloss, at the very moment that I protested against the publication of abridged glosses. But I did not want to point out that glosses should not be curtailed at all, but that words (in this case "lamia"), which helped to make glosses intelligible, were omitted, and consequently trouble and loss of time caused to those who had to deal with them.

I would gladly stop here if Mr. Wright had not fallen into a curious error. "It will be seen," he says, "that Mr. Hessels has written *Helmawes* for *Elmawes*." Surely I have done nothing of the kind! It will be seen in the Academy of February 2 that I plainly state that "Elmawes" is the reading of the MS., but that I suggest "Helmawes" as a conjectural reading.

It would have been desirable, for Mr. Wright's own sake, if he had explained more clearly who was responsible for the abridgement of the glosses, he or Prof. Wülcker.

Mr. Wright's conjecture as to the word "Elmawes" seems unacceptable, at least in its entirety. The word Elf had suggested itself to me likewise; but I gave it up on account of the ending "-mawes," and I still prefer to read *Helmawes* (helmaidens or helmen?). But Prof. Skeat tells me that in such a case the word would probably be "hellemawes." He inclines to think that the word stands for "Elf-mawes," like *elfquen* in Stratmann, *f* first assimulating to *m* (Elm-mawes), and then one *m* dropping out, leaving us "Elmawes"; for loss of *f* before *m*, compare *woman*, *Lammas*. Still, we find "helgodes" twice over in Wülcker's Vocabularies.

Here I leave the matter.

J. H. Hessels.

THE ORIGINAL OF CHAUCER'S "A B C."

Cambridge: Feb. 12, 1889.

I am obliged to Mr. Paget Toynbee for pointing out my errors. I feel bound to account for them.

I must claim indulgence for occasional nods. When saying that "De Deguileville wrote a prose piece," the words "prose piece" slipped in by a clerical error; for I said that I was quoting from Morley's *English Writers*, to which I give the reference; and Morley says "devotional poem." In fact, I *knew perfectly well* that it was a poem; but I suppose I was thinking of the version (to which I refer in the same line) in the Cambridge MS. Ff. 6.30; and, I think, I am right in saying that that particular MS. gives the *prose* form.

I find, too, to my sorrow, that I have done M. Paul Meyer a great injustice in saying that he writes the name "De Deguileville"; for I now find that, in Furnivall's "Trial Forewords," he corrects that spelling by saying "De Deguilleville (that's the proper form of the name)." I was misled by the heading of his edition of the poem, at p. 84 of "A One-text Print of Chaucer's Minor Poems," published for the Chaucer Society, which runs thus:

"From Guillaume De Deguilleville's *Pélérinage* [sic] *de l'Ame*, Part I., *Le Pélérinage* [sic] *de la Vie Humaine*. Edited from the MS. 1646 . . . by Paul Meyer."

I suppose, now, that this heading was really written by Dr. Furnivall; but I followed it in all humility, even in the peculiar accenuation of *pèlerinage*, as I thought something was meant by it. For it not only occurs there, but *four times* more in M. Paul Meyer's letter, as printed in the "Trial-Forewords" aforesaid, pp. 101, 102. This error arose, it will now be seen, from trying to copy accurately what was before me in print. These things can be verified by reference.

I meekly accept the correction as to Dante, ix. 113. A reference to my note (*Chaucer's Minor Poems*, p. 264) will at once show whence I got the notion of "perils"—viz., from the passages (which I quote) in Palladio Negro and Sebastian Munster.

I am sorry my book gives so little satisfaction. I really took a great deal of pains about it, and to find that I have nevertheless blundered is most distressing to me.

Walter W. Skeat.

POPE AND ADDISON.

London: Feb. 12, 1889.

Mr. Aitken's discovery of the character of Atticus in the *St. James's Journal* of December 15, 1722, is extremely interesting; and it is not the first time that his researches have produced important results. But to prove that the lines appeared in the *St. James's Journal* before the publication of *Cythereia*, the exact date must be ascertained when that volume was issued. It was then very common to post-date a book which appeared late in the year; as, for instance, the first edition of the *Conduct of the Allies*, which, though published in November 1711, is dated 1712. It is quite possible, therefore, that *Cythereia* may, after all, contain the first printed copy of the famous satire.

F. G.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, Feb. 18, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "The Northern and Western Kshatrapas," from Notes by the late Pandit Bhagvánlál Indraji, illustrated by Coins from the Pandit's Collection recently bequeathed to the British Museum, by Mr. E. J. Rapson.
5 p.m. London Institution: "Ants," by the Rev. J. G. Wood.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Wood Engraving," II., by Mr. W. J. Linton.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Scientific Research and Revelation," by Mr. C. S. Wilkinson.

Tuesday, Feb. 19, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," V., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
7.45 p.m. Statistical: "The Coal Question," by Mr. R. Price-Williams.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Slavery in Relation to Trade in Tropical Africa," by Commander V. Lovett Cameron.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Alternate-Current Machinery," by Mr. Gisbert Kapp.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Skull of the Chelonian Genus *Lytoloma*," and "An apparently new Species of *Hyracodontitherium*," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "Some Fishes from the Kilima-njaro District," by Dr. A. Günther; "Certain Points in the Structure of *Polyboroides*, with Remarks on its Systematic Position," by Mr. F. E. Beddard.

Wednesday, Feb. 20, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Forth Bridge," by Mr. B. Baker.
8 p.m. Geological: "The Cotteswold, Midford, and Yeovil Sands, and the Division between Lias and Oolite," by Mr. S. S. Buckman; "Some Nodular Felstones of the Lleyn Peninsula," by Miss C. A. Raisin; "The Action of Pure Water, and Water saturated with Carbonic-Acid Gas, on the Minerals of the Mica Family," by Mr. A. Johnstone.
8 p.m. Elizabethan: "George Chapman," by Mr. Havelock Ellis.
8 p.m. Shakspere Reading Society: "Twelfth Night," rehearsed under the direction of Mr. W. Poel.

Thursday, Feb. 21, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Venom of Serpents, and Allied Poisons," I., by Dr. S. Martin.
6 p.m. London Institution: "The Legend of Beauty; or, Art as representing the Passion of our Lives," by Mr. Wyke Bayliss.
8 p.m. Chemical: Election of Fellows.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Euphrasia," by Mr. F. Townsend; "Sexual Apospory in *Polystichum angulare*," by Mr. C. T. Druery; "The Retina of the Blowfly," by Mr. B. T. Lowne.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

Friday, Feb. 22, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting: "Furnaces," by Mr. T. A. Guyatt.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "In the Heart of the Atlas," by Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne.

Saturday, Feb. 23, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics—Polarisation, Wave Theory," I., by Lord Rayleigh.
3 p.m. Physical: "The Measurement of Electrical Resistance," by Dr. J. W. Waghorn; "Polarised Light—(1) a New Polarimeter, and (2) the Formation of a Cross in certain Crystal Structures," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "Electrical Measurements," by Prof. Ayrton and Prof. J. Perry.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

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SCIENCE.

Catalogue of the Turkish Manuscripts in the British Museum. By Charles Rieu. (Printed by Order of the Trustees.)

The compilation of a catalogue of Oriental manuscripts is a work which requires a thorough knowledge of the literature of the language, as well as a full acquaintance with the writings of European scholars, without mentioning besides skill and practice in deciphering the different sorts of Oriental handwriting—a proficiency founded not only upon good eyesight, but also upon an intimate knowledge of the languages concerned. In the list of catalogues of Oriental MSS. that of the Imperial Library of Vienna, made by Prof. Dr. Gustav Flügel (3 vols., 1865), occupies a prominent place, owing partly to the large amount of material, partly also to the variety of the branches of literature it deals with. But, although Prof. Flügel had several helpers in his task and himself possessed extraordinary learning, there are nevertheless shortcomings and mistakes, due to the want of encyclopaedic knowledge. Prof. Flügel's own speciality was Arabic; in Persian and Turkish he was a secondhand authority, and we must, therefore, not wonder that in consequence of his defective acquaintance with Chagatai, or Eastern Turkish, he ignored the author of the *Sheibani Nameh*, and was entirely in the dark about the contents of that epic, afterwards edited and translated by the present writer.

With Dr. Charles Rieu, the keeper of Oriental MSS. at the British Museum, the case is entirely different. He is equally versed in Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Chagatai literature; and his Turkish catalogue is a work which does him great credit. On almost every page he shows an astonishing amount of information and a vast memory, which enables him to compare the texts before him with those quoted by other catalogue writers. In most cases his headings supply a critical description of the contents of the MSS.; where, however, the MSS. are themselves defective, the author, being prevented from collating the copy at his disposal with others, could hardly be expected to determine either the date or the full contents of the work. Thus, I find quoted (p. 224-225) the collection of tales called "El feredj baad-esh Shiddet," as containing originally forty-two tales. But a similar MS., in possession of the Hungarian Academy contains a much larger number, and furnishes also one of the oldest linguistic monuments of Ottoman Turkish, being dated A.H. 742, while the Vienna copy, quoted by Flügel, bears no date, and that at Munich (No. 204) shows the date of A.H. 914.

With reference to the quantity and quality of the Turkish MSS. in the British Museum, I am sorry to say that that institution, which has accumulated so many valuable treasures, is comparatively poor in literary monuments derived from Turkey, standing not only behind the Imperial Library of Vienna, but also behind the libraries of some minor countries. This is the more to be wondered at, as England centuries ago maintained diplomatic relations with the East, and Englishmen have always been conspicuous for their passion for travel. The most valuable portion of the collection of Turkish MSS. consists of the Turki, or Eastern Turkish, where the British Museum can boast of works which have remained hitherto unknown, even to specialists. Such is Egerton 1021, Or. 1712, Or. 1912, Or. 404, and particularly Or. 3222, on the description of which Dr. Rieu dwells at some length, for which we are greatly indebted to him. If the statement of the author could be verified that he "used records written in the Mongol (Uigus) character by Mongol Bakhshis"—*i.e.*, troubadours—this MS. would certainly deserve to be translated into some European language. But I am afraid that this is simply a mode of talking, in imitation of Rashid-ed-din Tabibi, who likewise mentions Mogol records, the existence of which I greatly doubt, as I ventured to explain in the preface to my ethnographical work—*Das Türkenvolk* (Leipzig, 1885). Somewhat unintelligible to me is the statement of Dr. Rieu, that the most important part of the work is the last, which has all the value of a contemporary and official record of the life of Sheibani Khan; while a few lines later he says that Berezin's *Sheibani Nameh* was partly textually transcribed, partly abridged from it. If this be the case, then the work of the anonymous transcriber must be a very meagre one, for Berezin's *Sheibani Nameh* consists of only a few pages, and ought by no means to be compared with Prince Mohammed Salih's epic, which numbers nearly 10,000 verses, and is full of interesting details (not destitute of dates) regarding the life and deeds of the great victor of the Timurides. I cannot omit to mention that, since the publication of my *Sheibani Nameh*, I have found a fragment (alas, but a fragment!) of another versified account of Sheibani, which I am inclined to consider an entirely independent composition, inferior to the work of Prince Mohammed Salih so far as regards its practical value, but of a greater historical importance, as the incidents are described with accurate dates, not only of the year but also of the day. If I am not mistaken, the *temsils* (parables), mentioned by Dr. Rieu on folios 147-8, have been extracted from the MS. in question.

If there is any objection to be brought against Dr Rieu's catalogue it might possibly relate to his spelling of Turkish words, and particularly of those which, having been borrowed from Arabic or Persian, have become the property of the Ottomans, and have adopted the phonetic rules of the Osmanli language. "Gul u Bulbul" is certainly much more correct than "Gül ü Bülbül"; but the Osmanli uses the latter and not the former spelling. And since the author has adopted the Hungarian vowel ö when writing "Tököli" and not "Tokoli," he might have as well used "Hüsein" instead of "Husein," which is a Persian or Arabic, not an Osmanli name.

For the rest, I repeat that this Catalogue of the Turkish MSS. in the British Museum belongs to those marvellous accomplishments in Oriental learning which are becoming in our days rarer and rarer, since Oriental studies show a tendency towards philology instead of towards literature, which must be greatly regretted, for there are copious mines which still await their explorer.

A. Vambéry.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DERIVATION OF σαθρός.

Cambridge: Feb. 9, 1889.

In the last edition of Liddell and Scott the origin of the word σαθρός is said to be "uncertain." Does it not come from σήθω (σάω) "I sift," like σαυρός from σήτω? The word is repeatedly used in Greek literature as a metaphor for "unsound." I believe the original idea was "full of holes," the opposite of στεγανός. In Plato's *Gorgias*, 493B, the Σικελὸς τις quoted by Plato compares the soul of the incontinent man to a sieve: τὴν δὲ ψυχὴν κοσκίνῳ ἀπείκασε τὴν τῶν ἀνοήτων ὡς τετρημένην, ἅτε οὐ δυναμένην στέγειν. Presently, enlarging the metaphor, as is his wont, Plato supposes that both the temperate and the incontinent man have many πίθοι—sound in the case of the first, but in the other's case perforated; the incontinent man's ἀγγεῖα are (says Plato) τετρημένα καὶ σαθρά. The conjunction of τετρημένα with σαθρά seems to show that Plato accepted this derivation (see my note on the words τῷ ἐπιστάτῃ in *Crito*, 47B), and it can hardly be doubted that he was right.

J. Adam.

SCIENCE NOTES.

We are glad to hear that the First Lord of the Treasury—in reply to an influential memorial—has consented to grant a pension on the civil list of £100 to the widow of the late R. A. Proctor, who is now living in Florida.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have in preparation a book on Vital Statistics by Dr. Arthur Newsholme.

From Mr. Barrington Brown's official report on the ruby mines of Burma we glean some interesting particulars with reference to the geological conditions under which the gemstones occur. The principal mines are in the valleys of Mogok, Kathay, and Kyatpyen, where the rocks consist of gneiss and granular limestone. Deposits of calc-spar occur in the limestone, and constitute the primitive matrix of the ruby. Although the gems were formerly worked in the solid rock, most of them are now obtained from recent deposits of sand and gravel, which have resulted from the disintegration of the gneiss, and contain the rubies left on the natural decomposition of the limestone. With the introduction of improved methods of mining Mr. Streeter expects that the solid rock may be advantageously worked, and the rubies thus obtained from their original matrix.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

Karl J. Trübner, of Strassburg, announces a companion volume to Gröber's *Grundriss der romanischen Philologie*, of which the first volume is now completed, for the Teutonic languages. The editor is Prof. Hermann Paul, of Freiburg, who has been promised the assistance of many of the leading scholars of Germany. Thus, while he will himself treat the general principles and history of the subject, Prof. E. Sievers will undertake phonetics, Gothic language and literature, Old German and Scandinavian metres, and runes. To enumerate the English departments: to Prof. F. Kluge has been assigned the history of the English language and Anglo-Saxon literature; to Dr. J. Wright—the only English name in the list—English dialects; to Prof. Alois Brandl, Middle English literature and ballad poetry; and to Prof. J. Schipper, English metre. It is anticipated that the work will be completed in five or six parts, at the low price of 4s. a part. The English agent is Mr. David Nutt.

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Zu Aristoteles' Poetik. Theodor Gomperz. (Vienna.) In this little tractate of forty-two pages a very competent scholar reviews a good many of the difficulties that occur in the first six chapters of the *Poetics*, sometimes upholding this or that view which has already been put forward, sometimes broaching a new view of his own. He is always worth reading, even when we cannot agree with him; and we must confess that this is the case with regard to the majority of the passages in question. A few of them may be mentioned here. Though acquainted at the time of writing with Mr. Margoliouth's *Analecta Orientalia*, he seems hardly to allow it due weight. Perhaps we should not be wrong if we supposed that his opinions on certain passages in the *Poetics* had been very definitely formed before he saw Mr. Margoliouth's book, and that he was loth to have them upset; or perhaps he had hardly had time to weigh the new evidence. We can hardly account otherwise for his refusal to insert τοιαῦται, or something like it, in 1447 a 25, when it not only much improves the sense and construction of the sentence, but is attested by the Arabic version. His proposals to read οἱ χαριέστεροι τῶν ὀρχηστῶν just afterwards, and ἐν δ' αὖ τῇδε τῇ διαφορᾷ in 1448 a 16 seem also to be made in defiance of the Arabic; and the latter of the two is surely very infelicitous. In none of these places does he even mention the new evidence afforded by the Arabic version. In the case of 1450 a 29 he does, indeed, mention the new support given to Vahlen's λέξει καὶ διανοίᾳ for λέξεις καὶ διανοίας; but he is not convinced by it. In 1448 b 30 he seems to us right in dropping ἰαμβεῖον, and reading καὶ for κατὰ, so that the passage runs ἐν οἷς καὶ τὸ ἁρμοττον ἦλθε μέτρον; but Stahr suggested both these changes. The suggestion to put πέφυκεν . . . ἦθος in 1450 a 1 before (and not after) διὰ γὰρ . . . τινας appears to be original and plausible. We are glad to find him taking for granted that the second of the two causes which gave rise to poetry, according to Aristotle, was man's natural propensity to harmony and rhythm; but we are not with him in thinking, as he appears to think, that Aristotle failed to say so in a clearer way than our text shows. Nor can we think that he makes out a good case for chap. v. standing substantially as the author wrote it, instead of being a collection of fragments. His explanation of καθ' ὃ ποιά τις ἐστὶν ἡ τραγῳδία in 1450 a 8, as meaning that a tragedy may be good or bad in respect of its six parts or any of them, may possibly be right; but from his remarks we should gather that he has overlooked the supposed antithesis of the parts κατὰ τὸ πόσον in chap. xii., by which other critics have been led to a quite different explanation. His theory that Aristotle had but a poor opinion of lyric poetry seems to rest on insufficient grounds. In any case it is curious in this connexion to remember the ode in honour of Hermias.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Cambridge Philological Society.—(*Annual Meeting, Thursday, January 31.*)

Dr. Verrall, vice-president, in the chair.—It was agreed that a letter of condolence be addressed in the name of the society to the widow of the late Dr. F. A. Paley. A paper was read by Dr. Fennel on "The relation of Accent to the Division of Words into Syllables in Aryan Speech and on Accent as a Cause of Phonetic Change, with special reference to Verner's Law, Sanscrit gutturals (*velars*), and the Greek Vowel System." Dr. Fennell suggested that it should be inferred from the change of Aryan *tenues* to Teutonic spirants at the beginning of words that a similar change took place at the beginning of syllables, while at the end of syllables the Aryan *tenues* changed to Teutonic *mediae*. Accordingly, Verner's Law was to be explained by a syllabism represented by *brā-thar*, *mod-ár*. This involves the assumption *that as little consonantal sound as possible went to an accented syllable in Old Teutonic*. There are some indications that this assumption might be applied to Greek and Sanskrit, in fact to Aryan speech generally, with the result of explaining sundry phonetic phenomena, the explanation of which goes to prove the validity of the assumption as applied to Aryan speech. The theory of syllabism in connexion with accent, which is proposed, seems to suggest the following system: (1) Root syllables beginning and ending with a consonant may be divided if followed by a vowel. (2) Root syllables beginning with a vowel were not divided in syllabism. Thus, ἄγ-ω, Skt. *ój-as*, *ark-á*, *arsh-is*, *áh-is*. (3) A nasal held a preceding vowel and a following consonant together. Thus, ἄγκ-υρα, Skt. *ank-ás*. Moreover, the influence of accent on syllabism may be modified by analogy, *e.g.*, μακρός, μῆκ-ιστος—κρατ-ύς, κράτ-ιστος (Epic κάρ-τιστος —βραχ-ύς, βράχ-ιστος. These assumptions as to accentuation and syllabism involve the consequence that, if the accented syllable of a word be not the first syllable, the syllable preceding the accented vowel must end in a consonant, unless analogy or some other modifying influence intervene. There are sundry indications in Greek and Sanskrit that it is actually the case that the syllable preceding the accent does end in a consonant, viz. in Greek (1) the change of unaccented ε (α before μ, ν, ρ) to ο, and ᾱ (η) to ω, *e.g.* ποδός for πεδός, γονϝός for γανϝός, αὐονή by αὐαίνω, χαρμονή by χάρμα, φλεγμονή by φλέγμα, στελμονίαι by στέλμα, εὔφρονος by εὐφραίνω, εἰκοσί*, πολίς*, κονίς*, ὀλίγος, πολύς; also many instances of the change of ᾱ to ω are in unaccented syllables which would be closed in accordance with the suggested hypothesis. (2) The change of αρ to ρα. That the Greeks were averse to heavy consonantal endings to syllables may be inferred from their terminations of words, accordingly we find θρασ-ύς by θάρ-σος, κρατ-ύς by κάρ-τιστος. (3) The change of aspirates in Greek after a nasal to *mediae* (or *tenues*) is more easily explained if it takes place at the end of a syllable, and, therefore, supports the suggestion that a nasal held a preceding vowel and a following consonant together. Many instances of epenthesis and prothesis, as τελαμών and ὀφρύς, seem to support the hypothesis suggested. The same may be said of a few instances of the change of *a* to *i* which takes place in closed syllables in cases where it cannot be disputed. Hence it may be inferred that *a* is changed to *i* in Sanskrit in closed syllables as in *pit-ár-*, *shtit-á-*, *dit-á-*, *tishtir-ē*. The change of *ar* to *ri* in Sanskrit seems analogous to the change of αρ to ρα in Greek. The change of *velar* gutturals to palatals in Sanskrit may be due to the tendency of accented syllables to lighten their consonantal part. This view explains several important exceptions to the explanation of this change which ascribes it to the influence of vowels, while most cases, if not all, which seem at first sight to bear against the new explanation may be explained by the modification of the normal syllabism proposed owing to the influence of analogy. This last application of the general theory would, if established, destroy most of the evidence for an original Aryan *e*, so that it is necessary to say something as to the relation of the Greek ο to the Greek ε. It may be briefly stated that the discrepancies between the Sanskrit system of Ablaut and that of other kindred languages may be explained by supposing that at an early period the various branches of the Aryan family took a dislike to having more than two *morae* of vowel-sound or of vowel-and-semi-vowel-sound before a consonant. The Greeks solved the difficulty by changing ᾱ to ο; and the influence of οι, ου, ον, ορ, ολ, added to that of ο springing from ε as suggested above, led to the general association of ο (instead of ᾱ or η) with ε.

Philological Society.—(*Friday, February 1*)

Dr. R. Morris, president, in the chair.—Mr. Theodore G. Pinches read a paper on "The Names *Jah* and *Javeh*." The paper was a discussion of certain proper names (found in the inscriptions from Assyria and Babylonia) containing elements which, the author contended, represented the Hebrew *Jah* and *Javeh*. As examples of the former, the name *Yâhâlu* and its variant *Aahâlu*, *Yâ-da'u* and its variant *Aa'u-da'u*, *Yâbibi* or *Yâbibu* (*cf.* Hebrew יָבִב), and *Yâhabi* (*cf.* Hebrew חֲבִיחָ), "son of *Abi-nadib*" (=Abinadab), were mentioned. As *Yâ* at the beginning of a name could become *Aa* or *Â*, seemingly in consequence of the Assyrians and Babylonians being reluctant to pronounce the sound of *i* or *y* before another vowel (see the first two examples quoted above), the author contended that this could occur at the end of a name also; and it might be regarded, therefore, as a very possible explanation that *Aa* or *Â* in the words *Abi-Aa*, *Assur-Aa*, *Nergal-Aa*, *Samas-Aa*, *Bêli-Aa*, &c., represented also the same particle, and that these names meant "My father is Jah" (Abijah), "Assur is Jah," "Nergal is Jah," "Samas is Jah," "My lord is Jah" (*Bealiah*), &c. It was noteworthy that by far the greater part of the divine names of the Assyrian or Babylonian pantheon was non-Semitic. It seemed probable, therefore, that polytheism with these people was very largely due to foreign (Sumerian and Akkadian) influence; and the question naturally arose, whether the Assyrians and Babylonians did not, at first, calm their consciences by identifying all their new deities with Jah, making them, in fact, his manifestations. After quoting some other names, the reader spoke of the curious late forms—*Natanu-Yâwa*, *Gamar-Yâwa* (treated of in the Academy by the Rev. C. J. Ball), and *Bandwa*—which were all, apparently, names of Jews, "children of the captivity." These names were undoubtedly to be identified with the Hebrew Nethaniah, Gemariah, and Beniah, with this exception, that the last element, *-yâwa* or *-âwa*, was the Babylonian scribe's way of representing the Hebrew "Yaweh," which, apparently, was pronounced in full, instead of the more usual "Ya," at the period when the tablets giving the above names were written. It was noteworthy that—whereas the form of the Hamathite name, *Yaubi'di* and *Ilûbi'di*, with the occasional presence of the divine prefix before "Ya" in certain names, showed that the Assyrians were well acquainted with the sacred significance of the word—the rarity of the form "Yâwa," and the absence of the divine prefix, implied that it was not altogether familiar to them. The probability was, therefore, that the former had been used by them from the earliest times, and was a word common to them and the nation nearest akin to them—the Israelites; while the latter was only known to them from its occurrence in Jewish names—a fact which indicated that it was peculiar to the latter.

Cambridge Antiquarian Society.—(*Monday, February 4*)

Prof. A. Macalister, president, in the chair.—Miss Jodrell, of Aylsham, exhibited (through Mrs. Hopkins) a silver medal by Croker, commemorating the restoration to the Church of first-fruits and tenths by letters patent dated November 3, 1703.

obv. Bust of Queen Anne laureated.

ANNA . D . G . MAG . BRI . FR . ET . HIB . REG.

rev. Queen Anne enthroned, holding in the left hand a sceptre, with the right hand offering a sealed scroll to seven kneeling prelates:

above, PIETAS AVGVSTÆ;

in the exergue, PRIMITIIS . ET . DECIMIS . ECCLESIÆ . CONCESSIS . MDCCIV.

—Prof. J. H. Middleton made the following remarks upon some sixteenth-century vestments, exhibited by Dr. Chr. Scott: The two chasubles from the chapel of Sawston Hall, which are exhibited this evening through the kindness of Canon Scott, though themselves of modern materials and shape, are decorated with very elaborate orphreys dating probably from the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., of extremely beautiful and magnificent work with the needle. (A.) The White Chasuble: on this have been sewn parts of the two orphreys of a cope, the subjects being as follows: (1) St. Matthew, with an angel holding an open book; (2) St. Philip, holding a tall cross; (3) St. Jude, holding a long, curved oar. On the back: (1) Some secular saint in hat and gown of Henry VII.'s time; (2) and (3) the B. V. Mary and St. John looking upwards to a

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crucifixion-scene, which is now missing. These figures were probably at the top of each orphrey of the cope, the crucifixion being on the hood; (4) St. Peter holding one key; (5) another secular saint, in similar dress to No. 1., probably intended for St. Alban, as Mr. Montague James has suggested. The technique of this needlework is the same as that of the Lyng altar-cloth, exhibited last term [*See* Academy, December 8, 1888]. The colours of the silks are very rich; and great variety of effect is produced by different arrangements of the stitches used for the gold thread, especially for the diapers of backgrounds and other decorative details. Each figure is represented under a pillared canopy, standing on a floor of marble squares, shown in perspective in a very un-mediæval way. The canopy details and other points show that the date of this needlework is probably not earlier than the reign of Henry VIII. (B.) The Red Chasuble, also, is ornamented with pieces cut from the orphreys of one or more copes of the same date and workmanship as the previously described orphreys. The subjects are taken from the legend of the martyrdom of St. George of Cappadocia, the patron saint of England during the latter part of the mediæval period. Some scenes are evidently missing, such as his death by decapitation. Those here represented are: (1) St. George in silver armour, with a red cross on his breast, represented as a youth, nimbed; he is brought before a king or emperor under the charge of having pulled down the edicts against the Christians which Diocletian had ordered to be published in Jerusalem, and other parts of the Roman world, about the year 296. According to the usual form of the story, St. George was brought before Dacianus the pro-consul of Judæa; but here the enthroned figure is represented as a royal or imperial person, with crown and sceptre; (2) the king consults with his councillors; (3) St. George, stripped of his armour, is brought before the king, who orders him to sacrifice to Apollo; (4) St. George is again brought up for judgment: this subject is very badly restored. The intermediate one of the fall of the temple of Apollo is missing; (5) St. George is hung up, nude, to a *furca*, and is tortured with a whip and pincers in the presence of the king and his attendants; (6) St. George is raised from the tomb by Christ: in the background is a view of Jerusalem, represented as a mediæval fortified city. Over each subject is a canopy on pillars, with two angels holding the *rutilans rosa*, the favourite badge of Edward IV., as used on his "rose-nobles." The whole work is *appliqué* on linen; and great splendour of effect is given by stuffing parts of the gold canopies with wool, so as to make them stand out in high relief—a not unusual method at this late period, but more common in Germany than in England. The whole history of the cult of St. George is a very curious one. He has been from a very early period, and still is, one of the most popular saints of the various eastern Churches—Greek, Coptic, Maronite, and the like. A church at Thessalonica was dedicated to him as early as Constantine's reign, only about thirty years after his death. In 494, Pope Gelasius, when reforming the calendar, decided that his legend was doubtful, and placed St. George among those "saints whose names are rightly reverenced by men, but whose deeds are known only to God." In all the eastern forms of his legend, there is no mention of the fight with the dragon. That story is simply a Christian version of the old Perseus and Andromeda myth, which was taken up and added to the existing legends about St. George by the crusaders in the twelfth century. All the details of the myth are similar in the pagan and Christian legends; and varieties of both legends give two different places as the site of the exposure of the Princess Andromeda or Cleodolinda—namely, Joppa on the Phœnician coast, and the shore of the Egyptian Delta. Again, as, in classical art, Perseus holds the head of Medusa, so, in the Christian legend, St. George is sometimes represented holding a head, which is taken to be a symbol of his death by decapitation. Henry I. of England first made St. George the patron saint of his army. In 1222 a public feast in his honour was decreed in England; and in 1330 he was made the patron of the new Order of the Garter. In this way he gradually became regarded as the special patron saint of England. In other countries he was especially the patron of the armourers' guilds; for whom, *e.g.* at Florence, Donatello carved his wonderful statue of St. George, which stands in a niche of Or San Michele. The finest series of paintings of his life and sufferings is at Padua, in the chapel of St. George, executed by Altichiero and Jacopo degli Avanzi, pupils of Giotto. Carpaccio's at Venice deal only with the dragon-story, and the subsequent baptism of the princess and her father.—Prof. Hughes exhibited a half figure in gilt bronze, 1¼ inches in height, which was described by Prof. Middleton as follows: It appears to have formed part of the ornaments of a large altar candlestick or some such object of ecclesiastical use. The figure is that of a king wearing a crown, and worshipping, with folded hands; its base is surrounded with a garland of trefoil leaves, which, together with the stiff treatment of the beard, and the conventionally wavy hair, seem to show that the figure is of the fourteenth century. It appears to be a *cire perdue* casting, and is thickly gilt, evidently by the old mercury process. It is said to have been found in a grave, near Kirkwall, in the Orkney Isles, and had been lent to Prof. Hughes by the Rev. Dr. Omand, of Monzie.—Mr. J. W. Clark exhibited, and made remarks on, one of the sheets of John Hamond's plan of Cambridge, published in 1592. He prefaced his remarks by an exhibition of the plan by Richard Lyne (1574) drawn to illustrate the *Historia Cantabrigiensis Academiæ* of Dr. Caius. This, the earliest plan of the town, is a bird's-eye view, drawn without any regard to scale or proportion. It was succeeded by that which appears in George Braunius's *Civitates Orbis Terrarum*, which has all the appearance of a new plan, but is in reality only Lyne's plan turned round, so that the spectator is supposed to view the town from the west instead of from the south. A copy of this plan appeared shortly afterwards, with the omission of the figures in the foreground; and the plan preserved in the British Museum, by William Smith, dated 1588, which has lately been printed in *Shakspere's England*, is only a part of Lyne's plan. Hamond's plan is drawn to scale, with considerable accuracy; and, being about 4 feet long by 3 feet deep, it is of sufficiently large size to admit of the buildings being laid down with clearness of detail. It consists of nine sheets, engraved on copper, to the scale of 120 feet to the inch. Hitherto a copy in the Bodleian Library, presented by Baker to Hearne, was believed to be unique. A few weeks ago, a copy of the central sheet was found by Mr. John Foster in a portfolio belonging to his late father, and entrusted to Mr. Clark for description. By a fortunate accident it happens that this sheet is the one which in the Bodleian copy has been seriously damaged by damp. The larger part of it is occupied by Trinity College, as its buildings were arranged before Dr. Richard Neville became master; and several details which were hitherto obscure can now be cleared up. The small plan of Cambridge which appears in a corner of Speed's map of Cambridgeshire (1610) is a copy of part of Hamond's plan; as is also the rare plan attributed to Hollar, of which a fine example, preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum, was exhibited by the director. It is hoped that this discovery may direct the attention of collectors to the possibility of recovering some of the other sheets.—Mr. W. M. Fawcett brought before the meeting the recent discovery of a clerestory in Linton Church. He mentioned that the plan of the church was not unusual, in that it had a west tower, nave and aisles, and chancel with chapels beyond; but the construction of the nave showed five arches and a half of early character on the south side, and only three of later date on the north. The clerestory on each side had four windows and was of still later date. Some repairs had lately been effected in the church; though it was not proposed at first to touch the plaster on the walls, it was ultimately found necessary to do so, and in removing this plaster three circular windows were found below the present clerestory. They now opened under the roof of the present aisles, and so were simply opened out and left. The roof of the original aisle evidently finished at a string below these windows, and there is a weather-moulding showing the pitch of the old nave-roof. Only three of these windows were found over the three western piers; and if more ever existed they were taken away when a large arch the size of those on the north side was introduced in the place of the two eastern arches. This arch was only removed a few years ago, and the arcade made symmetrical to please the taste of a somewhat fanciful parishioner.

New Shakspere Society.—(*Friday, February 8*) Dr. F. J. Furnivall in the chair.—Miss Grace Latham read the second part of her paper on "Shakspere's Development in Comedy." In the "Comedy of Errors" we found a change in the method of construction, which was that of four central figures, instead of a central group. Behind these central figures was a common-place background, with what we might call a "middle distance" of tragedy. The advance was great in this comedy, which, though simple, was of perfect construction; the five acts all filled with the plot, and the climax well led up to. It was an advance in characterisation, in reflexion, and in power of construction. It was worth noting that Shakspere's first finished portrait of a woman was that of a jealous wife. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" we next find Shakspere first essaying a complicated plot, with six threads; his real interest, however, being less in the plot than in the development of the principal characters. For construction, we had here a central group of six figures, with a background more connected with the central figures than was the case in the "Comedy of Errors." The climax, however, was reached too soon—in Act III.—and the end was weak in consequence. The new departures consisted in the use of a new species of comedy—the use of romance—and the appearance of Shakspere's first "great lady." Miss Latham then gave her reasons for considering the "Midsummer Night's Dream" to be the second comedy in point of date. The characters existed for the plot, and not the plot for the characters. The play was padded out with songs and dances, and a play within a play. It was full of country references, with no town references; and it was more a poem than a play. In addition, there was its coldness, its want of strong characterisation, ignorance of women, lack of thought and philosophy, and lengthiness and prolixity. In the "Merchant of Venice," constructed, like the "Two Gentlemen," with a central group and a complicated plot, we found the "great lady" character, and woman's high comedy, fully developed; and tragedy and comedy combined, this time on the same plane.—The chairman could not accept the place given to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" by Miss Latham. A want of characterisation was claimed for it; but one had only to compare its characters with those in the "Errors" and the "Two Gentlemen," and ask oneself which characters one remembered best? He thought that sufficient justice had not been done to the immense advance in the "Merchant of Venice."—Mr. G. B. Shaw also differed as to the date of the "Dream." The advance from the "Two Gentlemen" straight on to the "Merchant of Venice," without the intervening step of the "Dream," would be incredible.—Mr. Floyd Wilson thought that Shakspere's advance in the "Merchant of Venice" was similar to that of all artists, whose gradual progress we do not perceive, but are suddenly conscious of something brilliant. In this case it was the outburst of the successful man, at last sure of his own powers.

FINE ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

II.

The Wilsons are not so numerous or important as last year; but in the same place as then was occupied by Mr. Rankin's superb and poetical "View between Dolgelly and Barmouth" there hangs another which is an exceptionally fine example of the master, especially in colour. This brilliant picture (75) belongs to Mr. J. Orrock, and is called "Lake Nemi," with a doubtful query after; but its name matters little. It is a masterpiece which need not fear comparison with the work of any master of any school—one of those works which enable us to understand how an artist

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contemporary with Wilson, and of no mean ability as a landscape painter—Edward Dayes—should write of him and Gainsborough.

"His [Gainsborough's] excellence lay in his colouring; the silvery tones are fine, with a deal of air, and the figures and animals often spirited; yet to compare him (as a landscape-painter) with Wilson, as Reynolds did, is to put the strength of an infant in comparison with Goliath."

Of fine sweet quality is also Mr. S. S. Joseph's little "Lake Scene" (33); and Mr. Hollingsworth's "Sion House" charms in spite of its mannerism.

The Cromes are both important and fine. The most striking and original is a rather dark and dull picture of "Gibraltar Watering Place, Back River, Norwich" (51), with a stormy sky, and a ragged paling inclining over the water and reflected in it, forming the chief light and centre of the composition. It is impossible to account in words for the impressiveness of this fine work, formed of such simple elements so simply painted; but it reminds us of the artist's injunction to his son—to dignify everything he painted, if it were only a pigstye. Of Crome's seapieces there probably does not exist a finer one than Lord Wantage's view of the Norfolk coast (145), with its low yellow cliffs, and the cutter with its broad brown sail against the slatey sky; but Mr. Quilter's little "Yarmouth Pier," with its sunny clouds and clear evening air, has charms which its larger rival misses. Of Crome's small landscapes there are a few of the finest quality, as Mr. Orrock's "Glade Cottage" (68), Mr. Joseph's "Woody Landscape" (80), and Mr. Lockwood's "Woody Landscape with Sheep" (113). We wish that we were sure that Mr. Gray Hill's large "Woodland Scene" (163) were a Crome, or at least that we knew the name of the painter, for it is a fine picture. The oil paintings of Cotman are so comparatively rare that we are glad to see again Mr. Benson's "Scene on the East Coast" (141), the large, ill-composed, but broad and richly coloured picture that was at Burlington House a winter or so ago. Of fresher interest and greater power and poetry is the noble "Homeward Bound" (35), belonging to Mr. Thomas Glen Arthur, with its great ship seen against a cloud-barred evening sky, and ploughing slowly through the cool dark green waves. We wish it were in better condition, for it shows the artist in a moment of rare inspiration. A very good and characteristic little seapiece by Cotman is sent by Mr. Humphry Ward (100). Nor does this end the examples of the Norwich school. Both of Crome's pupils, Vincent and Stark, are represented—the former by probably the largest number of works ever brought together in one room since his unexplained disappearance at the age of 25. Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's "Greenwich Hospital" (16) and Mr. Hollingsworth's "On the Yare" (24) represent this gifted young artist at his highest; and Mr. Louis Huth's "Harbour Scene" (92), and Mr. Orrock's "Homestead" (135) are bright and good examples. The Starks lent by the last-named owner and Mr. Crush (22 and 150) are of fine quality; and Mr. Jeffrey Whitehead's small seapiece by Stannard (13) completes a representation of the Norwich school which misses none of the most important members of it, and none of the second rank except Ladbrooke and Thirtle.

By Turner are four pictures, none of them of the greatest importance; but Mr. C. Morrison's "Pope's Villa" is a beautiful picture of his middle time, very elegant in composition. It appears in a bad state, but judicious cleaning would probably reveal all its original loveliness. Lord Wantage's "High Street, Oxford" (34) and "Landscape with Bridge" (38) are both probably a few years earlier. The former is possibly that exhibited in 1812; and Lord Wharncliffe's "Avalanche in the Val d'Aosta" (27) was at the Royal Academy in 1837 under the fuller title of "Snowstorm, Avalanche, and Inundation: a Scene in the Upper Part of Val d'Aouste [*sic*], Piedmont." It is one of Turner's most daring attempts to depict confused and terrific phenomena.

Constable is, on the whole, much better represented, notwithstanding the large number of fine examples of the master which Sir Coutts Lindsay gathered together last winter. First of all there is the famous "Lock" (85), lent by Mr. C. Morrison, one of the most characteristic and strongest of his pictures, fine in foreground as in distances, in water as in sky, finely drawn and finely painted throughout—a landscape to which, for truth and vigour, it would be difficult to find a rival in the world, except among Constable's own works. Even among these it would not be easy to match, in its silveriness and lightness, the delightful little "Yarmouth Jetty" (37), of which Mr. C. F. Cundy is the fortunate possessor. It is suggested in the catalogue that this most delicate and luminous of Constables was one of the pictures sent to France with the "Haywain" in 1824, which created such a furore at the Salon, and that the other was the "Bridge," now at Burlington House. If this be so, the present is an opportunity which may never occur again for studying the three pictures which had such a potent influence on French art. Two hundred and fifty pounds was the price, the small picture of Yarmouth being "thrown in." Mr. Orrock sends another little seapiece of Constable's (132) of a somewhat similar quality. Besides these are Mr. Lewis Fry's "Gillingham Mill" and Mr. Thomas Ashton's "Valley Farm," both of which have been exhibited within recent years. We would, however, rather see these again than a good many of the studies and sketches of the painter, most of which are exhibited by the executors of the late Miss Isabel Constable. To those, however, who wish to study the manner in which Constable used to record his impressions, or blot out his first conception of a composition, the fifth room will be very full of interest. Here he will find first studies for the "Salisbury from the Meadows" and "Dedham Vale" and "The White Horse"; and, among others, the "Opening of Waterloo Bridge"—the last a wonderful arrangement of little dabs of paint, showing his conception of the scene as a brilliant arrangement of variegated points of colour, the civic barges with their brightly dressed rowers dotting the river down from Whitehall Stairs. As we know, he spent many years over this picture, and failed in the end to satisfy himself or the public. Here also are tender studies of clouds and brilliant splashes of sunsets, and bits from Suffolk and Hampstead, one fine warm moonlight sketch, rapid summaries of trees, and others like "The Study of an Elder Tree" (272), carefully finished. On the whole, an interesting collection of the odds and ends of a painter's life; but, even in the case of so celebrated a painter as Constable (more, perhaps, on that account), the public exhibition of such hasty and insignificant work as much of this is is an example which we hope will not be followed.

The reputation of Morland, which has had so lively a revival of late years, is likely to be still further increased by the many choice examples of his best work at this exhibition. Nothing can be better of its class than Mr. Hollingsworth's "Carrier's Stables" (63), or, in another way, than his gemlike little "Surprise" (55). A brilliant little landscape is Mr. Crush's "Poachers" (59), and Mrs. Thwaites's "Lost Kite" (1) and "Happy Family" (87) are examples of his skill when most accomplished and refined.

Except Sir John Neeld's "Scene from *Quentin Durward*," by Bonington (18)—fine as usual, in colour and unusually vigorous in design—there is little else that deserves special mention among the oil paintings, though Etty and Landseer, Stothard, Ward, Cotes, Chambers, and other celebrated artists, are represented by interesting examples. Of the pastels the showy works of John Russell will be useful chiefly in showing modern pastellists the dangers of the material. The only artist who seems to have understood it thoroughly is George Knapton, by whom Mr. Humphry Ward sends a delightful portrait of Mrs. Brocas (221). Hugh Douglas Hamilton's portrait of George, sixth Duke of Argyle, belonging to Sir George Russell (223), is also excellent, but it is all elaborately worked with the point. Pleasant is Sara, Countess of Essex (224), lent by Mrs. Frederick Fane, but it resembles the work of Daniel Gardner rather than Russell, to whom it is ascribed. There is much grace and quiet colour in three pastels by Gardner, which belong to Mr. A. Anderdon Weston (200, 201, 202). The other pastellists of the century (1737-1837) here represented are Romney, Francis Cotes, Stanley, M. King, John Raphael Smith, and J. F. Rigaud.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE.

The twenty-eighth exhibition of the Glasgow Institute is probably one of average—certainly not of more than average—excellence; but the appearance of the rooms, and the impression produced by their contents, have suffered considerably from the frequently unintelligent arrangements of the hanging committee. Seldom, indeed, have we seen an exhibition in which a greater number of indifferent pictures occupied prominent positions, or in which the various works have been combined with so little regard for mutual helpfulness of tone and colour. A particularly flagrant example of the last-named error is the hanging of Mr. W. E. Lockhart's "Glaucus and Nydia" side by side with Mr. Burne Jones's "Tower of Brass," whose potent tones are quite fatal to the more delicate colour-scheme of the Scottish painter's work.

As usual in the exhibitions of the Glasgow Institute, the examples of current Scottish art have been supplemented by a few selected works by important London artists, and even by deceased masters, drawn for the most part from the cabinets of wealthy West of Scotland collectors. Among these the most striking is the fine example of Mr. Burne Jones's work to which we have referred; and another excellent subject from his brush is the large water-colour of "The Bath of Venus"—a subject rich in colouring and learned in its expression of the nude, but missing, we cannot but think, something of the exquisite facial expression which characterised one of the attendant maidens (that immediately to our right, above the head of Venus) in the published pencil sketch that was executed for the picture. The examples of Constable are numerous, but small in size, and hardly expressive of the master at his best—of his vivid sense of the glitter and motion of nature. They can hardly be other than disappointing to any visitor who may have fresh in his recollection the admirable series of the master's oil sketches now visible at the Grosvenor Gallery. Neither can the examples of Patrick Nasmyth's landscape—the "Carisbrooke Castle" is the finer of the two—be held as representative of the high-water mark of his art; while the little "View on the Arno," by Richard Wilson, is too minute and trivial to be regarded as a fitting example of the great modern master of classical landscape. By Mr. G. F. Watts is a noble "Diana and Endymion"—a finished oil sketch for the

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larger picture; and on a screen in the Great Room hang Mr. Whistler's deeply pathetic portrait of his mother, alike in feeling and expression the greatest of his works; Sir John Millais's powerful half-length of Lord Salisbury; a richly coloured example of Millet—"La Laveuse"; and a delicate and transparent French coast scene by Bonington.

Among the landscapes by living Scottish painters are two fresh and vivid coast scenes, full of air and sunlight, by Mr. W. M'Taggart; and Mr. J. Lawton Wingate's "Winter Twilight"—a small picture, but in quality and in composition (usually this painter's weak point) one of the most perfect and complete things that he has given to the public. Mr. W. D. McKay shows his carefully painted "Noonday Rest" of tired haymakers; Mr. Colin Hunter's vigorous wave-painting is seen in his "Fishers of the North Sea"; Mr. T. F. Goodall sends his impressive "Last of the Ebb, Great Yarmouth"; and from Mr. P. Macgregor Wilson comes a warmly tinted picture of "A Summer Day" by the shore, with pleasantly introduced figures of children at play among the white, sun-lit sands. Mr. W. Logsdail is represented by his "St. Martin's-in-the-Fields"—a Chantrey Bequest picture, lent by the Royal Academy, grey and harmonious in its treatment of the architecture and background, but rather spotty and wanting in relation in the patches of vivid colouring appearing in the foreground figures.

Among the figure-pictures is a remarkable and individual subject by Mr. A. Roche from the legend of the "Good King Wenceslas"—a work uniting the aims and methods of the modern French school of landscape with an attractive mediaeval quaintness in the figures. Mr. William Kennedy paints with some dramatic power, but with little beauty of form, handling, or colour, "The Deserter" proceeding handcuffed along a country road lighted by a wan and dreary sunset, under guard of a couple of mounted hussars, watched by a party of sympathising and indignant field-workers. Mr. James Guthrie, one of the most recently elected Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy, shows a full-length of "Mrs. Fergus," strongly suggestive of foreign art-methods. There is some excellent colour in the mingling tones of the background, with the green light streaming from the window to the right; but the purple and ruddy hues of the drapery are ill-chosen and ill-combined, the brush-work is characterised by an unsightly spottiness which destroys all quietude and harmony of effect, the drawing of the right arm is markedly defective, and the flesh-tones are unpleasantly muddy and wanting in purity. It is an unsuccessful effort of a really capable painter, who is seen to far greater advantage in a pastel portrait of a child which he exhibits—a work full of refinement, concentration, and transparency. Mr. George Reid sends his portrait of "John Ure, Esq.," firm in touch, luminous in its flesh-painting, full of individuality and character, like all that issues from the studio of this thoroughly accomplished painter; and Mr. C. E. Stewart shows a pleasing and carefully handled half-length of a lady. In the water-colour room are Mr. Arthur Melville's richly coloured, cleverly touched, "Snake Charmer," and Mr. E. A. Walton's striking pastel of a peasant girl's head.

In the department of sculpture the exhibition is decidedly stronger and more interesting than usual. Mr. E. Onslow Ford shows a most graceful little bronze statuette of a naked girl, a fine study of a female head, and another of the picturesque time-worn head of an aged woman. Mr. Homo Thornycroft is represented by his basrelief of "Charity and Justice," one of the decorations of the Gordon Memorial in Trafalgar Square. Mr. J. Massey Rhind is seen to advantage in the large lines and well-chosen poses of his group of mother and child, while we have a glimpse of some of the most powerful French sculpture of the earlier part of our century in the two figures of "Tigers" by Barye.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANDREA DEL SARTO'S "CARITA."

Oxford: Feb. 9, 1889.

Thanks to the kindness of my friend, Count Angelo de Gubernatis, I have long been in possession of a photograph of his cartoon of Andrea del Sarto's "Carita," to which Mr. William Mercer calls attention in the ACADEMY for February 9. There can be little doubt that his cartoon, likewise executed in *grisaille*, stands half-way between the original portrait in my possession and the idealised symbolical figure executed *in fresco* in the Collegio dello Scalzo. I should have brought this important discovery to the knowledge of the public long ago, if I had not waited the result of some important inquiries in which Count Angelo de Gubernatis is engaged as to the history of these cartoons. Doubts were expressed at first by some very competent critics as to the genuineness of my cartoon. These will now be completely removed, I believe, by the picture in the collection of Count Angelo de Gubernatis at Florence.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects have awarded their royal gold medal for the current year to Sir Charles T. Newton, formerly keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum, in consideration of his works as a man of science and letters.

ON the advice of Mr. Penrose, the dean and chapter of St. Paul's have given a commission to Messrs. Salviati to execute another mosaic for one of the spandrels under the great dome. The subject is "The Evangelist St. John," designed by Mr. G. F. Watts, and enlarged to the full size by Mr. Breeton. It is now more than twenty years since the mosaic of "The Prophet Isaiah" was executed by the same firm.

AT the request of Sir Coutts Lindsay the following artists have consented to act as a hanging committee for the summer exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery: Messrs. W. Q. Orchardson, Luke Fildes, E. J. Gregory, A. Stuart Wortley, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, and E. A. Waterlow.

MESSRS. WILLIAM B. HALE and Robert McGregor have been elected full members of the Royal Scottish Academy, in place of the late Robert Herdman and Norman Macbeth.

DURING April and May Messrs. Dowdeswell, in conjunction with Messrs. Buck & Reid, will hold a loan exhibition of works by French and Dutch painters of this century. There will be included four or five famous Millets, and several good examples of Corot and Rousseau. Among Frenchmen, are Diaz, Daubigny, Dupré, Delacroix, Decamp, Troyon, Monticelli, Breton, and Courbet; and among Dutchmen, Israels, the three Marises, Bosboom, Mesdag, and Mauve. It is intended, moreover, to include works by Meissonier, Gérôme, Jacque, and Van Marcke; and a special interest will be given to the exhibition by a selection from the works of Georges Michel and Adolphe Hervier—two French landscape painters, long neglected, whose reputation has greatly risen of recent years.

IT is understood that the French have abandoned their intention of excavating at Delphi, in view of the large sum of money demanded as compensation for the village of Castri, which now occupies the site. The opportunity has now been offered to the Americans; and Prof. C. E. Norton, of Harvard, has issued an appeal for a subscription of 80,000 dollars (£16,000), to enable the American Archaeological Institute to undertake the work. American activity in Greece has hitherto been chiefly devoted to identifying the sites of some of the demes in Attica. Only last month, Mr. Washington, of Yale, succeeded in proving by inscriptions that old Stammata was the chief centre of the deme Plotheia, one of the original members of the Ionic confederation.

A VALUABLE and beautiful work has recently been issued by the firm of P. Kaeser, of Munich (London agent, E. G. Cundall, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden), on the Royal Bavarian collection of paintings in the Old Pinakothek, Munich. It is a large folio, containing fifty etchings by Prof. J. L. Raab, with letterpress by Prof. Fr. von Reber, Director of the Bavarian State Galleries. Among the pictures which have been etched by Prof. Raab in his usual masterly style are three Raphaels, five Murillos, seven Van Dycks, six Rubenses (including the "Battle of the Amazons" and the "Lion Hunt"), Titian's portrait of Charles V., Holbein's of Sir Bryan Tuke, and Albert Dürer's of himself.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS lectured at the Town Hall, Manchester, last Wednesday, upon "Ancient Egyptian Portraiture in Sculpture and Painting," giving upwards of fifty illustrations of Egyptian portrait-statues and painted portraits, which were shown by the oxyhydrogen lantern. Miss Edwards showed how all portraiture was in its origin funerary, but not memorial; the portraiture of ancient Egypt being designed to provide an artificial body for the "Ka," about which she has recently been writing in the ACADEMY. The lecturer conducted her audience through all the leading schools of Egyptian art, beginning with the Great Sphinx of Ghizeh, the oldest specimen of sculpture in the world, which she ascribed to prehistoric artists, and for which she claimed an antiquity so remote that it might even extend to a period of 10,000 years. The latter part of the lecture was devoted to an account of the portrait-mummies discovered last year by Mr. Petrie in the Fayûm. Having described the processes and pigments employed by the artists of this period, Miss Edwards exhibited a series of eighteen very beautiful examples of these extraordinary panel portraits, which date from about 200 B.C. to A.D. 100.

THE STAGE.

THE PRINCESS'S MELODRAMA AND "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

IT is understood that, in the last piece produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's, the stalls were considered rather more carefully than the pit and the gallery. If that was a mistake it is one with which it is perfectly possible to sympathise; but Mr. Caine and Mr. Barrett, on the present occasion, have fallen into no such error. The acting of the play may well appeal, indeed, still to the higher class of audiences, or to audiences in their higher moods; but the piece itself, by subject, structure, and treatment, is addressed, in the first instance, to lovers of the sensational and to lovers of that peculiar mingling of the familiar and the novel which a melodrama alone affords. Mr. Irving is

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reported to have expressed himself with a measure of contemptuousness on the drama that is not meant for acting. He would have something more than tolerance, perhaps, for "The Good Old Times," for this drama certainly is not meant for reading. No, no; it is not, and it does not aim to be, very literary in form. It is not very philosophical: it is not very poetic; it does not abound in proofs of the penetrating observation of life; but it gives us characters to detest and characters to like, and a story in which it is impossible not to take an interest.

It is very likely that, by the time the piece is seen by any large portion of the public, the story will have been compressed in certain places. Thus, the earlier grotesqueness of Mr. Pateman as an aboriginal may well find itself abbreviated; and even Mr. George Barrett—ever humorous and genial—has a little too much opportunity as long as that with which he is concerned is not the necessary business of the play. Of course, we should prune him nowhere else, since in himself he is most pleasant and refreshing. Again, the scenery—a great aid in some respects, since much of it is exquisitely painted—is, at a certain point, rather an encumbrance. The panorama makes us acquainted with the landscape of the Bush; introduces us to Australian vegetation and to a being whom the aboriginal describes as the last woman of his tribe—a being with whom we should "desire to be better strangers." But while the panorama goes its length the real story flags a little. Pulled together, by this means and that, it would be found, we think, to gain in interest and to gain in strength. And, meanwhile, it is at all events healthy; it is interesting in its presentation of many of the facts of convict life some thirty years ago; it is occupied a little with social problems *à la* Charles Reade; and it contains an abundance of scenes which steadily and inevitably hold the attention.

Much, of course, is due to the acting, writers and performers having played into each other's hands with good effect. The stage has no better representative than Mr. Wilson Barrett of a manly person, accused of things of which he is innocent, and subjected to poignant suffering. Both in his chivalry and in his disasters it is possible, nay easy, to believe, so dramatic is Mr. Barrett in his intenser moments, and so natural in his quieter. Mr. Barrett is at the same time romantic and reasonable, impressive and judicious. To Mr. George Barrett's quaint humour we have already paid tribute. The two arch-villians of the piece are skilfully represented by Mr. Austin Melford and that very rising actor Mr. Lewis Waller, whom we saw lately in "Brantinghame Hall." Several quite unimportant men's parts are capitally played. The cast therefore, in all particulars, has been well looked to. Miss Eastlake's part, *larmoyante* and womanly, sympathetic and tender, is of the kind that she has played before, very satisfactorily; and she plays it now with ripeness of method and with undiminished sincerity. An admirable reality is bestowed upon the mental tortures of a scoundrel's wife by Miss Webster—a young actress agreeably devoid of mannerisms and of the conventional. The humours, the sunshine and warm-heartedness, of a typical Irish servant are well expressed by Miss Belmore. With such a cast the drama's prospects of popularity—considerable no doubt in any case—are sensibly increased.

Though the Globe performance of "The School for Scandal" is far from an ideal one, it is, by reason of certain of its features, quite worth seeing. Several of the performers are unmistakeably American; and that, though it is scarcely of itself a merit, does give a fresh source of interest to the show. I cannot honestly say that the player who enacts Joseph Surface—or who speaks his words—has anything of the large graciousness of eighteenth-century manner. Snake wants malice and meanness. Lady Sneerwell is too good looking—too fresh and blooming—for a "qualified old maid": the term by which Sir Peter knew her. And Maria, suitably simple in gesture and expression, should, however much of a *débutante*, be more practised in the minuet. One or two better known English performers, to whom the traditions have in a sense descended, are fitted more thoroughly to their parts. Miss Vaughan—whose dance still gives the pleasure that the dance of Mdlle. Sallé gave to Voltaire—has made herself an efficient actress of comedy. Her intelligence goes a long way, and a gentle vivacity of nature helps her still further on her road. Miss Carlotta Leclerq's Mrs. Candour has little of the grand manner, but the spirit of the part is somehow felt in it. Mr. Burrows plays the sympathetic little part of Rowley as well as I have seen it done for many a year; and not only stage knowledge, but a welcome discretion to boot, is shown by Mr. Lionel Brough as Moses, the money lender. This financier is sometimes represented much as one might represent an old clothes man. It was not, however, to a Jew from Houndsditch that so gay and modish a youth as Charles Surface would have resorted when he was in need of cash. Mr. Fernandez, a greatly esteemed actor, who may be relied upon for being "judicious," and who is not seldom forcible as well, represents Sir Peter. He plays like a practised artist, and understands every line of his part. Never once is the emphasis misplaced; and that alone, as times go, is a great achievement. But I find fault with him for several matters of detail. He makes Sir Peter a little too robust, and a little too young. And though his Sir Peter is not actually modern—though he may belong, indeed, conceivably to the eighteenth-century—he is not fine gentleman enough. *Grand seigneur* Sir Peter was, to the tips of his fingers. He was proud of having made almost a *mésalliance*—since the girl was so clever and so fascinating. To the end of the chapter, as long as he kept his temper, his air towards her would be one of good-humoured and elderly patronage. But, though details may be wrong here and there, there is life and reasonableness in the performance. A last complaint shall be of the amount of "gag"—of the far too frequent additions which do but detract from the perfection of the work. Sheridan was not only a severe literary artist—he was a manager who studied his public. Is there then the very faintest of reasons for supposing that his dialogue can be improved by being added to? It can only be weakened and spoilt. No doubt the average actor, like the average painter, thinks himself quite capable of assuming a writer's functions, and of improving, at very short notice, the work of an accepted master of comedy. But at the superfluity and disastrousness of his labour—the labour of one who does not understand the very first conditions of the practice of the art he meddles with—the judicious can but grieve. Sheridan, amended by the average actor, is rather more than we can believe in.

Frederick Wedmore.

STAGE NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will re-appear in London before the middle of March. The run of "Mamma" at the Court Theatre will be stopped for their arrival, and Mr. Pinero's "The Weaker Sex"—which has been already produced in the provinces—will be put on instead. A new play by Mr. Sydney Grundy, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appeared at Nottingham the other night, may possibly also be performed before the close of their London season.

We hear that an engagement has been made with Miss Rose Norreys to play an attractive comedy character in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new piece, which will be produced at the Haymarket at Easter.

The so-called "Théâtre Libre" was quite a failure, it is understood, during its short sojourn at the Royalty under the management of M. Mayer. The company played only two pieces, both of which were accounted unmistakeably proper as well as prodigiously dull. Recourse has since been had, at the same little house, to "Denise"—which, however, has not this time had the advantage of Mdlle. Jane Hading's presence as the interpreter of its principal character.

We are glad to note that Mr. Charrington's short series of *matinées* of "The Love Story"—which is written by Mr. P. Leclercq, a brother of Miss Carlotta and of Miss Rose Leclercq—begin on Monday at the Vaudeville, when Miss Janet Achurch will be seen in London for the first time for several months, and in a part, moreover, which, it is said, gives scope for the exercise of her art.

The annual public meeting of the Shakspere Reading Society will take place on Wednesday next, February 20, at the London Institution, when "Twelfth Night" will be rehearsed under the direction of Mr. W. Poel.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

The Saturday concerts were resumed at the Crystal Palace on February 9. The programme included a novelty—Lalo's Overture to the opera, "Le Roi d'Ys." This French composer is best known in England by his Symphonie Espagnole, produced at the Crystal Palace in 1878. However, four years earlier Señor Sarasate introduced, at a Philharmonic concert, an interesting concerto by Lalo, which, we believe, has never been repeated. "Le Roi d'Ys," brought out last year at the French Opéra Comique, achieved considerable success there. The Overture contains clever writing and skilful orchestration, but it is literally a Vorspiel, *à la* Gluck, or Wagner; and, therefore, loses meaning in a concert-room. The programme-book gave no explanation whatever. A brief account of the persons or events with which the various themes are associated might have proved, to a certain degree, helpful. Again, the date of M. Lalo's birth is given as 1823, but 1831 is, we believe, more correct. The performance of Beethoven's Piano-

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forte Concerto in C minor, by Otto Hegner, was, of course, the chief event of the afternoon. His playing was wonderful for its neatness, crispness, and *brio*. It is impossible not to feel, in certain passages, that he requires bigger hands and stronger fingers to give expression to all that he understands and feels; but this is a failing which time will soon cure. In a showy cadenza, written specially for him, he showed extraordinary command of the key-board. Later in the afternoon he played some Liszt solos in a manner which astonished the audience. The programme included Beethoven's Symphony in F. Mr. Manns conducted with his usual care and energy. Miss E. Spada was the vocalist.

M. J. Kruse, a native of Adelaide, and a pupil of Joachim, was the violinist at Monday's Popular Concert. He has a good tone, good execution, and, as the name of his teacher would lead one to expect, good style. There is, however, a certain roughness about his playing; and in several passages of the first and last movements of Beethoven's Quartet in E flat (Op. 74) his intonation was faulty. The Adagio, however, was interpreted with much taste and feeling. M. Kruse also played as solo a Sonata by Tartini, and took the lead in Brahms' Pianoforte Trio in C minor. He was well received, and, though recalled three times, gave no encore. For this he, as a newcomer, deserves praise. Mr. Max Pauer played with great dexterity Chopin's difficult Scherzo in B minor (Op. 20), but he was scarcely satisfactory in his rendering of the Nocturne in E; the *tempo* was hurried and the tone cold. Miss L. Lehmann sang her favourite French air, "La Charmante Marguerite," and two songs by Mr. Hamish MacCunn.

The Ninth "Symphony" Concert on Tuesday evening was devoted principally to Wagner. As a commemoration of the sixth anniversary of the master's death, Beethoven's "Eroica" was suitably included in the programme. Mr. Henschel's programme contained excerpts from "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," "Tristan," and "Parsifal"—four works which testify not only to the greatness, but also to the versatility, of Wagner's genius. With regard to the performance of the Wagner pieces, little need by said. Some were successful, but the prelude to "Parsifal" left much to desire. The first movement of the "Eroica" was given with more fire than refinement; the Marcia Funebre was much more satisfactory. Mr. Henschel sang Sachs's monologue from the third act of "Die Meistersinger," with the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Hamish MacCunn. There was a very good attendance.

Fräulein C. Geisler-Schubert, grand-niece of the composer, Franz Schubert, and a pupil of Mdme. Schumann, gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The programme was devoted entirely to the works of Schubert, commencing with the delightful Trio in B flat (Op. 99), charmingly interpreted by the concert giver and Messrs. Straus and Howell. For her first solo, Mdlle. Geisler played the Sonata in G (Op. 78). Her technique is excellent, and her touch light and pleasing. Moreover, she plays with rare intelligence and feeling, and without any trace of affectation. The slow movement was, perhaps, taken a shade too fast. Her rendering of the minuet and trio was clear and crisp, and the finale was given with great spirit. She afterwards played two of the Impromptus and one of the Momens Musicals. A pleasing feature of the programme was the artistic rendering of some of Schubert's attractive songs by Fräulein Fullinger. Owing to the very bad weather there was but a moderate attendance. We shall be glad to hear Mdlle. Geisler again, and as interpreter of Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin.

J. S. Shedlock.

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LITERATURE.

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This applies with great force to John Stuart Mill. His life was very unvaried, and what he did seems to require or permit but little record. His work at the India House was probably not of a kind that it would be worth while to examine in detail, though we should be glad to know something more of it than has yet been published. His time in Parliament was short. He shunned society, and for a large part of his life lived mainly in the loneliness of an elevated mind. It is therefore with his mental history and his published writings that a biographer must chiefly deal; and the difficulty of doing this in small compass is greatly increased by the abstruseness and obscurity of the subjects on which his mind preferred to dwell.

Mr. Courtney has performed his difficult task with considerable literary skill, and perhaps with as much success as was within reach. He has not always stated as clearly as he might have done the facts that we look for in any biography, however slight. The book does not seem to contain, except in an appendix which the reader may easily overlook, any statement of the day or year of Mill's birth. It does not tell us explicitly where in London he resided at different times (though perhaps this may be found out by an attentive reader); nor does it give the date at which he went to live at Avignon. In speaking of Mill's writings Mr. Courtney might perhaps with advantage have given a little more space to their contents and a little less to his own very competent criticisms on them. Even in a popular sketch, perhaps particularly in a popular sketch, it might have been worth while to explain more fully, and with the attractive lucidity which Mr. Courtney certainly possesses, such things as the characteristics of Mill's logic and the nature of his utilitarianism. Many of the people who may be expected to read a little biography like this will be unacquainted with Mill's own philosophical writings or will have forgotten them, and therefore will be unable to take in criticism which is not preceded by full exposition. Mr. Courtney could have made the matter much plainer to them, and that is the first duty of a popular writer. Criticism is a minor matter. Tell the story or state the case first; give your own judgment afterwards, if you have room. But it is of little use to put criticisms which are meant for the student into a Life which is meant for the general reader. The general reader would like to be told more plainly what the whole thing is about.

In his first chapter Mr. Courtney gives an able and rather unfavourable account of the formidable father who had such an influence on Mill's mind. He then traces Mill's own life and speaks in turn of his various writings, giving the greater part of two chapters, for instance, to the *Logic* and the *Political Economy*. One chapter deals with his public life as a member of Parliament from 1865 to 1868. Mr. Courtney's conception of Mill's mind and character seems to be summed up in the following paragraph:

"In truth Mill's character was eminently receptive of all the influences to which it was subjected. In his youth the prevailing influence is Bentham and James Mill. Then comes the time when Sterling and Carlyle gain a large share of his sympathies; to that succeeds the influence of Mrs. Taylor; and after his wife's death his views (as in the essay on Theism, which was composed after his bereavement) seem to swing back on some of the older lines from which her ascendency over his mind had diverted them. It is his mental receptivity which constitutes, perhaps, his chief charm; it is that which explains his aims of reconciliation and mediatorship. But it is this also which gives that vacillation which here and there we have noticed in his grasp of doctrines, and leaves us with the final verdict that he belongs to a transitional period of thought. No one but a 'transitional' thinker could, for instance, have written the following sentence in his essay on Theism. 'It is perfectly conceivable that religion may be morally useful without being intellectually sustainable.' . . . It belongs to the middle period between two eras, when men's thoughts are swaying ἐν μεταιχμίᾳ σκότου, in the battle ground of darkness."

In other places also Mr. Courtney seems to think that "transitional" is a specially fit epithet for Mill's writings and opinions on various subjects. Now in one sense of the word every thinker is transitional. No one ever was or will be in possession of all truth. Every body of knowledge or body of thought is transitional between what has come before and what will come after. Euclid himself was a transitional thinker, for earlier geometricians knew less than he did and later ones have known more. But this is not what Mr. Courtney means. He seems to mean partly that there have always been two entirely divergent tendencies or schools of thought, between which Mill, in a way, mediated, so that some of his opinions contained a compromise; partly that there are tendencies, now coming into ascendency or at least prominence, such as in economical matters Socialism, and in psychology Evolution, by which Mill was sometimes influenced a little and sometimes hardly touched at all. As to the first of these "transitional" characters, it may be doubted whether "transitional" is a very good word to call it by. A desire "to combine antagonistic positions" is rather eclectic than transitional. Mr. Courtney surely also overrates Mill's tendency in this direction. Some of the instances he gives are open to a good deal of question. I think, for example, that his criticism on Mill's theory of causation is entirely beside the mark. There is nothing inconsistent in holding at one and the same time that an effect is an unconditional consequent, and that in some region or other "events may follow without being caused." Mr. Courtney asks, "What then becomes of the invariable and unconditional sequence?" The answer, from Mill's point of view, is that it belongs to the other regions of the universe. Where there are such things as effects, they are unconditional consequents. Mill is explaining what causation is when it exists, and that surely leaves him at liberty to think that it does not exist everywhere. But, in any case, Mr. Courtney contends for more compromise and halting between two opinions on the part of Mill than some of Mill's readers will be ready to admit.

He connects this supposed tendency on Mill's part with a doctrine which he attributes to him and conceives to have greatly influenced his mind—the doctrine that truth lies halfway between two antithetical theories. Although Prof. Bain, in speaking of the *Liberty*, uses almost the same language as Mr. Courtney, is it not a considerable overstatement? In the *Liberty* Mill is, from the nature of the case, speaking of popular theories about such subjects as religion, morality, and politics; and it is with special reference to these that he urges the possibility that some element, at least, of truth is contained in the contrary opinions. Did he ever commit himself to such a proposition as that truth in general lies midway between two theories?

There is one transcendent merit of Mill's writings to which Mr. Courtney does no justice. This is their remarkable clearness. He argues abstruse questions in a way which makes them, if not actually easy, at any rate intelligible to anyone who has average brains and will give moderate attention. Hard subjects cannot be made easy by any human skill; but a writer can do a great deal to simplify them and put them lucidly before his readers. How great are Mill's merits in this respect can only be known by those who are familiar with other writers, sometimes later writers, on the same subjects. Both in this country and in others, philosophers of the contrary school to Mill have frequently failed to give their opinions a fair chance. They have been at so little pains to present them with any literary skill and in a way which

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the ordinary man can understand, that, whatever the impression they may make on superior minds, they must always leave their adversaries in possession of the popular field. If a man thoroughly understands his subject, if he has a clear head and will take proper trouble, there is nothing that he may not make fairly intelligible to others. But writers may be sure that, if they omit to take the necessary pains, discussions which render obscure subjects more obscure than ever will find few readers and make fewer converts. Mill maintained the excellent tradition of the school to which he belonged by taking care to express his thoughts in clear language, and by never overlooking the need of those concrete illustrations which are often as much a safeguard to the writer as they are a help to his readers. On some very fundamental point as to the principles of reasoning or of morals he may have sometimes failed to be thoroughly clear in his own mind and consistent with himself. Few thinkers have attained perfect clearness and consistency; fewer still will be allowed by their critics to have done so. But the difficulty of reconciling two utterances or of seeing what were the grounds for a given opinion is one thing; the difficulty of finding any meaning for a sentence and any connexion for two consecutive sentences is another. The latter difficulty Mill never presents; and there is too much philosophical writing which presents it throughout.

As to Mill's three years in the House of Commons, Mr. Courtney appears not quite to have made up his mind. In one place he seems to think that what he rather oddly calls the "maxim" of Tacitus, "Omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset," might be applied to him. But he speaks with just approval of the attitude taken up by Mill on the occasion when some of the English in Jamaica so completely lost their heads and their humanity. An interesting addition to this chapter is an extract from a letter written by Mr. Gladstone, in which he says:

"We well knew Mr. Mill's intellectual eminence before he entered Parliament. What his conduct there principally disclosed, at least to me, was his singular moral elevation. I remember now that at the time, more than twenty years back, I used familiarly to call him the Saint of Rationalism—a phrase roughly and partially expressing what I now mean. Of all the motives, stings, and stimulants that reach men through their egoism in Parliament, no part could move or even touch him. . . . He did us all good."

But, to the manner of Mill's oratory Mr. Gladstone is not complimentary. "Physically, it came as from a statue."

A useful bibliography of Mill's own writings and of writings concerning him has been added to the Life as an appendix. In the Life itself two or three things may be pointed out to Mr. Courtney for possible correction in another edition. When he says (p. 114) "Mrs. Taylor died in 1858," it should be "Mrs. Mill." P. 100 would certainly give the impression that Mill "gave up the wage-fund theory" in his *Political Economy*, though it was in reality some twenty years later. In reference to Mill's famous "If such a being can sentence me to hell, to hell I will go," and the curious idea of Grote (quoted by Prof. Bain), that the phrase "was an echo of something in Ben Jonson, where a military captain's implicit obedience is crowned by the illustration —'Tell him to go to hell, to hell he will go.'" Mr. Courtney rightly points out that the line Grote must have been thinking of—"And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes"—comes in Dr. Johnson's Imitations of Juvenal. But he is wrong in referring it to the "Vanity of Human Wishes"; it is in the "London." Mr. Courtney just mentions Mill's pamphlet, *England and Ireland*. Under present circumstances he might have been expected to say that it contains, on the one hand, a most powerful and passionate plea for a complete change in the then existing land system; and, on the other hand, a very decided expression of opinion, supported by forcible reasoning, against any plan of "federation" between the two countries. Mr. Morley has not, I think, ever contended that Mill would now have been a Home Ruler.

Mill is understood to have been an excellent and voluminous letter-writer. Whether any portion of his correspondence is likely at present to see the light we have no means of knowing, nor whether there are any other unpublished writings or fragments, such as the end of the *Autobiography* suggests. It is strange that there has been as yet no uniform and complete edition of his works. When such a one is taken in hand, it ought, perhaps, to include some of his speeches and some of the large number of articles from the *Westminster* and other reviews which he did not himself republish. I hope it is not impertinent to suggest that, for more reasons than one, Mr. Morley is eminently the right man to undertake the task. Will not the editor of Wordsworth give us an edition of the philosopher for whom Wordsworth did so much?

HERBERT RICHARDS.

Concordance of the Divina Commedia. By E. A. Fay. Published for the Dante Society, Cambridge, Massachusetts. (Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.; London: Trübner.)

THIS substantial volume affords satisfactory evidence of the continued vitality of the American Dante Society, which has now entered upon its eighth year. The society has already justified its existence by the issue of annual reports (1882-1888) containing matter of more or less interest and value to Dante students; an important feature in the last two numbers being an elaborate bibliography, compiled by a member of the society, of all books, pamphlets, and articles on Dante published during the year. More important still is the formation, under the auspices of the society (which in this and several other aspects is deeply indebted to Mr. J. R. Lowell and Mr. C. E. Norton, its president and vice-president) of a collection of Dantesque literature. Already, in the report for 1887, the council was able to state that the society was possessed of "nearly everything that has been printed that is essential to the study of the life and works of the poet"; and in the report for the present year the addition of over one hundred fresh articles is announced. The advantage to the American Dante student of such a collection, situated in the library at Harvard College, can hardly be overestimated; and we trust it may result in the production of works worthy to rank with the valuable contributions to Dante literature which have already come to us from America.

The issue of the present volume is the most important undertaking as yet entered upon by the society, and it has assumed a heavy responsibility in connexion with it. Numbering, as it does, less than fifty members, it would have been impossible for it to defray the cost of the publication had it not been for the liberality of a lady member, who undertook to meet any deficit in the expense of printing not covered by the contributions of those who subscribed for the work.

The book in itself is an admirable specimen of typography, such as we are accustomed to look for from America. The print is clear and not too small, while increased facility of reference has been attained by the judicious employment of different kinds of type. Prof. Fay appears to have performed his task with fidelity, so far as may be judged from the application of several searching tests. To form an accurate estimate of the trustworthiness of a Concordance from a limited number of trials is manifestly impossible. Constant use alone can decide what its value is in this respect. Actual omissions, so far, we have been able to discover none; but there are numerous instances where variants mentioned at the foot of the page have not been inserted in their places in the body of the work; *e.g.*, under *plenitudine* the variant *moltitudine* is given, but this word does not appear, as it should do, among the reference words. Again, *aguglia* is recorded as a variant for *aquila* in several passages, but it is not to be found in its place, although it is the reading of the first four printed editions, as well as of the Crusca, and Aldus. Sometimes, on the other hand, a word is inserted without any indication that it is a variant; *e.g.*, Witte's reading *Nasuto* ("Purg." vii. 103), which is almost certainly wrong—for the weight of evidence, including that of a statue, is against him (he himself translates *stumpf Benas'te*)—is given without mention of the generally accepted reading *Nasetto*, under which word, however, this same passage is again quoted, but without remark. Variations of spelling also, which are important when they affect the commencement of a word, have sometimes escaped notice, thus *Giacob*, *Giosafat*, *Giosuè*, *Giulia* (for *Jacob*, *Josaffat*, &c.) are omitted, though they all occur in Fraticelli, one of the most widely-used editions of the *Divina Commedia*. On the other hand, there are instances of too strict an observance of minute differences of spelling —*e.g.*, the name *Guglielmo* occurs, in one form or another, five times in the poem; in the Concordance it is given thrice under *Guglielmo*, and twice on a different page under *Guiglielmo*. It is true that these differences exist in the edition of Witte, whose text has been followed; but for the purposes of a Concordance such distinctions are not only useless, but they are mischievous, especially where, as in this instance, no cross-references are given. Again, under *Sanese* we find four quotations, but only two of them are given under the variant form *Senese*. In such cases it would have been

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quite sufficient and far more convenient to enter all the quotations under a single head, inserting the variant in its place with a cross reference.

The necessary introduction of variants has greatly increased and complicated the work, and it is not surprising that there are many omissions in this respect, for to register them all would be well-nigh impossible. Prof. Fay, however, seems to have recorded most of the important ones. It is curious that among the omissions should be the eight variants of *pileggio* given by Witte, not one of which is mentioned. This is also the case with the five variants of *coreggior*, the four of *monrenti*, the three each of *Penestrino*, *pesol*, and *Simifonti*, and numerous others. In this connexion we may observe that "Costatin" occurs twice on p. 157 as an obvious misprint for "Costantin."*

While drawing attention to these minor sins of omission and commission, some of which are almost inseparable from such an undertaking, we ought to acknowledge that, though they are undoubted blemishes, they do not to any great extent detract from the general usefulness of the work. More serious objection must be taken to the order in which the quotations are arranged. This is explained in the Preface to be "the alphabetical order of the words of the context most closely connected with the reference word"—an artificial arrangement which must have cost the compiler a considerable amount of extra time and trouble, and which has no obvious merits to recommend it. A much simpler and more convenient plan surely would have been to give the quotations in their natural sequence, as they occur in the poem itself; by which arrangement it would have been evident at a glance in what division of the poem, and in what canto of it, any given word is to be found. For instance, to verify a quotation, say from the "Inferno," in which *virtù* occurs, under Prof. Fay's arrangement eighty lines would have to be examined, as against seven by the other; again, in order to arrive at the fact that Beatrice is mentioned by name only twice in the "Inferno," it is necessary to examine sixty-three references; while in the case of a word of very frequent occurrence, like *occhi*, no less than four pages of the Concordance would have to be looked through. Search, too, by the existing method is not only less rapid than by the other, but it is also less certain, for it is easy to overlook a single reference among such a large number. Further, by the present arrangement, the reader is apt to miss such significant facts as the absence of all mention by name of Christ or of the Virgin Mary in the "Inferno"; the threefold repetition of *Cristo* whenever it occurs in rime, as though Dante thought no other word worthy to be so closely associated with it; the ending of each division of the poem with the word *stelle*; and so forth—facts which it is interesting to note, though they may be unimportant in themselves. Though not immediately connected with this question, we may mention here that Dante names himself but once in the poem (a second instance given in the Concordance is not authentic, the word occurring merely as a variant for *Da te*); and that is when he is addressed by Beatrice for the first time, "Dante" being the first word she says to him.

Prof. Fay claims to have registered every word in the *Divina Commedia*, the most common and unimportant being merely inserted in their places with the indication *sovente* (why not the more usual *spesso*?) affixed to them. This is reasonable enough; but exceptions might very well have been made in favour of *Colei*, *Colui*, *Quei*, *Quello*, and the like, since Dante very frequently introduces persons by a periphrasis beginning with one of these words—*e.g.*, Ruth is spoken of as *Colei che fu bisava al cantor che . . . diesse: miserere mei*, Elisha as *Colui che si vengiò con gli orsi*, Philip the Fair as *Quei che morrà di colpo di cotenna*, Eve as *Quella che al serpente cresse*, and so on.

One specially interesting feature of the Concordance, which adds greatly to its value from a linguistic point of view, is the marking of all words which occur only in the *Divina Commedia*, and of all unusual words and word-forms which occur only in the rime. Of the former Prof. Fay has noted as many as 93, of which 75 are found only in the verse ending; of the latter no less than 402. The exigencies of rime are no doubt responsible for the employment of a large proportion of these last; but it is entirely erroneous to assume, as has been the fashion with commmentators, that Dante invented them "for the sake of the rime," since most, if not all, of them are used by other authors as well, not only in verse but also in prose. With regard to the the rime Dante seems to have anticipated some such accusation as was formulated by the *Quarterly* against Keats, for he is reported by the author of the *Ottimo Comento* to have boasted in his hearing that he had never been led by the rime to say anything he did not intend—

"Io scrittore udii dire a Dante, che mai rima nol trasse a dire altro che quello ch'avea in suo proponimento; ma ch'elli molte e spesse volte facea li vocaboli dire nelle sue rime altro che quello, ch'erano appo gli altri dicitori usati di sprimere."

Although we have felt bound to express our dissatisfaction with the unnecessarily complicated arrangement of quotations—in the adoption of which Prof. Fay seems to us to have been decidedly ill-advised—we have no hesitation in saying that, considering the difficulties inherent in the task, the defects are otherwise surprisingly few. It must be borne in mind that the work of compiling the Concordance (which occupies more than eight hundred octavo pages) has been very greatly complicated by the introduction of at least four thousand variants, so that Prof. Fay deserves no small credit for the patience and perseverance which have enabled him to bring his "labour of love" to a successful termination; and we may thank both him and the Dante Society for having given us a work which cannot fail to be of great value to every student of Dante. It is to be hoped that this first venture may be sufficiently successful to encourage the society to further efforts in the same direction. A fitting successor to the present volume would be a Concordance to all the remaining works of Dante, Latin as well as Italian.* Such a work, which might be contained probably in a volume of not much more than half the bulk of the one before us, would undoubtedly do more for the elucidation of Dante than half-a-dozen isolated commentaries; for, as Giuliani pointed out long ago, there is no method of studying his writings so profitable as that of "spiegare Dante con Dante," making Dante his own interpreter. Also translations are needed of the prose works, none of them, except the *Vita Nuova*, having yet been satisfactorily rendered in English.†

If the American Dante Society (which, so far as we are aware, is the only society of the kind now in existence since the dissolution of the Dresden Dante-Gesellschaft) could see its way to the furtherance of these undertakings, it would earn the gratitude, and, we may venture to hope, in many instances also the support, of the rapidly increasing number of Dante students in this country, as well as of those on its own side of the Atlantic.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

The Unknown Horn of Africa: an Exploration from Berbera to the Leopard River. By F. L. James. (Philip & Son.)

AMONG the "free lances" of African exploration few names stand higher than that of Mr. James, whose work, though generally limited to comparatively small areas, has already thrown considerable light on some of the darkest corners of the Dark Continent. His earlier expeditions to Eastern Sudan, North Abyssinia, and even the "Unknown Horn," were perhaps planned primarily with a view to sport. But this object, though still kept in view, seems to have occupied a distinctly subordinate position during this last and most important of his excursions into the interior of East Africa. The main purpose of the expedition was in fact essentially geographical, having been very carefully organised with a view to traversing the whole of Somaliland in a southerly direction from Berbera on the Gulf of Aden to Magdosho or some neighbouring port on the Indian Ocean. But although it carried out only about half of this ambitious scheme, it still remains by far the most successful attempt yet made to fill up the blank spaces on the map of the ancient but still almost unknown land of Pûnt.‡

Mr. James was accompanied by rather a numerous English party, including his brother, W. D. James, Mr. G. P. Aylmer, Mr. E.

* Other misprints are *Pomo* for *Pome* (pp. 532, 791), and *Semmo* for *Seme* (p. 646), and wherever the quotation occurs. There are not a few instances, also, where Prof. Fay has omitted to distinguish between words identical in form but different in meaning—e.g., *Potei*, *Protesi*, *Preciso*, *Punti*, *Profferta*, should each have appeared under two headings.

* Since this was written we have learned that a portion of this work has already been undertaken in America, a Concordance of the *Vita Nuova* and of the Canzoni of the *Convito* being in preparation under the auspices of Prof. C. E Norton.

† An English version of the *Convito*, it is true, has lately appeared, but it can hardly be considered adequate.

‡ There seem to be solid reasons for identifying the Somali peninsula with the aromatic region already known to the Egyptians by the name of Pûnt. In the wall paintings of a temple at Thebes, representing the payment of tribute in gums, frankincense, and myrrh by the people of Pûnt to an Egyptian queen, the figures wear the same dress and present much the same appearance as the more typical of the present Somali tribes.

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Lort-Phillips, Mr. J. G. Thrupp, besides English and other European servants, the indispensable headman Dualla Idrees with "a good character from Stanley," and a more or less disciplined escort of some sixteen natives selected in Aden. He was undoubtedly well advised not to venture into the interior with a weaker party—which was strong enough for defence, not too formidable for defiance; and it was due probably to this judicious preliminary arrangement that he is one of the very few travellers who have penetrated to any distance into Somaliland and returned to tell the tale.

Equally wise was his selection of Berbera as the starting-point—a place which had recently passed from the miseries of Khedivial misrule to the blessings of orderly government under the British flag. Here the expedition gathered in the November of the year 1884; and hither it returned in the following April, having in the intervening five months marched southwards to the banks of the Webbe Shebeyli ("Leopard River") by a somewhat easterly route and marched back by a more westerly route, covering altogether a distance of about 700 miles as the crow flies, and certainly over 1000 miles allowing for the windings of the caravan tracks. Most of the journey was through a region never before visited by a white man, and inhabited by primitive tribes, to whom smoking, matches, and even firearms were novelties. The smoking

"established beyond doubt our heavenly descent. The pipe was part of ourselves, for how else could our mouths blow forth clouds, which would of course bring down rain? As succeeding curls of smoke ascended, succeeding groups of natives approached and followed with straining eyes the mystery of tobacco melting into space. We explained that these clouds were not water-bearers, but only due to plants lighted by harmless 'fire-makers,' and to prove this one of us struck a match and lit up a fresh cigarette. Further bewilderment succeeded, an illustration I hoped would have ensured applause. The match had produced lightning, and of course the clouds could produce thunder, so we were 'storm-makers.' Not at all; but we all carried with us what could produce thunder and lightning, and deal death against those against whom it was directed. . . Lort-Phillips thereupon rose up with his 'thunder and lightning and death-dealing machine,' and gravely inviting the nearest gaping group to follow, advanced slowly towards a dove-laden branch. Flash went the lightning, bang went the thunder, down fell the birds, and away flew the audience."

Such ignorance is certainly remarkable considering the proximity of Aden, which for the last half century has been constantly visited by *hajis*, traders, and others from all parts of the interior. We have seen that the escort for this very expedition consisted of Somalis engaged in Aden; and some years ago tobacco-smoking was so prevalent in the Juba country that the Bardera fanatics—a kind of Somali Wahhabites—proscribed the practice.

After leaving the Berbera coastlands and ascending the escarpments of the great inland plateau, the convoy followed the valley of the Tug Dayr as far as Burao, capital of a powerful but friendly Habr Gerhaji sultan. This Tug Dayr, that is "Long River," Mr. James rightly agrees with Sir R. F. Burton in identifying with the "Wady Nogal" figuring on our maps. The term "Wady" is not current in Somaliland; and "Nogal" is the name not of a river, but of a district through which the river flows during the rainy season. But Mr. James is himself wrong in stating that after leaving the Habr Gerhaji (properly Habr Ghar Haji) country the Tug Dayr "extends in a westerly direction through the Habr Tdjaleh (Jaleh) tribe and on through the Dolbohanti country," &c.; for these tribes lie to the east or south-east, and this is also the general trend of the Dayr, as it is of all the other large water systems.

At Burao the party turned due south to cross the vast steppe-land of the Haud, which occupies the whole region between the Dayr and the Faf fluvial valleys, and which in the dry season—that is, in winter—is absolutely waterless. At this season the journey could not in fact be made at all but for the amazing endurance of the Somali camels, which, as, Mr. James discovered, are able to hold out for fully a fortnight without water. They traversed the space between Burao and the perennial wells at Gerloguby, a distance of 215 miles, in thirteen days "without drinking a drop of water."

Journeying through the dreary Haud wilderness in the dry season is compared to walking about

"in a kitchen-garden of dead gooseberry and currant bushes for a week or ten days. The soil was red instead of brown, and the vegetation larger and more thorny; but in other respects the greater part of the Haud was a dried-up African kitchen-garden, instead of an English one."

The Gerloguby wells, sunk in the solid rock at a time and by a people of whom the present inhabitants have no knowledge, lay already within the limits of the Ogadayn country, the "earthly paradise of Somaliland." Beyond that point the route traversed a more hilly, but better watered and permanently peopled region; and after crossing the Tug Faf at Gobli, the caravan struck the Webbe Shebeyli at Barri on February 18, 1885, just two months after leaving Berbera. From the edge of the stony plateau skirting the river on the north

"we overlooked an immense valley some 800 feet below us, lightly wooded and dotted with flocks and herds and native huts. Through this, like a bright silver streak, wound the Webbe Shebeyli, with either bank shaded by magnificent trees of vivid green with mast-like trunks. To our extreme left the river flowed through a dead flat as far as the eye could reach, while to our right it was often concealed by low hills, which gradually rose into lofty mountains."

On its arrival in the Shebeyli country the expedition soon became aware that it was the involuntary centre of a political crisis, about half the territory of the legitimate sultan having lately broken into open revolt. But, by the display of some skilful diplomacy, it avoided being entangled in the conflict; and before its departure it had the satisfaction of seeing peace restored by the submission of the rebel sultan. Mr. James was surprised to find that here the ruling classes alone were Somali (Hawiyah branch); and that the Adoné—as all the rest are called—are a negroid people allied in speech to the Wa-Swahili Bantus of the Zanzibar coast.

"I never saw uglier countenances than many of the men had, some being almost diabolical. These negroes are the original inhabitants of the country; they were conquered by the Hawiyah Somals, who in turn were driven out by them, leaving a handful of people behind, who appear to be the sultans and governing class generally. They are easily distinguished from the bulk of the population by their features. It is extraordinary that they should have driven away the majority of their conquerors, and yet that some of these very conquerors should remain and rule the country; but I was assured this was the case."

Elsewhere he remarks that

"these natives are different in every way from the Somals. Most of them presented strongly-marked negroid features; and, though some spoke a Somal dialect, it was not their own language, which is the same as that spoken on the coast between Merka and Zanzibar."

Here, therefore, is placed beyond all doubt the remarkable fact that the very heart of the country, its richest river valley, the natural political and commercial centre of a region which from Egyptian times has been the presumed exclusive domain of the Somali race, is mainly inhabited not by Somalis, but by a negroid people speaking the Swahili language, and declared to be the "original inhabitants of the country." The explanation of this curious ethnological problem is probably to be sought in the former existence of the vast Zang (Zenj) empire, which for hundreds of years before the arrival of the Portuguese dominated the East African seaboard from Cape Guardafui to the Zambesi estuary. These Zang people are described by Arab historians as "negroes." Their name still survives in the former Zanguebar, present Zanzibar, coast and island, where the dominant people are still their Wa-Swahili descendants. One of their most flourishing marts was Magdosho, which Ibn-Batuta calls "an immense city," trading widely with the interior. The Shebeyli, although it fails to break through the range of dunes and rocks fringing the coast and barring its passage to the Indian Ocean, comes within twelve miles of Magdosho, and is in any case the main—at this point the only—artery giving access to the inland regions. Mr. James was himself anxious to continue his journey by this artery from Barri to Magdosho or the neighbouring port of Merka, and was thwarted only by the obstinacy of his men, who had stipulated to go to Ogadayn, and whom no bribe or argument could induce to advance a step further. But up this artery the Zang people must undoubtedly have penetrated in former times; and the fertile Barri district, where *durrah* grows fifteen feet high, is just the place they would have chosen for their permanent settlements. The Ki-Swahili speaking Adonés are, therefore, in all probability their present representatives in Somaliland, and must be regarded not as "the original race," but as an intruding element dating from the flourishing period of the Zang empire, say some 600 or 700 years ago. This is a good instance of philology proving itself a useful handmaiden to ethnology; for it is, of course, the Ki-Swahili language that offers the clue to the solution of the problem. It would not, however, do to push this argument too far, and to compare, for instance, the names Shebeyli and Swaheli; as the former is Somali, meaning

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"leopard," the latter Arabic, meaning "Coastlanders."

Mr. James gives us a useful map of the region between Berbera and Barri, and also, as usual, some delightful illustrations, especially of the indigenous mammals, birds, and butterflies brought home by the expedition. These rich zoological materials are carefully dealt with by specialists in lengthy monographs, which add greatly to the permanent value of the volume.

A. H. Keane.

November Boughs. By Walt Whitman. (Alexander Gardner.)

To persons who are not already well-disposed toward Walt Whitman and his work, this collection of *November Boughs* offers little to attract and at the same time little to repel. It seems to be hardly intended for such persons at all. Those who have not discovered what may be termed the secret of Whitman in *Leaves of Grass* and in *Democratic Vistas* are not likely to discover it in the pages of this new volume; and impartial students, who wish to judge for themselves, must still be referred to the author's earlier writings.

Yet to persons—and they are many now—who are already well-disposed toward Walt Whitman and his work, the volume will be welcome. It will please and interest them as the later expression of a man whom they admire. It consists for the most part of fugitive pieces in prose and in verse, some gathered from magazines, others printed now for the first time. Readers in England have seen several of them in the convenient "Camelot" volume published last year, and reviewed at the time in the Academy. Two prose pieces which appeared there under the titles "My Book and I" and "How I made a Book," are now brought together and newly entitled—"A Backward Glance o'er Travell'd Roads." The papers on Shakspere, on Burns as Poet and Person, and on Tennyson, also reappear; but most of the other contents of the book are not so familiar. There is an interesting reminiscence of Father Taylor, who, though "an orthodox minister of no particular celebrity, who, during a long life, preached especially to Yankee sailors in an old fourth-class church down by the wharves of Boston," was, in the opinion of Walt Whitman, the only "essentially perfect orator" he ever heard. Interesting, also, are the somewhat fuller notes on another famous preacher—Elias Hicks. Whitman's parents were "Hicksite" Quakers; and Whitman himself, in his early days, saw something of the great Quaker heretic, and derived therefrom deep and lasting impressions. He traces a resemblance between Elias Hicks and Father Taylor:

"Years afterward, in Boston, I heard Father Taylor, the sailor's preacher, and found in his passionate, unstudied oratory the resemblance to Elias Hicks's—not argumentative or intellectual, but so penetrating—so different from anything in the books (different as the fresh air of a May morning, or seashore breeze, from the atmosphere of a perfumer's shop)" (p. 128).

Of Elias Hicks himself, Walt Whitman writes:

"The true Christian religion (such was the teaching of Elias Hicks) consists neither in rights, or Bibles, or sermons, or Sundays—but in noiseless secret ecstacy and unremitted aspiration, in purity, in a good practical life, in charity to the poor and toleration to all. He said, 'A man may keep the Sabbath, may belong to a church and attend all the observances, have regular family prayer, keep a well-bound copy of the Hebrew Scriptures in a conspicuous place in his house, and yet not be a truly religious person at all.' E. believ'd little in a church as organiz'd—even his own—with houses, ministers, or with salaries, creeds, Sundays, saints, Bibles, holy festivals, &c. But he believ'd always in the universal Church, in the soul of man, invisibly rapt, ever waiting, ever responding to universal truths. He was fond of pithy proverbs. He said, 'It matters not where you live, but how you live.' He said once to my father, 'They talk of the devil—I tell thee, Walter, there is no worse devil than man'" (pp. 128-9).

A man like this was a man after Walt Whitman's own heart.

The poetical pieces—in the old familiar form—are of varying merit. There is a vivid descriptive touch in that on "Broadway":

"What hurrying human tides, or day or night!
What passions, winnings, losses, ardors, swim thy waters!
What whirls of evil, bliss and sorrow, stem thee!
What curious questioning glances—glints of love!
Leer, envy, scorn, contempt, hope, aspiration!
Thou portal—thou arena—thou of the myriad long drawn lines and groups!
(Could but thy flagstones, curbs, façades tell their inimitable tales;
Thy windows rich, and huge hotels—thy sidewalks wide):
Thou of the endless sliding, mincing, shuffling feet!
Thou, like the parti-coloured world itself—like infinite, teeming, mocking life!
Thou visor'd, vast, unspeakable show and lesson!" (p. 28.)

Two lines called "The Bravest Soldiers" are characteristic:

"Brave, brave were the soldiers (high named to-day) who lived through the fight;
But the bravest pressed to the front and fell, unnamed, unknown" (p. 20).

Yet, after all, that is only partly true; even some who pressed to the front may not have fallen. I think few persons—however they may object to some of his methods—would deny the bravery of "the good grey poet" himself, yet happily he has not fallen, but has lived to celebrate his triumph. His purpose has been achieved. I do not mean that he has converted the world, or that he has vanquished all ill-will; but he has compelled attention and has won regard. He is no longer scorned or laughed at. He has even achieved such respectability that in some newspapers he is called "Mr." Whitman—a form of respect which, I fear, he does not duly appreciate. Nay, more! Mr. Swinburne, who has a genius for saying things out of due season, has abused him. And all this has been secured without compromise on Whitman's part. He has abandoned nothing, and may therefore enjoy his triumph without regret of any kind. Old age has come upon him, it is true, and with it increasing bodily infirmities. An occasional undertone of sadness in the present volume points to this. But, for the most part, we see in these pages the same hopeful, cheery, affectionate, and great-souled man and poet, whom we have known so long. Old age has not touched his heart, and it is impossible to believe that it ever will.

Walter Lewin.

NEW NOVELS.

For Faith and Freedom. By Walter Besant. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Cressy. By Bret Harte. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Great War Syndicate. By Frank R. Stockton. (Longmans.)

A Mexican Mystery. By W. Grove. (Digby & Long.)

One for the Other. By Esmé Stuart. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Modern Martyr. By Sophie Kappey. (Chapman & Hall.)

Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth. By Count Tolstoi. (Vizetelly.)

The Invaders, and other Stories. By Count Tolstoi. (Walter Scott.)

André Cornelis. By Paul Bourget. (Spencer Blackett.)

Quite apart from any merely personal tastes for this or that kind of fiction, few will contend that Mr. Walter Besant has of late maintained the high level of his best early work. *Herr Paulus* was, from the author's own standpoint, a failure; and the more recent, and in scope more ambitious, *Inner House*, afforded further proof of how relatively slight is his faculty for the treatment of abstruse themes or esoteric problems. He is invariably at his best in direct and unaffected narrative, and particularly in the reconstruction of a bygone period, whether recent or remote. He has, indeed, in exceptional degree, the charming gift of fictitious rehabilitation of the life and sentiment, the manners and speech, of the past; and, therefore, one might naturally expect that *For Faith and Freedom*—a story of the Monmouth rising—would compensate for recent disappointments. Both as an individual reader and as critic I feel sure that any such pleasant anticipation will be gratified; for even the most exigent consumer of fiction could not expect to encounter a healthier and more stirring tale, at once absorbing in the interest of plot and in the sustained and skilful ordering of the narrative. In point of style I doubt if Mr. Besant has ever written anything to surpass this delightful romance. The story opens with "Black Bartholomew" or Farewell Sunday (August 23, 1662), the day when some two thousand Puritan clergy preached their last sermon, and "left their churches and their houses, and laid down their worldly wealth for conscience' sake." It was a stirring, an eventful period; and much of its suggestiveness, of its poetry and romance, of its heroism and its folly, of its great episodes and its vain incidents, has been crystallised in this Somersetshire tale of the exile and trials of the Puritan minister, Comfort Eykin, and of those in any way related to him or his. The narrative is mainly told by Comfort Eykin's daughter, the heroine of the tale; and in its quaint simplicity, narrow yet clear-eyed serenity, and vivid directness, is of singular charm. In the delineation of Eykin, the ascetic Puritan, and Boscorel, the artist-souled Episcopalian rector (a kind of Herrick, without his joviality); of Sir Christopher Challis, the good squire; and, indeed, of all the leading personages who take part in the

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tragi-comedy that was enacted in or near "Bradford Oreas, in the hundred of Horethorne, Somerset," the author has succeeded beyond his wont. Every figure humanly lives and acts, and is no writer's puppet endowed only with phantasmal existence. The love episodes are romantic; and the fact that history has been concentrated in the Monmouth chapters is not allowed to detract from, but greatly adds to, the interest and the excitement of the story. Indeed, so far as the stimulus of excitement is concerned, Mr. Besant has never written more enthralling chapters than those which deal with the fortunes of Alice Eykin and her lover Robin, of Barnaby, and Benjamin Boscorel, and of unselfish Humphrey Challis, on board ship, in the Barbadoes, and in the island where they sheltered and whence they escaped. The narrative of the self-sacrifice, of the stern unconventional morality of Humphrey in the episode of the death of Benjamin Boscorel (the wreaker of evil throughout the tale), reaches a high level of fiction. As the romance will speedily be in another edition, it may be as well to note one or two anachronisms. Thus, "jolly" is scarcely a word we should expect from the lips of a seventeenth-century Englishman, although in a biblical "Commentary" of the period a learned and sedate student does in all seriousness remark that "all was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither"; and, again, Humphrey Challis could not have been left "without a guinea" in 1665, as the memorial coins, so called, were not issued till after Sir H. Holmes's return from Cape Coast Castle in 1666. *For Faith and Freedom* has a further attraction in the reproduction of several of the best illustrations that accompanied its serial issue in the *Illustrated London News*.

That *Cressy* is not quite in Mr. Bret Harte's most familiar vein need be no drawback to the enjoyment of those who watch with pleasurable expectancy for everything from the pen of the author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. I am unaware whether the majority of Mr. Bret Harte's readers incline to the opinion that he is as successful with the romance as with the episode; but it certainly seems to me that his special idiosyncrasy as a writer loses, if it does not altogether disappear, with anything beyond episodical length. The *Cruise of the Excelsior* was too long by exactly one-half, and even *The Argonauts of North Liberty* could have been further condensed. The author's grasp of his subject-matter is so masterful in the short tale that when he indulges in the novel his personages are apt to become a little shadowy, the outlines a little blurred. Yet, with or without any such opinion of Mr. Bret Harte's capacities in fiction, *Cressy* may be thoroughly enjoyed. It is fresh, unconventional, and interesting as a story; the characters, from the impish Filgee and the quaint "Paw" to Uncle Ben, the kindly simpleton, and Ford, the nominal hero, are vividly portrayed. Cressy herself is a wayward damsel; but in her folly and "flirtatiousness," as well as in her strange caprices and sensuous alertness a true child of nature. The opening school-scene amid the pine-scented uplands is delightful, and every here and there occur passages of description and humour worthy of the author at his best. The pathos is none the less real because it is always subtle, and sometimes so thin as scarcely to come within the definition; and the tragic note, if not intense, is of sufficient import to leaven the later chapters effectively.

The central idea of *The Great War Syndicate* is excellent; and, quite apart from the humour that enlivens it, the syndical suggestion might—in a modified form—easily come within the range of practical politics, when once the world has taken that "immense stride" towards true humanitarianism which Mr. Laurence Oliphant and Mr. John Fiske, among optimist philosophers, regard as imminent. Mr. Stockton's clever skit—though it deserves a better term than this—deals with a naval war between the States and the mother country. Nothing occurs that is outside of reasonable possibility; and from the first page to the last the air of verisimilitude is skilfully maintained. Finally, the two nations (Great Britain, however, is first completely outwitted by the syndicate which has undertaken the management of the war) agree to a peace and the formation of an offensive and defensive league that shall control the destinies of the civilised world. Everyone, but naval men in particular, will enjoy the spirited and humorous account of the adventures of the huge British ironclad "Adamant" and "Crab C."

The creator of a new sensation is worthy of a statue or a memorial drinking-fountain, or something of the kind. Having to a considerable extent been anticipated by *Frankenstein*, Mr. W. Grove's startling romance is handicapped by the inevitable comparison; yet it can afford to stand beside Mrs. Shelley's famous tale, or Comte de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's *L'Eve Future*, which recently attracted so much comment in France. In some respects it is more awesome than the former, and more ingenious than the latter; but even the extraordinary development of physics and the vaguely apprehended possibilities of created "force" or "energy" do not warrant such wild fantasy as that which renders the pages of *A Mexican Mystery* so enthralling. A machine of the steam-engine kind develops certain faculties, followed by consciousness, and finally by reasoning power; passions animate it, and desires torture it; and ultimately, after adventures that eclipse in dubiety those of Munchausen and Tartarin of Tarascon, and the monster of *Frankenstein* itself, it disappears from our ken to work out a career of destruction, and perhaps to develop also the reproductive faculty, and so bequeath to the world a terrific spawn. A "shilling dreadful" of this kind, however, compensates for reams of the usual stuff.

The new book by the author of *Muriel's Marriage* consists of several stories of French life collectively entitled by the name belonging to the first of them. The vein which "Esmé Stuart" works in these tales is one wherein she has to reckon with a predecessor and rival whose reputation for *petits contes français* is almost unique. Even in "The Curé of Saindol," however, she has failed to wholly catch the peculiar charm of Mrs. Macquoid's delicate style; and in several of the stories there is a heaviness of touch which detracts from the otherwise pleasing impression they are calculated to make. The most dramatic and the best constructed is "Borrowed Plumes"—a tale of the Reign of Terror; but, on the whole, the author was right to place "One for the Other" at the beginning, for it is the most satisfying, the most artistic of the collection. It is an episode of the Commune; and never did truer hero perish unjustly than the unselfish lover of Zoé Rébaut, Baptiste Vicourt. The story is worth all the rest of the series: in its dramatic concision, its artistic succinctness, it more resembles the work of a good American or French *romancier*—for, it can hardly be gainsaid, the short story is among us in a somewhat parlous state.

Why is it that there is such a run upon "martyr" for title or part-title of works of fiction? By some strange irony of circumstance, moreover, it is nearly always coupled with books whose authors have as little real conception of what constitutes martyrdom as they have desire for immediate practical demonstration. Miss Kappey's *Modern Martyr* is a capital story of its kind, though occasionally amateurish in style and more frequently in sentiment. It is occupied with the old story of "I loved her, but she loved me not, and when I loved another then she loved me." The tragic close does not seem to be necessary, and the reader will be apt to be less sympathetic than the author evidently anticipates. There are too many such trite reflections as "Oh! what blasphemies there are upon the word friendship. Does anyone ever understand its real signification? But a few, I think." When the author has acquired more literary experience, and has learned that the novelist should be as inconspicuous in his story as the ventriloquist in his Punch and Judy box, she will, probably, write an excellent tale.

Translations of Count Lyof Tolstoi's books seem to appear almost weekly. That there should be a widespread demand for the writings of the Russian novelist is a healthy sign, though it will be interesting to note the reception given to such a strange book as *My Religion* when it comes within reach of those who have been fascinated by the Cossack and South Russian tales. The chief interest of *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* lies in its avowedly autobiographical character. Much of it arrests the attention, and all is worth reading, though in parts the narrative seems uselessly elaborate in minor details. Still, the book is so suggestive, is so fine an example of the *journal intime*, without the formal periodicity of the latter, and is so important a contribution, not to Russian only, but to literature in general, that its perusal should be somehow managed. Though necessarily fragmentary, these memoirs of a strange life, and of still stranger spiritual vicissitudes, need not be considered as the author's last word of himself; for even if he never publish the record of his maturer development, there can be no doubt that we have much that is essentially Count Tolstoi in Constantine Levine, the hero of *Anna Karenina*.

In the volume that Mr. Scott has issued, "The Invaders" is the first of six tales, three of which have already been published in this country. It is a nervous and strongly-felt narrative of a military adventure. "Lost on the Steppe" is a powerfully written

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account of what has befallen many a snow-bound traveller; "Polikushka" is a serf story, of interest rather to the student of Russian peasant and semi-feudal life than to the ordinary reader of fiction; and "Kholstomír" is the well-known "realistic fantasy"—the Story of a Horse—one of the most pathetic animal stories in existence, though a thread of human interest is curiously interwoven with it. Although Mr. N. Haskell Dole's Americanisms have been sedulously corrected in this volume, the style is not, so far as the English is concerned, so good as that of *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*.

It is no easy task to translate a book by so dainty, and often exquisite, a writer as M. Paul Bourget, but Mrs Cashel Hoey has achieved unusual success. Her version of what is one of the most powerful and, certainly, the least reprehensible of the romances of the popular young French novelist is particularly acceptable at a time when execrable translations abound. *André Cornelis* is a story of the passion of revenge in the breast of a Parisian Hamlet; and, though there is but little feminine by-play and incident is meagre, the interest is continuous, and even absorbing. The story bears favourable comparison with its predecessor and successor, for it has nothing of the self-sophistication of *Le Crime d'Amour* or of the somewhat too frank cynicism of *Mensonges*.

WILLIAM SHARP.

SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

"TWELVE ENGLISH STATESMEN."—*Henry II.* By Mrs. J. R. Green. (Macmillan.) The life of Henry II. is in some respects peculiarly well suited to be the subject of a monograph like those of Messrs. Macmillan's series. For one thing, the very remarkable personality of the man, and his influence on the development of events, can scarcely be adequately appreciated by the readers of ordinary histories; for another thing, the reign of Henry is one of those periods of history which may gain as well as lose by being separated from those immediately preceding and following. The state of things introduced by Henry II., so far as it was not a new beginning, was the resumption of a course of development which had been violently interrupted; and the results of his work did not become fully evident until long after his death. If the great king, who died overwhelmed with the shame of utter failure, could have foreseen the events which took place in the reigns of his youngest son and his grandson, he would assuredly have seen nothing in them to lessen the bitterness of his self-humiliation. Yet we now know that in an important sense he was successful in every struggle in which he engaged. The institutions which he founded have, indeed, worked in directions which he would not have approved; but they have worked nothing but good, and England still owes much to the love of justice and the genius for order of her first Angevin king. Mrs. Green has told the story of Henry's life with evident mastery of the facts, and with remarkable power of expression, doing justice both to the biographical interest of the subject and to its historical importance. The account of the contest with Becket is characterised by that best kind of impartiality which consists in a keen sympathy with both sides. There is very little in this brilliant sketch with which we are disposed to find fault, except perhaps with regard to certain questions of personal nomenclature. A good deal might be said in favour of the designation "Henry Plantagenet," but Mrs. Green is rather bold to make it the heading of her first chapter. The delatinising of proper names is a very good practice; but when it can only be carried out either by an insecure guess or by using such a hybrid form as "Ralph of Diceto," it would be better to leave the Latin name as one finds it.

"EPOCHS OF CHURCH HISTORY."—*The English Church in the Middle Ages.* By William Hunt. (Longmans.) Mr. Hunt has undertaken no easy task in attempting to give, in little more than two hundred small pages, an outline of the history of the English Church from its foundation in 597 down to the last quarter of the fourteenth century. The attempt, however, has been fully justified by its success. The book is an excellent example of what can be done within narrow limits of space by judicious selection of material. Mr. Hunt has chosen as his principal subject the relations of the Church of England to the papacy on the one hand, and to the state on the other; but he has not neglected other important matters, such as the moral and social influence of the church, and the development of its internal constitution. The book is in style thoroughly popular; but it is based on first-hand knowledge of the original sources. The author's soundness and impartiality of judgment are conspicuous throughout, though he has naturally preferred to dwell chiefly on the worthier side of the church's activity; and, perhaps, some of his readers might be led into the error of thinking that the mediaeval English clergy were, as a rule, men of the type of the Grossetestes and Langtons. Of Thomas Becket, Mr. Hunt says:

"He fell a martyr to the privileges or 'liberty' of the Church. That these privileges were not really beneficial to her is not to the purpose. Men and causes are to be judged by the standard of their own age, and neither then nor for centuries later did anyone doubt that he laid down his life for the cause of God and His Church."

There is an important truth in this, but it does not express the whole truth. The heroic death of Thomas deserves admiration; but the cause for which he died, and which seemed to him the cause of God, was only that of the interests of his own order. The title of "martyr" must be reserved for men who, even though equally mistaken in judgment, were actuated by wider and loftier aims than his. Compared with Grosseteste, or with his own contemporary, Hugh of Lincoln, Becket appears of far inferior mould. The account of the relations of the early English Church with the Celtic Christianity of Britain and of Ireland, though necessarily brief, is extremely good; and the intricate history of church legislation under the Edwards is told with a degree of fulness and lucidity which is especially deserving of praise. We should like to see a larger work by Mr. Hunt on the same subject, or on some special portion of it.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*Mediaeval France*: from the Reign of Hugues Capet to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century. By Gustave Masson. (Fisher Unwin.) This was, we suppose, the last work of the late M. Masson, and, so far as our own knowledge goes, it is certainly his best. The style is remarkably attractive, and free from any trace of foreign idiom; and the selection of material is skilful. There are two very useful maps, several chronological and genealogical tables, and a nearly exhaustive list of "sources," which is convenient for reference, though there are indications that it is not altogether prepared from first-hand knowledge. The history of literature and art is not neglected, and the frequent quotations from mediaeval chronicles are well translated. Altogether this is one of the most interesting works of the series to which it belongs.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*Holland.* By J. E. Thorold Rogers. (Fisher Unwin.) Prof. Rogers's contribution to the "Story of the Nations" is somewhat rugged in style, and is here and there marred by the needless obtrusion of the author's political sympathies and antipathies; but it is remarkably vigorous and spirited. We are somewhat disappointed, considering the field in which Prof. Rogers has won his reputation, that he has not dealt more fully with the very interesting economic aspects of Dutch history; and the English war of 1664-1666, which was as glorious for Holland as it was disgraceful for the English government that provoked it, surely deserved more than the two pages allotted to it. Of Dutch literature, Prof. Rogers has absolutely nothing to say. Vondel, and Jacob "Katz" (so misspelt), and Prof. Kuenen, are just mentioned, and that is all. Notwithstanding these defects, the book is well worth reading. The story is told in bold outline, which is easy to follow and to remember. The brief chapter on "The Rise of the Chartered Towns," and the incidental notices of Dutch commerce, are of special value. The illustrations are well chosen, but rather unsatisfactory in execution. Some of them look as if they had previously done duty as initial letters.

The White King; or, Charles I., and the Men and Women, Life and Manners, Literature and Art, of England in the First Half of the Seventeenth Century. By W. H. Davenport Adams. In 2 vols. (George Redway.) Mr. Adams has produced what will be found by the general reader an amusing book; but it is not, we conjecture, intended for the scholar or the student. The volumes read somewhat like the contents of a series of note-books which have never been thoroughly digested; but, contrary to one's experience with most books of the sort, the later pages are much better than the earlier ones. By far the best thing in the first volume is the account of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The vanity and egotism of the man, his passion for conducting himself after the fashion of the heroes in the old romance books, his desire to fight duels on the slightest occasion, is excellently told. It would be a mistake, however, to regard him as a mere braggart or fool. He had at the back of all his strange longing for making himself notorious a load of sound common-sense. He was, like his brother George, most indubitably a poet, though he seems to have taken little pains with his verses. The lines quoted by Mr. Adams are a proof that he could have written poetry that would have lived had he taken the trouble. Philosophy, however, was in the air. The dead weight of Calvinism had proved a burden too heavy to be borne by those who had a faculty for speculation. It had been in the sixteenth century a resting-place for the children of those who had revolted from the Roman obedience, but it afforded shelter for the higher intellects no longer. The *De Veritate* is a deliberate endeavour to make a foundation for life which shall be independent of ecclesiastical teaching. Lord Herbert's attitude to the current English theology has never been dwelt upon as it deserves. He was a type of the unrest of his day, but his mind was not content with throwing down; it was constructive also on lines which, making the needful exceptions as to time, training, and circumstances, we cannot doubt ran in the right direction. His testimony as to conscience is a bright glimmer of light in a dark place. To some, we imagine, Lord Herbert, although he had his feelings under strict control when the pen was in his hand, will seem needlessly violent. He calls certain opinions of the theologians of his time

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"atrocious"—a brave thing to do at a time when these horrible fancies were being taught as truth in more than half the pulpits of England. It may be mere fancy on our part, but there has always seemed to us to be a tie of intellectual brotherhood between the speculative Welsh peer and Theodore Parker, the most eloquent of the Boston transcendentalists. The quotations given by Mr. Davenport Adams from the Stafford correspondence are well selected. We trust they will lead many persons to read those entertaining and instructive folios. We have never seen the originals, and have been informed that the compilation made from them in 1739 by William Knowler, rector of Irthlingborough (not Knowles, as Mr. Adams or his printers spell it), bristles with mistakes. Be this as it may, it will continue to be very pleasant reading until its place is taken by an edition which is up to the level of modern requirements. Garrard's letters to Wentworth when Lord Deputy furnish much political and social gossip which, but for that industrious correspondent, would have been forgotten. They are of quite a different character from the other letters in these volumes.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Buchanan's new poem, announced in the Academy some months ago, is now in the press, and will be published, with illustrations, early in the season. It is in rhymed octosyllabic verse throughout; and, though the subject is romantic and supernatural, the treatment is quasi-critical and satirical, approaching the manner of "White Rose and Red" more nearly that of the "City of Dream." The author has been at work upon this poem for several years.

Mr. Buchanan will also issue this season his autobiographical Recollections, in which he will deal elaborately with the literary history of the last twenty-five years. This work will differ from the gossipy form of memoir now so popular, in so far as it will be occupied to a considerable extent with literary criticism as well as personal memoranda concerning contemporaries. It will be published by Messrs. Bentley, in two library volumes.

Messrs. Trübner & Co. have in the press a work by Mr. S. Alexander, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, entitled *Moral Order and Progress:* an Analysis of Ethical Conceptions. It will be in three Books: Book I., Preliminary—dealing with Conduct and Character; Book II., Statical-Moral Order; Book III., Dynamical-Moral Growth and Progress. It treats ethics independently of biology; but the result is to confirm the theory of evolution by showing that the characteristic differences of moral action are such as should be expected if that theory were true. In particular, Book III. aims at proving that moral ideals follow in their origin and development the same law as natural species.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. will issue shortly *The Mystic Vine*, a Meditation on the Passion of our Lord, translated from the Latin of an unknown writer by Dr. S. J. Eales. The book will have a frontispiece by Mr. Westlake. The same publishers have in preparation fifty devotional studies by the Rev. Wycliffe Vaughan, entitled *The Transfiguration of Our Blessed Lord*, to which the Bishop of Salisbury contributes a preface; *Sunbeams from Heaven for Darkened Chambers*, by Hester Douglas, with a preface by the Bishop of Sodor and Man; and the Rev. J. E. Denison's *Catechising on the Catechism*, with a preface by Canon Liddon.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish next week in the "Nation" series *Media*, by Miss Z. A. Ragozin. The period covered is from the fall of Nineveh to the Persian War; and the book includes a study of the Zend-Avesta.

Mr. Cameron Macdowall's new book—*A Queen among Queens*, a Romance of the East—will be published shortly by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co., in one volume.

Mr. Joseph Hughes, of Pilgrim-street, Ludgate-hill, proposes to publish, under the general heading of "Hughes's Handy Novels," a series of original stories written by authors of repute, and of about the same length as the ordinary three-volume novel, but issued in limp wrapper and also in stiff boards, at one shilling. A special feature will be the readableness of the type. The design for the cover is by Mr. Walter Crane. Mrs. A. Phillips will start the series with *Daphne's Daring;* a Love Story.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, announce a new work by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, author of "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." It is entitled *The Winning of the West and South-West, from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi*; and the first volume, which is now in the press, will cover the period from 1769 to 1783.

A few months since, Mr. John Bright highly recommended a small volume of essays, entitled *For Good Consideration*, by Mr. Edward Butler, as containing excellent advice to orators. A new edition of this work is announced to be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

The Early English Text Society will next week send out its first two books for this year: (1) in the "Original Series," part i., the text of Mr. F. Horsley's edition of Eadwine's *Canterbury Psalter*, from the unique MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1150 A.D., with transitional forms from Anglo-Saxon to Early English, like "wyrchende" for Anglo-Saxon *wyrcende*, "senfullen" for Anglo-Saxon *synfullan*; (2) for the "Extra Series" and last, the fourth part of Prof. Skeat's edition of Barbour's *Bruce*.

As Mrs. Humphrey Ward has notoriously suffered at the hands of American pirates, so it appears that Mrs. Margaret Deland's *John Ward, Preacher*—a novel scarcely less talked about in the United States than *Robert Elsmere*—has received similar treatment in this country. Some nine months ago, Messrs. Longmans issued an authorised edition, upon which they pay a royalty to the author; but as the book appeared first abroad, it cannot be the subject of copyright here. An English publisher (who shall be nameless) has now taken advantage of this to issue another edition, without, as we understand it, having received any sanction from the author.

Messrs. Hodges, Figgis & Co., of Dublin, have recently purchased a copy of the extremely rare book, "Justa Edouardo King, Naufrago, ab Amicis Maerentibus Amoris et μνείας χάριν," containing the first edition of Milton's "Lycidas." This copy was for many years in the library of the late Canon Thornhill, under whose supervision a very careful reprint of the work was issued by the Dublin University Press in 1835. It bears an autograph of great interest, "Sidney Mountegue, Anno Domini, 1639. Amen," presumably that of Sir Sidney Montagu (brother of Henry, first Earl of Manchester, and father of the first Earl of Sandwich), who was committed to the Tower in 1642. He married Paulina, third daughter of John Pepys, of Cottenham, Cambridge, the father of Samuel Pepys.

On Monday next, February 25, and the three following days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the Hopetoun Library. The collection is not very large—only 1263 lots in all; but most of them are such as bibliophiles desire, and there are some extraordinary rarities. First, of course, comes the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible, of which fresh copies are always turning up—we have just heard of one in the National Library at Rio Janeiro. In his note, the cataloguer quaintly remarks that it "must always rank as the foundation-stone for the library of a divine." Scarcely less rare are Gutenberg's *Balbi Catholicon* (1460); the first edition of Virgil, printed at Rome by Sweynheym and Pannartz (1469); and some of the Aldines—notably the first Virgil, on vellum (1501), and the first Petrarch, also on vellum (1501). The introduction to the catalogue merely gives a list of the principal lots; we wish that it had supplied a history of the collection, which seems to have been inherited from two quarters—the Hopes of Hopetoun, and the Johnstones of Annandale. There are included in the sale some account books and genealogical memoranda of Sir James Hope, the founder of the family in the middle of the sixteenth century; but we believe that the great collector was his grandson Charles, the first earl, and a famous dilettante (1681-1742), here erroneously called James.

At a meeting of the Folk-lore Society, to be held at 22, Albemarle Street, on Tuesday next, February 26, at 8 p.m., Mr. Edward Clodd will read a paper on "The Philosophy of Rumpelstilchen."

A lecture will be given on Friday, March 8, by Mr. Macdonald, author of *Too Late for Gordon and Khartum*, in aid of the book funds of the West Norwood Free Library. This library was opened last autumn, and is the first of four which the Lambeth Libraries Commissioners are establishing in various parts of their large parish. It has proved a very great success, as many as 700 volumes having been given out in one day for home-reading, and an average of 500 persons visiting the news-rooms daily.

The Government of Denmark have recommended a grant of 4500 kroner (say £520) towards the proposal of the Society for the Publication of Old Norse Literature, to reproduce by phototypy the unique MS. of Saemund's or the Older Edda, which is preserved in the Royal Library at Copenhagen.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

The *American and Oriental Record*, which the late Nicholas Trübner started about twenty-four years ago, is now to be enlarged under the title of "Trübner's Record: a Journal devoted to the Literature of the East, with Regular Notes on, and Lists of, Current American, European, and Colonial Publications." Dr. Rost, of the India Office, has undertaken the editorial management of the Oriental section. In addition to personal notices, such as obituaries and announcements of forthcoming works, it is intended to devote more space to reviews, original contributions, and more especially periodical reports on the progress made in the various fields of Oriental research. The first number of the new series will appear on March 15, and thereafter in the middle of each alternate month, though a monthly issue is hoped for in the future.

The March number of the *Antiquary* will contain a defence, by Mr. C. E. Plumptre, of the proposal to erect a monument to Giordano Bruno in Rome; and also papers by Dr. W. F. Ainsworth on the "Kusti or Fillet of the Fire Worshippers," and by Mr. W. Rendle on "Early Hospitals of Southwark."

The March number of *Time* will include articles on "Oysters and Archachon," by Mr. H. W. Lucy; "Rabbit Shooting," by Mr.

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T. E. Kebbel; "Esoteric Buddhism," by Mr. A. P. Sinnett. In the "Work and Workers" series, Mr. C. E. Mallet will discuss the Charity Organisation Society, and there will also be a story of Quaker life in the Midlands.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

The late vice-chancellor at Cambridge, Dr. Taylor, of St. John's College, having placed his stipend for the past year (£400) at the disposal of the University, it has been resolved to apply the money in providing sculpture for the new buildings of the University library.

Commander V. Lovett Cameron, R.N., has been invited to deliver an address in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford on Thursday next, February 28, upon "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Central Africa." Sir William W. Hunter will take the chair; and we understand that many heads of houses and other prominent members of the University have signified their intention of being present. Commander Cameron received the hon. degree of D.C.L. from Oxford shortly after his adventurous march across Africa.

Mr. H. F. Pelham, reader in Roman History, has been elected a professorial member of the hebdomadal council at Oxford, after a close contest, to fill the vacancy caused by the Rev. T. Fowler's resignation of the chair of logic. He received 113 votes, against 107 given to Canon Paget.

Mr. Samuel Sandars, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has offered at his own cost to complete the design of Mr. Gibbs, the architect of the Senate House, by the addition of six stone urns or vases—three on the south and three on the eastern pediment.

Dr. Charles Waldstein, reader in classical archaeology at Cambridge—who spent Christmas in Athens at the American School—is giving a course of evening lectures on "Some Statues in the Museum of Archaeology in the Light of recent Discoveries in Greece."

Mr. A. H. Bullen's course of six lectures on "Elizabethan Poets" are now being delivered at Oxford in the New Schools, on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, the poets selected being Michael Drayton, Samuel Daniel, Thomas Dekker, George Chapman, Thomas Campion, and Nicholas Breton.

Gonville and Caius College at Cambridge announce three scholarships for competition, in September, in either Hebrew, Sanskrit, or mediaeval and modern languages.

According to the annual report of the Cambridge Philological Society for 1888, the total number of members is 159; and the capital invested yields an interest of about £30.

Prof. A. Farinelli has been appointed Barlow Lecturer on Dante at University College, London, for three years, in succession to Dr. E. Moore. It is understood that Prof. Farinelli will deliver his lectures in Italian. He has previously been Barlow lecturer for six years (1881 to 1886), and his lectures were highly appreciated by the Italian-speaking audience, who attended most regularly. There will be twelve lectures every year in 1890 and the two following years.

IN MEMORIAM.

GUDBRAND VIGFUSSON.

Gudbrand Vigfusson, the greatest Scandinavian scholar of our century, was born in the district of Broadforth, Iceland, of a good family. He was brought up in the north-west of the island by his foster-mother and kinswoman, Kristin Vigfusdottir, to whom (as he thankfully recorded) he owed "not only that he became a man of letters, but almost everything." After passing some time with a tutor in whose house he stayed, he went to the high school then at Bessastad, and when it was moved (wrongly, as he held) to Reykjavik. In 1849 he left, and, by the help of friends, went to Copenhagen University, which he entered in 1850. There a scholarship at the Regentsen and a subsequent appointment as Stipendiarius under the Arna-Magnæan Commission enabled him to enter on the course of study in the literature of his own people which he had marked out for himself. The Arna-Magusean Library, where he passed so many hours, was not yet moved from the quarters in the large loft of the church to which it had been hastily shifted after the fire of Copenhagen, and it was as he described it a curious and interesting place to work in. During the fifties and the first years of the sixties he not only made himself familiar with every scrap of vellum in the library, and got to know every paper-copy and its value, but also made collations and notes, which he was able to use as a firm basis for further investigation. Among his chief friends, other than Icelanders, at the university were H. Larpent (the gifted translator of "Tartuffe" and other of Molière's plays, whose early death Vigfusson often deplored) and K. Dahlenborg.

In his first work, *Timatal*, written at full speed, from October 1854 to April 1855, was seen the *début* of a master. It deals, in detail and methodically, with the chronology of the whole body of the Islandinga Sögur, and its results have not been disturbed save by his own corrections made in the *Corpus Boreale* and the *Origines Islandiae*. His first literary work—the account of a tour in Norway with his friend Unger—appeared in *Nyfélagsrit* in 1855, and it shows him to have already possessed a singular gift of style and a power of writing pure unaffected Icelandic seldom approached by his countrymen. Englishmen will be able to judge of his style from his admirable letters to the Academy and other journals, and from the striking "Visit to Jacob Grimm" in the *Grimm Centenary Pamphlet* (1886). He wrote for several Icelandic periodicals during the succeeding ten years—*Nyfélagsrit* (of which, in 1868, he appears as one of the committee of editors), *Thjodolf*, and *Skirnir*. Perhaps the most notable of these communications, besides those on critical subjects, was the account of the "Tour in Germany" in 1859, when he visited Maurer and Möbius. This tour was a consequence of a visit to Iceland in 1858 (the last he ever paid to his own country), when he met Maurer at Reykjavik and the two came back together in the same ship. But his main business during these ten years lay in editing the Sagas; and his achievements in this line have served as a model for all that has since been done in this direction by others. The last part of *Biskupa Sögur I.* appeared in 1858. The preface (the first of a wonderful series of prefaces in which the diplomatic history of the Icelandic literature is summed up) was written in April and May of that year. In this volume are already apparent his marvellous knowledge of MSS., generous labour in transcription (he always made his own copies), and keen eye for every fact that might throw light upon the genesis and history of any classic work. In 1860 came forth *Bárdarsaga* at Copenhagen and *Forn-Sögur* (with Möbius) at Leipzig; in 1862, the preface to Jon Arnasons's *Thiodsögur* (Folk-tales); in 1864, *Eyrbyggja Saga* at Leipzig, dedicated to John Sigurdsson, his warm colleague and friend. But the greatest task of these years was, perhaps, the edition of *Flatejarbok* (1860, 1862, 1868), every word of which giant codex (now bound in two huge volume) he copied out with his own hand, Unger, his fellow editor, seeing the sheets carefully through the press, the three volumes being completed by masterly preface dated October 1868.

In 1864 opened a new chapter in his life. He was induced, by Sir G. W. Dasent, to come to London to undertake the Icelandic English Lexicon projected by Richard Cleasby. After a stay of some months in London, he came to Oxford, where, in 1866—the Dictionary having finally been undertaken by the University Press—he began in earnest a task which kept him continuously employed for seven years, till, in 1863, the last of four fascicules appeared, with the grammar and index of literature. To the making of this great book—one of the most perfect and readable of existing dictionaries—there had gone no little labour. The materials furnished were miserably inadequate, and form less than one-third of the bulk of the complete work; but his own wide and full reading, and the help which in many directions he got from Fritzner's labours (help he always generously acknowledged) enabled him to supply their shortcomings. The method—one of its chief merits—he worked out with the help of the Dean of Christ Church, whose own long experience in lexicon-making was freely and ungrudgingly placed at Dr. Vigfusson's disposal. It should be added that the whole work was done single-handed, without transcribers or assistants. While engaged on the Dictionary he lived, first, at Clifton Villas, Cowley Road, and next at North Parade, whence he moved later to the well-known rooms at No. 2 St. John's Villas, which most of his Oxford friends will always associate with his kindly presence. He used occasionally to spend part of the vacation at Bessborough Gardens, London, and there I first met him in 1869. Though he lived a retired and laborious life, and never relished the "long English dinner," he had made many firm friends already in England: in London—Carlyle and his family, Mr. G. Wilkinson, Lord Sherbrooke, Sir Edmund Head (who read Icelandic with him), Mr. H. Ward; in Oxford—Mr. Coxe, Sir Henry Acland, the Dean of Winchester, and Prof. Price Prof. Earle, and Mr. Bernard were those he saw most of at this time; nor must the name of Mr. Pembrey, the reader of every Icelandic work that has gone through the Oxford Clarendon Press, be forgotten.

The taking of transcripts at Copenhagen and Stockholm in 1874-75 was part of the preparation for the "Rolls Series" editions of *Orkneyinga* and *Hâconar Saga*, and resulted in the discovery of parts of a fuller text of the former than was before known. These texts were printed, but, owing to causes not under the editor's control, not published for ten years, when, with prefaces added, they were at last given to the world in 1887.

His next work was an edition of *Sturlunga Saga* for the Clarendon Press, a huge complex body of Sagas, giving the history of the latter years of the commonwealth in Iceland, and of the great Sturling family and its various fortunes. To these texts, published in two burly volumes in 1878, he prefixed, under the modest title "Prolegomena," the complete history of the classic literature of Iceland and the MS. materials upon which it rests. This history (which no one but himself could have done) forms a worthy appendix to his Dictionary, and should certainly be prefixed to any fresh edition of it.

It was on the Prolegomena that I first began to work with him; and from the day that I began taking notes at his dictation, in 1877, till the day he died I passed more time with him than with any other friend I had. In Oxford we used to work together at his rooms two or three afternoons a week and often of evenings at my rooms. In the vacations he used to take lodgings near where I lived in London, and

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we worked from 10 till 7.30 or later in my house (breaking off only for meals and a brisk afternoon walk) for weeks together, for almost three months of each year. In this way we finished the Prolegomena, and then set to work on the *Icelandic Prose Reader* (it was while we were on this that I stayed six weeks with him at St. John's Villas one long vacation). The *Reader* came out in 1879; and the next three years were devoted to the preparation of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*—one of the most important of his works, in which the whole body of classic Old Northern poetry is examined, edited, and translated, with full notes, &c. It marks a new epoch in Scandinavian studies; being an attempt to assign date, place, and circumstance to a body of literature which had never before been critically grappled with. This work was followed in 1886 by the *Grimm Centenary Pamphlet* (in which as in the *Corpus* and *Reader* I took part), wherein he further worked out several points of interest suggested during further study; and several small papers in the *English Historical Review* and the Oxford Philological Society's *Transactions* may be referred to as dealing with like subjects.

The next enterprise, one upon which Dr. Vigfusson was engaged till within a few days of his death was the *Origines Islandiae*, to contain critical texts and translations of the "Landnáma-boc," "Libellus," "Early Bishops' Lives," and "Islendinga Sögur," upon which the history of the migration to, settlement in, and early constitutional history of, Iceland rests. Much of this is in print, and it is hoped that it will appear this year. A long stay at Copenhagen—during a few days of which I was with him—and a mass of transcripts were necessitated by this work; and it was at this time that he showed me his old quarters in Regentsen College, that we visited W. Finsen and others of his valued friends, and that we went over the vellums and important paper copies in the Arna-Magnæan Collection together. In 1886 he went for a few days to the Isle of Man, which resulted in "A Re-reading of the Manx Runes" and papers thereon, written with his friend, Mr. E. Savage, in the *Manx Note-Book*. He also, in 1887, paid a visit to Downton to see the Moot-stead there, and in 1888 made his last journey to the Orkneys and Shetland, taking care to inspect the old Thing-steads in those islands.

It was after this journey that the first symptoms of ill-health began to be apparent, and they increased during the Michaelmas term, 1888, till he determined to lay up for a while at the Acland Nursing Home, Oxford. There the fatal nature of his malady—cancer of the stomach and liver—was soon ascertained; and after a few weeks of painless, but wearying, illness, borne with a serene and unclouded mind, he died quietly in sleep, January 31.

On February 3 round his grave at S. Sepulchre's cemetery, Oxford, but a few steps from the home he had long lived in, was assembled a large gathering of his Oxford colleagues and friends—a list too long to cite here—of all classes anxious to pay the last public honours to a great scholar and a wise and good man.

Public distinction he never sought; but he had received the honorary Oxford M.A. in 1871, the centenary doctorate of Upsala in 1877 (and his visit to Sweden to receive this was a source of long pleasure to him), and the order of the Dannebrog in 1885. He held since 1884 the office of lector in Icelandic and kindred subjects in the university of Oxford—a position created for him.

Handsome as a young man, he was of striking appearance in ripe age—a fine brow, shaded by thick brown hair, scarcely threaded by grey; well-shaped features; rather prominent and expressive blue eyes and colourless skin; a spare upright figure, the head only stooping when meditative; characteristics well given in the oil portrait taken of him in 1888 by his friend, Mr. H. M. Paget. He had a clear ringing voice and happy smile ever ready to respond to a pregnant or witty remark. He was remarkably plain and simple in all his tastes. His handwriting fine, regular, and characteristic, was unspoilt by the miles which his pen had so surely traversed in the masses of beautiful transcripts he had made.

Those who knew him will not need my testimony to his strong, sincere, and generous character, his extraordinary and well-controlled memory, his wide learning in many tongues, his eager and unwearied industry, and his fine literary taste. For myself, I can only say that the longer I knew him the more I honoured, trusted, and loved him.

F. York Powell.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

MEMORIES.

The water laps upon the sandy shore,
Beneath the oak-tree roots the rabbits play
While summer's dusk is slowly creeping o'er
The shining mere, the woods that fringe the bay.
I know each flower that blooms upon that shore,
The arrow-head, the purple loosestrife tall,
And lowly centaury's pink star, while o'er
The lesser herbs the fragrant brackens fall.
Time robs me not, for when I close my eyes
The old familiar scenes come back again,
My mind is fuller and perchance more wise,
The years now gone not wholly passed in vain;
Yet something lost of childhood's sweet surprise
Brings back old days with mingled joy and pain.

B. L. Tollemache.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The February *Livre* opens with M. Uzanne's proposal for a society of "Bibliophiles Contemporains," who are to publish as well as compare notes and experiences in bibliography. There is always some difficulty in getting international societies to work; but there is no reason on the face of it why this one should not be a success. Two other papers follow in the original part. The first is an account (with a good portrait) of Eugène Renduel, the publisher of the early Romantic movement, including notice of some books printed

"Suivant le rituel
De Renduel,"

as a pleasant bard sings. The other article discusses and quotes some correspondence of Casanova with the Prince de Ligne. We own that the amount of attention paid to "Mdme. Seingalt" by some persons seems to us to be a little excessive; but it may not seem so to others.

COPYRIGHT IN CANADA.

On January 23 a deputation from the Canadian Copyright Association presented a memorial to the Privy Council of Canada—who seem to be identical with the ministers—at Ottawa, praying for a change in the law which shall prohibit still more effectually than at present the grant of copyright to any books not printed within the Dominion. We observe that the Association professes to represent authors; but the memorial is confined solely to the manufacturing interests of publishers and printers.

The occasion of the memorial was the introduction of a Bill into the Dominion Parliament for the adoption of what is known as the Berne International Convention, which contains no provision for domestic manufacture. The existing legislation of Canada, which dates from 1875, requires domestic manufacture as a condition precedent to the grant of copyright, and further provides an elaborate machinery by which foreign authors shall receive a fixed royalty on their books thus reprinted. But, as popular English authors know to their cost, this provision is entirely illusory, partly because no effective measures are taken against the competition of other reprints illictly imported from the United States, and partly, too, because English authors have no ready means of recovering the amount due to them for royalty.

The result is thus stated by Mr. Robertson, the president of the association:

"Take the case of one book which is well known—*In Far Lochaber*, by William Black. That work is not published in Canada, and the English publisher declined to allow it to be reprinted in Canada. What follows? The price of a British edition is thirty-one shillings and sixpence. By going to the United States we are enabled to get a copy in paper for 50 cents, and in cloth for $1 25c. In the case of that celebrated work which commands the attention of the reading world to-day—I mean *Robert Elsmere*—the same thing applies. The English publisher declined to sell the Canadian copyright to a Canadian publisher. He says, 'No. I won't sell to you. You must either buy the American edition or go without it.' The result is that some 20,000 copies of this book have been imported from New York into this country and sold at 50 cents. The publication of *Robert Elsmere* is a strong justification of the ground we take. Had that work been published in this country it would have involved an expenditure of from six to seven thousand dollars; and if the Act which we have framed were law to-day, Mrs. Ward, the authoress, on this edition of 20,000 copies, would have obtained a royalty of $1,000 (whereas it is a question if she will now receive one dollar), and the bookbinders, stereotypers, paper makers, and type-founders would all feel its beneficial influences."

So far as we understand the changes proposed in the draft bill included in the memorial, their aim is to compel English authors and publishers to accept Canadian copyright upon condition of domestic manufacture, and to oust British copyright altogether. In this draft bill it is provided (1) that Canadian copyright can be obtained only for a work registered with the minister of agriculture (!) simultaneously with its first publication elsewhere, and also reprinted in Canada within two months after first publication; and (2) that in default of such registering and reprinting, any person in Canada may reprint the work, subject to the payment of a royalty to the author of 10 per cent. on the retail price. In both cases the importation of foreign reprints is prohibited, though this prohibition is not to extend to the English edition of copyright works.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Berendts, E. Volks- u. staatswirthschaftliche Anschauungen in Russland auf der Grenzscheide d. 18. u. 19. Jahrhunderts. Mitau: Behre. 2 M.

Combothecra, X. S. Essai sur le régime parlementaire. Paris: Larose. 3 fr. 50 c.

Deschanel, P. Figures de femmes. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

Paris, Pierre. La sculpture antique. Paris: Quantin. 3 fr. 50 c.

Petit, E. François Mignet. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.

Stendhal, Lamiel, roman inédit par. p.p. Casimir Stryienski. Paris: Quantin. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

Baumgartner, Ant. J. Calvin hébraisant et interprète de l'Ancien Testament. Paris: Fischbacher. 2 M.

Harnack, A. Das Neue Testament um d. J. 200. Th. Zahn's Geschichte d. neutestamentl. Kanons (1. Bd. 1. Hälfte), geprüft. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr. 2 M.

LAW AND HISTORY.

Bilfinger, G. Die antiken Stundenangaben. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 3 M.

Hamel, Ernest. Histoire du règne de Louis-Philippe. T. 1. Paris: Jouvet. 8 fr.

Heimbucher, M. Die Papstwahlen unter den Karolingern. Augsburg: Huttler. 4 M.

Kuntze, J. E. Der Servus fructuarius d. römischen Rechts. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 2 M.

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Liber diurnus romanorum pontificum, ex unico codice Vaticano denuo ed. Th. E. ab Sickel. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 10 M.

Mas Latrie, le Comte de. Trésor de chronologie, d'histoire et de géographie pour l'étude et l'emploi des documents du moyen âge. Paris: Palmé. 100 fr.

Matthiass, B. Die Entwicklung d. römischen Schiedsgerichts. Rostock: Stiller. 2 M. 50 Pf.

Schein, J. Unsere Rechtsphilosophie u. Jurisprudens. Berlin: Heymann. 5 M.

Schlossberger, A. v. Politische u. militärische Correspondenz König Friedrichs v. Württemberg m. Kaiser Napoleon I. 1805-1813. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 10 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Encke, J. F. Gesammelte mathematische u. astronomische Abhandlungen. 3. Bd. Astronomische u. optische Abhandlg. Berlin: Dümmler. 5 M.

Hirn, G. A. Constitution de l'espace céleste. Colmar: Barth. 16 M.

PHILOLOGY.

Grammatica linguae graecae vulgaris, auctore Simone Portio. Reproduction de l'édition de 1638, p.p. W. Meyer et J. Psichari. Paris: Vieweg. 12 fr. 50 c.

Grimm, J. u. W. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 7. Bd. 12. Lfg. Bearb. v. M. Lexer. Leipzig: Hirzel. 3 M.

Holub, J. Begründung der Emporosscene in Sophokles' Philoktetes. I. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

Lindemann, H. De dialecto Ionica recentiore. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer. 2 M.

Lunak, J. Quaestiones Sapphicae. Leipzig: Simmel. 3 M.

Peiser, F. E. Keilschriftliche Acten-Stücke aus babylonischen Städten. Von Steinen u. Tafeln d. Berliner Museums in Autographie, Transscription u. Uebersetzung hrsg. u. commentirt. Berlin: Wolf Peiser. 12 M.

Wieding, G. De aetate consolationis ad Liviam. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SOURCES OF CHAUCER'S SECOND NONNE'S TALE.

Cambridge: Feb. 20, 1889.

It is commonly understood that the source of Chaucer's Second Nonne's Tale is the Life of St. Cecilia, as given in the *Legenda Aurea*; and, of course, this is the principal source of it, in any case. But I have always felt that I could not rest wholly satisfied with this answer, because it fails to account for the curious word *corniculere* in line 369 (*Cant. Tales*, six-text, group G). Chaucer would never have put in this strange word, unless he had found it in the original Latin. My note on the line says—"It is remarkable that Chaucer should make use of this strange word, because it is found neither in the Latin nor the French version," *i.e.*, of the Life of St. Cecilia.

In other cases we find that Chaucer was constantly in the habit of consulting more sources than one. No doubt he did so here. What, then, was the *other* source? On again consulting Ducange, I observed (what I had missed before) that the word *cornicularius* occurs in the Acts of the Saints, in the Lives of Valerian and Tiburtius. But Chaucer mentions these saints throughout the tale. Valerian was Cecilia's husband, and Tiburce was his brother. Here, then, is the clue. The day of St. Valerian is April 14. On consulting the Acta Sanctorum for that date I found the title, "De Sanctis Martyribus Romanis, Valeriano, sponso Sanctae Ceciliae, Tiburtio ejus fratre, et Maximo Praefecti *Corniculario*," &c. This was a good beginning. We can now find the original passage with ease. Chaucer writes:—

> "Anon thise martirs that I yow devyse,
> Oon Maximus, that was an officere
> Of the Prefectes and his corniculere,
> Him hente; and when he forth the seintes ladde," &c.

And the original Latin (cap. 4, sect. 14) is: "Tunc gloriosi martyres, excepta sententia, a Maximo Corniculario Praefecti ducebantur ad pagum." Further collation soon shows that the account of these saints agrees very closely with the Life of Saint Cecilia, but with slight variations, especially in the order of words, &c., throughout the narrative. It is, however, shorter than the latter, ending at Chaucer's line 409, at the word "stoon." In most places where these differences occur, Chaucer follows the Life of Cecilia rather than the other account. For all that, we must henceforth keep an eye on *both* accounts, as I have sufficiently shown. Thus one more Chaucer puzzle is solved. Observe, too, that *Prefectes* is singular; *of the Prefectes* answers to the modern English phrase "of the prefect's."

Walter W. Skeat.

THE FATHER OF WARREN HASTINGS.

London: Feb. 18, 1889.

In turning over the pages of that unrivalled storehouse of genealogical facts, Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, I chanced upon the following entry (vol. ii., p. 624, col. 2, No. 39):

"Hastings, Penyston, s. Penyston, of Daylesford, co. Worcester, *cler.* Balliol Coll. matric. 28 March, 1724, aged 16; his brother Samuel bar.-at-law, Middle Temple, 1717."

Can it be possible that we have here the father of Warren Hastings? So far as I know, the only printed authority for Warren Hastings's ancestry is that given by his biographer, G. R. Gleig, in the *Memoirs* (3 vols. 1841), which afforded Macaulay the occasion for his celebrated essay.

The first member of the family there mentioned by name is Samuel, the great-grandfather of Warren Hastings, who is said to have presented his second son (unnamed, but undoubtedly Penyston) to the rectory of Daylesford in Worcestershire in 1701, and to have alienated that manor in 1715. This second son, the grandfather of Warren Hastings, is stated to have had two sons—Howard, born in 1711, and afterwards in the Customs; and Pynaston, (*sic*) born in 1715. There is no mention of a Samuel. Pynaston married in 1730, when he could not have been more than fifteen years old; and his famous son, Warren, was born on December 6, 1732. Of Pynaston nothing further is recorded, except that he married a second wife, took orders "when he was old enough," and died in the West Indies.

On referring to Nash's *Worcestershire* (1781), I find, under "Dailesford," in the table of incumbents (vol. i., p. 288) that Penyston Hastyngs (*sic*) was rector from 1701 to 1753, on the presentation of Penyston Hastings senior; and that his predecessor was Charles Penyston, on the presentation of the same. It seems, therefore, that Penyston was a family name, and should thus be spelt. We may notice, by the way, that Warren Hastings inherited longevity from his grandfather.

It is hardly credible that there should have been two Pynastons (or Penystons) living at the same time, and both the sons of the rector of Daylesford, the one born in 1708 and the other in 1715. Gleig is by no means an unimpeachable authority. He quotes, indeed, the parish registers for the marriage of Pynaston (at St. Andrew, Worcester) and for the birth of Warren (at Churchill, Oxfordshire); but it is at least possible that he did not verify the birth of Pynaston, though he certainly visited Daylesford. It must also be remembered that Pynaston was the scapegrace of the family, and that his son was always unwilling to talk about him. If he was, in fact, born in 1708, and not in 1715, his marriage in 1730 (when he would be twenty-two) becomes easier to accept; and his having gone to college would indicate that he had been originally intended for the church.

Perhaps some reader of the Academy may be able to solve the difficulty by consulting the Daylesford register.

I may add that the name of Warren Hastings himself, who certainly received the hon. degree of D.C.L. from the university at the Commemoration of 1813, is not to be found in *Alumni Oxonienses*, though other honorary graduates of the time are included. On the memorial tablet in Daylesford Church the degree is recorded, according to Gleig, as "LL.D."

Jas. S. Cotton.

POPE AND ADDISON.

London: Feb. 18, 1889.

If we may regard it as proved, from Mr. Aitken's discovery, that Pope's satire on Addison was published in the *St. James's Journal* of December 15, 1722, before its appearance in *Cythereia* (1723) a point of some interest arises with regard to the quarrel between Pope and Addison.

In discussing the probabilities of the case, in the belief that the verses first appeared in *Cythereia*, I argued that the reading "meaner quill" indicated that "venal quill" was an afterthought, intended to fit in with Pope's story that Gildon had received ten guineas from Addison to abuse Pope and his family. I further argued, from the appearance of "venal quill" in the Longleat version, that Pope must have concocted the story which he afterwards told to Spence at least as early as 1724.

If, however, "venal quill" be the earlier reading, this reasoning cannot stand. Pope's story about Addison and Gildon is, of course, not made any more probable; but, on the other hand, it is evident that he did not mean "venal quill," in December 1722, to have any reference to the ten guineas, otherwise he would never have changed an expression so pregnant with meaning into the "meaner quill" of *Cythereia*. Both "venal" and "meaner" are probably mere epithets generally applicable to Gildon's character. And instead of "venal quill" being an afterthought to square with the ten-guinea story, it seems to be probable that the story of the ten guineas was suggested to Pope's imagination by the use of the word "venal."

With this exception, I think what is said about the character in vol. iii., pp. 231-236 of the Elwin and Courthope edition of Pope's Works remains unaffected by Mr. Aitken's discovery.

W. J. Courthope.

JOHN WEBSTER AND THOMAS ADAMS.

12 Hornton Street, Kensington: Feb. 12, 1889.

Divines of the seventeenth century often borrowed telling phrases from the popular plays of the day; but the use made by Thomas Adams, at that time preacher of the Gospel at Willington, Bedfordshire, of the title of one of John Webster's greatest plays has not, I think, been noticed. Webster's tragedy, "The White Devil," was published in 1612; and on March 7, 1612[3], Adams preached a sermon at Paul's Cross from John xii. 6, which was shortly afterwards published. It was entered at Stationer's Hall on April 28, 1613, "a book called the *white Devill* or the *Hypocrite*, uncased" (Arber's "Transcript"); but the fourth edition, dated 1615, is the earliest I have seen. In that year (1615) Adams printed another sermon, *The Black Devil, or the Apostate*.

Luther had called Judas Iscariot the "white devil," following the words of Christ—"Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" "A devil he was," says Adams, "black within and full of rancour, but white without, and skinned over with hypocrisy; therefore, to use Luther's words, we will call him the *White Devil*." But doubtless, the phrase had been rendered familiar by the play produced a few months before Adams wrote. In the dedication to Sir Thomas Cheke, the grandson of the great scholar, Sir John Cheke, Adams alludes to the strange title of the sermon. It was only to one who possessed a

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not undeserved character of virtue that such a book could have been dedicated.

The sermon is of considerable interest in itself, like most of the works of this writer, who was called by Southey "the prose Shakspere of Puritan theologians . . . scarcely inferior to Fuller in wit, or to Taylor in fancy." In spite of the elaborate analysis, with many sub-divisions, and the length, sixty-two quarto pages, the hearers probably did not weary of the discourse. It is full of wise and witty remarks, and contains many allusions to questions of the day. Look at immoderate eating or drinking: "Why is this waste?" Or the pride that turns hospitality to dumb show: "Where lies the wealth of England? In three places, on citizens' tables, in usurers' coffers, and upon courtiers' backs." Look, again, at the vainglorious buildings, emulating the skies; towns pulled down to build palaces with chimnies which never smoke, gates never open, parlours for owls and bats to fly in. "These men turn bread into stones, a trick beyond the devil. Why is this waste?" Take, again, the ambitious seeking after great alliances; the upholding of theatres to the contempt of religion, and ordinaries to play away patrimonies. The censure of Judas—first negative, "this, he said, not that he cared for the poor," and, secondly, affirmative, "he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein"—is, of course, worked out fully. It was the sins the preacher arraigned; the persons he would have saved. Were there no thieves among magistrates, lawyers, officers who took bribes, tradesmen, ministers themselves, covetous landlords, "that stretch their rents on the tenter-hooks of an evil conscience, and swell their coffers by undoing their poor tenants"; ingrossers, who forced up prices by hoarding commodities; inclosers, "that pretend a distinction of possessions, a preservation of woods, indeed, to make better and broader their own territories, and to steal from the poor commons: these are horrible thieves." These notes must suffice. They will show how many of the matters alluded to in this sermon are of as much interest now as they were two centuries and a half ago. I will only add that Adams's *Works* were published in three volumes in 1862, in Nichols's series of "Standard Divines."

George A. Aitken.

THE OLD ENGLISH GLOSS "ELMAWES."

University Library, Cambridge: Feb. 18, 1889.

Mr. Aldis Wright has seen in this form "elves"; Prof. Skeat "Elf-mawes"—*f*, through the process of assimilation, bound eventually to disappear, since the English language does not tolerate a sonant spirant before a nasal, and a long nasal cannot be pronounced after *l*; and Mr. Hessels in *mawes* "maidens," taking *elmawes*=hellmaidens.

All this tends towards the right interpretation, which I think I am in a position to supply. *Mawe*, I take, is maiden, A.S. *mæg*, Engl. *may* (g=w=y) Icel. *mey*, Dan. *möe*, *mö*, Swed. *mö*. That *el* stands for "elf" there can be no question. In sense *elmaw* is then identical with, and in form closely allied to, Dan. *ellemöe*, *ellemö*, an elfmaiden, cf. *elledans*—dans, *ellefolk*—folk, *ellepige*—pigsney, *ellevild*—wild, bewitched by elves, &c. *Elmawes* then = elf-maidens.

Eiríkr Magnússon.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, Feb. 25, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Recent Studies of some Forms of Minutest Life," by the Rev. Dr. Dallinger.
5 p.m. Hellenic: "Certain Vase Fragments of Considerable Interest," by Miss Jane Harrison.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Do separate Psychological Functions require separate Physiological Organs?" by Mr. Bernard Hollander.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations on the Welle-Mobangi River, from the Congo," by Capt. Vangele, with Notes by Sir F. de Winton.
Tuesday, Feb. 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," VI., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "English Bookbinding in the Reign of Henry VIII.," by Mr. W. H. J. Weale.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Alternate-Current Machinery," by Mr. Gisbert Kapp.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "A New Instrument for Testing the Delicacy of Perception of Differences of Tint," by Mr. Francis Galton; "The Early Races of Western Asia," by Major C. R. Conder.
8 p.m. Folk-Lore: "The Philosophy of Rumpelstilchen," by Mr. Edward Clodd.
Wednesday, Feb. 27, 3 p.m. University College. Barlow Lecture, "The Lives of Dante attributed to Boccaccio," by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
4 p.m. Society for Preserving Memorials of the Dead: Discussion, "Legislation in Aid of the Society's Objects"; "Some Notes upon Monuments in Lambeth Parish Church," by Mrs. A. E. Danvers Taylor.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Irish Lace Industry," by Mr. Alan S. Cole.
Thursday, Feb. 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Venom of Serpents, and Allied Poisons," II., by Dr. S. Martin.
8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "The Lives of Dante, by Villani, Aretino, Manetti, and Filelfo," by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
7 p.m. London Institution: "Modern Composers of Classical Song," I., by Mr. Carl Armbruster.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.
8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "Giraldus Cambrensis," by Mr. H. Owen.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
Friday, March 1, 8 p.m. Philological: "A Recent Edition of the Passions and Homilies in the *Lebar Brecc*," by Mr. Whitley Stokes.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association:
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Leigh Hunt," by Mr. E. Gosse.
Saturday, March 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics—Polarisation, Wave Theory," II., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

Mental Evolution in Man: Origin of Human Faculty. By G. J. Romanes. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

This volume is the first instalment of a series in which Mr. Romanes proposes to deal with the whole subject of mental evolution in man. It may also be considered as a connecting link between his work on mental evolution in animals and the promised works in which the higher manifestations of human faculty are to be studied as a gradual growth. Of all such manifestations language is the primary condition; and language has also been put forward of recent years as the ineffaceable distinction between man and brute, the impassable interruption to a continuity of mental development from one to the other. Mr. Romanes is an evolutionist along the whole line; and he joins issue on the one remaining point where the theory is still disputed by the only opponents worth considering. At the very outset he assumes as admitted that the higher species of living things are derived by natural descent from lower forms of life, and that man, on the physical side at least, offers no exception to this rule. But he finds that there are some philosophers, notably Prof. Mivart, who, while going thus far, refuse to go a step farther, and claim for the human mind, or rather for human reason, a different origin from that conceded to the human body, including, I suppose, its cerebro-spinal axis. They hold that conceptual ideation, or the power to frame general notions as manifested through language, betokens a faculty differing not in degree, but in kind, from the highest animal intelligence. On this ground the author meets them, and endeavours, by an analysis of language considered as an expression of conceptual ideation, to dissolve away the alleged distinction, to show that it is a difference not of kind but of degree.

It may be questioned whether this chivalrous readiness to accept battle on ground chosen by the enemy was altogether wise. One can imagine a shorter and more effectual argument, based on philosophical considerations of higher generality. If all forms of intelligence are conditioned by nervous activity, and vary with the varying size and complexity of the nervous centres, then there can be no question of deriving one mental phenomenon from another, since each springs into existence *de novo* simultaneously with the activity of its material substratum. The continuity implied by evolution belongs solely to the formation and movements of that substratum, and the mental phenomena are merely indices of their variation. It may, of course, be maintained that reason and self-consciousness proceed from a spiritual principle, and cannot be conceived as functions of the brain. The difficulty, however, applies equally to simple consciousness and sensation; and if these can be regarded as dependent in some unknown manner on the nervous system, through which they become subject to the law of evolution, there seems no valid reason for denying to the highest human faculty an analogous dependence, and, consequently, an analogous subjection. All alleged differences of kind spontaneously resolve themselves into differences of degree when both alike can be expressed in terms of matter and motion.

If, then, in attacking the problem on its psychological and linguistic side Mr. Romanes should not prove his case to the general satisfaction, the evolutionist theory will not be compromised by his failure; while if he succeeds the battle is won. Those who wish to master his position must, of course, study it as explained by himself in his own well-known luminous and fascinating style. An argument which extends over nearly four hundred pages, and of which the mere summary, though lamented by the author himself as inadequate, fills nearly fifty more, cannot fairly be dealt with in a few lines. A brief indication of the method adopted must here suffice. Language, understood as a system of communication through signs, is not peculiar to man, since many of the lower animals, including some insects, are known to impart information to one another by gestures. Neither is the use of articulate utterance interchangeable with the expression of thought, for truly rational intercourse can be carried on between human beings by the use of gesture alone. That the power of articulating words is not peculiar to man appears from the example of talking birds, some of which even use words with an evident intelligence of their meaning. By what may be called an accident, the highest animals, dogs and apes, do not possess this power; but in some instances they exhibit an extraordinary power of understanding what is said to them. It is not true, as urged by some, that words are names of concepts and inseparable from them. Below concepts and preparatory to them, but above mere percepts, Mr. Romanes distinguishes certain ideas of a sensuous and yet general character which he calls "recepts." A number of similar objects successively perceived as similar leave a common impression on the mind, made up of the points in which they re-

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semble one another. The result is a spontaneous unconscious abstraction, a recept. That such elementary generalisations should be formed necessarily follows from the nature of perception itself, which is at first always directed towards certain general characters in the object perceived. Mr. Romanes holds that some animals can recognise recepts by their names, and even name them when they have learned to talk.

"If I say to my dog the word 'Cat,' I arouse in his mind an idea, not of any cat in particular—for he sees so many cats—but of a cat in general" (p. 28).

"One of the parrots which I keep under observation in my own house learnt to imitate the barking of a terrier, which also lived in the house. After a time this barking was used by the parrot as a denotative sound, or proper name, for the terrier—*i.e.*, whenever the bird saw the dog it used to bark, whether or not the dog did so. Next the parrot ceased to apply this denotative name to that particular dog, but invariably did so to any other, or unfamiliar, dog which visited the house. Now the fact that the parrot ceased to bark when it saw my terrier, after it had begun to bark when it saw other dogs, clearly showed that it distinguished between individual dogs, while receptually perceiving their class resemblance" (p. 137).

To talk of "general ideas" and "names" in this connexion seems assuming too much. All we can say is that the word "cat" excited an impulse, probably of fear or hostility, in the dog's mind, such as would have been produced by the appearance of an actual cat; and that the same imitative tendency was awakened in the parrot's mind by the mere sight of a dog as by the sound of its bark; while other associations not running in the direction of imitation were started by the appearance of the familiar terrier. It is only, I think, when names are used as marks of other names, that is to say, when they are combined in propositions, that we can be sure that they are known as names, that they are definitely detached from, and substituted for, the objects which they denote. This consideration leads us on to the analysis of judgment and predication; and here we come to the most questionable part of Mr. Romanes's theory. On the one hand, he extends the term judgment metaphorically to mere associations of actions with impressions, "as when a seabird dives from a height into water, but will not do so upon land" (p. 404), or to the mere generalisation of an associated sign, as when the parrot above cited called every dog "bow-wow"; while, on the other hand, refusing to apply it, except in the same metaphorical sense, to the first simple propositions enunciated by children, on the plea that none but conceptual statements are judgments properly so-called. These last are not merely statements of truths, but of truths "perceived *as true*" (p. 405). Self-consciousness and introspection are necessary in order to their production. As an illustration of what is meant, let us take the following example:

"Let us consider the case of a child about two years old, who is able to frame such a rudimentary communicative, or pre-conceptual proposition as *Dit ki* (Sister is crying). At this age . . . there is no consciousness of self as a thinking agent, and, therefore, no power of stating a truth as true. *Dit* is the denotative name of one recept, *ki* the denotative name of another; the object and the action which these two recepts severally represent happen to occur together before the child's observation; the child therefore denotes them both simultaneously—i.e., *brings them into apposition*. . . . If you hold that this is judgment, you must also hold that animals judge, because I have proved [?] already that . . . the only point wherein it can be alleged that the faculty of judgment differs in animals and in man consists in the presence or absence of self-consciousness" (pp. 227-8).

I do not know what the opponents to whom the author is here specially addressing himself will say, but I think it is quite possible to maintain that judgment first begins when verbal signs previously separated are associated in significant combinations. The operation, whatever it may be called, does not seem to have been performed by any animal as yet observed (p. 204); for to widen the plane of a recept is very different from making the planes of two recepts intersect. Mr. Romanes will urge that the processes of extension and intersection are both alike automatically accomplished, the "apposition of denotative terms" in rudimentary predication being no less "natural and inevitable" than "the extension of denotative terms into connotative terms" (p. 387). Perhaps the apposition is not quite so "inevitable" as is here assumed, since the particular conjunctions predicated must be picked out from the much greater number that actually present themselves to observation. But what I am here more interested in noticing is the distinction admitted by Mr. Romanes between the spontaneous or automatic associations of consciousness which he calls receptual, and those which he ascribes to "a consciously intentional operation of the mind upon the materials of its own ideation, known as such" (p. 396)—where, by one of the typographical errors, unfortunately rather frequent in this volume, "anatomically" is printed for "automatically." A mind distinct from and operating on the particular phenomena of consciousness seems to me a mythological fiction little suited to the general philosophy of the present work. Nor does the distinction between automatic and intentional ideation impress me as either true in itself, or consistent with the principles generally supported by Mr. Romanes. To those who, like myself, disbelieve in free-will, all ideation is an automatic process of greater or less complexity, and more or less illuminated by an accompanying consciousness. I am quite ready to agree with the author that the concept of self came into existence through the use of the first personal pronoun; but I fail to see why it should be assumed as a necessary condition for the delivery of other concepts, having come to the birth without any such assistance itself; while, with regard to propositions, it seems more logical to say that we perceive a statement as true, not in contradistinction to ourselves who make it, but to other statements which are meaningless or false.

A fresh difficulty is introduced when Mr. Romanes tells us that

"in the datum of self-consciousness we each of us possess not merely our own ultimate knowledge . . . but likewise the mode of existence which alone the human mind is capable of conceiving as existence, and therefore the condition *sine qua non* to the possibility of an external world" (p. 194).

Are then the brutes, of whose intelligence we hear so much, what Ferrier, if I remember rightly, once called them, "incarnate absurdities, looking out on a world of unredeemed self-contradiction"? And in what do the author's metaphysics differ from those of Prof. T. H. Green, who says, as quoted on p. 212 of this volume:

"Should the question be asked, If this self-consciousness is not derived from nature, what then is its origin? the answer is that it has no origin. It never began, because it never was not. It is the condition of there being such a thing as beginning or end. Whatever begins or ends does so for it, or in relation to it"?

For in answering that "for my part I feel as convinced as I am of the fact of my self-consciousness itself that it had a beginning in time, and was afterwards the subject of a gradual development," Mr. Romanes takes up a position quite irreconcileable with that adopted less than twenty pages before.

For myself, I agree with Mr. Romanes, that self-consciousness and conceptual ideation, whatever may be their mutual connexion, are the consequences rather than the antecedent conditions of spoken language; and that young children may exhibit virtually human intelligence while, to our apprehension at least, they are no more self-conscious than animals. I agree with him also that we are genealogically connected with the brutes through an ancestor whose mental capacity was about level with that of the children in question. But I hold that the very simplest predication, the coupling of receptual names in significant statements, such as *Dit ki*, marks a stage of intelligence not proved to have been reached by any existing brute. However, Mr. Romanes repeats a story to the contrary effect so charming that it is worth transcribing merely *as* a story:

"The possibility of receptual predication on the part of talking birds is not entirely hypothetical. I have some evidence that it may be actually realised. For instance, a correspondent writes of a cockatoo which had been ill:—'A friend came the same afternoon, and asked him how he was. With his head on one side and one of his cunning looks, he told her that he was "a little better"; and when she asked him if he had not been very ill, he said, "Cockie better; Cockie ever so much better." . . . When I came back (after a prolonged absence) he said, "Mother come back to little Cockie; mother come back to little Cockie. Come and love me, and give me pretty kiss. Nobody pity poor Cockie. The boy beat poor Cockie." He always told me if Jess scolded or beat him. He always told as soon as he saw me, and in such a pitiful tone. . . . The remarkable thing about this bird is that he does not merely "talk" like parrots in general but so habitually talks to the purpose'" (pp. 189-90).

It is to be feared that hard-hearted logicians will doubt the predicative value of poor Cockie's phrases until some more satisfactory evidence as to their origin is forthcoming.

Mr. Romanes regards the origin of language as a problem of secondary interest to the evolutionist. All the evidence goes to prove that there was a time when language did not exist; and, therefore a time when it must have begun to exist. More than one possible derivation may be assigned to the earliest

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articulated sounds. The imitation of natural sounds would account for much, without excluding a cause still occasionally observed in operation—the arbitrary invention of words. In this part of his work the author frequently comes into collision with Prof. Max Müller. The theory of that philologist—that language began with roots denoting general concepts—he considers unproved and improbable. The reduction of the whole Sanskrit vocabulary to a small number of such roots supplies no valid argument in its favour, since the earliest period to which they can be traced back must be long posterior to the beginning of language. Moreover, such roots, being the most prolific, were the most likely to survive. Mr. Romanes does not explain how names derived from actions came to be substituted for those originally bestowed on the most familiar objects; but this question also might have been dismissed as of less than secondary importance since the virtual surrender of Prof. Max Müller to Darwinism in his recent work on the science of thought; for, by deriving language from the cries of men working together he concedes in principle all that a Darwinian need demand. Our author suggests the name of "yo-he-ho" theory for the explanation alluded to—a slight emendation on the name "yo-he" theory originally proposed by myself in the ACADEMY, and one which I willingly accept. He allows that the *clamor concomitans* may have contributed, among other causes, to the creation of words; but, for the rest, he attributes little importance to its agency.

Mr. Romanes is copious in references to other writers whose researches bear more or less directly on the subjects here discussed. This makes it the more remarkable that the acknowledged chief of the school to which he belongs should never be mentioned. The name of Herbert Spencer does not once occur in the present volume, even where its introduction seemed to be demanded by something more than literary courtesy. Thus, the connexion between perception and classification is discussed without any allusion to the *Principles of Psychology*; the radical identification of reasoning with perception is attributed to a certain M. Binet (p. 32), apparently without a suspicion that it forms a conspicuous feature in the same work; while the ascription of life to inanimate objects is assumed as a primitive impulse of human intelligence (p. 210), without any reference to the opposite view maintained in the *Principles of Sociology*.

There are books which are easy to read and difficult to review, as, conversely, there are others which are difficult to read and easy to review. Mr. Romanes's new volume belongs to the former category. I am not sure that I have done justice to its arguments, but I am sure that its perusal gave me very great pleasure. Philosophers will welcome it as the most closely reasoned defence yet offered of evolutionism on the point where evolutionism most vitally affects our beliefs. The general reader will find it always interesting, and in parts delightfully amusing.

ALFRED W. BENN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME RECENT EMENDATIONS IN THE TEXT OF PLATO.

Oxford: Feb. 19, 1889.

May one once more respectfully remonstrate in the ACADEMY with those fellow-students in Aristotle and Plato who emend the text of these authors before considering their special idioms? Their course seems impolitic, for the credit of knowing something of Latin and Greek will be much diminished when all constructions have been smoothed away till nothing much more complex is admitted than "et ego et Balbus sustulimus manus." At least the emenders might consider their ways and not speak quite so positively. If they write in Latin it does not so much matter. Writing Latin is a sort of personation, and even "apage putidissimum glossema" may be taken as only in character.

In the current number of one of the classical periodicals, in an article containing some interesting though doubtful points, are the following emendations of the text of Plato's *Republic*:

"537 C *τά τε χύδην μαθήματα παισὶν ἐν τῇ παιδείᾳ γενόμενα τούτοις συναπτέον εἰς σύνοψιν οἰκειότητος ἀλλήλων τῶν μαθημάτων καὶ τῆς τοῦ ὄντος φύσεως.* The only way of construing *οἰκειότητος ἀλλήλων τῶν μαθημάτων* is to take *οἰκειότητος ἀλλήλων* closely together, regarding *ἀλλήλων*, in fact, as equivalent to an adjective; the whole phrase then meaning 'correlationship of the sciences.' But although this sounds all very well in English, the Greek remains 'very tolerable and not to be endured.' Is it really possible to believe that Plato could be guilty of such a piece of style as to write *ἀλλήλων τῶν μαθημάτων* side by side when he meant *ἀλλήλων* to go with another word, and might just as well have written *κοινῆς* or some such word instead? Besides, the repetition of *μαθημάτων* after *μαθήματα* in the same sentence, without any obscurity of meaning, if *μαθημάτων* be omitted, is quite unaccountable; if the sentence had been *αὐτῶν τε τῶν μαθημάτων καὶ κ.τ.λ.* the repetition would have been justified, as it is it is not.

"Omit then *τῶν μαθημάτων* as a gloss upon *ἀλλήλων*."

This command to erase an idiomatic form must be disobeyed. "The only way of construing" is to take *ἀλλήλων καὶ τῆς τοῦ ὄντος φύσεως* after *οἰκειότητος*. The words obviously mean "the relationship of the mathematical sciences to one another and to the nature of Being." The relative position of *ἀλλήλων* and *μαθημάτων* is an instance of hyperbaton which is very common indeed in Plato. If the emender will consult Riddell's *Digest of Platonic Idioms* and observe Plato's usage more attentively, he will cease to enquire whether "Plato could be guilty of such a piece of style," and recognise that such apparently awkward juxtapositions are a frequent result of hyperbaton in Plato. As to "the quite unaccountable repetition of *μαθημάτων* after *μαθήματα*," it is well-known that the Greek ear was not so sensitive in this respect as ours. It is not unusual in Plato to repeat a word, not because it is necessary, but to give a little more clearness or point. Here the interposition of *μαθημάτων* makes the reference of the pronoun clearer, since *παισὶν* and *τούτοις* have intervened between it and *μαθήματα*, and also serves to oppose *τὰ μάθηματα* more clearly to *ἡ τοῦ ὄντος φύσις*, which latter the emender seems to think could only be done by introducing *αὐτῶν*.

402 A. *ὅτε τὰ στοιχεῖα μὴ λανθάνοι ἡμᾶς, ὀλίγα ὄντα, ἐν ἅπασιν οἷς ἔστι, περιφερόμενα.*

Here it is proposed to read *ἅπασιν ἐν οἷς*, an emendation which suits the sense, and confirmed, as the emender thinks, by 402 C. *παντα χοῦ περιφερόμενα γνωρίζωμεν καὶ ἐνόντα ἐν οἷς ἔνεστιν αἰσθανώμεθα.* The grammatical reason given, however, is not correct. "*ἐν ἅπασιν οἷς ἔστι* is an extremely harsh phrase. It cannot mean 'in all that are,' as Davies and Vaughan take it, for you cannot attract a relative in the nominative into the case of the antecedent in good Attic." But you can. In the grammar may be found instances from Thucydides, Xenophon, and, what is more to the point, from Plato himself, though the use is uncommon. It seems easier (*vide* Madvig) when the attracted nominative has the same form as the accusative, which is the case here.

The sense which the emender gives the text seems certainly right; but he is unaware evidently that, according to a known idiom in Plato and other Greek writers, it can be got without any emendation. The idiom is that the preposition, which should strictly come before both antecedent and relative, is put sometimes only before the antecedent. See Kühner, § 451, 4, who points out that the same usage is to be found in Latin. See also Stallbaum's note on this very passage; and in *Phaedo*, 76 D. The emender, thinking that *ἅπασιν οἷς ἔστι* can only be construed in one way, is of opinion that it is not "a rational phrase."

J. COOK WILSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. A. BLYTT, the Norwegian botanist, has contributed to the *Forhandlinger* of the Society of Sciences of Christiania a long memoir on "The Probable Cause of the Displacement of Beach-lines." He holds that the precession of the equinoxes, and the periodical changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, furnish a key to the calculation of geological epochs. The precession causes the winter and summer to be alternately longer and shorter; and, when the winter is longer, the distinction between inland climate and coast climate becomes more pronounced. He maintains, as a working hypothesis, that precession has left its record in the strata, in the alternation of deposits and the formation of beach-lines, and the greater the eccentricity of the earth's orbit the more distinct is the record. The author was led to his views by studying the distribution of plants, and he published a sketch of his hypothesis in a paper, printed in 1886, entitled "On Variations of Climate in the Course of Time."

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. WINDISCH, professor of Sanskrit in the University of Leipzig, has just published a treatise on the Nyāyabhāshya.

M. LOUIS DUVAU, now a professor at Lille, recently discovered in the Vatican library (Reg. 1701) a large number of *streng* Old-High-German glosses. These have been printed, not only in the *Mélanges d'archéologie et d'histoire*, published by the French School at Rome, but also in the new fasciculus of the memoirs of the Société de Linguistique de Paris.

THE same fasciculus contains the first part (A and B) of a supplement to the Middle Breton glossary which M. Emile Ernault appended to his edition of the mystery of Sainte Barbe, Paris, 1888. It also contains a facsimile and translation of the honorific bilingual inscription (Phoenician and Greek) lately found at the Piraeus, and now in the museum of the Louvre. Shorter papers by MM. Bréal, V. Henry, Parmentier, Möhl, and Ploix make up a number of great interest and value.

The February number of the *Classical Review* (London: Nutt; Boston: Ginn) redeems the promise of American co-operations. Not only is its bulk swollen to ninety-six pages; but it contains an article on "Classical Education in the United States," by Prof. J. H. Wright, of Harvard, and several

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other Transatlantic contributions. Notable among these is a criticism of a paper on "The Arcado-Cyprian Dialect," where both author and critic are Americans. We also welcome an article on "The Sequence of Tenses in Latin," which comes from New Zealand. Of original articles, the most important is an account of the Greek MSS. in the Estense library at Modena, compiled by Mr. T. W. Allen, a Craven fellow at Oxford. The reviews are very numerous, occupying more than forty pages; but they are also exceptionally valuable. Altogether, the review is becoming more and more indispensable to the classical scholar.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Elizabethan Society.—(*Wednesday, February 6.*)

A. H. Bullen, Esq., in the chair.—A paper by Mr. John Addington Symonds on "The Plays of Thomas Dekker" was read by Mr. F. Rogers, vice-president. The most complete edition of Dekker's plays is that published by Mr. John Pearson in 1873. It contains sixteen pieces, written wholly or in part by Dekker; four of these had not been previously reprinted. A romantic drama, in which he undoubtedly took a leading part, "Patient Grissell," is not included in this edition, but may be read in the old Shakspere Society's publications. "Lust's Dominion," though it cannot be claimed with any certainty for Dekker, ought, for reasons which Mr. Symonds afterwards fully assigned, to be carefully perused by all students of his dramatic work. Of these eighteen plays, eight were composed entirely by Dekker—*i.e.*, "The Shoemaker's Holiday," "Old Fortunatus," "Satiromastix," the second part of "The Honest Whore," "The Whore of Babylon," "If this be not a Good Play the Devil's in it," "Match me in London," and "The Wonder of a Kingdom." The remaining ten were composed by him in collaboration with various playwrights. If we identify "Lust's Dominion" with "The Spanish Moor's Tragedy" Dekker here worked with Haughton and Day. In "Patient Grissel" he was engaged with Henry Chettle and William Haughton; in the first part of "The Honest Whore" and in "The Roaring Girl" he collaborated with Thomas Middleton; in "Westward Ho," "Northward Ho," and "The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat" he is said to have assisted Webster; "The Virgin Martyr" was the joint production of himself and Massinger; "The Sun's Darling" bears his name, together with that of Ford; "The Witch of Edmonton" is assigned to Dekker, Ford, and William Rowley. In addition to these plays, many in which Dekker had a share together with other dramatists of note are lost; among them four domestic tragedies, in one of which he assisted Jonson and in another Ford. Mr. Symonds analysed the extant plays of Dekker in this manner because they raised the difficult and interesting question of joint authorship. How far was a drama which bears the name of two or more authors on its title-page the product of one common literary effort, or the rehandling of an old composition by a new playwright? This is the first query which suggests itself to the critic; and his answer will, of course, depend greatly upon internal evidences of style. We may, for example, feel tolerably safe in assuming that "The Sun's Darling" was an altered edition made by Ford of some previous piece by Dekker, possibly his "Phaethon." Ford's marked style appears in the first act, and in the concluding scenes of the last act. The songs, with the exception of the first, bear the stamp of Dekker. The case is different with "Patient Grissel." That appears to have been planned and executed in concert by three writers, none of whom displayed a very decided manner. "Sir Thomas Wyat" is made out of two history plays, called "Lady Jane," roughly cut down and badly pieced together. Heywood, Chettle, and a certain Smythe, had each a hand in the production, besides Dekker and Webster, whose names appear alone upon the title-page of the maimed and deformed copy we possess. "The Witch of Edmonton" has employed the critical sagacity of many eminent writers, among them Mr. Swinburne. I agree with this great poet and profound student in feeling sure that we owe the masterly first act to Ford, and the touching character of Susan to Dekker; but I cannot help suspecting that William Rowley was the creator of Mother Sawyer; and, finally, it appears to me that this tragedy, abounding in so many powerful passages, is the recast by Ford of two separate pieces, in which Dekker and Rowley respectively took the leading share. A second problem is suggested by joint authorship. To what extent did two or more playwrights, after planning a piece together, adopt some common style? To what extent, when writing comedies to be acted, not printed, did they efface their own personalities so far as might be, by deliberately using the simplest language of the day in which their plot could be represented? "Westward Ho" and "Northward Ho" are particularly apt to raise this question. We have here excellent pieces of work, full of life and bustle from begininng to end, and well seasoned with humourous illustrations of contemporary society. Yet it is impossible to trace in either of them the meditative style of Webster, or the breezy, cheerful geniality of Dekker's comic manner. The sustained and well-knit plot in both pieces seems to bespeak Webster; the rattling rapidity of the dialogue and action seems to indicate that Dekker worked with free hand on firm lines traced for him by a more weighty thinker. "The Roaring Girl" bears the stamp of the epoch rather than the hall-mark of any individual author. Yet we shall be right in assigning the main share to Middleton; and it is noticeable that Middleton, in his preface to the edition of 1611, does not mention Dekker. The case is exactly reversed when we regard the first part of "The Honest Whore." Middleton had a share in the play, and was paid for it. But Dekker's name appears alone upon the first edition. There is no reason whatever to suppose that Middleton had any interest in the second part of "The Honest Whore," which was published twenty-five years after the first. A third problem suggested by this matter of joint authorship touches upon the question of interpolated scenes. We find Dekker's name joined with Massinger's in the production of "The Virgin Martyr." As a whole, the play must be assigned to Massinger. But Gifford claims the foul comic interludes for Dekker; and no critic who has studied the works of these two playwrights will refuse the beautiful dialogues between Dorothea and her servant Angelo to Dekker. In this case, who conceived the character of Dorothea? Massinger's hand is obvious in her argument with Calista. At what points, again, in the delineation of her character did Massinger allow Dekker to intervene? Was he controlled by the sense that this more tender and more humane poet ought to be suffered to hold the pen at moments when artless sympathy with so exceptional a personality as Dorothea required the ineffable right touch which his collaborator was known to possess? The tragedy of "Lust's Dominion" was printed, with Marlowe's name, by the notorious pirate Kirkman, in 1657. Collier proved, almost conclusively, that it must have been written after Marlowe's death. And the title "Lust's Dominion" is not characteristic of any plays which were produced in the early stages of our drama. It smacks of the last period of theatrical advertisement. Collier also called attention to the fact that Henslowe paid Dekker, Haughton, and Day, for a piece of work called "The Spanish Moor's Tragedy" in February, 1600. He inferred, with plausibility, that this is the play which Kirkman published fifty-seven years afterwards, under the attractive name of Marlowe, with a title altered to suit the taste of the moment. Now, Dekker had been paid in December, 1599, by Henslowe, for his play of "Old Fortunatus." This undisputed piece of Dekker's handicraft bears unmistakeable proof of his having been powerfully influenced by Marlowe. Mr. Symonds then proceeded to give detailed criticisms of "The Shoemaker's Holiday," "Old Fortunatus," "Satiromastix," and "The Honest Whore." A literary critic will pass lightly over points relating to Dekker's possible trade and nationality. It is more important to observe that, in "The Shoemaker's Holiday," one of the poet's salient characteristics, one of the sparks of genius which attracts us to him, emerges with peculiar brightness. That is the sunny cheerful realism of his painting of familiar things, his hearty sympathy with actual life, his power of representing the surface of existence with a light unerring touch, his joyousness, and cleanly humorous acceptance of the world we live in. A German seeking one adjective to describe Dekker under this aspect would call him *levens-lustig*. The bustle of business rejoices him, and stirs his faculty as artist. He paints a mercer's store, a shoemaker's shop, a haberdasher's stall, with gusto. Every lover of good comedy is glad to visit these places under Dekker's genial guidance. We have to duck our head beneath the swinging sign, avoid perhaps a skulking captain at the doorway, and dull our ears to the shrill cries of the 'prentices—"What d'you lack?" Inside the shop there is variety of industry and intrigue: gallants making love to city dames, masters setting forth their wares, ruffiers in silk or homespun cheapening a yard of cloth; journeymen bandying jokes with wenches; 'prentices laying hands upon their clubs; courtiers sneering at "flat-caps"; and often, to end all, a scuffle, which terminates with bouncing oaths and bloody pates. Taverns, too, and suburban pleasure-houses are described by Dekker with remarkable felicity. He is at home in bedlams and bridewells, and can introduce us to places of more questionable character, where pimps and punks angle for their gulls. The pert shop boy, the obliging merchant, the teasing wife, the over-tasked drawer, the shrill-voiced shrew, the swaggering gallant, the fantastic simpleton, the out-at-elbow soldier, the insinuating bawd, the high-flying spendthrift, the gaudy woman of the town, the jealous husband, the light-headed serving maid, the tipsy constable, the sighing lover, the pompous alderman, come and go in these many coloured scenes of city life with a fulness of vitality and a truth to nature which can scarcely be matched in any art-work of that period. Ben Jonson alone, in "Bartholomew's Fair," offers a parallel to Dekker. But Ben Jonson was far more mechanical as a dramatic draughtsman. His studies had not the sketchy air which gives a grace to Dekker's transcripts from the world around him. Of course, there is much that is gross, and even more than gross, downright smutty, in Dekker's vivid Dutch interiors. But we can pardon a coarseness which is obviously natural, which conceals no base intention, and which faithfully reflects the manners of a bygone time. Wherever he may lead us, Dekker is always innocent in his treatment of vice, always tender to suffering, always alive to humour and to pathos, always wholesome in his delineation of erring human nature. The little we know of Dekker's life fills us with sadness to think that a man to whom we owe so much as poet, and whom we so thoroughly love and respect, was acquainted with suffering and thwarted in his vocation even beyond the ordinary ill fate of his fellow craftsmen. He seems to have been in some real sense a literary hack, scribbling pamphlets and plays with ready pen for scanty hire, often, if not always, in debt, as familiar with prisons as with taverns, caring but little for the future of his works, and taking no pains to secure their immortality by patient execution or by thoughtful planning. The printer's devil and the bailiff were always at his elbow while he wrote. He leaves upon our mind the sense of a man who very early in life just missed catching time and opportunity by the forelock, and who passed the years of his manhood in a light-hearted but exhausting race after yesterday. The obscurity which envelops his career makes it impossible to say how far this state of things was due to imprudence—to an unhappy marriage, perhaps—or to some weakness of character, perhaps—or to some vicious habit. His wide and familiar acquaintance with the town in its comical and sordid aspects, his knowledge of mere naked human misery, his sympathy with the sinning and afflicted, lead us to surmise that he was a Bohemian very decidedly out at elbows. But though this is the case, Dekker never ceased to be a Christian and a gentleman in the purest and noblest sense of those high titles. It is invariably good to have dwelt awhile in his company. In spite of the mistakes of judgment rather than of taste or feeling which we occasionally find in him, we leave him with a warmer,

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truer emotion of human brotherhood. In his artless, simple, kindly way he teaches us more than many pompous moralists and preachers. His clear, illuminative flashes of unpremeditated poetry, striking through chinks and crannies, falling upon the despised and neglected corners of life, silvering the very filth and squalor of reality with a gleam from the heaven that a good and wholesome heart holds shut within mysterious recesses—these unexpected and unstudied rays of spiritual beauty do us more good than the raptures or the sublime descants of pretentious priests and phophets. It is good for us to be with Dekker. He leaves us sweeter and less fretful than he found us. Owing him so deep a debt of gratitude (Mr. Symonds wrote), I bid farewell to him with deep emotion, when I record those affecting words he inscribed some years beyond the age of fifty:—"I have been a priest in Apollo's Temple many years; my voice is decaying with my age; yet yours [the friends to whom he wrote these sentences] being clear and above mine, shall honour me, if you but listen to my old tunes. Are they ill-set? Pardon them. Well? Then receive them." Farewell, honest Dekker! Thy tunes, ill-set or well-set, are still ringing in our ears, after more than three centuries. Thou art still an honoured priest of Apollo's Temple, and, what is more, Englishmen love thee.—Mr. A. H. Bullen briefly reviewed the paper, and made a few remarks upon Dekker as a prose writer, which he ably illustrated by citing passages from some of his amusing pamphlets.—The discussion was continued by Mr. S. L. Lee, Dr. Oswald, Mr. F. Rogers, Mr. F. J. Payne, Mr. B. Dyer, and Mr. J. E. Baker.

Aristotelian Society.—(*Monday, February 11.*)

Shadworth H. Hodgson, Esq., president, in the chair.—The Rev. J. Lightfoot read a paper on "The Philosophy of Revelation." The question is "how do revealing facts reveal?" This is to be distinguished from the empirical question as to the historical accuracy and trustworthiness of the record of events of assumed Divine significance. Religion and the history of religion furnish facts for philosophy, but are not philosophy. If revelation reveals anything, then it may be urged the subject is included under the wider problem of "How is Knowledge possible?" But the term implies a process distinguishable from the ordinary process of experience. An analysis of the religious instinct in man gives us as result the following three elements: (1) the conviction of ideal perfection; (2) the anticipation of some necessary teleology, design, or ultimate significance in the universe; (3) the sense of dependence upon a complete and absolute existence. The term "revelation" is applied either to that which in some mode originates these, and then satisfies them. The contrast in popular language between natural and revealed religion is not between truth discovered by reason, and truth revealed to reason, but only between truth revealed to reason in two different ways. The two ways are (1) a process continuously repeated in the heart of each individual, and (2) certain alleged acts of Divine interference in the course of history. The paper confined attention on the former class. The distinction between faith as the religious organ and reason as the philosophic is meaningless. The common saying, "The just and the unjust walk alike by faith," is only true in a special sense. Under any theory of knowledge there is no antecedent improbability in the assumption that a Divine influence may infuse emotions, &c., just as somehow something produces sensations. Adopting for convenience the Kantian doctrine, it may be shown that this anyhow is possible, for no realm of the unknowable can be philosophically maintained. And this is material enough for a rational interpretation of the phenomena of repentance, &c., in the deepest sense, which otherwise is inexplicable. The religious emotions, although claimed as the possession of so large a proportion of men, yet are strangely neglected in psychology.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

FINE ART.

PORTUGUESE DELFT.

Oporto: Feb. 16, 1889.

It is evidence of how this western corner of the continent has been neglected by the student and the inquirer in certain fields that the existence in Portugal of a very curious and, in a small way, important art production—a true Portuguese faience — has remained undescribed, and virtually unknown, till the present day. Indeed, the first discovery of it to the English public will be through this letter, and is made by one who has no pretensions to be anything but a modest collector of the waifs and strays of the older days. I make no apology for dealing with the matter in some detail, for there can be few modern critical students of a people's characteristics and potentialities who will not admit that inquiry into its aesthetic tendencies and developments is nearly as valuable in arriving at right conclusions as the study of its ballads, its folk lore, or its language.

Six months ago I sent a small collection of old Portuguese faience on loan to the South Kensington Museum. There it still is on show, and there it will probably remain for some time to come. I mentioned this fact incidentally in an article in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The collection consists of about twenty pieces — plates, bowls, jars, and grotesque figures of animals. Their date is from 1600 to 1800; and their potting methods, the prevalence of "blue and white" decoration, the earthy "body" employed, the strong, opaque, stanniferous glaze, the forms of some of the pieces and many of the art *motifs*, are all so like those pertaining to the faience which proceeded from the kilns of Delft that a first discoverer of the ware, searching for a name to distinguish it and let his brother "ceramists" know what he had found, could hit upon no more obvious one than "Portuguese Delft." I have accordingly so christened the newly discovered faience. A closer study, however, of the Portuguese ware, and a comparison of it with its sister faience, exhibits differences as well as resemblances, as shall presently be shown.

It may be well to remark in passing that "blue and white" faience of this age is not common in the South of Europe. I know of hardly any in Spain, none in the South of France, and in Italy none but the ware of Savona, which is clearly a derivative from, or rather another form of, Majolica.

The way in which the discovery of the Portuguese "blue and white" came about is worth relating—the more so as it was the result almost entirely of circumstances, and was not made by anyone in particular. Some years ago I was shown in Lisbon a very valuable collection of *objets d'art* which, among many more costly products of the olden time, included a large number of apparently very fine pieces of "Delft." In those days I knew no more of "Delft" than I do now of the pottery made in Saturn; and, being a new-comer to Portugal, I took it for granted that some at least among the array of grand blue and white jars and bowls around me were the product of Portuguese kilns. The owner, smiling kindly upon my ignorance, set me right. "They were all," he said, "pure Delft." I now know that many of the pieces were in point of fact of Portuguese origin; and the owner of these treasures, who no longer lives, and who loved Portuguese work, would himself have rejoiced to be certain of this fact. The next step in the process of discovery was made at the very interesting exhibition of ceramic art in Oporto in the year 1883. Senhor Joaquim de Vasconcellos prepared a learned official catalogue, with valuable information scattered through it, upon the ceramic art of Portugal, and I wrote a report upon the exhibition for the Academy; but, though we had plenty of the "Portugese Delft" under our eyes, neither Senhor Vasconcellos nor I noticed its existence as such, or called attention to the fact that, long before the manufacture of a certain much-talked of ware at the Royal Factory of Rato, in about 1770—a ware, by the way, which has none of the artistic characteristics of true Delft (indeed, almost no artistic characteristics at all)—there was made at several places in the kingdom this remarkable and beautiful faience which I call "Portuguese Delft." It is essentially faience in the more restricted sense of that word, not mere pottery (as Rato ware is), by reason of its peculiar opaque, and rich, tin-bearing glaze.

There can be no doubt that kilns were set up in Portugal, and the potting secrets of their native land taught by Dutch potters very early in the seventeenth century; and the protective duties levied on foreign ware doubtless stimulated further adventure in this line. As these potteries went on and throve, their owners did what protectionists in all countries have ever done—they asked for more and more protection, and finally for prohibition of all imports from abroad. They obtained actual prohibition in 1783; and the result was that—freed from all healthy competion—Portuguese pottery deteriorated, and in time became so extraordinarily ugly, and so bad in quality, that consumers came to think that tin made more satisfactory receptacles for their drugs and liquors. Consequently, the true art faience of Portugal ceased from the land.

In what are called *potting* qualities—namely in fineness of body, evenness of glaze, truth in modelling and "throwing," in regularity of firing and in correctness of drawing, that is in all the purely manufacturing characteristics—the true "Delft" is a long way ahead of the Portuguese ware. On the other hand, in every artistic quality, in softness and delicacy of clouring, in force and ingenuity of decoration, and in a certain (so to say) *bravura* of design, there is in the "Portuguese Delft" something of the Southerner's *perfervidum ingenium*, which we find in the Majolica artists of North Italy, but never look for as an outcome of the kilns of the "hydropic Dutchman." As in true Delft, the Portuguese faience artist often repeated the designs that he found on the Chinese wares of the period. Instances of this are to be seen in the South Kensington collection. Sometimes the Portuguese draughtsman is original, and sometimes he goes far afield for his decorative *motifs*. On several of the pieces in the South Kensington Museum the grasses, plants, flowers, and the animals, notably the lion rampant on one of the plates, and the delicately drawn gazelle that figures on several of the jars, are all designs of clearly Persian origin.

In Portugal we are at the extreme ocean-bounded limits of a broad zone along which have flowed, from east to west, successive waves of aesthetic movement—a zone bounded to the north, almost continuously, by the Himalayas, the Caucasus, the Pyrenees, and the Alps; and having for southern limits the Indian seas and gulfs, and the sands of the great Sahara.

If we accept the Aryan theory, we shall find what we may call Aryan art-*motifs*, not alone on this peculiarly Portuguese ware, but on much earlier art-products of the country: Aryan art-*motifs* existing side by side with Aryan myths and folklore. For instance, on many pieces of this ware we may find the tree of life and the knop and flower pattern—well-known Aryan symbols of the divine power and bounty, conclusively proving, no doubt, the original Aryan derivation of the designs. But, in my opinion, one may easily look too curiously and too deeply for the origin of art-*motifs*

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in many products of aesthetic emotion. The archaeologist may find a peculiar cross, a Turanian symbol, very plainly drawn on some Portuguese pots and dishes; but he would be hasty if he concluded that the Portuguese art-work was of essentially Turanian origin. The Portuguese potter—an artist by instinct—appropriated a decorative idea wherever he found it, taking what was near rather than what was far from him; and, if Aryan designs of the Persian species preponderate in the best work he did, it is for no more recondite reason than because the best work was done by the best artists, and the best artists could best appreciate the fine designs on the carpets and fictile ware that came abundantly into the wealthy Portugal of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

With all the differences that exist between true Delft and the local faience to go upon, and, furthermore, with the help of some very convincing historical records and allusions in Portuguese contemporary writings, together with armorial bearings, and dates, and Portuguese legends on the pieces themselves, the conclusion was inevitable that the supposed ware from Delft was, in truth, a true Portuguese faience, carrying with it evidence of the former existence in Portugal of very high artistic taste and faculty. As musical composers have sometimes resolved into harmony a combination of notes wherein previous musicians had found only discord, so the pottery colourist has, at times, done the same thing. His scale is simple, his colours few; particularly in the case of faience, where a highly glazed and durable surface is only obtained by firing at high temperature. Every potter knows that in presence of such kiln-heat as must be used to get these attributes, hardly any colours except the blue derivatives of cobalt survive; hence a certain monotony in the "blue and white" of Delft and in the highly-fired porcelain wares of Nankin. Now a certain colour that will bear a strong heat almost as well as the cobalt blues has been discovered by the Portuguese potters of the last two centuries. It is called by them *cor de vinho*—wine colour—and it is not quite a satisfactory tint in itself, being of a brownish claret colour, and when combined with blue it might seem at first sight to make a discord rather than a harmony. The Portuguese, however, have contrived to combine it with blue in such proportions as to make a real colour-blend, and thus to save their blue and white pieces from that sameness and coldness which end by wearying the eye in such ware. The *cor de vinho* was used in very early pieces. It is to be found on one piece with the arms of Portugal, dated 1641.

Among the Portuguese ware in South Kensington will be found one or two lustred pieces. This ware is of an earlier date than the Portuguese Delft, and was made at Coimbra before 1600, in kilns which afterwards, as I have reason to believe, never turned out lustred ware again. Lustred pieces are very rare in Portugal, and are mostly rough in glaze, and clumsy in design. The lustre is of a golden red, and not of a high order. It is probable that it is of Moorish origin, like the lustred wares of Spain. Among the collection are some imitations of those multi-coloured Delft pieces whose juxtapositions of gaudy colouring were perhaps suggested by the similar juxtaposition of gorgeous hues on the petals of the hybrid tulips which the Dutchman loved, and still loves, to raise. In true Delft these coloured pieces are miracles of "potting" ingenuity and skill. The Portuguese imitations are inferior in this respect, but they often possess truer and softer colour-harmonies than the Dutch pieces.

Oswald Crawfurd.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SITE OF OLD BAGHDÂD.

Baghdâd: Jan. 13, 1889.

On January 11, in the company of M. Henri Pognon, the French consul, I visited the site of old Baghdâd. It is on the Mesopotamian side of the Tigris. The remains of the old mound are still plainly visible. The ruins of a very large and compact wall face the river, forming one of its banks. We entered a boat and were rowed along the wall, which is 16 to 20 feet higher than the water. Bricks (32 cm. × 32 × 7) were taken from different places; and every one bore the stamp of "Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, the restorer of Esaqqila and Ezida, son of Nabopolassar, king of Babylon." We noticed three different kinds of stamps. Baghdâd was then an old Babylonian site. Does this not argue for Delitzsch's reading *Bagdadu?*

Robert Francis Harper.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The exhibitions to open next week include (1) a collection of water-colour drawings by leading artists of the Dutch school, at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street; (2) a set of choice paintings by Corot, at the Goupil Gallery, also in New Bond Street; and (3) the annual exhibition of water-colour drawings at Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons, in Old Bond Street.

Messrs. Dowdeswell will also have on view next week a series of drawings, chiefly of the Austrian and Italian Tyrol, by Mr. J. M. Donne.

A general meeting of the Hellenic Society will take place at 22 Albemarle Street on Monday next, February 25, at 5 p.m., when Miss Jane Harrison will read a paper on "Certain Vase Fragments of Considerable Interest."

A finely-executed fresco has just been discovered in that portion of Canterbury Cathedral which is known as St. Anselm's Chapel, originally dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. The removal of a wall, which was probably erected shortly after the great fire in 1174, with a view to strengthening the wall of the choir, disclosed the painting, which represents St. Paul in the act of detaching from his hand and shaking into the flames the viper by which he was bitten on the island of Melita. The painting is about four feet square. The colouring of the fresco is in a wonderful state of preservation, and the string course of bordering remarkably good. It was probably executed towards the close of the twelfth century.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Héron de Villefosse exhibited casts and photographs of two small sculptured monuments, both found in France, which throw light upon the famous "Hermes" of Praxiteles, discovered a few years ago in the course of the German excavations at Olympia. The god, as is well known, is carrying an infant Dionysos on his left shoulder, and is extending his right arm towards and over him; but unfortunately the right hand is missing. It has been conjectured that the right hand held a bunch of grapes. This conjecture has now been fully confirmed by the two sculptures referred to by M. de Villefosse. One is a bronze statuette, found in Burgundy; the other is a Roman *stele*, from Hatrize, near Briey (Meurthe-et-Moselle). In both of these can be seen an imitation, however feeble, of the "Hermes" of Praxiteles; and in both the god dangles a bunch of grapes from his right hand.

THE STAGE.

"THE LOVE STORY."

The part played by Miss Janet Achurch—the chief part in "The Love Story"—is one of those which are not quite so good as they may seem to the performers of them. For upon the proceedings of Margaret Borth there is laid more than once the heavy burden of improbability; and it is difficult to say to what extent this may discount the effect of the many excellent situations and excellent moments which the author's stage-craft has contrived, and to which the art and temperament of the actress permit her to do justice. Up to a certain point Mr. Leclercq has well imagined the character of Margaret Borth—poetic, highly strung, impulsive, affectionate. But when, in consequence of a plot designed by a defaulting bank manager and one William Trett (who is his creature), the hero of the piece, a blameless novelist—or more than that, as we are given to understand, a novelist of genius—bears to outsiders the air of having made love to Madeleine only because of her fortune, that young lady invites him to "clear himself," and will have nothing to do with him unless he shall do so. The novelist of genius—being gifted, it seems, with common-sense into the bargain—most properly replies that he shall not attempt to clear himself, and that the woman who professes to love him must be so good as to believe him upon his bare and simple word. Madeleine thinks otherwise, and accepts forthwith the renewed offer of the defaulting bank manager, who had, it is quite true—and it is her only excuse for accepting him—importuned her with love while she was still presumably poor. The heroine's bearing is here, as I conceive it, entirely untrue to the character that has been previously drawn for us. A fainter measure of sympathy than would otherwise accompany her goes with her then through her subsequent disasters—through the misery of her awakening to the fact that it is Falshawe whom she loves after all, and Marchastle whom she marries; through the agony of her belief that a shot of hers, fired off by accident, has really killed the man whom, in any honester fashion, she would give half her life to be rid of; through the tortures, lastly, which she suffers when she knows that her lover is self-accused of a crime he never committed. There are two ways, of dealing with your characters in novel or drama. Either they must be true to their own natures at all costs, and the end of the story be what their natures make it, or their action must be forced and wrenched—their natures violated—that the story may fall into some desired channels. Now Mr. Pierre Leclercq is not to be quite acquitted of this latter proceeding. Stay, however, there is a third thing possible. An author, paying regard at bottom to the truth of his characters, may yet fall honestly into a mistake as to their course of action. The commonplace writer, with a good aim, does this, indeed, continually. I am not sure that the writer of genius does not do it now and then. I am not sure that the heroine of Mr. Thomas Hardy's most admirable short story, *Interlopers at the Knap*, would have been so obstinately proof, as Mr. Hardy makes her, against the

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advances of her lover, when her lover had long repented in sincerity the error of his ways.

But the only grave mistake in the conception of "The Love Story" has been sufficiently dwelt upon; and, where much is ingenious, it is not necessary to insist at length upon defects in treatment—as for instance that the dialogue in the second scene of the first act is distinctly redundant, and that the insufferably voluble Welsh lodginghouse keeper speaks the language of the halfpenny evening newspaper, and that three days (the only interval between the first act and the second) is supposed to be enough to establish the reputation of Mr. Falshawe's novel—an admitted triumph, we are told, at the end of them; yet existing at the beginning of them only in the form of an "advance copy." This has been already a very "straight talk," and minor things may pass, that witness may be borne without further delay to the play's possession of many telling qualities; of a measure of truth to human nature in suffering, and even, in the character of William Trett (which Mr. Fred Thorne plays very funnily), of a measure of truth to it in humour. Whatever the faults of the piece, the piece is worth seeing; for it is planned and executed on the whole with skill, and it is acted, in one or two of its best characters, with something more than discretion and vigour.

Mr. Laurence Cautley—quite a rising actor, as our readers know—strikes at the first rather a commonplace note He warms up to his work, however, as the situation grows interesting, and, in the long run, proves far from inefficient. Mr. Pagden, as a sympathetic solicitor, is adequate; and the grateful though not very important part of the novelist's mother is played with cordiality by Miss Drummond. Mr. Charrington, as the bank manager who marries the heroine when he is wanted by the police, has one of his strongest scenes within a minute or two of the rise of the curtain. This is also one of the scenes which, from the construction of the drama, it is easiest to believe in; and Mr. Charrington plays it with boldness and nervous force. The despair of one moment, the excited rejoicing of the next—as the way is found out of what seemed a hopeless difficulty—are strikingly depicted by a young actor whose methods are not, perhaps, quite fully matured, but who adds to the virtue of earnestness the gift of individualility. Miss Achurch's part—unnatural as I have insisted it must be at times—is at all events extremely full and varied, and only an actress singularly mobile and several-sided could even hope to grapple with it. Miss Achurch plays it quite remarkably. It is doubtful whether there are to-day two other actresses in London who could play with the intensity of this young artist the violent scenes of the third and the pathetic scene of the fourth act. And I am quite sure there are not two who could make out of the love-scene of the first or second (when Madeleine hears Falshawe's declaration of devotion to her) all that Miss Achurch makes of it; playing it as from an observation of life unerringly delicate, and as with a feeling curiously womanly and subtle. Here an artist who is never less than interesting, touches the exquisite. The performance of "The Love Story" is one that the real student of the theatre cannot afford to miss.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. WILSON BARRETT will produce, on Thursday in next week, his drama of "Now-a-Days." It will be played every afternoon for awhile. Meantime one or two changes in the direction indicated in the ACADEMY last Saturday—and by several contemporaries likewise—have been made in "The Good Old Times." The piece has been notably "pulled together," and a portion of the prettily-painted panorama in the fourth act has been discreetly sacrificed. The attendance every night is very large. Indeed, we hear that an immense business is being done.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. DANNREUTHER gave his third concert at Orme Square on Thursday evening, February 14, at which was performed a new Sonata in D for pianoforte and violin, by Dr. C. H. Parry. It consists of three movements: an Allegro with interesting thematic material, a charming Andante, and a clever Presto. One great merit of this new work is its conciseness; for diffuseness is the besetting sin of many modern composers. The Sonata was well rendered by Messrs. Dannreuther and Gibson. The programme included pianoforte Trios by Beethoven and Brahms, Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; and some songs by Schubert and Bizet artistically rendered by Miss Lena Little.

On Friday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave their first Vocal Recital at Prince's Hall. The programme, as usual, was full of attractive things. Two duets—Gagliano's "Alma mia" and Grétry's graceful "Un bandeau couvre les yeux"—opened the concert well. Mrs. Henschel sang in her best manner Beethoven's "Kennst du das Land," Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" and Brahms' setting of a Volkslied, "Sandmännchen." It would be difficult to imagine anything more delightful than to listen to such songs interpreted by such artists. Mrs. Henschel does full justice to her part; but no little of the effect which she produced was due to the clever and sympathetic accompaniment of her husband. Mr. Henschel sang, among other things, a new and interesting song by Brahms—"Auf dem Kirschhof"—and two of his favourite Loewe Ballads. A duet from Wagner's early opera, "Die Feen," was admirably rendered. No one unacquainted with the name of the composer would imagine it to have been written by the author of "Tristan."

Mr. Hamish MacCunn's Dramatic Cantata, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," composed expressly for the Glasgow Choral Union, was performed last Saturday at the Crystal Palace under Mr. Manns' direction. Mr. MacCunn, in this his latest work, has more than maintained his well-earned reputation. He has a Schubertian flow of melody, which, too, like that of the great composer, is unequal. In the skill with which he handles the orchestra he bids fair to become an English Berlioz. The libretto, arranged by Mr. James MacCunn from Scott's well-known poem, served for the moment to inspire the tone-poet, but has not given him a full opportunity of displaying his dramatic powers. One weak feature of the libretto is the comparative tameness of the second, after the excitement of the first, part. The composer shows himself at his best in the ride of Sir William of Deloraine to Melrose Abbey, and in the scene at the tomb of the great Wizard. Mr. MacCunn has fully grasped the situation. It is not so much details of melody, harmony, or orchestration that attract, but the general grouping, the colouring, the oneness of tone and word. The "Ride" has evidently been inspired by Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride," but the music has character of its own. The "Tomb" scene has a touch of genius about it; the thoughts are expressed in a terse and bold manner; there is no straining after effect, and yet all is effective. Another specimen of the composer's mastery is the short chorus "'Tis done." In the opening tenor solo with chorus of the second part, Mr. MacCunn shows us that he can write simply, and yet not fall into the commonplace. There is a touch about it of the chorus of Sylphs and Gnomes in Berlioz's "Faust." In other portions of the Cantata there are undoubtedly weak moments. The basses are at times stiff, or the melody lacks point, or the harmonies are a little far-fetched. But to point out these would serve no useful purpose. A composer of such strength and originality must be aware of his weaknesses; and with every new attempt his genius will ripen. Mr. MacCunn makes considerable use of representative themes; but, after the manner of Wagner, they are worked into the material, not dotted over the surface of the music as we sometimes find them in mere imitators of the style of the Bayreuth master. Mdme. Nordica, Miss Curran, and Messrs. Iver McKay and Andrew Black were the soloists, and did justice to their parts. The orchestral playing was exceedingly good, but the choir did not distinguish itself. The composer was called to the platform at the close. The Cantata was preceded by Cherubini's "Anacreon" Overture, an Aria from "The Magic Flute," effectively sung by Mdme. Nordica, and Mr. MacCunn's clever Concert-Overture, "Land of the Mountain and the Flood."

Otto Hegner gave his second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. Bach's second English Suite was neatly played, but we missed the *Agréments* in the repeats of the sections of the Sarabande; at least, in spite of what Dr. Spitta says, we imagine this to have been Bach's intention. The chief feature of the programme was Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3)—a severe test both to the mental and physical powers of the young pianist. Little Otto, however, attacked the music courageously. Mind triumphed over body, and he achieved a brilliant success. Was it excitement which caused him to hurry the tender Minuet? He played besides solos by Chopin, Weber, Huber his master, Paderewski, and Liszt.

Mr. Henschel gave his last subscription concert on Tuesday evening. With one exception, the programme consisted of familiar items. This exception was the Overture to Wagner's opera, "Die Feen." This work was written by the composer at the age of twenty. At that time, Weber was his chief model. What strikes one most in the Overture is the vigour manifested. The principal theme of the Allegro is quite Weberish; but in the short introduction and in one or two other places there are phrases distinctly foreshadowing passages in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." How strongly does the career of Wagner resemble that of Beethoven! Both possessed strong originality, but in both this was, at first, all but hidden by the influence of great contemporaries. Mr. J. Kruse played Beethoven's Violin Concerto, but did not do justice either to himself or to the work.

Mr. Henschel will give his second and last afternoon concert next Wednesday, when the Leeds Choir will sing in Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," and the Choral Symphony.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1889.

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It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, *and not to the* EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

A History of Eighteenth-Century Literature. By Edmund Gosse. (Macmillan.)

MR. GOSSE begins his book with a misnomer, a chronological misstatement, which he can hardly expect his critics to pass over or to forgive. He makes his eighteenth century begin in the year 1660 and end with 1780. This is just one of those blunders which we critics love to hold up to scorn and reprobation. We are certain a century holds but a hundred years, and Mr. Gosse's consists of a hundred and twenty!

Let the critics, however, say what they please, every student of this great period in our literature knows that Mr. Gosse is right, and will applaud him for his bold chronology. The period which found English written speech, to use Mr. Gosse's own words, "antiquated, amorphous, without a standard of form, and left it a finished thing, the completed body for which subsequent ages could do no more than weave successive robes of ornament and fashion," begins in 1660 with Dryden—poet, critic, and literary reformer—and ends in 1780, when the movement that had continued over four generations had expended most of its force and was in decadence, when Samuel Johnson's life-work had ended, and the dawn of the new day, with Burns, Coleridge, and Wordsworth for its luminaries, was yet hardly visible.

It is, of course, not to be expected that, in a matter which concerns human beings, the progress of their taste, the movement of their thought, and its expression in prose and verse, there can be any such things as hard and fast lines of delimitation, or any date before which men had not thought of eighteenth-century methods, and another after which they no longer followed them. It is, nevertheless, curious how these two dates of 1660 and 1780 do virtually bound and enclose the true eighteenth-century literary period. Mr. Gosse shows how Waller, who in his youth was almost in touch with the Elizabethans, and in manhood lived through the revelry and riot of the Restoration, in his maturity suggested and set the example of that manner in verse and of the heroic couplet which Denham caught up and Dryden made his and made splendid, and handed on to Pope and Johnson and Goldsmith, and which never died out till Erasmus Darwin—a hundred years afterwards—exaggerated and rendered it ridiculous and out of mode for ever.

At the close of the period there is some overlapping too, but it is more in seeming than in fact. Chatterton wrote his famous romantic ballads long before 1780. He published one of the best of the Rowley poems in 1769, and died by his own hand in the following year. Even his great posthumous "Ballad of Charitie" saw the light before 1780. But Chatterton, the child-genius, was an anomaly and his writings an anachronism. They met with no favour till long after; and a literary period is to be distinguished not merely by what is written in it, but by what is written in it and finds full acceptance. The story of Chatterton, his forgeries and his fate, serve but to show how strong and contrary the wind of opinion still blew against true romance. Had Chatterton not felt it to be so strong he would never have hidden his great genius behind the jargon of a false antique. He would have sung with his own natural voice, he would have found favour and lived, and England perhaps would have now on her roll of fame one more poet of the first rank. Chatterton's song was heard untimely, before the winter's frosts had passed away; he does not belong to the century of letters which Dryden began and Johnson ended.

Mr. Gosse's volume is at once a historical review of the period and a series of brief biographies of the writers who made it notable. He does not attempt to condense into a sentence a definition of the age; that is, he does not endeavour at an impossibility, for he knows that when we come to look for salient points in the characteristics of the eighteenth century, we are very soon embarrassed with their number and their complexity. Those cursory persons, therefore, who lack time or tenacity to array the whole of them in their memory, and who desire, either in this review or in Mr. Gosse's book, to have their learning shortened for them into an aphorism or an apopthegm, must submit to be balked of their wishes. Indeed, if a satisfying account of eighteenth-century methods, art-tendencies, limitations, and purpose could be so abbreviated, there had been no need for Mr. Gosse to have written his full and eloquent work.

It is commonly said that the eighteenth century is marked off from all others by its common-sense; but that is only one of its characteristics. There are, besides, its classic restraint; its moderation, that often comes so near to being common-place; its level excellence of utterance, that seldom sinks and never soars; its admirable cultivation of lucidity; its respectability; its rationalism; its so-called correctness of language, that turns in the very mouths of those who use it to be conventional and essentially incorrect; its wit; its abhorrence of romance; its avoidance of naturalism, as we now understand that word; and the fact that its appeal to nature and her phenomena is never made at first hand.

What Mr. Gosse brings out well is that this period, through which literary expression was sharpened, strengthened, and purified by four generations of writers, was also a period of slow growth and gradual development from lower forms of thought and expression to higher and more spiritual ones. To make this clear, he divides the century, somewhat arbitrarily, it must be admitted—it could be no otherwise—but usefully, into three main epochs or ages. First, the age of Dryden, when common-sense reigned, but when the ghosts of the fiery enthusiasms of older days appeared now and again, taking the form of braggart, huffing rant and extreme coarseness. Secondly, the age of Swift: an age of compromise between extremes, political as well as literary; an age of repression of all excess, an age of literary suppleness, wit, antithesis, and refinement, exhibited in Pope and Addison with something too much, perhaps, of a dogmatic and morality-preaching tendency. This is the period wherein the drama ends, which, by-the-by, if it try to teach, always dies. It was now that the social essay took form in the *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, and *Tatler*, and prose style was cultivated as it never was before. It was an age made still more notable and important by the imagination and spiritualising touch of Berkeley, with a promise in his writings of fuller-reaching utterance in a day to come. Thirdly, there is the age of Johnson, where the literary movement of the century is still at work, but in decadence, and yet when a new spirit is stirring it uneasily to larger and more humane issues. It is the beginning of what we now perceive to be the most important literary event since the Renaissance—the first discovery of the English novel, beginning in this sub-period with Richardson and Fielding, and ending in it with Goldsmith and Miss Burney.

With such a book as this of Mr. Gosse's, it is difficult rightly to perform the commonly easy office of the critic, and either to blame or to differ. I must confess I find myself in a dull monotony of agreement with the hundreds of sentences that Mr. Gosse has passed on the labours and characteristics of the men of this past-away century. Very seldom have I wished to insert a qualification or to heighten the note of Mr. Gosse's praise or of his censure. Perhaps the author hardly does full justice to the triumphant and all-sufficing nature of true genius when he qualifies his praise of Chatterton by suggesting that he borrowed from Thomson, Goldsmith, Collins, or Gray. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when a writer strikes out something great he is but following the law of our gregarious species, and the germ of his utterance may be traced to a predecessor; but genius is not bound by this or by any law, and for my part I find the "Ballad of Charitie" or the "Minstrel's Roundelay" as perfectly underived creations as "Hamlet" or "Macbeth."

Mr. Gosse's book is one for the student because of its fulness, its trustworthiness, and its thorough soundness of criticism; and one for the general reader because of its pleasantness and interest. It is a book, indeed, not easy to put down or to part with; and my own agreement with the author's opinion has been so constant, he expresses so well what I myself have often only obscurely thought, that it has been to me less like reading the utterances of a critic than listening to a congenial companion talking upon a subject of which he is fuller of knowledge, riper in judgment, and juster in expression than myself, but never once sententious or dictatorial. After all, Mr. Gosse's secret is no other than that of the great poet-critic of Rome—his urbanity; and one can almost hear him say with Horace, as he offers his opinions,

> "Si quid novisti rectius istis
> Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

Such a critical tone is rare; and, as with all good things, it is the more pleasant because it is rare.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

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Three Generations of Englishwomen: Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon. By Janet Ross. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

If dullness be the characteristic of Norfolk scenery, it was not that of Norwich society during the latter half of the last and the beginning of the present century. Indeed, that city might then have almost laid claim to be the "modern Athens" south of the border, and certainly it shared with its northern rival the air of conscious superiority which is a note of provincialism. Those who contributed to make Norwich at that time an important intellectual centre were persons of considerable natural ability and no little culture, but they were not giants. The most conspicuous figures in the group were Dr. Alderson and his daughter Amelia Opie, the Martineaus and Gurneys, that excellent instructress of youth—Mrs. Barbauld, Sir Thomas Beevor, Dr. Reeves, William Windham, Dr. Rigby (whose *Letters from France* were published a few years ago), and the whole family of John Taylor. In the history of that family, whose members (as the Duke of Sussex once said) reversed the proverb that it takes nine tailors to make a man, Mr. Francis Galton must have found some apt examples of hereditary excellence both in mind and body. Mrs. Ross, as a daughter of Lady Duff Gordon, exhibits a natural pride in her ancestral and other relatives, but even she has failed to do thorough justice to the parent stock. She is, for instance, mistaken in supposing that Dr. Rigby married the daughter of Dr. John Taylor. Sarah Taylor was his mother, not his wife; and it is certainly worth adding that Lady Eastlake is his daughter, and has inherited in no mean degree those gifts and graces by which her grandmother's family has been distinguished. This is a trifling error, and one for which Mrs. Ross has made the amplest atonement in the general care which she has bestowed in editing the materials at her disposal. She has enabled us to make acquaintance with not a few men and women whom it is a pleasure to know, and has given us a further insight into the lives and thoughts of some about whom one can never learn too much.

Mrs. John Taylor, who is the representative of the first generation, was a daughter of John Cook, of Norwich, and married in the year 1777. She is described as a handsome and gifted woman, whose energetic character and liberal opinions, joined with great kindness of heart, made her a centre of the circle of remarkable people who frequented Norwich. Some of her letters have been preserved, and display the family faculty of fluent writing. Of course, they are somewhat didactic and sententious, as becomes a lady who regarded the society of Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld as a privilege of the highest order. She was thoroughly practical, found her greatest happiness in domestic life, enjoyed intellectual society and occupied a high position in it, had rather a contempt for imaginative literature, and looked upon romantic people as troublesome. Dr. James Martineau, writing to Mrs. Ross, says:

"I retain a vivid remembrance of your great-grandmother, Mrs. John Taylor, as a very remarkable woman. She was, I believe, one of the contributors to the budget read at the meetings, held at intervals of a few years, of the Taylor and Martineau families, the descendants of two sisters, who at last were upwards of seventy in number. These papers consisted of essays, poems and dramas; the latter being acted by the younger members of the two families, and I well remember taking a part when a boy. An amusing picture rises before me as I think of your great-grandmother. It was the duty of every *mater-familias* in those days to sally forth on market days, before breakfast, to lay in the needful stores for the larder. My mother used to take me with her to help with the porterage of her purchases. We went pretty early, but on the way were almost sure to meet Mrs. John Taylor on her return from the market-place, bravely struggling with her own load, without any boy to help her. Yet she could never pass us without stopping for a friendly chat, often running up into grave and stirring themes. And I remember how my boyish sense of humour was touched by the effect of so much eloquent discourse from the lips of the old lady, weighted by her huge basket, with the shank of a leg of mutton thrust out to betray its contents."

Of the children of this worthy lady—the "Madam Roland of Norwich," as she was sometimes called—the sons were all distinguished in their respective spheres. The eldest, John, was an engineer, under whose direction the first tunnel made in England, that through Morvel Down, was executed in 1806. Richard, the second son, was editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*; Edward was Gresham professor of music; Philip was an inventive genius and intimate with all the scientific men of his day; and Arthur, the youngest son, made printing his pursuit and archaeology his pastime. Besides these five sons, Mrs. Taylor had two daughters. The elder, Susan, married Dr. Reeve, whose son is the present editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; the younger, Sarah, became, in 1819, the wife of John Austin, who had left the army to become a barrister. His works on jurisprudence have won for him an enduring reputation, no small share of which should be assigned to his faithful helpmate. Her extraordinary vigour both of mind and body were of the greatest service to her husband, who was despondent, irritable, and constantly ailing. His intellectual powers fitted him, indeed, for tasks of any magnitude; but he was hampered by physical weakness, by an over-critical mind, and an unfortunate habit of spending so much time and exertion on superfluous study and thought as to reduce him to bodily prostration before his work was completed. His wife's calm temperament and sound judgment were of almost as much value to her husband as her skill in domestic management (for the Austins had to struggle with very limited means) and her acquaintance with foreign languages. In this last respect her genius chiefly showed itself, and it is through her translations from the German that she has hitherto been best known. They gained general approval. Prof. Ranke expressed the delight he had experienced "in hearing his thoughts speak in the ringing tones of the purest English," and termed her "his English self." Mrs. Austin had a double qualification for the work of translation: she knew not only German but also English. We may go further and say that she knew England and the English. Her correspondence with Guizot and Gladstone, with Mill and Whewell and B. St. Hilaire, shows the keen interest she took in social and political questions, and also her freedom from party prejudices. There is a wonderful freshness about her letters—whether written in French or German or in her own language; and often does one come across observations made years ago, which are singularly appropriate to our own times. Thus, writing to M. Guizot in 1851, she says: "My own discouragement about France arises more from the political character of the people (of all classes) than from anything else. Every government seems a new toy, soon to be pulled in pieces and broken." In the same year she suggests to Mr. Gladstone that advance in education of which we are just beginning to feel the need. We have a good system of primary education, but that is all. "Give us," she says, "a scheme for excellent *burgher schools*, to which the people shall pay a good price, and have in return as much as their money can procure." But it is not in Mrs Austin's letters alone that there is so much that is interesting. Open these volumes where we will, we are pretty sure to come across something worth notice contributed by her numerous correspondents. For example, as long ago as 1844, Baron von Humboldt had discovered some of Darwin's merits. Hallam, in 1848, avowed his belief that every vote given to Louis Napoleon for President of the Republic might be reckoned as given to him for emperor, "to which [position], if he commits no great blunder by his own incapacity, he will be pushed in a short time." The sage of Chelsea contributes a few interesting letters, but does not prophecy. Mrs. Austin is less discreet. In 1855 she asserts that

"the next despotism the world will have to undergo is that of the press. This might be foreseen as soon as we get a reading populace. When the people have read enough to become clear-sighted and reasonable, the despotism will fall of itself. But when will that be? Two centuries hence?"

Mrs. Austin died in 1867, and was buried at Weybridge by the side of the husband who had been to her "the object of the profoundest veneration and the tenderest pity." One can scarcely help regretting that her pen was not exercised in other ways than in translating and editing the works of others. But these volumes will bear evidence to the justice of the reputation she enjoyed—a reputation for judgment, knowledge, culture, and largeness of heart. Of her daughter Lucy, little need be said. Lady Duff Gordon's name is familiar even to the present generation of English, and, when forgotten by them, will be remembered by the Arabs among whom she lived and died. Her letters, which Mrs. Ross publishes, are of the same character as those we have already seen—full of wit and playful humour, of tender sympathy and heroic fortitude. She won all hearts, from the highest to the lowest, and was beloved alike by princes and poets and by the poorest fellaheen.

Charles J. Robinson.

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Field and Hedgerow. By Richard Jefferies. (Longmans.)

In forming a judicial estimate of these last essays of Richard Jefferies, collected by his widow, it is by no means easy, though very necessary, to detach therefrom any consideration of certain facts and circumstances of the author's life which Mr. Besant's generous *Eulogy* tended to emphasise. The reader, too, is not permitted to forget that they were written during a protracted period of physical suffering. In the opening essay, "Hours of Spring," which abounds with realistic description of animal and plant life in Jefferies's finest manner, he himself strikes a keynote of sadness which, however, it is pleasant to find, does not persistently obtrude throughout the volume:

"I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me—how they manage, bird and flower, without me to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it so carefully and lovingly, day by day, the seed-leaves on the mounds on the sheltered places that come so early, the pushing up of the young grass, the succulent dandelion, the coltsfoot on the heavy, thick clods, the trodden chickweed despised at the foot of the gate-post, so common and small, and yet so dear to me. . . . Day by day a change; always a note to make. The moss dying on the tree trunks, dog's-mercury stirring under the ash-poles, bird's-claw buds of beech lengthening; books upon books to be filled with these things. I cannot think how they manage without me. . . . To-day, through the window-pane, I see a lark high up against the grey cloud, and hear his song. . . . It is years since I went out amongst them in the old fields and saw them in the green corn. . . . Without me to tell him, how does this lark to-day, that I hear through the window, know it is his hour? . . . Each note falls into my heart like a knife."

But I quote this passage for reasons other than its intrinsic sadness. It serves to show the peculiar posture of mind induced by Jefferies's life-long intimate communion with nature. His inmost being was fulfilled with her influences. To him the creatures of wood, and cornfield, and pasturage, and "the stray things of the hedge" and roadside were spirit and were life; and he had come to regard himself as being as vitally necessary to them as they were to him. This accounts for an assertion that might well seem great egotism in *The Story of My Heart*—"Except when I walk by the sea, and my soul is by it, the sea is dead."

Moreover, the quotation discloses Jefferies's method: "Always a note to make . . . Books upon books to be filled with these things." And this may not be thought unimportant when it is borne in mind that some critics refuse to recognise in his work any higher quality than that of picturesque "cataloguing"—a mere recital of externals, leading to no definite conclusions. "You only find in Rome what you take thither," said Goethe. They whose interest in the life of the country is but a languid preference, or prompted by motives of novelty and fashion, are as little likely to experience satisfaction in the perusal of these essays as to find abiding charm in the contemplation of the landscape and existence Jefferies so faithfully portrays. To true lovers of the rural life, however, the minute description, the frequent elaboration of details, in Jefferies rarely proves tedious or gives an impression of incompleteness. For his work is informed with the felt presence of nature, and instinct with the finer mysteries of living things. "In his hands," as Mr. Aubrey de Vere says of Wordsworth, "ordinary things become extraordinary, because he sees in them, and teaches his readers to see, depths and heights not suspected." And this because, like Thoreau, Jefferies dedicated his genius with entire love and absolute self-detachment from the world of action to the woods and fields of his own countryside. All the same, there are now and then indications of the reporter; and an abruptness and inconsequence in his statement of facts which favour a supposition that occasional passages are merely transcripts from his notebook—*e.g.*:

"It is curious that there seems to be a distinct race of flat heads among the cottagers; the children look as if the front part of the head had been sat upon and compressed. Straw hats, the common sort, seem to be made to fit these shallow crowns. In some parts they cook dates; others cook oranges, making them into dumplings, and also stewing them."

But this instance is exceptional. What M. Taine has written of Dickens applies as forcibly to the writer whose lovingly observant eye, faculty of insight, and power of interpretation and reproduction have given us a series of pictures, incomparable in freshness and charm, of natural England and rural life:

"He has the passion and patience of the painters of his nation; he reckons his details one by one, notes the various hues of the old tree-trunks. . . And this minute description has nothing cold about it; if it is thus detailed, it is because the contemplation was intense; it proves its passion by its exactness."

The present volume has the peculiar characteristics familiar to readers of Jefferies's other purely descriptive books. In it are found the minuteness of observation, the adequate realisation of animal and plant life, the temper of contemplation, and the interpretation of the slightest hints and suggestions, so largely displayed in his earlier writings. There is still, but in a much less degree than heretofore, the old pagan sense of joyousness in living, of keen delight in life for life's own sake. And there is the same pervading consciousness of the relentlessness in nature, as exhibited in the life and death struggle perpetually waged between brute force and cunning, in field and coppice, hedge and stream. In this implied discernment of the absolute indifference of nature to man he suggests comparison with Mr. Thomas Hardy, in some of whose rustic stories the same feeling is even more effectively illustrated.

In Jefferies's last contributions to the literature of nature, there are certain signs of exhaustion, but there are also not a few descriptions no whit inferior to his best work. The following excerpt from "The Makers of Summer" will recall a disquisition on the identity of the colours of our native wild creatures with those of the trees, the bushes, the grasses, and the flowers of our woods and meadows, in an essay entitled "The Haunt of the Hare," in a previous volume:

"There is scarcely a colour that cannot be matched in the gay world of wings. Red, blue, and yellow, and brown and purple—shaded and toned—relieved with dots and curious markings; in the butterflies, night tints in the pattern of the under wings, as if these were shaded with the dusk of the evening, being in shadow under the vane. Gold and orange, red, bright scarlet, and ruby and bronze in the flies. Dark velvet, brown velvet, greys, amber, and gold edgings like military coats in the wild bees. If fifteen or twenty delicate plates of the thinnest possible material, each tinted differently, were placed one over the other, and all translucent, perhaps they might produce something of that singular shadow-painting seen on the wings of moths. They are the shadows of the colours, and yet they are equally distinct. The thin edges of the flies' wings catch the sunbeams, and throw them aside. Look, too, at the bees' limbs, which are sometimes yellow, and sometimes orange-red with pollen. The eyes, too, of many insects are coloured. They know your shadow from that of a cloud. If a cloud comes over, the instant the edge of the shadow reaches the grass-moths they stop, so do some of the butterflies and other insects, as the wild bees remain quiescent. As the edge of our shadow falls on them they rise and fly, so that to observe them closely it must not be allowed to overlap them."

Jefferies's thorough knowledge of practical details and of the ways and means of agricultural life is seen to advantage in several of the essays—*e.g.*, "Field Words and Ways" and "Steam on Country Roads," in the former of which, too, the undeviating habit and peculiar mental temperament of the labourer in Southern England are exemplified. The figures in this volume are, at best, mere adjuncts of the scenes in which they are set, individual sketches wanting in passionate human interest. In this respect, too, the present essays resemble their predecessors. Whatever defects there are in these were also inherent in the writings which brought him honourable recognition and fame; and they are inseparable from the limitations of his genius.

John F. Rolph.

A Memoir of Edward Steere, D.D., Third Missionary Bishop in Central Africa. By the Rev. R. M. Heanley. (Bell.)

A memoir of Bishop Steere is of special interest at the present time, when the members of the Universities Mission to Central Africa are in serious personal danger, and their work liable at any moment to be interrupted and ruined. Bishop Steere more than any other man is responsible for the methods of work and organisation which distinguish the mission, so that the discerning reader will be able to judge from this Memoir what exactly is involved in the continuance or the termination of missionary effort in his diocese.

And besides this first source of interest in the book there is a second, not so exciting as the first perhaps, but quite as important. The discussion which has lately been carried on as to the aims, the conduct, and the efficacy of missions to the heathen receives valuable illustration in the account of Bishop Steere's work in Africa. A great many of the adverse criticisms which have been made upon the sayings and doings of missionaries are emphatically endorsed by Bishop Steere's practice and experience; but, on the other hand, the notion that the missionary of

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apostolic and primitive times, who bore privations and faced death that he might rescue men from vice and ignorance, is an extinct species, and has been succeeded by self-seeking and self-indulgent incapables, is shown, so far as the Universities Mission to Central Africa is concerned, to be a delusion. Not only are devoted and courageous missionaries living and dying in these latter days, but their work is as successful as ever. The history of Bishop Steere is a clear proof that wisdom and energy are not wasted when they are employed in missionary work; a plentiful harvest of the righteousness which exalts nations is the result.

Archdeacon Maples, in his well-written "recollections," printed in chapter xi. of the Memoir, states that the bishop was wanting in the "power of helping forward the conversion of individual souls, such as has distinguished other great missionaries," and claims for him, as his special grace, his "readiness to turn his brain or his hands to any work." This criticism is probably accurate; but the history of Bishop Steere's life suggests continually to the reader that the patient humility which turns its brain or hand to any work, and persistently, in the smallest details of every day life, holds up before men's eyes the clear light of a noble example, will in the long run do more to raise men's lives than the most earnest emotional appeals. This is specially the case when the man to be raised is a savage—to convert him is only too easy; to permanently raise his moral tone must usually be a slow and difficult process. The missionary to the heathen needs ever to have in mind the parable of the seed growing silently. Bishop Steere was, first of all, remarkable for patient thoroughness, and scorn of any work which would not last; but his plans, however carefully executed, were strikingly original and daring in conception. This is shown not so much in his arduous and dangerous journeys as in such an achievement as the erection, almost with his own hands, of Christ Church, Zanzibar, on the site of the slave market; in the refusal to call it his cathedral, because "we will build our cathedral on the shores of the Nyassa some day"; in his establishment of a common fund for his staff in Africa, each man being allowed £20 a year for clothes and other things which could not be provided in kind. The self-indulgent priest did not exist in Bishop Steere's diocese. To a member of his staff who suggested that a horse might be useful, he writes:

"I have a very strong objection to people's riding about at all, unless it is a case of absolute necessity. I do not think we are justified in taking the money of poor people, and spending it on horses or carriages, or in any other kind of luxury. . . . I am intensely disgusted at the spirit of self-indulgence which seems to be more and more the spirit of the age, and am, I dare say, inclined to go unreasonable lengths against it, but still I am so inclined."

This hardy self-denial was an essential part of the bishop's character. "What is the special vice of the rich?" he asks in a letter to a friend; and he answers "that they spend very nearly all they have in some way or other on themselves." At the Church Congress of 1871 he complains that "the army of the Church of England cannot go on to conquer, because it has found its Capua in our country parsonages," and points out that "the duty of the Church in regard to the slave trade is, of course, to put an end to it altogether." This can only be done thoroughly by the "evangelisation of the African nation"; but "it is because Englishmen are lukewarm about the whole matter that the slave trade continues as it is."

As having some bearing upon the question of the bishop's inability to convert we may note his protest against the collection of information by the missionary societies from the reports of the missionaries themselves.

"What a grand scope for a vain man to display himself, what a sore temptation to exaggerate, to say not what one knows but what one hopes. . . A good missionary is himself the most touching, the most interesting thing about his station. . . . Of this we can ordinarily hear nothing. . . . He cannot draw a picture of his own soul to be printed off in the society's penny monthly."

Another doctrine of the bishop's, important in relation to missionary work, was that "missions sent out by a society in England and managed by a committee at home can never be quite satisfactory." The result of this view was the separation of the Universities' Mission from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, because the latter society demanded the administrative control of funds collected by their committee. Bishop Steere considered that the control should rest with himself and the priests under him.

We have touched upon only a few of the points of interest in Mr. Heanley's excellent Memoir. Bishop Steere succeeded Bishop Tozer just when he was most wanted; and his rare gifts as a constructive statesman, joined with patient perseverance and humble attention to detail, account for the growth of the mission during his episcopate. We are apt to forget that the bishop was both a linguistic genius and an acute metaphysician, because these qualities were ornaments not essentials of his character, and it is his character which impresses us and commands our admiration. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge need not grudge to London University the honour of having trained the third bishop of their mission. His virtues belonged to the man, and could not be produced by any educational method. Ronald Bayne.

Scottish Song: its Wealth, Wisdom, and Social Significance. By John Stuart Blackie. (Blackwood.)

Emeritus Prof. Blackie is a born lecturer, not a born man of letters. So he is seen both at his worst and at his best in this volume, which is not so much a compact work as a series of lectures published in book form. To him a Scottish provincial platform is the equivalent of another man's native heath. He frequently interrupts his discourse to amuse his audience with a song or the sword dance, or occasionally even with the information that his name is not Macgregor, but Blackie. Such interruptions are somewhat out of place when they occur in connexion with a lecture on the land question or on the second aorists that are to be found in Plato's *Republic*; but they seem the natural accompaniment of the breezy rhapsodies on honest men, bonnie lasses, good Scotch music, "the fine art of osculation," and moderation in the indulgence of passion, which constitute the bulk of a volume that is very much more one of exposition than of criticism. On the other hand, the method of dealing with essentially literary subjects by lectures leads not infrequently to inaccuracy, and encourages diffuseness. Both inaccuracy and diffuseness disfigure this book.

To the true Burnsian, who is more bent on letting the public know (or, perhaps, on ascertaining for himself) what Burns actually did and wrote than, like Prof. Blackie, on curtain-lecturing him for not controlling his passions, it is extremely exasperating to find him represented as "crooning these beautiful lines with his face to the west":

"Bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat an' clean."

And

"What sighs an' vows among the knowes
Hae passed atween us twa."

It is hardly possible to avoid asking whether much confidence can be placed in the literary judgment of a critic who attributes these grotesque commonplaces—the work of one of those imitators of Burns who have done greater disservice to his memory than his assailants, or even than his defenders—to a poet who never wrote a feeble line and never perpetrated a *gaucherie*. Prof. Blackie further commits not a few errors, both of omission and of commission. He includes in his list of Scotch "singers," or, rather, of Scotch writers whose best verse deserves to be set to music, many men and one or two women who have earned no such distinction, and excludes from it one or two genuine masters of Scotch pathos. Finally, Prof. Blackie's style, like that of most men who are lecturers first and literary artists afterwards, suffers from fatty degeneration. His book is studded with banal phrases, like "the stout son of the cloudy North," "the merry old bard of Teos," and "the blush of the bonnie blooming heather." How came, too, such a worshipper of Aphrodite—in tartans, and not *décolletée*—to write of the author of "Auld Robin Gray" that,

"with a wise self-reliance, and a cheerful independence not over common in her sex, she abstained from amorous seductions and connubial entanglements till she reached the mature age of forty, and then allied herself to Andrew Barnard, Esq., son of the Bishop of Limerick"?

Scottish Song is not, however, without its merits. For one thing, it starts well. The true "value and significance" of Scottish song are to be found, as Prof. Blackie maintains, in its being a genuine product of Scottish soil, a genuine expression both of Scottish nationality and of Scottish individuality. It is undoubtedly the effervescence of Scottish (half-Celtic) passion, the expression of Scottish patriotism, the solace of Scottish poverty. This story is as old as Ben Nevis; but Prof. Blackie retells it with such gusto, and with such amplitude of detail, as to give it all the air of freshness if not of originality. His classification of the songs he is an admirer of into "songs of love, courtship and marriage," "patriotic songs, war songs, Jacobite ballads," "songs of

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character and incident in daily life," "drinking songs," "sea songs, naval songs, and boat songs," and "songs of thought and sentiment"—is excellent both in itself and as a development of the fundamental idea of his book.

At the same time, Prof. Blackie cannot be congratulated on the mission which he has obviously undertaken. He hopes to convert the drawing-rooms of Glasgow and Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Dundee, from Beethoven and Chopin back to the old Scotch music He deserves to fail, and he will fail, for the simple reason that, while Scotch lyrics are, taken as a whole, the best in the world, Scotch music is the worst in the world. There are, indeed, one or two Scotch songs of supreme excellence, even as musical compositions; but the singing of most of them is an exhibition of lung-power, and nothing more—excusable, and even valuable in the medical torture-chamber of an insurance company, but utterly out of place at a social gathering.

William Wallace.

The Haydock Papers: a Glimpse into English Catholic Life under the Shade of Persecution and in the Dawn of Freedom. By Joseph Gillow. (Burns & Oates.)

Mr. Gillow is well known outside the limits of the religious body to which he belongs by his *Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics*, three volumes of which, containing about half the alphabet, have already appeared. It is a most useful book of reference, and must have been a work of great labour. The volume before us is of a different character. Mr. Gillow seems to have here printed many of the memoranda compiled for use in his dictionary. We do not say this in any spirit of depreciation or cavil. The value of the contents of a notebook depends entirely on who has been the noter. Mr. Gillow knows well what things to select, so there is hardly a page of these miscellaneous collections which will not be of permanent value to the future historian of religious thought. They relate almost solely to Lancashire, Cheshire, Cumberland, and Yorkshire. We wish they had been extended to the rest of England.

The fortunes of the Catholic body in our country during the last century have been overlooked by historians, except at such times as there was a clamour for the relaxation of penal laws or the safety of the capital imperilled by "No Popery" fanatics This is strange and by no means a credit to those who have undertaken to instruct us. Whatever our opinions may be as to the relation in which Roman Catholics stand to ascertainable truth, their existence here under conditions of extreme difficulty is a matter of interest. The fact, too, that they represented in so many ways the religious convictions and feelings of the men of the middle ages renders them objects of regard to persons who have no sort of sympathy with their faith. The influence of Catholics on English life since the Reformation settlement has commonly been estimated much too lightly. It is true that the aristocracy and middle class, as time went on, in great part accepted Protestantism, and that till the middle of the reign of George III. the Catholic poor were becoming less and less numerous; but it must, on the other hand, be borne in mind that, notwithstanding all laws to the contrary, a number of English yearly migrated to the foreign colleges. These young men came home again well instructed in popular knowledge. They had not only gained a knowledge of French by living where it was spoken, but their understandings had been widened by association with foreigners. It was only the sons of very rich men who, in those days, made the grand tour. To almost every other Protestant Englishman the Continent was unknown, and as a consequence insular prejudices flourished in a manner we cannot easily bring ourselves to realise. The Roman Catholic gentleman who had received his education in a foreign college was not unfrequently a source of intellectual light to his neighbours. Cut off, too, as he was from all civil employment, he not unfrequently kept up his reading in a way that would astonish his present representatives.

Mr. Gillow has furnished us with side lights, illustrating the lives of many of these "Papist" gentlemen. The Haydocks, of course, hold the foremost place. They were a strong, brave race, with a pedigree going back to the time of Edward I., and intermarried with many of the oldest families of Lancashire. We find them mixed up with almost every Catholic movement that has a place in history, and they laboured and suffered oftentimes in positions where none but an antiquary will wish to follow them. Mr. Gillow cannot be said to have written a history of the race, but he has furnished a key to it, and accumulated materials and references which will make the work light to anyone who follows in his track. To our mind the letters that James Haydock, a student at Douai, wrote home to his parents about a century ago are the most interesting things in the volume. They, perhaps, do not tell us anything that is quite new; but they show to us a form of life which the French Revolution swept away for ever, and which seems now so very far from us. We are, by-the-bye, no apologists for the French Revolution—the small modicum of rational freedom the world has derived from it seems dearly purchased by that carnival of blood and horror; but why does Mr. Gillow speak of what occurred then as producing "the most disastrous events that ever agitated the civilised world"? Does he not know what happened in Italy during the long agony when the Roman Empire was falling: the terrible period—for we may include it all, with but little exaggeration—from the death of Constantine to the time of Charles the Great. Has he never read of the Vandal Conquest and rule in Northern Africa, or what happened when the last Constantine fell before the sword of Mohammed the Second?

We yet await a supplementary volume to the *Monasticon*, which shall give us a detailed history of the religious houses and colleges founded by the Roman Catholic exiles. Much already exists in print, scattered in a hundred places; much more is still in MS. The only book dealing with all of them with which we are acquainted is the "Notices" by the late Edward Petre, and this is a mere pamphlet. Mr. Gillow contributes some details which will be useful for such a work. Among other things he gives is a list of the members of the college of Douai on October 1, 1792. In glancing over this list two memorable names have caught our eye. John Lingard, the future historian, was a member of the divinity school; and Daniel O'Connell, then a lad of seventeen, was in the rhetoric class. We must not close this notice without directing attention to the graphic diary of a Mr. Slaughter, who was engaged in hunting down a Jesuit in 1716. There are also a few shreds of folklore that should not be missed. On one occasion it seems a witch turned a pitcher of milk into a goose, which walked by her side; on another an old woman, a member of the same unholy sisterhood, milked a cow into a riddle until the animal died. A not dissimilar tale occurs in Stukeley's Diary. There the tale relates to Shropshire.

Edward Peacock.

NEW NOVELS.

Esther Denison. By Adeline Sergeant. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Game of Chance. By Ella J. Curtis. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Monica. By Evelyn Everett Green. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Beechcroft at Rockstone. By Charlotte M. Yonge. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Strangest Journey of my Life, and other Stories. By F. Pigot. (Ward & Downey.)

The Philistines. By Arlo Bates. (Boston, U.S.: Ticknor.)

The Maids of Dulverton. By Guy Balguy. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

The motto from Wordsworth, "Not without hope we suffer and we mourn," fairly represents the burden of Miss Sergeant's last novel. The lesson is not new, for it is as old as Aeschylus, and we cannot say that the present story enforces it with any great freshness or originality. At the same time, *Esther Denison* is, on the whole, excellently written, and shows an advance on the author's previous works. Sebastian Malet is an unconventional study, with his high aspirations and incompletely developed intellectual powers. The essential complement to his nature, to bring out its finer capabilities, is Esther Denison, the daughter of a country minister who has been done to death by the intolerance of his flock. But Malet fails to perceive how necessary Esther is to him until it is too late, and he becomes enmeshed in the wiles of a frivolous woman, whom he eventually marries. They lead a wretched life; and Malet is sinking into hopelessness and despair, when he is relieved of his intolerable burden by a shipwreck, which occurs while himself and his family are on their way to South America. Malet is saved, and his wife is lost—at least, she is reported dead. After a while, the widower returns to England, and finds in Esther the happiness which might have been his long ago, for she has loved him ever since they were children together. Their joy, however, is ruthlessly—though only temporarily—destroyed; for, like a female Enoch Arden, the supposed dead wife reappears and claims her rights. This is extremely hard on Esther, who is drawn by the author sometimes as too

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much saint and too little woman. But Mrs. Malet number one is terribly shattered in constitution; and in a short time, as the Yankees would say, she gracefully "pegs out," lamented by few who knew her. Then Esther comes into her own again, and all ends happily. Some of the pathetic scenes in these volumes are graphically touched in. But, in narrating her shipwreck, Mrs. Malet, by a curious use of language, makes a passage intended to be pathetic rather ludicrous: "I found myself alone," she says, "in a small boat, *with only two men and my baby in my arms.*"

A Game of Chance is a brisk, rattling novel, full of go and bustle. The characters are not what would be called "high-toned," and the writer has no power of reflection or analysis; but she unquestionably knows how to keep the ball of excitement rolling, and her readers will have no reason to complain of lack of interest. The story turns upon the personation of a mistress by a maid. The husband of the former, a British officer, is killed in a polo match in India; and his widow's maid, who is wonderfully like her mistress in appearance, comes over to England, and is received by Sir John Erskine as his daughter-in-law. Her beauty captivates him, and turns him for a time into a maudlin old fool. The impostor has also palmed off upon him her own child as his veritable grandson and heir to the baronetcy. Of course such an imposition cannot long be maintained without a male accomplice. The subterfuges to which the pair are reduced are very ingenious, and form the staple of the three volumes. The bubble bursts at last, and the pair take to flight; but a terrible retribution overtakes the woman, the nature of which must be discovered by the reader himself. There are two subsidiary plots—one relating to certain love-passages (by no means smooth ones) between a young musical genius and a kind of Lady Clara Vere de Vere; and the other concerned with a strange marriage, where the husband and wife separate on their wedding-day, and do not discover their mutual affection until several years afterwards. It is but bare justice to say that the narrative never flags for a moment.

Miss Everett Green has been very successful in delineating one of those women who are an honour to their sex in Monica Trevelyn. Her steadfastness in trial, her faithfulness in affection, and her noble resignation under the most crushing sorrow that could fall upon her, stamp her as one in a thousand; and this narrative of her chequered career will be read with deep interest. The action chiefly takes place at Castle Trevlyn, and amid the wild Cornish scenery that surrounds it. Lord Trevlyn, Monica's father, is without a son; but before he dies he has the satisfaction of seeing his daughter wedded to the next heir. Randolph Trevlyn, who, from his many sterling qualities, is a worthy husband for Monica. She has also another suitor, Sir Conrad Fitzgerald, the villain of the novel, about whom there is a strong dash of Adelphi melodrama. When his schemes fail, he gnashes his teeth, his eyes emit a baleful light, and he tears round like a lunatic vowing the most fearful vengeance. Unfortunately, he deals forth many cruel and evil blows before brain fever and some other concomitants of a righteous judgment overtake him. He at length dies penitent, forgiven by the woman whom he has terribly wronged. These incidents by no means exhaust the plot of the novel, which is very varied in interest, while the writer also is happy in investing her work with a certain amount of unmistakeable local colouring.

It is unnecessary at this time of day to dwell upon the grace and pleasantness of Miss Yonge's stories. But as even the great Homer sometimes nods, so let it be confessed with bated breath that we have found *Beechcroft at Rocks'one* somewhat wearisome. It is a story for children; but one of them who has read it with us, *aetat.* fifteen, agrees decidedly with our verdict. There are two exciting incidents in the book—the fall of a cliff at the seaside, and a little legal trouble about three missing £5 notes; but, apart from these, there is nothing unduly to excite the youthful mind.

Mr. Pigot's collection of stories is very entertaining, but that which gives its name to the volume is by no means the best. We should be inclined to award the palm to "The Pirate's Diamonds," "The Curate's Last Half-Crown," and "A Romance of the Engadine." Besides possessing the power to make his sketches run smoothly, the author has a pretty touch in describing scenery.

The Philistines is another evidence that the Americans are infusing more thought and originality into their novels than the majority of English writers. It would, perhaps, require a practical knowledge of Boston people and Boston culture to appreciate thoroughly the varying shades of character depicted in this story, but there is enough upon the surface to thoroughly interest even an English reader. Mr. Bates is no ordinary writer. Indeed, were it not for a strong undertone of cynicism in his work, he would deserve to take high rank. There is something of a Transatlantic Thackeray about him. A few of Mr. Bates's epigrammatic sentences, put into the mouth of an artist, may be quoted at random:

"Honesty is a charming thing for digestive purposes, but it is a luxury too expensive for me. The gods in this country bid for shams, and shams I purpose giving them." "Theology is chiefly some one man's insistence that everybody else shall make the same mistakes that he does." "To allow that there is any duty above making the best of life is a species of moral suicide." "Civilised honesty consists largely in making the truth convey a false impression, so that one is saved a lie in words while telling one in effect." "Egotism is the supreme evil." "Most people marry for the honeymoon, and very few for the whole life."

This book is unquestionably clever; but its worst fault is that, to the general reader, it would seem to point to two very erroneous conclusions—namely, that art is false, and life is hopeless.

The Maids of Dulverton, although it cannot compete with certain of Mr. Arrowsmith's "shilling dreadfuls" in sensationalism, is much pleasanter reading. Crude somewhat in style, and lacking in literary finish, it yet presents us with a plot containing some new features, and one which, on the whole, is successfully worked out.

G. Barnett Smith.

SOME EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

The Republic of Plato. Books I. to V. With Introduction and Notes. By T. H. Warren. (Macmillan.) It is a wonderful thing that the whole of *The Republic* has never been edited with a good English commentary. The book has long been one of the central points of Oxford teaching. Learned lecturers have brought to bear on it the results of years of reading. Clever young men have come to it with open minds, and with aspirations of making all things clear in a brilliant new edition. But somehow no complete commentary has ever appeared, and the partial editions hitherto attempted have been elementary, and intended chiefly for passmen. Mr. Hardy has edited Book I.; Messrs. Luscombe and Newnham, Books I.-IV. But these were unambitious works, and we fear that Mr. Warren's edition of the first five books will not take rank above them. It is far from being complete in any sense. The language of Plato is not thoroughly studied; his philosophy is not explained; no sketch is given of his political institutions. The reader is left to pick out for himself and to piece together the details of Plato's views, and every teacher in the Oxford School of Literae Humaniores knows how hard men find it to extract and combine the views of an author. It may be that Mr. Warren felt disinclined for the work of analysis, and certainly the little sketch of one matter which he has attempted does not encourage us to think highly of his powers. Plato's systematised education, he tells us,

"is to begin with music, gymnastics, and the elements of science . . . Then comes the second stage of necessary gymnastics. . . . And finally, there is the third of dialectic."

Has Mr. Warren forgotten the ten years' study of deeper mathematics, of astronomy, and of harmonics, which is to come between the age of twenty, when gymnastics end, and thirty, when dialectic begins? When we come to the commentary, we find that there are not half enough notes for an author who is idiomatic, irregular in language, and philosophic in thought. The irregularity in 425c, *καὶ τελευτῶν δή, οἶμαι, φαῖμεν ἄν*, passes unnoticed. The uncertainty as to 460c, *κατακρύψουσι*, where Plato may have meant infanticide or may not, is left unrelieved by Mr. Warren's note. Indeed his notes sometimes amazingly overlook the real difficulty; for instance, he translates 436d, *κατὰ ταὐτὰ ἑαυτῶν τὰ τοιαῦτα*, "In the same parts of themselves as aforesaid." Nor is the English style of the preface and introduction free from awkwardness or even from bad grammar.

"I have to thank for a far larger and more constant debt than the very large one which will appear on every page to my old Master and friend, the first and most Platonic of English Platonists."

Does Mr. Warren mean that the Master and the Platonist are one person or two? The text followed is that of Baiter's fourth edition, and his misprint of *καλῶν* for *κακῶν* at p. 465 B-C is faithfully reproduced.

Deductive Logic. By St. George Stock. (Longmans.) Deductive logic, in the opinion of a distinguished logician, is one of the subjects best adapted to the purpose of the examiner. It forms, says Jevons, a sort of intellectual treadmill, by which the exertion of power can be accurately measured. Among the constructors of such machinery Mr. Stock holds a high place. He has chosen an excellent model, upon which he has superadded all the newest spokes and cogs. He may be congratulated on the successful attainment of the purpose which he thus describes:

"My object has been to produce a work which should be as thoroughly representative of the present state of the logic of the Oxford schools as

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any of the text-books of the past. The qualities which I have aimed at before all others have been clearness and consistency."

These qualities will endear this text-book to candidates for the "schools" at Oxford, or wherever else examination flourishes. It is related of some Cambridge "pollman" that he was once so ill-advised as to desert a private tutor, particularly successful in preparing that class of students, in order to become the pupil of the eminent Shilleto. On being asked how he liked the change, he expressed himself dissatisfied. "Shilleto," he said, "compares Porson and Bentley, and tells you the meaning of the passage may be either this or that. But Big Smith tells you what it *is!*" The intellectual virtue so naïvely described is possessed in a high degree by Mr. Stock. The long experience in teaching to which he alludes has, doubtless, convinced him that the feeling of the average student is "Denique sit quidvis simplex dumtaxat et unum." On each moot point he selects some one aspect on which to throw a concentrated light. The selection appears to us in general judicious, and the illumination as considerable as the imposed condition—absence of diffusion—permits. For instance, we may express an approbation thus qualified of his ruling on the questions—whether abstract terms are connotative, what is conversion by negation, and similar subtle points. Mr. Stock has remembered that his subject is logic, not dialectic. He deserves the praise which Tacitus gives to his father-in-law—that he maintained, what is most difficult, moderation in philosophy.

Select Passages from French and German Poets for Repetition. Compiled by Clovis Bévenot. (Rivingtons.) The headmaster of Clifton College, in the short preface which he has added to his colleague's compilation, points out that the plan successfully adopted at Clifton for Greek and Latin repetition is hereby extended to the teaching of modern languages. Short pieces, none of them exceeding two or three pages, are printed, with English verse translations opposite. Nine poems from the French, and sixteen from the German, make up the total which Mr. Bévenot thinks can be adequately retained in the youthful memory. We should have been inclined to add a few more to the French, and perhaps to omit some of the shorter and slighter German ones. Possibly a speech or dramatic fragment in both languages might advantageously have been added. Of the French, five are by Victor Hugo, two by Leconte de Lisle; the remaining two by Charles D'Orléans and Chênedollé. The latter's "Le Gladiateur" is faced by Byron's well-known stanzas, from which Chênedollé borrowed his poem. Schoolboys, heedless of the note on p. 38, will probably invert the relations between the two poems, misled by the general plan of the book. The notes (pp. 88-93), on the pronunciation and elocution of French poetry have been wisely added, and seem plainly and clearly put; and the account of the French and German authors (pp. 38-9, 84-7) is given in an abridged but attractive form. Heine is easily learned by heart. His "quintessential charm" will perhaps escape boys. We are glad Mr. Bévenot has found room for Schiller's "Indian Death Dirge" (p. 44), which is not only a delightful poem, but exactly the poem for boys. Goethe appears in three poems—the inevitable "Kennst du das Land?" the scene at the well from "Hermann and Dorothea," and the "Prologue in Heaven" from "Faust." Uhland's "Lost Church" and Freiligrath's "Spectre Caravan" conclude a very serviceable little volume. There is a misprint—"Sonn" for "Sonne"—which ruins the scansion of the first line of "Am Brunnen" (p. 70).

English Verse. Selected and arranged by E. W. Howson. (Rivingtons.) We have noticed ere now more than one anthology for girls; but this is, we can well believe, the first that has been compiled for use in one of our great public schools for boys. The public school is that which claims Byron, and which boasts among its present masters a laureate in E. E. B. If Harrow leads the way by introducing English poetry into its curriculum, we may rest assured that smaller schools will follow. But, as Mr. Howson points out in a very sensible preface, the main object is, not that boys should learn English poetry, but that they should like it. He has classified his selections under three heads: (1) religious, where we are glad to observe that his choice is very catholic, and is based entirely upon poetical grounds; (2) heroic, with special reference to English history; and (3) elegiac and sentimental, which epithets are interpreted widely enough to include Burns's "For a' that and a' that" and the "Epistle to a Young Friend" by the same. A minimum of notes have been appended. We doubt, however, whether the battle of Corunna is properly described as being an incident of "the Peninular War" (p. 125); and we are sure that "Cranbourne's oaks" are not in *Hampshire* (p. 98). Finally, it is not beneath notice that this little volume is excellently printed.

Nathan der Weise: a Dramatic Poem. By Lessing. Edited, with English Notes, &c., by C. A. Buchheim. Second Revised Edition. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) As we have already spoken favourably of this excellent edition of *Nathan*, it is not necessary to say more than that this is really a "revised" edition. Perhaps the most remarkable addition is the note on the motto ("Introite, nam et hic Dii sunt" which Lessing prefixed to the play and attributed to Aulus Gellius. It is in fact due to Aristotle (*Hist. Anim.* i. 5), but was inserted by P. Beroaldus in his edition (Bologna, 1503), in A. Gellius's preface to his *Noctes Atticae*, in a place where a blank had been left in the MS. for a Greek quotation. Thence it found its way into many of the old editions, one of which no doubt came into the hands of Lessing.

MR. A. G. GRENFELL, of Westminster, has prepared *A Greek Copy-Book* (Longmans), which we may commend to those teachers who suffer from the slovenly writing of Greek by their pupils. We are glad to see that Mr. Grenfell insists upon the importance of making each letter as upright as possible—a maxim which is obtaining support also in English penmanship. His examples seem well chosen. They include the maxims of the Seven Sages for uncials, and gnomic lines from the poets for cursives. We doubt, however, the admissibility of Theocritus. Finally, we venture the suggestion that a substitute may here be found for the old ruinous practice of exacting "lines," written against time, as a school punishment.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are now issuing the revised edition of Green's *Short History of the English People*, in four parts, for school use. Each part has a separate index, and also the corresponding portion of the convenient analysis compiled by Mr. C. W. A. Tait, of Clifton College. This classical work thus enters, we hope, upon a new lease of popularity, such as the author himself would have most desired.

MR. W. H. WIDGERY, of University College School, has reprinted in pamphlet form (David Nutt) his articles on "The Teaching of Languages in Schools," to which we have already called attention on their first appearance in the *Journal of Education*. At the end he has appended a list of books consulted, which forms a bibliography of the subject, in chronological order. The notes on the early printed works, and the references to recent German publications, are especially valuable.

WE have also received *The Schoolmaster's Calendar* and Handbook of Examinations and Open Scholarships (George Bell & Sons), which is now in its third year of issue. The details given for the technical colleges are particularly useful.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Clarendon Press are now printing the Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution, selected and edited by Mr. S. R. Gardiner.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS will shortly issue a new volume by Michael Field, entitled, *Long Ago*, consisting of short lyrics expanded from the fragments of Sappho. The book is being printed at the Chiswick Press, and will have for frontispiece a figure of Sappho taken from a vase at Athens. The edition is to be limited to 100 copies.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish immediately Matthew Arnold's reports on elementary schools during the thirty years that he was an inspector, from 1852 to 1882. The volume has been edited by Sir Francis R. Sandford.

THE same publishers announce a new volume of essays by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, entitled *Literature in its Social Aspects.*

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a book called *Cardinal Lavigerie and Slavery in Central Africa*, which has been written under the sanction of the Cardinal himself, and will contain the latest details of his crusade for the abolition of the slave trade.

WE hear that Mrs. Hamilton King will publish a new volume of poems this autumn, under the title of *Northern Ballads.*

MR. G. F. WARNER, of the British Museum, is preparing an edition of Mandeville's Travels for the Roxburghe Club. The Club's last issue was Mr. Alfred H. Huth's gift-book of his edition of his unique MS. of "The Miroure of Mans Saluacione—a fifteenth century translation into English of the *Speculum Humanae Salvationis*," with a facsimile of the first page of the MS.

MR. WALTER RYE, having just finished his History of North Erpingham, is now hard at work at his History of Cromer for its Church Restoration Fund. He hopes to make it the most complete history of a parish ever published. His next book will be an account of Carrow Abbey, with facsimiles, illustrations, &c., of which the owner of the abbey, Mr. Colman, M.P., will bear the cost. He has given Mr. Rye *carte blanche*, so that the work will be worthy of its county.

FOLLOWING the example of Nottingham and other towns, the corporation of Gloucester have resolved to print a Calendar of their early records; and they have entrusted the work to Mr. W. H. Stevenson, one of the reporters of the Royal Commission upon Historical MSS., and the editor of the Nottingham charters. This Calendar consists principally of full abstracts, in English, of early local deeds, nearly 1300 in number, of which 571 are older than the fourteenth century. There will also be given abstracts of the royal charters and letters patent, descriptions of the early books, rolls, &c., of the corporation, a facsimile of one of the early deeds, and reproductions of several ancient seals. It is also intended to issue, as a companion volume, the Gloucester Rent-roll, drawn up in 1455, which is in such detail as to serve practically as a survey and directory of the city at that time. This will be printed in the original Latin (the contractions being extended), with an English translation; and

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the curious drawings in the MS., of churches, wells, &c., will be reproduced in facsimile. Both volumes will be printed by the well-known local printer, Mr. John Bellows; and they will be published, by subscription, in a limited edition, at the comparatively low price of 17s. 6d. for the two. Subscribers should address themselves to the Town Clerk, Gloucester.

M. Gabriel Sarrazin, the editor of the *Revue Contemporaine*—who will be known to many readers of the Academy by his critical essays on English poetry entitled *Poètes Modernes de l'Angleterre* (1885)—has now just ready for the press a companion volume, dealing with other poets then omitted, which he proposes to call *La Renaissance de la Poésie Anglaise, 1798-1889*. A chapter from this forthcoming book, upon Robert Browning, appears in French in the current number of the *Universal Review*; but we understand that the whole has been translated into English, and will be published here about the same time as the French original.

The Florentine publisher, Signor Barbera, has in the press a new life of the English Condottiere, Sir John Hawkwood, by Mr. John Temple Leader and Signor Marcotti. The book has been written after much research among original and other sources in Italy and elsewhere, published and unpublished; and it will appear both in English and Italian.

We are about to witness a new departure in Welsh literature by the appearance of a series of "Welsh Classics for the People," which will include such rarities as *Llith a Ban*, the first lectionary of the Welsh Church, of which there is but one perfect copy; also *Synwyr Pen Pob Kymro*, probably the first book printed in the Welsh language, from the unique copy at Shirburn Castle; thirteenth-century translations of portions of the New Testament; the complete poetical works of Davyd ap Gwilym, a contemporary of Chaucer; &c., &c. This series is under the editorship of Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans, the planner and joint-editor with Prof. Rhŷs of the "Old Welsh Texts." The first volume, the 1588 translation of the Book of Job, by Bishop Morgan, is now ready.

Contrary to the usual custom, the next volume of the "Old Welsh Texts" will not appear on St. David's Day, but may be expected in June. The delay has arisen partly from an illness of one of the editors, Mr. Evans, and partly from the great length of the work in hand, which will include Dares Phrygius; Geoffrey's Brutt (*sic*); Brutt y Tywyssogion; Brutt y Saeson; and probably a list of the Commotes and Cantreds of Wales.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. will shortly publish Miss Florence Warden's new novel, *St. Cuthbert's Tower*, in three volumes.

Told in a City Garden, by Eastwood Kidson, and *Poems*, by the late J. Dawson Hull, are two new volumes of verse announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Prof. B. ten Brink's new volume on *English Literature*, including "Chaucer and his Circle," where the professor's previous discoveries gained him a wide reputation, is being translated, with the author's sanction and supervision, by Dr. Clarke Robinson, of Durham.

To the second edition of his *Life of Savonarola*, which will be issued immediately by Mr. Fisher Unwin, Prof. Villari has added a new preface, in which he combats some recent criticisms passed on him with reference to the authenticity of the early biographies of Savonarola, and the discoveries and views of Ranke and the German School.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate are about to issue a second edition, revised and extended, of *Metaphysica nova et vetusta*, by "Scotus Novanticus" (Prof. S. S. Laurie, of Edinburgh).

The committee of the Athenaeum Club have selected the following gentlemen for extraordinary election: Prof. W. J. Russell, of St. Bartholomew's; Prof. W. Y. Sellar, of Edinburgh; and Mr. Marcus Stone.

Mr. Isaac Pitman will be presented with the gold medal struck in commemoration of the Phonographic Jubilee, 1887, at a dinner to be held at the Holborn Restaurant on Thursday next, March 7. The chair will be taken by Viscount Bury.

In Dr. Furnivall's series of Shakspere Quarto Facsimilies, the second part of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* (1594) has been lately issued, with Forewords by Dr. Furnivall, giving the old playwrights' material from Holinshed. This is the first facsimile ever made of the play.

Messrs. Macmillan have this week issued *Hereward the Wake*, in their cheap edition of Charles Kingsley's works. We are not surprised to find that it has been the least popular of his novels. First published, in two volumes, in 1866, a one-volume edition was not called for before 1873; in the next two years there were three reprints, but no other until the "Eversley" edition of 1881. After all, however, *Hereward* can be called unsuccessful only when judged by the author's own earlier and better works; for there have been altogether eleven editions of it in twenty-three years.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

Beginning with the present month, there will be published a new magazine for the blind, in "braille" type, to be called *Santa Lucia*. It will differ from one or two other journals of the kind already in existence by giving the best literary material, towards which object both authors and publishers of well-known works have liberally assisted. The first number will include contributions from Sir Edwin Arnold, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, Mr. R. Bridges, &c.; as well as copyright pieces from the late Miss Procter and C. S. Calverley. The editors and publishers are Mariabella and Elizabeth Hodgkin, of Childwall, Richmond-on-Thames.

The first number of a new weekly journal, entitled *Work:* an Illustrated Magazine of Practice and Theory for all Workmen, Professional and Amateur, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. on March 20. Its object is to give a clear and practical exposition of methods to be followed in every art, craft, and science that bears directly or indirectly on handiwork of a constructive or decorative character, freely illustrated with sketches, diagrams, or working drawings to scale.

Under the title of the *Universal Republic*, an occasional magazine, edited by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, will be published next week by the Co-operative Printing Office, at 35, Russell-street, Covent Garden. The object of the magazine is to advocate the amity of nations.

The March number of the *Sunday at Home* contains an article on "Missions and Missionaries," by the Rev. C. Merk, formerly chaplain on the Punjab frontier.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

It is understood that the candidates for the chair of logic at Oxford, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. T. Fowler, are Prof. Adamson, of Owens College; Mr. Venn, from Cambridge; and the following Oxford men: Messrs. Cannan, Case, Courtney, Stock, and Cook Wilson.

Mr. J. H. Middleton has been re-elected to the Slade professorship of fine art at Cambridge for a second term of three years.

Count Charles Landberg, of Stuttgart—as president of the commission appointed by the King of Sweden to make arrangements for the eighth international congress of orientalists, to be held this year at Stockholm—has addressed the following letter to the vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge:

"Tibi, magnifice rector, clarissimisque sodalibus tuis nuntiamus anno 1889 die mensis Septembris 2 auspiciis augustissimi nostri regis Oscaris II. ex universis gentibus Holmiam conventuros studiorum orientalium professores atque fautores. Quamobrem vos invitamus atque cohortamur, ut sodalem vestrae tam praeclarae tamque de ejusmodi studiis meritae universitatis in hunc conventum legatum mittatis. Quod si eritis nobis gratificati, et augustissimo illi patrono haud mediocriter placebit et maximo nos honore affectos maxima gratia devincetis."

Prof. Bensley, successor of the late Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer in the Lord Almoner's chair of Arabic, has been appointed to represent Cambridge at the congress, with a grant of £30 from the university chest to defray his expenses.

Mr. C. H. Herford, of Trinity College—author of *Essential Characteristics of Romantic and Classical Styles* (1880) and *Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century* (1886), and now professor of English literature at Aberystwyth—has been approved by the general board of studies at Cambridge for the degree of Doctor in Letters. It is curious to notice, in the same number of the *University Reporter*, that the judges have not awarded the Harness prize for this year, the subject for which was "Shakspere's *Troilus and Cressida*, as illustrating his Attitude towards Classical Legend and Mediaeval Romance."

Prof. Mahaffy, of Dublin, will visit the United States next summer. He has undertaken to deliver two courses of lectures—on "The Everyday Life of the Greeks" and "The History of Civilisation"—at the Chautauqua Assembly, in New York, which corresponds nearly with our own last year's gathering of non-academical students at Oxford in the long vacation. He will also, we understand, not keep silence on the Irish question.

Mr. E. Gosse, the Clark lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, will deliver two lectures this term on "English Prose Fiction before Defoe (1560-1700)"; the special subjects of each being "The Novel under Elizabeth," and "The Heroic Novel of the Seventeenth Century."

Prof. A. V. Dicey will deliver a public lecture at Oxford on Saturday next, March 9, upon "The Right of Public Meeting."

The University of St. Andrews has resolved to establish professorial classes for the university education of women during the coming summer. The subjects of instruction will be those now taught in the university, and, in addition, the languages and literatures of France and Germany. The lectures will be of the same character as those given to the students in winter, but they will also be adapted to the LL.A. diploma.

Mr. Willem S. Logeman, principal of Newton School, Rock Ferry, was to deliver a lecture on Friday, March 1, at University College, Liverpool, on "Phonetics."

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ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO A MASTER IN PARADISE.

I.

Your life, O Master, was a mighty rock
Reared amid breakers, whereupon a flock
Of birds were ever nestled; sometimes white,
Soft things, and sometimes fierce ones and untame,
Shorn of their plumy pride by pain and fright,
Hurt of the darts they had provoked; who came,
Tost by the heavy tempest to your breast,
Craving but quiet, and receiving rest.

God bad His waters over you to come,
And hide your shelter from the wayfaring;
So the poor pilgrim birds of weary wing
Missed their good rock amid the breakers' foam—
And flew until they found a better thing,
A sunlit country for their rest and home.

II.

Your life, O Master, was a mighty tree
Which dew, and sun, and rain, had perfectly
Matured and brought to bear in plenitude
And utter beauty and divine content,
Its leaves for healing and its fruit for food,
With Eden smells of wondrous ravishment.
And men and women there were healed and fed,
And in your happy shadow gladdened.

God's voice did break the tree and lay it low;
And all those men and women, shelterless,
Weary and hungry in their great distress,
Mourned for their loss with very bitter woe—
Then found that home whither all souls must press,
And God's own self for evermore did know.

Emily H. Hickey.

IN MEMORIAM.

GUDBRAND VIGFUSSON.

Chalfont St. Peter: Feb. 23, 1889.

May I, as an old friend and pupil of Dr. Vigfusson, be allowed to add a few words to the kindly notice by Mr. York Powell in the Academy of February 23?

Dr. Vigfusson was a person whom no one who really knew could help respecting. Where he had firm convictions, he was capable of intense feeling, and spoke with an animation which made him at times rather a hot disputant. In religious matters, though very reticent, he had a few very clear ideas, or perhaps I should rather say, very strong feelings. He was particularly fond of the Gospels, and considered that in the systematising of religious formulae there was a tendency to miss the true power of the life and words of Christ—he had a perfect horror of such a book as Martensen's *Dogmatics*. He also read with great delight the poetical parts of the Old Testament. Here his interests were not only poetical, but critical. He especially liked Ewald, and would often compare the growth of Hebrew literature, especially some of the Psalms, with the way in which Sagas were developed in different recensions. He was constantly complaining of the want of "spirituality" of modern Germany, and lamented that in education and literature they were exercising what he considered a baneful influence on other nations—on England less than on others. By spirituality I think he meant a poetical imagination combined with strong feeling. In this sense, he had himself a keenly spiritual nature. He had a dislike for archaeology, grammar, and the new philology; and, I think I may add, for pure science in every form. His tastes were delightfully simple. He had an almost childish love of flowers, and nothing pleased him better than an afternoon ramble in Bagley Wood; but, of course, he would have nothing to say to scientific botany. He showed little affection for modern Iceland, and his compatriots were rather sore on this point. The country he thought was too much affected by the unspiritual influences of modern times; and yet he was extremely pleased with a flower sent to him which had been picked in his native island.

F. H. Woods.

Oxford: Feb. 25, 1889.

The vivid portrait of the life and work of Vigfusson drawn by his two most intimate Oxford friends—Mr. York Powell in the Academy of February 23, and Mr. Charles Plummer, in the *Oxford Magazine* of February 6—is hardly complete, I venture to think, without mentioning a *pium desiderium* which he always cherished, and which he expressed more than once to the writer of this note: I mean his desire to bring out a critical edition of the Icelandic and Old Norse Bible text. Among his own collection of Scandinavian works he was proud to possess one of the earliest and most precious Icelandic Bibles, which surely deserves an accurate reprint—a task he would have himself gladly undertaken had it been entrusted to him. Although there are several later editions published by the British Bible Society, they have but little critical value. Vigfusson's project having been frustrated by his lamented death, it may be hoped that some competent scholar will take up the task.

In briefly recording what Vigfusson had still at heart to accomplish, I cannot refrain from adding how his free thought and thorough scholarship never made him despise simple Scripture truth as the foundation of his learning, and how piety and simplicity of faith adorned his sympathetic mind and character.

H. K.

M. RENAN ON MODERN FRANCE.

We quote the following extracts from M. Renan's speech at the reception of M. Jules Claretie into the Académie française:

"Il y a plus d'un quart de siècle que nous nous vîmes pour la première fois chez M. Michelet. Le lieu, si hospitalier, l'affection qui nous attachait au maître, et une rare communauté de sentiments nous unissaient. Vous étiez dans tout le feu de vos premières ardeurs révolutionnaires; j'étais sous le coup des conversations intérieures que j'avais eues en Orient, comme les disciples d'Emmaüs, avec un voyageur mystérieux. Nous nous entendîmes assez vite. Vous l'avouerai-je? Je crois bien que, en ces premiers entretiens, nous dîmes quelque mal de l'Académie française. Oh! l'Académie, Monsieur, a des indulgences infinies pour le mal que l'on dit d'elle. Les grosses injures ne l'atteignent pas; les doux reproches des hommes de talent, elle les prend pour des marques d'amour, et elle en tient bonne note pour ses faveurs futures. Certes, il est un point sur lequel nous avions pleinement raison: c'est quand nous regrettions que la compagnie ne comptât pas dans son sein le maître exquis, l'historien charmant, qui nous consolait dans nos tristesses d'alors. Mais que voulez-vous! Une compagnie littéraire infaillible! Nous en aurions presque peur. Les Académies n'ont pas la prétention de posséder la règle d'une justice absolue. Il suffit qu'elles aient raison quelque-fois. Il y faut laisser une place aux rapprochements imprévus, aux spirituels jeux du hasard, aux aimables rencontres enfin, comme celle qui nous amène aujourd'hui en cette enceinte—vous, engagé volontaire des corps francs de la littérature d'il y a trente ans, pour prendre place en ce Sénat conservateur—moi, disciple égaré, mais obstiné, de saint Tudual ou de saint Corentin, pour vous y souhaiter la bienvenue et vous serrer la main au nom d'une vieille amitié.

* * * * *

"Comment être juste autrement qu'en l'aimant et la haïssant tour à tour, envers cette génération brillante, qui reçut d'une main légère et porta sans embarras le lourd héritage de l'ancienne France, de la Révolution, de l'empire, mais ne sut rien transmettre à ceux qui vinrent après elle; qui fit sentir en littérature le prix de la forme achevée, et laissa peu d'œuvres irréprochables; qui réagit contre un ton général de pompe factice et de solennité exagérée, et fut elle même rarement exempte d'affectation; qui, avec une richesse, une exubérance, une ampleur de génie vraiment extraordinaires, produisit des milliers de livres excellents, dont pas un seul n'est bien sûr de l'avenir? La cause en est avant tout, je me hâte de le dire, à la nature infiniment delicate des pensées que nous cherchons à exprimer. Le dix-septième et le dix-huitième siècles, roulant dans un cercle d'idées très borné, se privant de toute vérité qui ne pouvait pas se renfermer dans un cadre fini, arrivaient plus facilement à un style achevé qu'un siècle, comme le nôtre, surchargé de connaissances et persuadé avec raison qu'on rétrécit l'esprit humain en le limitant aux idées claires. Il y a tant de choses que nous ne pouvons qu'augurer, deviner, pressentir! Les defauts des modernes viennent souvent de ce que, luttant corps à corps avec l'infini, ils veulent dire à la fois trop de choses. Mais combien d'autres faiblesses ces grands novateurs dont nous sommes les disciples auraient pu éviter! Les bonnes époques de l'antiquité grecque et latine, le dix-septième et le dix-huitième siècles nous avaient habitués, quand il s'agit des ouvrages de l'esprit, à chercher avant tout le naturel; dans l'auteur on voulait toucher un homme; la modestie était considérée comme une condition pour plaire. Tout cela fut changé par la génération nouvelle. Le déchirement souvent nécessaire, qu'une âme délicate n'accomplit, au début de la vie, qu'avec crainte et tremblement, s'appela d'un affreux barbarisme 's'affirmer.' On se paya de mots sonores dont les grands siècles avaient usé avec beaucoup de discretion. La vanité, la présomption effrénées, l'amour du succès à tout prix, furent accueillis du public avec une indulgence exagérée. Tel romancier se disait plus grand que Napoléon, et cela ne paraissait pas trop fort. Les effusions les plus immodérées d'une vantardise enfantine réussirent à se faire accepter.

* * * * *

"Les centenaires ne sont la faute de personne; on ne peut pas empêcher les siècles d'avoir cent ans. C'est bien fâcheux cependant. Rien de plus malsain que de rythmer la vie du présent sur le passé, quand le passé est exceptionnel. Les centenaires appellent les apothéoses; c'est trop. Une absoute solennelle avec un panégyrique, rien de mieux; un embaumement, où le mort est enveloppé de bandelettes pour qu'il ne ressuscite plus, nous plairait aussi infiniment; gardons-nous au moins de tout ce qui pourrait faire croire que de tels actes d'imprudence juvénile et d'irréflexion grandiose peuvent se recommencer. C'est la gloire d'une nation d'avoir dans son histoire des apparitions prodigieuses, qui n'arrivent qu'une fois: Jeanne d'Arc, Louis XIV., la Révolution, Napoléon; mais c'est là aussi un danger. L'essence de ces apparitions est d'être uniques. Elles sont belles à condition de n'être pas renouvelées. La Révolution doit rester un accès de maladie sacrée, comme disaient les anciens. La fièvre peut être féconde, quand elle est l'indice d'un travail intérieur; mais il ne faut pas qu'elle dure ou se répète; en ce cas, c'est la mort. La Révolution est condamnée, s'il est prouvé qu'au bout de cent ans elle en est encore à recommencer, à chercher sa voie, à se débattre sans cesse dans les conspirations et l'anarchie.

"Vous êtes jeune; vous verrez la solution de cette énigme, Monsieur. Les hommes extraordinaires pour lesquels nous nous sommes

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passionnés, eurent-ils tort, eurent-ils raison? De cette ivresse inouïe, réduite à l'exacte balance des profits et pertes, que reste-t-il? Le sort de ces grands enthousiastes sera-t-il de demeurer éternellement isolés, suspendus dans le vide, victimes d'une noble folie? Ou bien ont-ils, en somme, fondé quelque chose et préparé l'avenir? On ne le sait pas encore. J'estime que, dans quelques années, on le saura. Si, dans dix ou vingt ans, la France est prospère et libre, fidèle à la légalité, entourée de la sympathie des portions libérales du monde, oh! alors, la cause de la Révolution est sauvée; le monde l'aimera et en goûtera les fruits, sans en avoir savouré les amertumes. Mais si, dans dix ou vingt ans, la France est toujours à l'état de crise, anéantie à l'extérieur, livrée à l'intérieur aux menaces des sectes et aux enterprises de la basse popularité, oh! alors il faudra dire que notre entraînement d'artistes nous a fait commettre une faute politique, que ces audacieux novateurs, pour lesquels nous avons eu des faiblesses, eurent absolument tort. La Révolution dans ce cas serait vaincue pour plus d'un siècle. En guerre, un capitaine toujours battu ne saurait être un grand capitaine; en politique, un principe qui dans l'espace de cent ans épuise une nation ne saurait être le véritable.

"Suspendons notre jugement. Nos fils auront la réponse à une question qui nous tient dans une incertitude douloureuse. Certes, l'histoire nous a montré plus d'une fois une cause vaincue ressuscitant, au bout de plusieurs siècles, avec la nation qui avait péri en la représentant, victime de sa supériorité et des services rendus à l'œuvre commune de l'humanité. Mais notre abnégation ne va pas jusqu'à sacrifier à une résurrection et a des apothéoses hypothétiques l'existence de notre chère patrie. La vraie manière d'honorer les généreuses utopies du passé, c'est de les montrer réalisées et applicables. Le but de l'humanité, qui saurait le dire? Mais, qu'il s'agisse de l'humanité ou qu'il s'agisse de la nature, les seuls organismes qui laissent une trace durable sont ceux qui, engendrés dans la douleur, grandissent dans la lutte, s'accommodent aux nécessités du milieu et résistent à l'épreuve décisive de la vie."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

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Böhm-Bawerk, E. v. Kapital u. Kapitalzins. 2. Abth. Positive Theorie d. Kapitals. Innsbruck: Wagner. 10 M. 80 Pf.
Bourget, P. Pastels: dix portraits de femmes. Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50 c.
Chevillard, S. Siam et les Siamois. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
Fouilles d'Eleusis, 1882-1887. Athens: Wildberg. 1 fr.
Lesourd, M. de. François Coppée; L'homme, la vie et l'œuvre. Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50 c.
Posawitz, Th. Borneo. Entdeckungsreisen u. Untersuchgn. Berlin: Friedländer. 15 M.
Thierbach, M. Die geschichtliche Entwickelung der Handfeuerwaffen bearb. nach den in den deutschen Sammlgn. noch vorhandenen Exemplaren. 3. Thl. Dresden: Höckner. 25 M.

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Mariano, R. Le Apologie nei primi tre secoli della Chiesa. Naples: Furcheim. 2 fr.
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HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

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Appleton, C. Histoire de la propriété prétorienne et de l'action publicienne. Paris: Thorin. 18 fr.
Bahrfeldt, E. Das Münzwesen der Mark Brandenburg von den ältesten Zeiten bis zum Anfange der Regierung der Hohenzollern. Berlin: Kühl. 22 M.
Kohler, J. Rechtsvergleichende Studien üb. islamitisches Recht, das Recht der Berbern, das chinesische Recht u. das Recht auf Ceylon. Berlin: Heymann. 6 M.
Kubitschek, J. W. Imperium romanum tributim descriptum. Leipzig: Freytag. 12 M.
Pomtow, H. Beiträge zur Topographie v. Delphi. Berlin: Reimer. 16 M.
Thouvenel, L. Le Secret de l'Empereur: correspondance confidentielle et inédite échangée entre M. Thouvenel, le Duc de Gramont et le Général Comte de Flahaut, 1860-1863. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 15 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lehmann, O. Molekularphysik m. besond. Berücksicht. mikroskop. Untersuchgn. u. Anleitg. zu solchen. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Engelmann. 20 M.
Neumayr, M. Die Stämme d. Thierreichs. 1. Bd. Wirbellose Thiere. Leipzig: Freytag. 20 M.
Ostwald, W. Ueb. die Affinitätsgrössen organischer Säuren u. ihre Beziehungen zur Zusammensetzung u. Constitution derselben. Leipzig: Hirzel. 5 M.
Peter, B. Monographie der Sternhaufen G. C. 4460 u. G. C. 1440, sowie e. Sterngruppe bei O Piscium. Leipzig: Hirzel. 4 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

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Godefroy, F. Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française. 55e fasc. Paris: Vieweg. 5 fr.
Hoffory, J. Eddastudien. 1. Thl. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.
Jordan, L. Metrik u. Sprache Rutebeufs. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 60 Pf.
Mystère, le, de S. Bernard de Menthon, p.p. A. Lecoy de la Marche. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 8 fr.
Vogrinz, G. Grammatik d. homerischen Dialektes. Paderborn: Schöningh. 7 M.
Zorpfal, G. Die höfische Dorfpoesie. Eine Untersuchg. üb. Neidhart v. Reuenthal u. seinen Einfluss auf den altdeutschen Minnesang. Wien: Seidel. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUCER'S "PUELLA" AND "RUBEUS."

Cambridge: Feb. 24, 1889.

In Chaucer's "Knightes Tale," ll. 1183-7, we find:

> "The statue of Mars upon a carte stood
> Armed, and loked grim as he wer wood,
> And over his heed ther shynen two figures
> Of sterres, that been cleped in scriptures
> That oon Puella, that other Rubeus."

The only light we get on these lines is the remark in Speght: "The names of two figures in geomancy, representing two constellations in heaven; Puella signifieth Mars retrograde, and Rubeus Mars direct."

I have always wondered whence Speght obtained this. It cannot be right, because neither Mars direct nor Mars retrograde can possibly be a constellation. Mars is only, in any case, a single planet.

I have had some trouble to find out what "geomancy" really is; but I believe the definition in Ogilvie's Dictionary is correct, viz.—"A kind of divination by means of figures or lines, formed by little dots or points, originally on the earth, and afterwards on paper." How are we to reconcile this with the above?

The clue is to be found in Cornelius Agrippa, *De Occulta Philosophia*, cap. 48: De Figuris Geomanticis. He gives a list of the sixteen geomantic figures. The system, so far as I understand it, was this. The person wishing to divine formed one of these sixteen figures, and then interpreted it, or had it interpreted for him, by the aid of astrology. Curiously enough, an article has just appeared in the *Saturday Review* for February 16, 1889, on "Divination by Spotting." This is precisely geomancy, which is now, it seems, being revived by credulous people. The way to form the geomantic figures is there clearly described, and is as follows:—Take a pencil, and hurriedly jot down on a paper a number of dots in a line, without counting them. Do the same three times more. Now count the dots. If the dots in the first line are odd, put down one dot on another small paper halfway across it. If the dots are even, put down two dots, one towards one side, and one towards the other, like the two upper dots on a four at cards. Do this four times in all, putting the resulting single dot or pair of dots a little lower down each time. If, for instance, all the results are even, we obtain eight dots, situate like the eight pips on a nine of diamonds if the central pip be omitted. If the first, third, and fourth rows are even, while the second is odd, we get seven dots, disposed (very nearly) as on a seven of diamonds. This last arrangement is Chaucerian, as we shall see. This "science" was called geomancy, because the "figures" were originally made on soft earth or in dust with the point of a stick. Thus each "figure" consisted of from four to eight dots or "stars," representing not a real, but an artificial, constellation, *i.e.*, a collection of stars symmetrically arranged in an arbitrary, not an actual or natural, shape. Accordingly, Chaucer does not place the figures in the sky, but makes them form artificial ornaments over the head of Mars' statue. They might, for example, have been "painted with a subtle pencil" (see l. 1,191) in gold or silver. The "statue" of Mars was not a wooden image, but a painted picture; we should now call it the figure of Mars, or the representation of him (I wish to avoid the word figure here).

Hence the passage means precisely this: "The representation of Mars showed him standing in a chariot, in full armour, and with a furious look. Above his head were represented two collections (or sets) of stars (technically called 'figures') shining like those in a constellation. One of these arrangements was that which writers call 'Puella,' and the other was that called 'Rubeus.'" These names were in actual use. Each "Figura" had its "Nomen," its "Elementum," its "Planeta," and its "Signum," or sign of the Zodiac.

It is necessary to quote three of these. The first figure consists of five stars, arranged thus: Draw a diamond, situate as in card playing, place a star at each angle, and add a fifth star close below the lowest angle, and call this figure 1; the second consists of seven stars, arranged like the seven at cards, call this figure 2; the third consists of five stars, four in a diamond, and the fifth close above the highest angle, call this figure 3 (it is merely figure 1 turned upside down). Figure 1 results from odd, even, odd, odd; figure 2 from even, odd, even, even; and figure 3 from odd, odd, even, odd. Then, according to Cornelius Agrippa (who seems to have made some mistake, not to be wondered at when we remember how utterly arbitrary is the whole system), the "facts" are these: Figure 1 has for its name "Puella," or "Mundus facie"; its element is water, its planet is Venus, and its sign is Libra. Figure 2 has for its name "Rubeus," or "Ruffus"; its element is fire, its planet is Mars, and its sign is Gemini. Figure 3 has for its name "Puer," or "Flavus," or "Imberbis"; its element is fire, its planet is Mars, and its sign is Aries.

When we consider that the planets are not here denoted by their names, but by their astrological symbols (easily mistaken), and that the symbols for Mars and Venus are more alike than any others, it is to be suspected that the planet belonging to Figure 1 was, sometimes at least, considered to be Mars. This will bring the matter right. Or, perhaps, Chaucer confused "Puella" with "Puer"; for surely "Puella" suits Venus better. That "Rubeus" belonged to Mars cannot be doubted, as Chaucer calls him red. "Rubeus" portended dire calamities; *cf.* "the infortune of Marte," l. 1163; and "manasing of Mars," l. 1177.

The question remains, Whence did Chaucer

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get this? I suspect it was from Hali, the Arabian (see Prologue, l. 431), who is said to have written on geomancy. Another author was Arbatel, and another (or the same) was Almadal; these also are clearly Arabian names. Other authors on geomancy, according to Agrippa, were Gerardus Cremonensis, Bartholomaeus Parmensis, and "quidam Tundinus."

There is a long explanation of geomancy, called in German *Punctirkunst*, in Zedler's Universal Lexicon, under that title. He refers to Weigel; and, in particular, to Buddeus, *Thesaurus de Atheismo et Superstitionibus*, cap. 9, sect. 7, p. 764; also to the same, p. 391. But I cannot come at a copy of Buddeus that contains this work. Neither do I know if Hali's treatise still exists. Perhaps some one can tell us. WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE 42-LINE OR "MAZARIN" BIBLE.

Cambridge: Feb. 23, 1889.

In to-day's ACADEMY (p. 130, third column) it is said that the Hopetoun Library copy of "the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible" is about to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby.

That the happy owners of copies of the Mazarin or 42-line Bible, as well as booksellers and auctioneers, should feel disposed to call it the "Gutenberg" Bible is quite natural; as the idea that this splendid work, finished before August 15, 1456, was one of the first productions of John Gutenberg, whom some people wish to regard as the inventor of printing, imparts a charm and pecuniary value to the book, which it would not have if it were called the "Schoeffer" Bible. And yet, according to all rules of bibliography, this Bible must be attributed to Peter Schoeffer, said to have been the successor or rival or enemy of Gutenberg.

It is true that the bibliographical evidence for ascribing it to Schoeffer rests chiefly on researches made by myself, and explained in my *Gutenberg—Was he the Inventor of Printing?* (p. 167 *seqq.* and preface, p. xiii.). But all that I have said on the subject has been endorsed by the late Mr. Bradshaw, and corroborated by him on different grounds than mine (see an account of a paper read by him on early Bibles in *The Printing Times* for 1885, p. 102). Moreover, even the most ardent German supporters of Gutenberg's claims to the invention of printing no longer believe that the 42-line Bible was his work.

Therefore, I think that in a scientific paper like the ACADEMY the statement that there is a "Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible" for sale should not pass unnoticed.

The notion that Gutenberg was the inventor of printing rests on no solid foundation. The earliest statements about an invention of printing in Germany or by Gutenberg distinctly say that it is a "rumour." The earliest authentic documents which speak of Gutenberg's connexion with printing, and should and would have spoken of him as the inventor of the art if he had invented it, are hopelessly silent on this point. And Ulrich Zell, a pupil of the early Mainz school of printing, who must have known Gutenberg and Fust and Schoeffer, and the traditions of the art, distinctly says, in the Cologne Chronicle of 1499, that the first beginnings of the art were found in Holland. And nothing has as yet been said or done to invalidate Adrian Junius's assertion that the art was invented at Haarlem by Lourens Janszoon Coster. J. H. HESSELS.

"CHOUSE."

Oxford: Feb. 26, 1889.

The Rev. C. B. Mount, in investigating the history of the substantive and verb "chouse" for the Dictionary, has pointed out that the statement made by Gifford in his note to Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," Act I., Sc. i. (where this sb. first appears in a transferred sense), is without known foundation. Gifford's story is that

"in 1609 Sir Robert Shirley [when in the East] sent a messenger or *chiaus* [properly *chaush*] to this country as his agent for the Grand Signior and the Sophy. Before Sir Robert reached England his agent had 'chiaused' the Turkish and Persian merchants [in London] of £4000, and taken his flight."

Not only have we been unable to discover any contemporary reference to this swindling transaction; but we do find that this asserted origin appears to have been totally unknown to the numerous writers who speculated upon the word, down to Gifford's own time, including even Peter Whalley, the earlier editor of Ben Jonson. Whence did Gifford get his story, more than 200 years after date? Help in solving this question is much wanted.

I may add that I know nothing of "chouse" in the sense of "swindler, cheat," which figures (since Gifford's time) in modern dictionaries. Dr. Johnson's two meanings were (1) a bubble, a tool, a man fit to be cheated; (2) a trick or sham. The sense "swindler" nowhere occurs among our numerous quotations; and it was entirely unknown to dictionaries, until Gifford attributed it to the passage in Ben Jonson, and fortified it by his *ben trovato* story. One would be thankful to know that this story is not itself a "chouse"; but received etymology is so honeycombed with invented stories that we have constantly to suspect them.

J. A. H. MURRAY.

AMERICANISMS.

London: February 27, 1889.

In estimating the number of new words that are continually being added to the English language by our Transatlantic cousins, it is scarcely fair to take (as is often done) the eccentric vocabulary of the humourous press, or even of those enterprising journalists who are expected to coin new terms as part of their daily task.

But I have been often struck by strange words and phrases, of the nature of Americanisms, in the New York *Nation*, which ranks in sobriety with our own *Spectator*. In the number last received (February 14), I find two such:

"We can understand how the last evil, the imaginary one, may be met, if any single [State] Legislature has the courage to grapple with it, the Granger Meat Bill of Pennsylvania having *blazed* the way."

Of course, there is no difficulty in understanding the metaphor implied in the verb "blazed"; but the usage is not recorded in Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary*. There is, however, an amusing example of it quoted in Mr. John S. Farmer's *Americanisms*, privately published only the other day:

"Adam was created first, and it does not seem unlikely that Eve, when she found that Adam had preceded her in the creation, felt piqued about it. Possibly Adam may have tried to excuse himself by saying it was an unexplored region, and it was necessary for him to *blaze* the way. At all events, Eve and her daughters have headed the family procession ever since."—*Texas Siftings*.

The other word may not be an Americanism proper, though I have been unable to find it in the ordinary English Dictionaries. I have condensed the passage:

"By a bill introduced into the New Jersey Legislature, the Boards of Freeholders are empowered to have the county roads 'graded, paved with *telford*, macadamised, or otherwise improved by means of stone, for a width of at least twelve feet in the centre thereof.'"

On turning to the article "Road" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (Ninth Edition, vol. xx.), I find that "the name of Telford is associated with a pitched foundation," which "consists of flat stones carefully set on edge in courses across the road with the broadest edges downwards"; and it also appears that Telford was the inventor of the granite block paving now almost banished from the streets of London. The latter seems to be the sense wanted; but it is curious that Telford's fame as a roadmaker should thus be familiarly preserved only in the United States.

JAS. S. COTTON.

HINREK VAN ALKMAR'S "REINAERT."

London: Feb. 23, 1889.

The importance is unquestionable of the fragments of a previously unknown printed "Reinaert" in clearing up a mystery of which Jacob Grimm (*Reinhart F.* 1834, p. clxxv.) was the only one of all the writers on the subject who ever ventured on anything like a rational solution; and admirable as was his conjecture, scarcely any heed was given to it until it was so fully confirmed by the subsequent discovery of these fragments. But most assuredly Henry Bradshaw had nothing whatever to do with the discovery, either of the fragments themselves, as the reviewer of Mr. Prothero's Memoir (ACADEMY, Feb. 2) supposes, or of the light they throw on Hinrek von Alkmar's true place in relation to the *Reineke Vos*, of which he was for a long time erroneously supposed to be the author.

Some time before Bradshaw can have begun to turn his attention to such matters, these fragments, then in the library of the late Mr. Culemann of Hanover, had been made known by Karl Gödeke in his *Deutsche Wochenschrift* (Feb. 1854). And even supposing Bradshaw to have been aware of their existence (which I have some reason to doubt) before they were fully reprinted and described by Hoffmann von Fallersleben in 1862 (*Horae Belgicae*, xii.), it is certain that before that time he cannot have *seen* them, for they never left Germany until they were brought over for sale in London (Feb. 1870), and we know that Bradshaw never was in Germany until 1862. Of course, until Bradshaw had seen them, he could give no opinion as to the press from which they came, viz., that of Gerard Leeu.

FR. NORGATE.

A LETTER OF THE POET OF THE "SEASONS."

Bristol: Feb. 20, 1889.

The letter by the poet of the *Seasons*, to which your correspondent, Sir George Douglas, refers, has been published more recently than either he or the editor of the *Kelso Mail* seems to imagine. It is quoted entire in a life of the poet published in 1822 (*Lives of the Scottish Poets*, vol. i., T. Boys, Ludgate Hill). This letter was addressed to "Dr. Cranstoun at Ancrum by Berwick"; and it discredits Dr. Johnson's statement that the poem "Winter" was Thomson's sole means of subsistence on entering London, by proving that the poem at that time was not even written. The biography to which I allude gives many interesting particulars of the poet's life and character.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF DANTE'S PROSE WORKS.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Feb. 22, 1889.

I should be glad to have the opportunity of rectifying a slip which occurs in my notice of Prof. Fay's "Concordance of the *Divina Commedia*," printed in to-day's ACADEMY.

I find that I have, by omitting to mention it, inadvertently by implication condemned Mr.

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F. J. Church's well-known translation of the *De Monarchia* as unsatisfactory. I need hardly say that such was not my intention. Instead of saying that "none of Dante's prose works, except the *Vita Nuova*, has been satisfactorily rendered in English," I ought to have said "none except the *V. N.* and the *De Monarchia*."

PAGET TOYNBEE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 4, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Soap Bubbles, and what may be shown with them," by Mr. C. V. Boys.
5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture. "The Decoration and Illustration of Books," 1, by Mr. Walter Crane.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Logos of Philosophy," by Mr. H. Clarke.

TUESDAY, March 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," VII., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Nebuchadnezzar in the Bible and the Cuneiform Inscriptions," by the Rev. C. J. Ball.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion. "Alternate-Current Machinery," by Mr. Gisbert Kapp.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "South-American Coleoptera of the Genus *Diabrotica*," by Mr. Joseph S. Baly; "New Genera and Species of Eastern Coleoptera of the Family *Telephoridae*," by the Rev. H. S. Gorham; "New Land-Shells from the Island of Korar (Pelew Group)," by Col. R. H. Beddome; "The Anatomy of a Rare Cephalopod (*Gonatus fabricii*)," by Mr. W. E. Hoyle.

WEDNESDAY, March 6, 3 p.m. University College, Barlow Lecture, "Personal Traits and Characteristics of Dante, as gathered from the Early Biographies, and illustrated by Passages in his own Writings," by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Arc Lamps and their Mechanism," by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.
8 p.m. Geological: "The Subdivisions of the Speeton Clay," by Mr. G. W. Lamplugh; "The Geology of Madagascar," by the Rev. R. Baron; "The Petrographical Characters of some Rocks collected in Madagascar by the Rev. R. Baron," by Mr. F. H. Hatch.
8 p.m. Elizabethan: "John Webster," by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke.

THURSDAY, March 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Venom of Serpents, and Allied Poisons," III., by Dr. S. Martin.
4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The Carmelite Priory or House of White Friars at Hulne," by Mr. W. H. St. John Hope; "A Salute of Henry VI.," by Mr. E. C. Hulme.
7 p.m. London Institution: "Modern Composers of Classical Song," II., by Mr. Carl Armbruster.
8 p.m. Linnean: "The Vascular System of Floral Organs," by the Rev. G. Henslow.
8 p.m. Chemical: Election of Fellows.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: Election of Fellows.

FRIDAY, March 8, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Mining in Spain, with Special Reference to the Lead Mines of Linares," by Mr. C. F. Smith.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Present Condition and Prospects of Indian Agriculture," by Prof. R. Wallace.
8 p.m. New Shakspere: "Lady Macbeth," by Miss B. Lamb.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Discharge of a Leyden Jar," by Prof. Oliver Lodge.

SATURDAY, March 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics—Polarisation, Wave Theory," III., by Lord Rayleigh.
3 p.m. Physical: "The Magneto-Optic Notation by Transient Currents, with Reference to the Time required for the Production of the Effect," "An Electrostatic Field produced by Varying Magnetic Induction." "Some Experiments allied to those of Hertz," "The Velocity of Electric Pulses along a Pair of Isolated Wires," "Sundry Laboratory Notes," by Prof. O. Y. Lodge.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Essays in Biblical Greek. By Edwin Hatch. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

(*First Notice.*)

THIS is without doubt a book of marked importance. Its details are valuable; but more important than any details are the freshness, independence, and philosophic breadth of view by which it is characterised. We are all of us apt to fall into grooves in our thinking. When a few leading scholars make use of a particular method it soon comes to be followed as a matter of course and without any thought of the limitations and qualifications to which it is subject. It is, therefore, the greatest service that can be rendered to the scholar and student that he should be sent back to first principles, and compelled to verify his assumptions and revise his methods of procedure. This is what Dr. Hatch has done. He has turned us out of our ruts and has made us examine and test the instruments with which we are in the habit of working. His book is clearly the product of ripe experience. Only one who had worked for years directly upon the materials could have written it. It shows as much caution and circumspection in the statement of principles as boldness in their application; and it is written in a style which seems to me to hold a distinguished place among the models of clear, compact, masculine English. Along with the firmness and precision of well-digested knowledge it has also the freshness of touch which comes from writing "with the eye upon the object."

I wish to guard against the language of exaggerated eulogy. I am not consciously affected by private friendship; and I intend to express plainly my own differences of opinion, which are not inconsiderable. But the reader shall judge for himself of the calibre of the book which is set before him. The specimens which follow are for the most part selected with a view to the more detailed discussion upon which I hope to enter in another article; but so far as style is concerned they are only samples, the like of which might be taken from nearly every page. Before going on to these, I must, however, first briefly explain that the essays now printed represent two courses of lectures given on the Grinfield foundation—a single lecture in each term, and during the years 1880-1883. The subjects of the lectures fall into two groups—the first dealing mainly with the use of words, the second with problems relating to the text. I extract a few passages which lay down principles under each of these heads:

"The tendency of almost all students of an ancient book is to lay too great a stress upon the meaning of single words, to draw too subtle distinctions between synonyms, to press unduly the force of metaphors, and to estimate the weight of compound words in current use by weighing separately the elements of which they are compounded. Whereas in the ordinary speech of men, and with all but a narrow, however admirable, school of writers in a literary age, distinctions between synonyms tend to fade away, the original force of metaphors becomes so weakened by familiarity as to be rarely present to the mind of the speaker, and compound words acquire a meaning of their own which cannot be resolved into the separate meanings of their component parts" (p. 15).

Again:

"In examining any philosophical terms which are found in Hellenistic Greek it is necessary to observe to an increased degree the caution with which all Hellenistic words must be treated. At every step the student is haunted by their classical meanings, and at every step the ghosts of their classical meanings must be exorcised. For Greece and the Greek world had come not only under a different political rule, and into new social circumstances, but also into a new atmosphere of thought and into a new attitude of mind towards the questions with which philosophy deals. Those questions were, almost of necessity, stated in their ancient form. The technical terms remained the same; but by the operation of those silent changes by which all thinking races are constantly elaborating new meanings, and finding new points of view, the connotation of those terms and the answers to those questions had undergone more than one complete transformation. The philosophical words of Hellenistic Greek must be viewed in relation not to past but to contemporary philosophy. Nor can that contemporary philosophy be taken as an undivided whole. It is as various in its character as the philosophy of our own time, with which it is the more interesting to compare it, because, as in our modern philosophy, a large part of it was syncretistic" (p. 94).

I append to this, as an example at once of largeness of view and of condensed clearness of statement, the short paragraph which treats with the critical condition of the writings of Philo:

"Many of the MSS. which contain them remain uncollated; no attempt has been made to differentiate the characteristics of the main group of writings so as to afford a criterion for distinguishing between the writings of Philo himself and those of his school; the philosophy itself, which is more like a mosaic than an organic unity, has for the most part not been resolved into its elements" (p. 95).

I may perhaps in passing express the opinion that Philo is too literary to furnish the best analogies for the Greek of the New Testament. I expect greater results from the examination of the Apocryphal and Pseudepigraphic writings, Jewish and Christian, the authors or translators of which were more directly on a level with the writers of the New Testament, and moved more within the same circle of ideas.

Turning to the part which deals with the text, I quote first from the opening of the chapter on composite quotations, in regard to which Dr. Hatch puts forward a view to which many enquiries are tending.

"It may naturally be supposed that a race [like the Jews] which laid stress on moral progress, whose religious services had variable elements of both prayer and praise, and which was carrying on an active propaganda, would have, among other books, manuals of morals, of devotion, and of controversy. It may also be supposed, if we take into consideration the contemporary habit of making collections of *excerpta*, and the special authority which the Jews attached to their sacred books, that some of these manuals would consist of extracts from the Old Testament. The existence of composite quotations in the New Testament, and in some of the early Fathers suggests the hypothesis that we have in them relics of such manuals" (p. 203).

My last quotation shall be from the summary of the chapter on the LXX. text of Job, where again Dr. Hatch puts forward an interesting theory.

"The result of the enquiry is that the hypothesis which was advanced at the outset explains satisfactorily the majority of the passages which Origen supplied from Theodotion. In other words, it seems probable that the Book of Job originally existed in a shorter form than at present; and that in the interval between the time of the original translation and that of Theodotion large additions were made to the text by a poet whose imaginative power was at least not inferior to that of the original writer. The additions are in general

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harmony with the existing text, though they do not always exactly fit in to their place; nor is it likely that the difficulties will be solved until the ten factors which are necessary to their solution have each engaged the attention of skilled specialists, namely, the philology and the textual criticism, not only of the Hebrew, but also of the Greek, the Syro-Hexaplar, the Sahidic, and the Latin versions. Of these ten factors, only the first two, namely, the philology and the textual criticism of the Hebrew, have as yet been dealt with by competent scholars" (pp. 244-5).

I have indulged rather largely in quotation, partly because the book is its own best expounder, and partly because I want the reader to have before him the texts on which I propose to offer some comments later on. I would ask his attention especially to the first two extracts, which it seems to me will affect the study of Biblical Greek for some time to come. To these I hope to return; but I will confine myself for the present to one remark. Anyone may see that the book represents a great amount of first-hand work. It is perhaps a natural consequence of this that little should be said of other workers in the field. My own feeling is that that little is rather too disparaging. It is, for instance, surely an exaggeration to say that the writings of Philo, except for the doctrine of the Λόγος, "are an almost wholly unworked mine." The page on which these words occur was doubtless in type before the appearance of Dr. James Drummond's elaborate monograph, which was published last year; but it does not do justice to Dr. Edersheim's important article in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, or to the many marks of the careful study of Philo in the same writer's *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*. I should have thought, too, that the phrase would have to be modified in view of Siegfried's *Philo von Alexandria*, not to speak of Loesner and a number of older workers. More readers still will be startled by the sweeping statements on p. 1: "The language of the New Testament has not yet attracted the special attention of any considerable scholar. There is no good lexicon There is no philological commentary. There is no adequate grammar." I can understand what Dr. Hatch means. He is judging by an absolute, and not by a relative, standard. And he has a better right to do this than most of us have. Bacon's saying about the dwarf perched on the giant's shoulder is less applicable to him. It is but seldom that he climbs on to any man's shoulder. He prefers to work his own way afresh from the foundations. From a less elevated standpoint I should myself be well content to call Thayer-Grimm's a "good" lexicon, as reflecting with scrupulous care the stage so far reached by Biblical scholarship. Considering, too, the vast stores of philological material collected in the last century by Wetstein and his contemporaries, and the way in which they have been worked up, not without additions (such, for instance, as the elaborate notes on τοῦ πονηροῦ, by Bishop Lightfoot; and on ἐπιούσιος, by Bishop Lightfoot and Mr. McClellan), by our own best commentators, and on the Continent, notably by C. F. A. Fritzsche, I should hesitate to say that there was "no philological commentary." The commentaries of the last-named writer on St. Matthew, St. Mark, and Romans, at least were primarily and professedly philological, and their author was a scholar of wide learning and of great ability. Many a lesser workman has been glad to fill his carts at that quarry. And, as regards grammars, could it be said that Biblical scholarship — with Winer-Moulton and Buttmann-Thayer — was far behind classical scholarship, at least until a few years ago? It is true that glimpses are given us from time to time of still better things. We think of the refined and beautiful work in Dr. Field's *Otium Norvicense*. We think of a few stray grammatical notes in the *Speaker's Commentary* on 1 Corinthians, and of the "Notes on Orthography" at the end of Westcott and Hort's *Greek Testament*. The thought of these last is apt to call up a sigh of mingled regret and fear that the world may be left the poorer of what the rich man's bounty could so easily spare. What might not the hand which wrote the "Notes on Orthography" do, I will not say merely for the philology, but for all else connected with the Greek Testament! It might teach us—as it has already begun to teach us—what the science of the nineteenth century, as applied to Biblical studies, ought to be. Would that I could help these eminent men to realise what an utterly indifferent matter is completeness and roundness of form to the scholar thirsting for knowledge; how thankfully the merest *Adversaria* would be received, and how superfluous are apologies (see Academy, January 19, 1889. p. 43) for anything, whatever it may be, which finds its way into print!

I am digressing, and yet not digressing, from the subject in hand. Surely, here, too, is a great opportunity. We may have no lack of gratitude towards the past and yet feel that a duty lies before us in the present. A work like this by Dr. Hatch is admirably fitted to give the impulse to a new movement. Brief though it be, as the publication of an isolated course of lectures, it is yet a masterly tracing of the lines for revived enquiry. I cannot myself at once yield assent to all its propositions; but such differences as exist might, I think, soon be thrashed out. And if we are to have a new movement I think that all eyes would look to Dr. Hatch as the natural head for it. His present book shows exceptional qualifications for the very difficult work of a lexicographer and grammarian. And just at this moment there is an unusual supply of younger scholars who would be willing to join in combined and organised work. Is it too much to hope that something definite may be started?

W. Sanday.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A committee has been formed of members of the Royal Society, with Lord Rayleigh as its president, to co-operate with the local committee appointed in Munich to promote the erection of a statue to Georg Simon Ohm, the discoverer of the laws of the electric current, who was born at Erlangen on March 16, 1789. Profs. G. Carey Foster and John Perry have consented to act as secretaries and to receive subscriptions.

The Geologists' Association—of which Mr. T. V. Holmes has recently been elected president, in succession to Mr. F. W. Rudler—will, on Saturday, March 15, visit the National History Museum, Cromwell-road, when Mr. W. Carruthers, keeper of the botanical department, will give an exposition of the fossil fungi, lichens, and mosses.

A sketch of the "Geological History of the Yellowstone National Park," by Mr. Arnold Hague, of the United States Geological Survey, has been printed in the *Transactions* of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. In the Eocene period this area became the theatre of great volcanic activity, which abated in pliocene times, and probably died out in the quarternary epoch. It is believed that the waters now flowing from the geysers and hot springs are merely surface waters, which in percolating downwards have become heated by means of the steam which rises in large volumes from deep-seated sources. Mr. Hague's sketch forms an excellent scientific guide to the famous park.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

M. Bénédite, who has received a commission from the French Government to collect inscriptions in the Sinaitic peninsula for the *Corpus* of the Institut, reports that he has already collected more than three hundred hitherto unpublished.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Revillout reported the acquisition by the Louvre of a fragmentary papyrus containing sixteen columns of a speech of Hyperides, the contemporary and opponent of Demosthenes. Hitherto, all that has been preserved of this orator is three papyri in the British Museum, found at Thebes, in Egypt, in 1847 and 1856. But these are enough to confirm the verdict of Longinus, which has been thus summed up by Prof. Jebb: "Hyperides was the Sheridan of Athens." Longinus further remarks that in one of his speeches, that against Athenogenes, he displayed a talent which not even Demosthenes could equal. Now, it happens that the newly discovered papyrus consists of this very speech against Athenogenes, up to the present entirely unknown. Unfortunately, the papyrus is very much broken, so that M. Revillout has not yet ventured to publish the complete text or a translation. But he hopes before long to succeed in piecing the fragments together, with care and patience.

At the congress of Orientalists to be held at Stockholm, Prof. De Goeje, of Leiden, will read a paper on the origin of the legend of St. Brendan.

A revised and enlarged edition of Prof. Whitney's *Sanskrit Grammar* has just appeared at Leipzig.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Physical Society.—(*Annual General Meeting, Saturday, February 9.*)

Prof. Reinold, president, in the chair.—The reports of the council and treasurer were read and adopted. From the former it appears that the number of members has only slightly increased during the year, due, it is supposed, to the advantages offered by the society not being generally known; and a fly-leaf has been prepared, giving a short account of the society's objects and procedure, copies of which may be obtained from the secretaries. During the past year Vol. I., Part I, of *Physical Memoirs selected and translated from Foreign Sources* has been printed and issued to the members; and the translations of important memoirs by Fourier, Hittorf, and Volta are well advanced, and will be published shortly. The treasurer's report showed the financial position of the society to be very satisfactory. Owing to the lamented death of Prof. Clausius, a vacancy has occurred in the list of honorary members, to fill which Prof. R. W. Bunsen was nominated by the

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council and duly elected. The following were elected to form the new council:—president: Prof. A. W. Reinold; vice-presidents: Dr. E. Atkinson, Prof. W. E. Ayrton, Shelford Bidwell, Lord Rayleigh; secretaries: Walter Baily, Prof. J. Perry; treasurer: Prof. A. W. Rücker; demonstrator: C. Vernon Boys; other members of council: Hon. R. Abercromby, T. H. Blakesley, W. H. Coffin, Conrad W. Cooke, Prof. O. Lodge, Prof. W. Ramsay, W. N. Shaw, Prof. S. P. Thompson, H. Tomlinson, and Dr. G. M. Whipple.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(*Tuesday, February 12.*)

DR. JOHN BEDDOE, president, in the chair.—Dr. Beddoe read a paper on "Human Remains discovered by General Pitt-Rivers at Woodcuts, Rotherley, and Winkelbury Camp."—Mr. Bernard Hollander read a paper on "Centres of Ideation in the Brain." The object of this paper was to furnish the basis of a scientific phrenology. The author took it for granted (1) that all mind manifestation is dependent on brain matter; (2) that the various elements of the mind have distinct seats in the brain, which, however, have not yet been determined; (3) that the recent researches by physiological experimenters and pathological investigators — which have resulted in defining distinct regions for motion and sensation—established the physiological correlative of psychological actions. By applying galvanic currents to definite portions of the brain, or by destroying certain areas, physiological experimenters caused movements of certain limbs and muscles. In itself the distribution of motor areas in the brain would be of little value to the psychologist, except that it proves to him the plurality of functions of the brain. When we, however, observe that the movements caused by excitation form the physical parallel of a mental action, we may arrive at the psychological function of a certain portion of brain, by reducing the various faculties of the mind to their elements and watching their physical expression. To arrive at the demonstration of centres of ideation: (1) we must observe the physical expressions of our thoughts and feelings; (2) we must take the limbs and muscles, which are affected by definite emotions, and see on what occasions they were made to move by central excitation. Thus we find that in a definite part of the frontal convolution (Ferrier's centre No. 7) the galvanic current had the effect of elevating the cheeks and angles of the mouth with closure of the eyes. On no other region could the same be effected. Darwin points out (*Expressions of the Emotions*, p. 202) that under the emotion of joy, the mouth is acted on exclusively by the great zygomatic muscles, which serve to draw the corners backwards and upwards. The upper and lower orbicular muscles are at the same time more or less contracted. Duchenne and Sir C. Bell are of the same opinion; and Sir Crichton Browne, speaking of the general paralysis of the insane, says: "In this malady there is invariably optimism, delusions as to wealth, rank, &c., and insane joyousness, while its very earliest physical symptom is trembling at the corners of the mouth." The effect produced by the galvanic current on Ferrier's centre No. 7. is thus shown to be the physical expression of the emotion of joy. Combe located there his "organ of cheerfulness," which he afterwards called "hope"; and there is no doubt some relation between the effect of Ferrier's experiment and the result of Combe's observations. Prof. Sigmund Exner says the centres for the facial movements extend from the gyrus centralis anterior to the latter halves of the lower frontal convolutions—an area which corresponds with Gall's "centre for mimicry" (afterwards named "imitation"). Most marked, however, is the harmony between the results of modern experiments and the observations made by the early phrenologists when we arrive at the demonstration of the "gustatory" centre. Prof. Ferrier's experiments on the lower extremity of the temporo-sphenoidal convolution caused movements of the lips, tongue, and cheeks—indications of gustatory sensation. Looking up the *Edinburgh Phrenological Journal* (vol. 10, p. 249), we find that many men claimed the discovery (in 1824) of the organ for gustatory sensation, afterwards called "gustativeness" or "alimentiveness," and that they located this centre in exactly the same region. As this organ is difficult to be observed on account of the zygomatic arch and the temporal muscle, phrenology was much abused at the time. Prof. Ferrier's experiments on his centre No. 11, on the lower extremity of the ascending parietal convolution, resulted in retraction of the angle of the mouth. The action is that of the platysma myoides muscle, which, as Sir C. Bell (*Anatomy of Expression*, p. 168) states, is strongly contracted under the influence of fear, and which he calls the muscle of fright. Phrenologists (Gall and Spurzheim) located in this region their organ of "cautiousness" which they found largely developed in persons known for their timidity. Prof. Ferrier's centre No. 7, is said to cause "raising of the shoulders with extension of the arms," a movement which Darwin and Mantegazza refer to the expression of patience, submission, and the absence of any intention to resist. Gall's organ of "veneration," which corresponds with this centre, is said to produce an instinctive feeling of respect; and when defective in children, Combe says, "it has the effect of making them regardless of authority, prone to rebellion, and little attentive to command." Though the work as described is far from complete, it may have the effect of causing Gall's theories to be re-examined, and of pointing out a sure method for the demonstration of centres of ideation.

MANCHESTER GOETHE SOCIETY.—(*Wednesday, February 13.*)

THE REV. F. F. CORNISH in the chair.—The hon. sec. read a paper by Prof. C. H. Herford on "Goethe's Theories on Epic Poetry, with special reference to the Epic Fragments." In the introduction Prof. Herford drew attention to the uncertain tenure of life held by epic in modern times, and accounted for this by the fact that the great shadow of Homer broods over all the future of his art, ever provoking imitation of the inimitable. Modern epic poetry has been paralysed by its incapacity either to adopt the Homeric type or to create a new one on similar lines. It has been most successful where it has most frankly abandoned the heroic atmosphere of the *Iliad*. Goethe alone among modern poets has produced work in epic which reveals in every line Homeric inspiration, and itself takes rank among classics of all literature. It was from his profound interest in Homer, fostered by the influences of his Italian journey, that Goethe's essays in epic poetry arose; and it was during the first half decade of his friendship with Schiller that all his finest work in this line was done. *Reineke Fuchs*, produced at an earlier date (1793), may be regarded merely as an experiment in the art of telling a prolonged and quasi-epic story in the verse and manner of Homer; but in the *Hermann and Dorothea*, and in the fragmentary *Achilleis*, not only Homer, but Homer made concrete and sensuous in painting and sculpture, lives in the finely profiled men and women who move with a certain statuesque dignity and quiescence upon a landscape background mellow and harmonious, but somewhat colourless, like his. The method by which the effect is achieved in the two poems is, however, quite different. In the former Goethe has been true to his natural instinct, that poetic realism which works from without to within—which starts from the commonplace facts of life and idealises them, merely by dissolving away that in them which is discordant with the simple, primary issues of human nature. In the latter he has, in a manner less natural and congenial to him, merely adopted, with a few harmonising touches, the ideal creations of a splendid but alien poetry. That the brilliantly successful completion of *Hermann and Dorothea* led only to splendid promise, but to no mature growth, is due partly to the absorbing character of the other work on which Goethe was engaged, and partly no doubt to the paralysing effect on such a poetic faculty as his of the excessive aesthetic discussion which then occupied himself and Schiller. The theories regarding epic which they together evolved proved fatal to a projected epic, *Die Jagd* (afterwards worked out as a prose *Novelle*); and another epic, *Tell*, begun with great ardour after Goethe's visit to Switzerland in 1797, was also dropped, though for other reasons. The narrow limits of a real time and place were wholly foreign to Goethe's genius, and he passed on the material he had collected to Schiller. In the meantime a remark thrown out by Schiller in their continued discussions turned Goethe's thoughts once more to Homer: epos and drama, says Schiller, necessarily approximate as each draws nearer perfection; and for modern poets, unable to command either the stage of Attic tragedy or the audience of the Homeric rhapsode, there is also a practical necessity of supplementing each form of art from the resources and methods of the other. Hence Goethe's attempt in the *Achilleis* to construct an epic on a tragic motive. He had sought for the possible materials for another epic in the interval between Hector's death and the departure of the Greeks; but he had found only tragic subjects, suited rather for dramatic than epic treatment. Now, however, urged on by Schiller, he lays his own doubts aside, and determines to treat the death of Achilles in epic manner. He begins the work with eagerness and zest, but his moods fluctuate incessantly: now he is drawn within the magic spell of Homer, and determines to follow him implicitly, to be antique at all costs; now his own artistic nature asserts itself, and he aspires at a bolder, more independent treatment. Yet, in spite of his conviction that a modern epic cannot be a mere continuation of the *Iliad*, Goethe seems to have yielded in the immediate presence of that poem to the overpowering domination of Homer, which, working at a safer distance, he had easily resisted in his *Hermann and Dorothea*. Instead of frankly accepting he only jealously admits the modern elements, and is in the main so entirely Homeric that his occasional deviations from Homer almost seem blunders. It was probably his sense of the growing discord between matter and form that paralysed his interest in the splendid subject he had chosen. The first canto, with its stately picture of the council of gods, is more Homeric than its successors could have been; the love passion of Achilles and Polyxena, which was to bring about the tragic climax, must have been a theme hard to combine with the severely Homeric tone of the opening. And so the poem remained unfinished, and as an incompleted work it must be judged. Considered as an attempt to renew Homer, the *Achilleis* is a splendid approximation to success where success was impossible; considered apart from Homer, it is a brilliant fragment, injured by a certain compositeness of effect.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(*Monday, February 18.*)

SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS in the chair.—Mr. E. J. Rapson gave a sketch of some MS. notes on the Northern and Western Kshatrapas by the late Pandit Bhagvānlāl Indraji, and illustrated his remarks by a series of coins selected by the Pandit for publication in the *Journal* of the society. He described the celebrated lion capital which, together with a collection of coins numbering about 4000, the Pandit bequeathed to the British Museum. The inscriptions on this capital afford a clue to the knowledge of three distinct dynasties, each bearing the name of Kshatrapas, who were contemporaries in the territory between the Himalayas and Mathurā after the dissolution of the Graeco-Bactrian kingdom. The coins of these Kshatrapas were published by Prinsep and Cunningham under the title "Buddhist Satraps." The dates of these Northern Kshatrapas may be approximately known, as they copy the type of well-known Çatra-Parthian and Hindu dynasties. Bhagvānlāl contends that there is evidence to show that one of these rulers, the Mahākshatrapa Kusula Patika, gained supremacy over the rest. The Western Kshatrapas ruled for more than two centuries over Kathiāwād, Kachch, and part of the Mahratta country. They used commonly to be called Sāh kings. Bhagvānlāl connected them with the Northern Kshatrapas, and supposed the first two rulers of this dynasty, Nahāpara and Chashtana, to have been originally generals of Kusula Patika, who were sent on military expeditions to the Deccan and Mālwa. The Pandit's collection of the coins of these Kshatrapas is the most complete in existence, and contains numerous dated specimens in a perfect state of preservation. It is a most valuable addition to

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the national collection. The Pandit's notes are to be arranged and edited, so as to form an article in some future number of the society's *Journal*.

FINE ART.

Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. By R. Lanciani. (Macmillan.)

"THERE is no doubt," says Signor Lanciani, "that the Romans have done more harm to their own city than all invading hosts put together." Is this mischief now going on under a new form? That is the question for which everyone who has seen Rome will look for an answer in these pages. Signor Lanciani meets it with an emphatic "No." Private research, like private speculation, is, of course, doing mischief. Prince Alexander Torlonia, by excavating in the remains of Trajan's dock at Ostia for five years, has done "more harm to the place in this short time than had been done in fifteen centuries of abandonment and desolation." But the national action has not been of a destructive or injurious character. The preface which the author, who is director of excavations for the national government and the municipality of Rome, attaches to his book is an *Apologia pro operibus suis*; and he makes out a good case in his own defence. When we are alarmed by hearing that, since 1870, 266,000,000 cubic feet of earth have been removed from within the city, he reminds us how hundreds of statues and busts, coins and inscriptions, lamps and ornaments, have thereby come to light. If we hear with some regret that the Ghetto was levelled with the ground in 1887, we are compelled to believe that the work was necessary, and has been done with care, when we read his bitter comments on the Roman nobles who have disfigured their city by the sale of their villas and gardens for building lots. One who loves the Campagna (as Signor Lanciani's charming chapter on it shows that he does), not only for its antiquities, but also for its landscapes, may well be angry with the changed aspect of the city as viewed from it.

"Rome, seen from one of the neighbouring heights, is no more the Rome of our dreams, of a beautiful brownish hue, surrounded by dense masses of foliage: it is an immense white dazzling spot, some six miles in diameter, bordering directly on the wilderness of the Campagna."

He is merciful enough not to tell us what it looks like now from the terrace by the church of S. Pietro in Montorio. Even the great public park which comprises, or is to comprise, the valleys of the Forum and of the Colosseum, half of the Coelian and Aventine Hills, the Palace of the Caesars and the Baths of Caracalla, must, as it is gradually cleared of trees and modern buildings, and as row beyond row of ruinous foundations comes to light, cause a huge patch of dreary ugliness in the foreground of a charming picture. Ruins do not make a good view, unless they be on a large scale or be overgrown. Every inch of them may be of unspeakable interest, but the *coup d'œil* is not pleasant when you look out over naked brick cores and chipped drums of columns.

Such, however, is the price which this generation has to pay for a thorough search of the soil of Rome, and for the careful preservation of all that it contains. Some future conqueror may carry off the art-treasures—*de meliora*,—but no future Michael Angelo will be allowed to cut pedestals for statues out of the columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux. The ruins will no longer be exposed to external violence or to mischief from people nesting within them. No more thieves will have a chance of living in the Arch of Titus. The ruins and other objects are for the present, at least, under the protection of a strong and resolute young nation, and in the charge of careful and enthusiastic keepers. It is part of the pleasure of reading Signor Lanciani's book to see the impression which modern changes and recent discoveries have made on a skilled archaeologist. He is less cautious in theory perhaps than a German would be in his position, more romantic and imaginative; but he hates destruction and disfigurement of all kinds. We hope—and of course we quite believe—that he does not carry his hostility to Mithras-worship beyond words; but it is curious to find a modern archaeologist writing about this cult as containing "horrid mysteries" and an "abominable sacrament."

The director's plan has been to give us an account of the work and of the "finds" of the last few years, and he has grouped his matter very skilfully. The prosaic details of Roman life, the splendour of its great institutions, the romance of the lost and found works of art—from one of these topics to another Signor Lanciani hurries us with an interest which never flags. The book will help to kindle enthusiasm in young readers and to keep it alive in veteran archaeologists. They will enjoy the account of explorations of which they have seen hints here and there in the newspapers; and they may perhaps think that even to be absent from Rome has its advantages when they read how the Equiline burial-ground, which Horace has made so familiar to us, has been opened, and how unbearable, after all these centuries, was the smell of the "uniform mass of black, viscid, pestilential, unctuous matter." But no narrative of exploration is more thrilling than the account of how the Sitting Boxer was brought to light in 1885 on the slope of the Quirinal. How much one would give to know something of the people who hid the statue so carefully, and protected the surface of the bronze by using sifted earth!

Signor Lanciani has not been quite fortunate in his translator. No one ought to have made him talk of a wine as "the famous Caecubus," or ascribe to Cicero a book "De Divinitate." But trivial errors of this kind diminish but little the value of a deeply interesting and splendidly illustrated work.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE strength of the present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy may be said to lie in its figure-pictures and its portraiture; for—though a Scotch exhibition has always some good landscape works to show—several of the most capable landscape-painters of the North are, for various reasons, represented this year by comparatively few examples of their art; while (let it be added with thankfulness) some of those who are usually most productive, but at the same time, most feeble and mannered in their productions, occupy less space upon the walls than has been their former custom. On the whole, we should say that the foreign influence, which for years has been all but paramount in the displays of the Glasgow Institute, is this year more distinctly visible than heretofore within the sacred enclosure of the Academy itself. Two of its recently elected associates, Mr. James Guthrie and Mr. Arthur Melville, are French-trained students, and display—to an extent even obtrusive and excessive—the influence of foreign art-methods: the former in several dexterous figure-subjects and landscapes in pastel; the latter in a female half-length in oils and a clever Eastern subject, "The Court of a Mosque," in water-colours.

The works that come from London include Mr. Seymour Lucas's effective and accomplished "St. Paul's: the King's Visit to Wren"; Mr. Gow's "Cromwell at Dunbar," excellent in the concentration of its composition and in the crispness of touch by which its figures are expressed; Mr. Alma-Tadema's "My Doctor," so quaint in its arrangement, so delicate and pulpy in its flesh-painting; and Mr. Briton Riviere's "Cantatina." The subject by a Scottish painter which is attracting most attention is the "Alma: Advance of the 42nd Highlanders," a spirited and thoughtfully executed battle-piece, upon which Mr. Robert Gibb has been engaged for several years past. Mr. Martin Hardie—an associate of the Academy, and one of the most promising of its younger figure-painters—marks a great advance, in delicacy of tone, freedom of handling, and general pictorial power in his "Unrecorded Coronation," which represents, with (as in Tennyson's "Morte D'Arthur") "perhaps, some modern touches here and there," an imagined incident in the early life of Queen Mary, during her seclusion in Inchmahome, the "Isle of Rest," in the Lake of Monteith. The picture shows a scene of early spring; and on the grass, powdered with the whiteness of daisies, is gathered a ring of white-clad children—the Queen's Marys—one of whom sets on the head of their little golden-haired monarch a wreath of blossoming hawthorn. Several interiors with figures, handled with much spirit, and marked by character and humour, come from Mr. G. O. Reid; Mr. Austen Brown has a couple of vigorous pastorals, strong in brush-work and forcible in colouring, founded apparently upon the art of Van Marcke; Mr. R. Gemmell Hutchison is represented by his pictures of soldiers in church, "In Time of Peace"—a work obviously suggested by the "Last Muster" of Mr. Herkomer; Mr. Payton Reid treats, with much potency of colouring, several Venetian subjects, in which brightly dressed figures play an important part; and Mr. J. H. Lorimer sends, in addition to a pair of large figure-pictures, a little *genre*-subject, "A Quiet Corner," singularly effective in colour, spirited in touch, and delicately expressive in its renderings of varied textures.

Chief among the landscapes of the exhibition is Mr. George Reid's low-toned and impressive view of Montrose—a work most accomplished in its portrayal of a great expanse of sky filled with billowy white clouds, and in its accurate rendering of the various planes of flat receding land and of level sea, beyond which the blue walls and towers of the town are visible on the horizon line. By Mr. A. D. Reid, a younger brother of the last-named painter, is a successful and boldly touched view of "Dordrecht"; Mr. Lawton Wingate has two fresh and vivid scenes of wooded fields; Mr. W. D. McKay's most important contribution is his quietly coloured landscape, entitled "November"; Mr. M'Taggart's large method and powerful rendering of light and atmosphere are seen to advantage in his "Machri-

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hanish Bay"; and Mr. W. Hole, in his "Gethsemane," paints a tender effect of rising moon, over blue hills and bosky, shadowy forest.

In the department of portraiture, Mr. George Reid is again the most prominent and powerful exhibitor with his full-length of the Earl of Stair and that of the Marquis of Breadalbane which figured in the Royal Academy of 1884, and especially with his cabinet-sized portrait of "R. S. Wyld, Esq., LL.D."—a work singularly refined and delicate in its flesh-painting. Mr. Robert Gibb sends a dignified portrait of Sir Arthur Halkett, Bart., of Pitfirrane, who figures in that painter's Alma subject as the ensign bearing the colours of the 42nd regiment. Mr. Otto Leyde exhibits the most successful work that we have seen from his brush in his seated half-length of the Hon. Mrs. Cheape; and, among the younger men, Mr. Austen Brown, Mr. Duddingstone Herdman, Mr. Kay Robertson, Mr. Burn Murdoch, and Mr. John Bowie show works of excellent promise, in some cases of excellent performance.

The water-colour room contains a very fair proportion of interesting subjects, among which we may name Mr. Tom Scott's figure-picture, "The Legend of Ladywood," and his landscapes; the landscapes of Mr. R. B. Nisbet; Mr. G. O. Reid's largely handled figure-piece, "Preparing for Guard"; Mr. E. A. Walton's "Grandfather's Garden," with its effective rendering of shade dappled with sunshine; and Mr. H. W. Kerr's excellently handled head of "A Connemara Bailiff." As usual in the Scottish Academy exhibitions, the display of sculpture is rather meagre and commonplace. But we may mention Mr. D. W. Stevenson's head of "Hamish MacCunn, Esq.," the composer (his portrait, an oil-sketch by Mr. Pettie, hangs in the water-colour room); and Mr. J. M. Rhind's fine heroic group, "An Act of Mercy," and his effective portrait busts, especially one of the wrinkled face of an aged peasant woman.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

ON Friday and Saturday of next week Messrs. Christie will sell by auction a large number of pictures and drawings originally commissioned by the proprietors of the *Graphic* for reproduction in that journal. The majority are in black and white; but there are also several in water-colour and in oil, notably the series of twenty-one paintings entitled "Shakspere's Heroines," which will be offered in a single lot.

MESSRS. T. & W. VOKINS will have on view next week a loan collection of water-colour drawings by George Cattermole, at their gallery in Great Portland Street. As usual with Messrs. Vokins's exhibitions, admission will be entirely free.

HERR TEUBNER, of Leipzig, announces a book upon the animals and plants found on ancient coins and gems, by F. Imhoof and O. Keller, to be illustrated with twenty-four plates of photographs, containing altogether nearly 1400 examples.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL have now on view a series of fifty sketches by Mr. Charles E. Hern, art tutor to the princesses at Marlborough House, of "The Churches of London." The studies have all been painted on the spot, in the busy streets, or in quiet corners, and under all conditions of weather. The subjects selected include St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Clement Danes, St. Michael's and All Angels; Paddington, Putney, and Chelsea Churches; the Oratory, Brompton; Farm Street Church; the synagogues in Portman Square and St. Petersburgh Place; St. George's, Hanover Square; St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; St. Bride's, Fleet Street; St. Mary's, in the Strand; St. Giles-in-the-Fields, &c. Mr. Hern is a purist, painting in simple water-colours, without the use of the so-called "artists' mediums" to obtain effects.

AT the meeting of the Society of Antiquaries last week, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"That, in view of the urgent necessity for saving the Abbey church of Westminster from being further overcrowded with monuments and tombs, the Society of Antiquaries regards with great satisfaction the proposal to add to the existing buildings a chapel, in due subordination to the main fabric, and at the same time so closely connected with it as to preserve the continuity of that national sentiment towards the Abbey, which is associated solely with the church and its subordinate chapels, and cannot be transferred to any other building; that the society would respectfully urge the dean and chapter of Westminster to use all their efforts to preserve every part of the ancient buildings in their charge from destruction and unnecessary restoration."

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

THIS day week is fixed for the withdrawal of "Mamma" from the Court Theatre; and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will thereafter appear in Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Weaker Sex," which they have already been performing in the country.

WE shall next week be able to give some account of "Now-a-Days"—produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett, at the Princess's, on Thursday afternoon.

THE Shakspere Reading Society, which numbers some two or three hundred persons, gave their annual semi-public entertainment on Wednesday week, in the theatre of the London Institution. "Twelfth Night" had been rehearsed, and was then interpreted very carefully under the direction of Mr. William Poel, who had of course selected from the ranks of the society appropriate readers for most of the parts in the comedy, but had, as regards one or two of them, gone outside the roll of members, that the performance might be the more fitting. The thing was really extremely well done. Mr. Rawson Buckley, as Orsino, showed himself possessed of certain of the best qualities of a *jeune premier*. Mr. Stalman was a good Antonio; Mr. Blagrove gave proof of his versatility in the part of the sea captain; there was general approbation for Mr. Murray, Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Leonard Howard, as Sir Toby, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Malvolio. They were in truth both funny and discreet. Miss Florence Bourne, as Viola, made it evident that she had some gifts of nature — among them what the French call "le tempérament" —while the well-practised lady who elected to be described in the bill of the play as Miss Hannah Hall brought no small measure of art, no little delicacy in the management of her means, to her admirable reading of Olivia—a character apt sometimes to be a little shunted. The performance, instead of being dull, as readings not seldom are, was a treat; and we are pleased to render tribute to the ability of the performers, and to the skill with which their work was organised and directed by Mr. Poel.

MUSIC.

CÉSAR CUI.

Cesar Cui. Esquisse critique par la Contesse de Mercy-Argenteau. (Paris: Fischbacher.) Who is C. Cui? is a question that not a few musicians in this country would ask on reading the title of this book. Among modern Russian composers he holds a distinguished place, and our author, indeed, places him at the head of the "new school." Unless our memory deceive us, Rubinstein played one of his pieces at his Russian recital, but apart from this we do not remember to have seen his name in any concert programme.

Antoine Cui, father of the composer, a French soldier in Napoleon's army, was wounded at Smolensk in 1812, and on recovery settled at Wilna, where he married Julie Gucewicz, "de petite noblesse lithuanienne." César Cui was born in 1835, and at the age of fifteen was sent to St. Petersburg to study engineering. He soon distinguished himself in his profession, and at this moment he is major-general and professor at three military academies in St. Petersburg. But he was, from early youth, passionately fond of music, and in 1864 he began to write articles in various Russian and French papers. One of his chief aims was to make known the works of contemporary musicians, and especially those of his own countrymen. As a specimen of his writing some of his articles are given—notably one on Weber's "Freyschütz." From a symphonic point of view Cui does not find the themes sufficiently developed; but as an opera-overture he is perfectly satisfied with it. A somewhat curious criticism—to find fault with a piece for not satisfying certain conditions which the composer had not in view when he wrote it. In another article the Russian critic exposes, with no little humour, the exclusiveness of the St. Petersburg Conservatorium. In a third he attacks the composer Serow, editor of *Musique et Théâtre*. Serow declared that the best way of judging musical works was to listen to them with the composer's ears. Extremely difficult, says Cui, unless M. Serow, in addition to his paper, sets up a manufactory of musico-historic ears; then one could go to the play with a set of ears in one's pocket, and enjoy alike the "Calife de Bagdad," "Tancrède," and "Euryanthe." In a light article on Italian opera he tells us how he admires the constancy, the patience of MM. les abonnés.

"In early life, amid the roses of love, they listen to 'Trovatore.' In ripe age, amid family cares and business worries, they still listen to 'Trovatore.' At the close of life, their hair powdered with the snow of years, they still listen to 'Trovatore.'"

But it is time to turn to Cui, the composer. He has written music for orchestra, for violin, and 'cello, and for pianoforte. Besides all this, the catalogue includes ninety-eight romances and no less than four operas. Cui is a great admirer of Schumann. The theme of his Op. 1 (scherzo for orchestra) is made out of the musical letters in his wife's family name—clearly an imitation of Schumann's Op. 1 and of the "Carneval." Cui's Op. 2 is entitled "Scherzo à la Schumann." The suite for orchestra (Op. 38), quite a recent work, is mentioned in terms of high praise. Among the pianoforte works are "Douze Miniatures" (Op. 28), and "Six Miniatures" (Op. 39), to which Mdme. Argenteau does full justice. They are, in fact, charming little pieces. So far as we are acquainted with Cui's pianoforte music, we agree generally with the criticisms expressed. It is quite evident that the composer has a horror of the commonplace. This leads him at times into extravagance, especially in the matter of harmony. One feels that certain effects have been sought after. The same thing might indeed be said of Grieg, only that, in his case, the peculiar harmonies and rhythms seem to come more from within than from without. Mdme. Argenteau is constantly referring to Cui's ingenuity, delicacy, and refinement; and in noticing some of his vocal works, she even goes so far as to speak of "recherche et exagération." This, we venture to think, is

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Cui's weak point. We must pass over the romances, and say something about the operas. As already stated, there are four. We can express no personal opinion, but it may be of interest to musicians to learn something of what is said about them. "Le Prisonnier de Caucase" is an early work. It dates from 1857, but an act was added in 1881. Mdme. Argenteau can scarcely find expressions strong enough to show her admiration for the added portion. "Le Fils du Mandarin," a light and lively opera, is "un des plus gentils opéras comiques en existence." "William Ratcliff," based on Heine's drama of that name, is of much greater importance than either of the previous two. Cui had for many years meditated on form and on the true style of dramatic music. Of course he was acquainted with Wagner's musical dramas, but the important rôle played by the orchestra in them was not to his taste. He renounces none of the existing forms, demanding only that each shall be introduced at a suitable moment. Wagner's music, with rare exceptions, he finds heavy and monotonous, and unvocal. Cui has only tried to abolish the inconsistencies and absurdities of Italian opera. He will not take Wagner as model. This is quite reasonable, and in this the Russian composer shows his independence; but his biographer, in her enthusiasm for Cui and the new Russian school, misrepresents the Bayreuth master. The following statement, in reference to the *leitmotif*, makes us think that she cannot be well acquainted with "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger."

"Chez Wagner, chaque idée, chaque héros, chaque objet est representé par un motif qui, à la réapparition du héros, de l'objet ou de l'idée, revient aussi, mais sans développement, presque sans aucune altération, et constitue un nouvel élément de monotonie."

Were this so, Wagner's works would indeed be monotonous. If only a quarter of what Mdme. Argenteau says about "William Ratcliff" be true, it must be an opera of great interest and originality. For her it is "un des plus beaux opéras qui existent." What, then, about "Angelo," the fourth opera, finished in 1876? It is described as "la plus belle et la plus parfaite" of his works. Immense prominence is given to recitative, but "récitatif melodieux," as Mdme. Argenteau pointedly remarks.

The musical public at St. Petersburg takes little notice of Cui, and, for the most part, he is abused by the press. But the composer consoles himself with the reflection that praise might mean decline of talent on his part.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL gave their second and last vocal recital at Prince's Hall on Friday, February 22. The programme consisted entirely of Mr. Henschel's own music—songs, duets, and the *Serbisches Liederspiel* performed several times at the Popular Concerts. Mr. Henschel is an accomplished musician: he can write a simple melody or construct a skilful canon, and his compositions, generally, show much talent. But variety is pleasing. The interpretation of the various items was, however, excellent—especially the songs sung by Mrs. Henschel. The public go, we imagine, chiefly to hear attractive singing; hence there was a large and enthusiastic audience.

February 23 was the anniversary of Handel's birthday, so the Crystal Palace authorities commemorated the event by giving the Overture to "Saul," one of the finest of the composer's efforts in that particular branch. The chief event of the afternoon was, however, the first performance of Dr. Stanford's new Symphony (No. 4) in F major (Op. 31). This work was originally produced by the composer at a concert given by him, at Berlin, on January 14 last. It bears the following superscription:

"Thro' Youth to Strife
Thro' Death to Life";

and from this one naturally concludes that the music rests, as the saying goes, on a poetic basis. The poetic pedestal may, however, for the moment, be ignored; for the various movements have meaning quite apart from the pictures existing in the composer's mind during the period of gestation. The opening Allegro is full of vigour, and the various sections are well balanced; but it appeals chiefly to the intellect. The Intermezzo is a delightful movement, in the first section of which Dr. Stanford has made use of the Entr'acte in his "Oedipus Rex" music. In the Andante the principal theme is flowing and passionate. The sprightly Finale in rondo-form effectively concludes the work. The performance was exceedingly good, and the applause was acknowledged by the composer from the gallery. Dr. Stanford has fully maintained his past reputation, but more than this would, we imagine, be false praise. Miss Fanny Davies played, in her best manner, a somewhat dry Concerto by Reinecke, and Fräulein Fullinger was heard to great advantage in Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido."

Little Otto Hegner gave his third and last pianoforte Recital on Monday. The programme was not so interesting as those of the first two Recitals, but the boy's playing was finer than ever. His reading of Chopin's not particularly attractive Rondo (Op. 16) was remarkable for energy, brilliancy, and finish. The Chopin-Liszt pieces were given with marvellous delicacy, and Rubinstein's difficult Valse Caprice was dashed off quite *à la* Rubinstein.

Grieg and his wife met with an enthusiastic reception at the last Saturday Popular Concert. On the following Monday evening they appeared for the second time, and the hall was again crowded. The composer-pianist has a sympathetic touch, and moreover plays his own music to perfection. Hence the three trifles which he gave were most acceptable. The public tried to extort a fourth, but was not successful. Mrs. Grieg sings her husband's charming songs with feeling and intelligence, and thus amply atones for any shortcomings, whether in the strength or quality of her voice. The delightful Sonata in F (Op. 8) interpreted by the composer and Mdme. Néruda gave, of course, full satisfaction. The programme included Dvorák's interesting Quartet in E flat (Op. 51) and Beethoven's Trio for strings in G (Op. 9, No. 2). Mr. and Mrs. Grieg make their third and last appearance at these concerts next Saturday afternoon.

On Tuesday evening at the Novello Concert, at St. James's Hall, Dr. Mackenzie's "The Dream of Jubal" was performed for the first time in London. This poem with music was composed for the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and produced there on February 5. The book has been written by Mr. Joseph Bennett, who has now for the second time furnished Dr. Mackenzie with material calculated to call forth his best powers. The form of the libretto is original. Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe," dreams a dream. An angel reveals to him, in a series of tone-pictures, the after-development of his art. First comes a "Gloria in Excelsis," an elaborate and well-written movement for soli and chorus. The opening theme recalls the "Gloria" in Beethoven's Mass in D. In tonality and in many of the harmonic progressions there is a strong archaic flavour. Next a spirited triumphal march and chorus, and after that a tenor solo with chorus, "The Song of the Sickle," a graceful *Volkslied*. A fine funeral march is specially noticeable for its major section, in which the voices take part. A short and pleasing duet for soprano and tenor is the last dream-picture. These instrumental and vocal pieces are connected by a recitation with running orchestral accompaniment, such as we find in Mendelssohn's "Antigone," only of much more importance. When Jubal awakes he calls on his children to "invoke, with sounding praise, this holy art." This concluding chorus contains some of the composer's best writing, although the actual close is tame. It ends with a theme from the "Hallelujah" chorus. This theme has been already introduced in the opening scene, with a footnote indicating the source whence it was taken. Dr. Mackenzie may be allowed a fancy of this kind, but we hope he will not find imitators. It seems better to borrow other people's ideas unconsciously. We have spoken of the form of the libretto; we ought also to notice the elegant and poetical diction of many of the lines. The work was conducted by the composer, who was much applauded at the close. Besides this several of the numbers were well received, though, of course, much of the applause after Miss Macintyre's solo—"The Lord is good," Mr. Lloyd's "Sickle" song, and the duet was meant for the vocalists. The lady sang with feeling and fervour. Miss L. Neal and Mr. A. Black rendered effective aid. The recitation was spoken by Mr. Charles Fry in a quiet yet effective manner. The choir sang with energy. The "Jubal" was preceded by M. Saint-Saens's Nineteenth Psalm, in which Miss L. Lehmann and Mr. Lloyd were the principal vocalists.

Mr. Henschel gave his last concert on Wednesday afternoon. The programme included Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night" and the Choral Symphony. The choir was composed of over 160 members of the Leeds Choir, and probably no finer body of voices has ever been heard in St. James's Hall. In the first work the famous "Come with torches" was given with surprising dash and brilliancy. We mention this as one of the special features, but all the choruses were magnificently sung. The soloists were Miss Lena Little, and Messrs. Harley, Henschel, and Heinrich. Mr. A. Broughton, conductor of the Leeds Philharmonic Choir, wielded the *bâton*; and at the close he received a well-deserved ovation. Mr. Henschel conducted the Beethoven Symphony. The instrumental movements were exceedingly well rendered. It has often been asserted that in the second part of this work the composer disregarded the sustaining power and compass of human voices. The Leeds choristers, if this be true, must then be superhuman, for they are able to do justice to the master's choral music. It was, indeed, a grand vocal display. The voices are not only strong, but of sweet sympathetic quality. The body of tone is as remarkable in the quiet as in the loud passages. The soloists were Miss Fillunger, Miss Lena Little, and Messrs. Harley and Heinrich. The first named sang with much power. The hall was crowded. Mr. Henschel certainly deserves the thanks of all who were present for this great treat.

MUSIC NOTES.

AT the next meeting of the Wagner Society—to be held at Trinity College, Mandeville Place, on Friday, March 15—Mr. W. Ashton Ellis will deliver a lecture on "The Wagner-Liszt Correspondence."

MR. CHARLES JOHN HALL'S exercise for the degree of Doctor of Music was performed in the theatre of the London University on Saturday afternoon, February 23. The Cantata, entitled "Dante's Vision," is written for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra.

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CONTENTS:

MINICOY THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.—CONCLUSION.
FALSTAFF'S DEATHBED. By Dr. C. CREIGHTON.
LADY BABY. Chaps. X.—XIV.
LOVE, LOVE EVER! From German of F. FREILIGRATH. Translated by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.
FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBOURS.
A TALE OF THE BULL-RING.
RAILWAYS—THEIR FUTURE IN CHINA. By W. B. DUNLOP.
GENTLEMEN EMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES.
THE OLD SALOON—*THE PRINCE OF WALES' SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES.—LETTERS ON LITERATURE, BY ANDREW LANG.—THE CAREER OF MAJOR GEORGE BROADFOOT, C.B.—THOMAS POOLE AND HIS FRIENDS.—IN VINCULIS.*
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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY.

Contents:—MAJOR BARTTELOT'S CAMP ON THE ARUHWIMI. *With Map and Plan of Camp.*—LADY BABY. Chaps. VII.—IX.—MINICOY THE ISLAND OF WOMEN.—SCENES FROM A SILENT WORLD. By A PRISON VISITOR.—TITUS OATES. By ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.—WHY I BECAME A LIBERAL UNIONIST. By GEORGE BROOKS.—A PHILANTHROPIST: A TALE OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT SAN FRANCISCO.—LAURENCE OLIPHANT. By M. O. W. OLIPHANT.—LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN SCOTLAND.

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FOR MARCH.

CONTENTS:

I. THE PHARAOH and DATE of the EXODUS. By JACOB SCHWARTZ
II. THE DOLLINGER-REUSCH HISTORY of the INTEST.NE CONFLICT on MORALS in the CHURCH of ROME. Part II. By WILLIAM ARTHUR.
III. RELIGIOUS PARTIES in SWITZERLAND. By Professor GRETILLAT.
IV. ST. PAUL to the EPHESIANS. By HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.
V. THE "INEBRIATE" PROBLEM. By NORMAN KERR, M.D.
VI. CURRENT POINTS at ISSUE: Agnosticism, Positivism. By JAMES MACCANN.
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LITERATURE.

Essays. By Mark Pattison. In 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THESE essays are a complete vindication of their distinguished author. It used to be the fashion to pity or to blame him for not having done more, to excuse him because his youth was unhappy, and his middle life unlucky; but no one who reads these essays will believe that ill-luck was needed to make him a pessimist. It is hard for pessimists to do their best, and if Mark Pattison had been as hopeful as Dr. Pusey he would still have gathered much more than he was able to impart. All the more interesting of his essays were, like the famous essay on the "Tendencies of Religious Thought," in the nature of introductions to inquiries which neither he nor anyone else was in a position to undertake. The writer is more occupied in finding and showing the right point of view than in imparting knowledge. He is full of stimulating *aperçus*, but it lay in the nature of the subject that these should be sometimes inconsistent and sometimes obsolete. With such a method a fastidious writer was likely to give us articles rather than books—lives of scholars rather than a history of scholarship—even if he could have restrained his curiosity and brought all his reading to bear on a subject that could be mastered.

He said himself, *apropos* of the intellectual vigour of Warburton, in whom he could find little else to praise:

"The causes which concur to break down vigour in a writer are so many that before the thought comes to the birth it has mostly lost all the raciness of the soil from which it springs. Of these causes, classical education and a nice and conscientious sense of truth are among the more powerful. He who can set at nought the traditions of taste, and take up an opinion irrespective of the facts, can employ the whole energies of his mind in giving momentum to the view he happens to have espoused."

This is a hard saying, and what makes it harder is that self-distrust and self-restraint have no reward. They do not give a single eye the happy privilege of seeing the right facts in the right order, which belongs to many who trust their sympathies and take no visible pains to be impartial and disinterested. Few have taken such pains to this end as the the late Rector of Lincoln, and yet wherever he turns the spectre of the Catholic reaction makes his way dark and slippery. Certainly the Congregation of the Index was a serious obstacle to learning, but the counter-Reformation is not guilty of killing the Renaissance, nor of the decline of Italy between Leo X. and Urban VIII. The decline of Germany between Reuchlin and Chemnitz was equally marked, and, as Mr. Gardiner has observed, had declared itself unmistakably before the Thirty Years' War began. The Renaissance might have been more fruitful if Erasmus had been strong enough to suppress Luther, who would have been too much for the university of Cologne, even if that venerable institution had not discredited itself in advance by the futile quarrel with Reuchlin, in which all the hierarchy were on his side. This quarrel is described in a paper on the *Litterae Obscurorum Virorum*, headed "The Antecedents of the Reformation," which we are always assured was somehow determined by the Renaissance. This is about as true or as false as the theory that the change in literary fashions in England, which set in at the end of last century, was determined by the French Revolution. In both cases a change in the *milieu* emancipated, magnified, and, it may be, transformed a movement which was already in progress. But though we have a hint of this in phrases like "the godless orthodoxy of the fifteenth century," Mark Pattison preferred in general to explain the Reformation by the state of knowledge or opinion—anything rather than justification by faith. The assumption that knowledge is the paramount factor in religious evolution leads to the often-repeated statement that at some time in the sixteenth century the Roman Church broke once for all with knowledge, and allied herself with and cast in her lot with the ignorant and powerful multitude. The counter-Reformation was not the work of demagogues, but of men who preferred institutions to majorities, and took much honest and not unsuccessful pains to assimilate new knowledge. After all, Bellarmine understood the fathers better than Jewell, and Petau than Bull. It was love of freedom rather than love of truth which made it impossible for Scaliger to follow Lipsius. He would not have been compelled to believe that the Divine Names and the Celestial Hierarchy were written by a convert of St. Paul's, but he would not in his lifetime have been permitted to disprove it publicly. It is the same in little things and great. "It was impossible for Scaliger to be a Catholic. His criticism was to him an instrument of truth." "Pope had a Catholic education and wanted rectitude and openness" That is the explanation of the shabby series of tricks he played to get his letters printed in his lifetime. Would Fleury or Flechier have judged the tricks more leniently than Sherlock or Waterland—or Mark Pattison, who takes a much more reasonable and charitable view of Pope's delinquencies than Mr. Elwin who laboriously detected them? Again, Huet spent a good deal of his later life in pottering over an argument in favour of philosophic doubt, as if it would be a gain to orthodoxy that even common-sense had to be taken on faith In fact, the posthumous publication of his views shocked the orthodox all the same. We are told that Huet was a sincere instrument of some deep design to desolate the territory of philosophy, which it was necessary to abandon, because the Cartesians were gaining ground on the traditionalists, who on some topics argued better. Apart from this, this sketch of Huet is perhaps the most genial and sympathetic in Mr. Pattison's gallery of scholars. All his portraits are brilliant, and all are tantalising; for the author is continually trying to convey an estimate of works with which his readers are unfamiliar, while he cannot make room to describe them. We learn to appreciate Scaliger's great feat of restoring the Chronicle of Eusebius, but we fail to learn why Wolf's *Prolegomena* were epoch-making, or what they contained which Heyne might not have anticipated We learn that Huet's *Demonstratio Evangelica* was the book of evidences in its day, but not what it was like compared with other books of evidences. The argument of the Divine Legation is only discussed obliquely, as reflecting the "political" temper of its author and his time. Though overloaded and overstated, that argument is really ingenious and important: all lawgivers and theologians who have been in earnest about morals have been emphatic in proportion to their earnestness about the life to come—except in ancient Israel. Since Warburton wrote, the ancient religion of India has been brought to light, and the discovery tells in his favour. Buddha seems to have wished to dispense with heaven: even he did not attempt to dispense with hell. The traditional illustration of the length of eternity is improved from one of his most authentic utterances. There were two reasons which may have made Mark Pattison unjust to Warburton: he was too spiritual (in a grave, austere way of his own) to see that other-worldliness is the nearest approach the natural man can make to spirituality; he was too subtle, too persistently bent upon realising and testing, to understand "the form of sound words" to plain people. One doubts whether he—any more than Warburton—had access to *the* Holiest; but he waited long between the porch and the altar straining dim eyes for a glimpse of the glory behind the veil, while Warburton contentedly went his rounds outside with a grievous crabtree cudgel for the benefit of all whom he suspected of loosening the stakes or fraying the cords of the tabernacle.

There is a curious contrast between Mark Pattison's treatment of Warburton and his treatment of Buckle. If Gibbon called Warburton learned it was by way of irony; but Buckle is called learned by Mr. Pattison himself, in an essay where some most amazing remarks about a certain king "Gudisthes" and another king "Alaska" are quoted at length. "Gudisthes," one guesses must be the blameless king of the *Mahabharata*; but who is "Alaska"? Buckle's reading, though vast and carefully tabulated, was as undisciplined as Warburton's. Both were self-taught, both had collected huge masses of secondhand knowledge: neither was in a position to follow its latest developments. The essay on Buckle, which was written in 1857, is extremely able and distinctly crude. Buckle's ineffectual pretension to substitute a series of deductions from social science for ordinary history is exposed with quiet mastery; but his caricature of the "sceptical theory of arbitrary interposition," which is quite incompatible with the orthodox doctrine of the Divine Eternity, is accepted as if neither St. Augustine nor Babbage had written. The only alternatives entertained are that everything is determined by fixed laws, or else that the arbitrary momentary action of God or man makes everything incalculable; and

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Buckle is praised for assuming the former. Mark Pattison follows him without demur in his attack on the claims of governments, religion, or morals to influence progress; but he believes that he overstates the influence of knowledge. The criticism depends partly upon doubtful theories of stationary societies, to which the correlation of knowledge and progress is supposed to be wholly inapplicable, but chiefly on the assumption that power and passion are always ready to combine against knowledge, and when they combine are irresistible. For proof we are referred to the establishment of the Second Empire, and the contrast between the state of Italy in the fifteenth century and in the nineteenth. The establishment of the Second Empire was really a victory of financiers over journalists, mostly ignorant; and the economical decline in Italy would not have been arrested if native dynasties had continued to rule at Milan and Naples as well as at Florence. As to the supposed influence of literature on progress, we are told "The monks were all along in possession of the literature of Greece and Rome, but they could not use it. It was pitched at too high a level for them, and they preferred the *Legenda Aurea*." This may be true of the monks of the fifteenth century. In the days of Alcuin, and again in the days of Lanfranc, the monks took their full share in the revival of humanism; and they are the section of the educated world who are not to blame because, from the days of Abelard to the days of Owen, the thorns of dialectic sprang up with the good seed and choked it. If *questiones quodlibitates* displaced the classics, and the Golden Legend displaced the Fathers, we have to thank the Friars, who might have been plausibly accused of throwing themselves upon the philosophical movement of their day to strangle it, as the Jesuits threw themselves upon the literary movement of the Renaissance.

Such suggestions are less edifying and not more instructive than the picture of the discreet activity of the Church in Merovingian times, which forms the first part of the early essay on St. Gregory of Tours. The second part is less suggestive. It is a paraphrase of St. Gregory's version of the deposition of St. Praelectatus. We have not Chilperic's. St. Gregory, for his own time, is as good an authority as the best French memoirs: he is hardly better, and we can check them. As we cannot check St. Gregory, historians are thankful to take all his statements for granted.

There is less excuse for one-sidedness in a controversial article on the Calas case. We learn that the elder Calas had not a fair trial, that the court admitted much worthless hearsay evidence against him; but we do not learn what the whole weight of the case against him was. We learn instead that he was condemned at Toulouse because there public opinion ran against him, and his memory was rehabilitated at Paris because there Voltaire succeeded in turning public opinion the other way, and that it was becoming fashionable when M. Coquerel wrote to trust the Parliament of Toulouse against Voltaire.

The essay on Calvin at Geneva, which appeared in the *Westminster Review* for 1855, is a remarkable contrast to the essay on Buckle which also appeared there. One exalts the personal ethical element in history as much as the other annihilates it. The common ground of both is the impotence of culture.

"The educated man of our day is paralysed by this fastidious intellectualism which disdains the littlenesses of ordinary life. . . . Refined knowledge is entrenching itself in literature; but literature is becoming less and less powerful in its action on society as the element of will becomes more palpably deficient in it."

Such insight may excuse a good many paradoxes. Calvin's "great merit lies in his comparative neglect of dogma." He was the one Reformer who had a coherent doctrine. "In the suppression of the liberties of Geneva was sown the seed of liberty in Europe." It appears from the essay that "the suppression of the liberties of Geneva" simply meant that the majority enforced the standard of propriety which they permanently preferred and approved upon the small upper class who disliked it without disapproving it. Holland, certainly, did more than Geneva for the liberties of Europe; and there they found the language of the Apocalypse on Babylon too weak to express their disgust at the discipline of Geneva which, no doubt, was the great work of Calvin. When Bishop Wilberforce, more indifferent to dogma then Calvin, tried to silence controversy by the din of practical work at the first Oxford Church Congress, Mark Pattison trembled for the future of learning in the Church of England. His terrors were as unreal as his picture of the past. "It is not the authority of the existing Church which is thrown off in the Protestant system It was the authoritative decisions of a past generation of churchmen which the existing Church claimed to examine." This omits one essential fact. Luther and his party claimed to be "the existing Church," with no better right than the Jacobins claimed to be the sovereign people. When England separated itself, in the sixteenth century, from Rome, we claimed, as a National Church, the right to repudiate its jurisdiction, to remodel its discipline, and to rescind a portion of its doctrine. To talk of what "we as a National Church" claimed to do is pure mythology. The crown, having remodelled the temporal position of the clergy to its mind, set a small and unpopular section of them who were under foreign influence to remodel doctrine and worship (under royal supervision) as they judged edifying and safe. There are better things in the essay than this:

"Round the names of Pearson, Bull, Hammond, Stillingfleet, and the rest of the Caroline divines, gathers a faint lunar reflection of the noonday glory which surrounds the majestic edifice of the Catholic theology of the middle ages. The Anglican scholars appeared to have re-opened for Christendom the long-lost records of its early faith and discipline . . . But this hopeful beginning led to little or no substantial results. Like fruit in a wet autumn, learning in our Church promised well at first, but has hung on the tree ever since still immature."

This may be onesided, but it is not groundless, though Anglican orthodoxy is, perhaps, less purely accidental and insular than the critic implies. Perhaps, as theology in Germany has never ceased to be a *Brod Studium*, Mr. Pattison may have been right in treating the court favour of the hyper-Lutheran orthodox as a serious danger to the progress of knowledge, but one misses all reference to Old Testament criticism and anything like an adequate survey of the state of the *mêlée* when Baur struck into it. Now one is tempted to ask if the Tübingen school and the whole subject are not treated a little too solemnly. There is a good deal to suggest a suspicion that German criticism of sacred antiquities has been on the whole a corrupt following of German criticism of secular antiquities. Ewald's history of Israel is rather too like a parody of Niebuhr's history of Rome; Baur's history of doctrine too like a parody of Hegel's history of philosophy.

G. A. Simcox.

Love's Widowhood, and Other Poems. By Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.)

If in a volume of miscellaneous poems the changes of mood and the variety of subject multiply the chances of securing that sympathy which the poet craves, they also entail the disadvantage that no individual reader is likely to possess sufficient suppleness of imagination, or sensitiveness of sentiment, or range of experience to enable him to adapt himself with due alertness to all these changes. Mr. Austin's new volume appears to me to occupy this position; and it is not improbably owing to some such defect of faculty or temperament that, in spite of its many beauties of thought and phrase, "Love's Widowhood" fails to reach one with effectual appeal. The theme is love in autumn—the autumn of the heart as of the year. The emotion is in tone and colour with the season—deeply and thrillingly tender rather than passionate, though the memory of passion occasionally flashes through the utterances of that "Only She," who, when in years gone by her affection was flouted as mercenary calculation, kept her pledge alike to mother and son—"gave what he asked and what she banned withheld," "scorned all bond save love's unwritten troth," and now led a life of patient and beautiful widowhood, bereft of both husband and child. The "ethical situation" is novel to poetry, and indeed, so far as I am aware, even to fiction; but notwithstanding the delicacy of treatment, it touches no responsive chord. The emotional experiences of the lover are needed to preclude the cold criticism of the casuist. And yet who will not appreciate the fine feeling of these stanzas:

"Dead? Is he dead? how could he die, or be
Other than living unto love whose breath
Defends whate'er it breathes upon from death?
Therefore so long as *I* live, so must he,
Warmed by my warmth and fed by it perpetually.

"Change? Did he change? How could he change, or lose
The glory love once rayed around his hair?
The years have gone, the halo still is there.
There is no art like Love's, for it imbues
Its forms with lasting light and never-fading hues.

"Why doth he come not? Wherefore should he come,
Who never from my side can go away?
His is the first face seen when dawns the day,
His the voice heard when birds sing or bees hum,
And his the presence felt when night is dark and dumb."

The setting of the story is marked by a reserved grace and suggestiveness, for here

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Mr. Austin produces his effects by mere hints and indications. The form of verse, resembling a fragment of a Spenserian stanza, translates into musical modulations the "pensive patience in the air" and the sad-sweet colour of the season. In a line he gives us a picture of the glad harvest fields with their sheaves—

"And tawny tents of peace stood dotted o'er the ground;"

in three a lovely glimpse of an orchard scene—

"The ruddy apples bend the branches down,
Like children tugging at their mother's gown.
There are all colours, russet, red, and gold."

This charming child-group is matched by a vignette, equally unexpected and fairylike, in the delightful "Dedication to Lady Windsor"—

"Where vines, just newly burgeoned, link
Their hands to join the dance of Spring,
Green lizards glisten from cleft and chink,
And almond blossoms, rosy pink,
Cluster and perch, ere taking wing."

Then there is a vision of the full harvest moon rising at sunset—

"Thrice thus it came, *nor later nor more soon*,
And thrice I hailed its disc, and begged of it a boon."

The statement I have italicised is, of course, not absolutely accurate; but who in these matters would prefer the chronometer to the "dandelion's clock"? What I wish to note is how the poet cannot merely indicate but paint in full one of the loveliest effects in nature; for surely this is the same moon, though younger by a few days, as that which lights up the following sonnet—one of the most exquisite things in the book:

"When acorns fall, and swallows troop for flight,
And hope matured slow mellows to regret,
And Autumn, pressed by Winter for his debt,
Drops leaf on leaf, till she be beggared quite;
Should then the crescent moon's unselfish light
Gleam up the sky, just as the sun doth set,
Her brightening gaze, though day and dark have met,
Prolongs the gloaming, and retards the night.
So, fair young life, new risen upon mine,
Just as it owns the edict of decay,
And Fancy's fires should pale and pass away,
My menaced glory takes a glow from thine,
And, in the deepening sundown of my day,
Thou with thy dawn delayest my decline."

I can scarcely forgive Mr. Austin, however, for spoiling the sylvan child picture I have quoted by completing the stanza with such a closing line as the following—

"There are all colours, russet, red, and gold,
Pippins of every sort, *and codlins manifold*."

And here let me make an end of fault-finding by merely referring to the manner in which Mr. Austin strains his metre by what appears to me to be impossible elisions:

"When dykes are silvery runnels that skip and sing."

"That scatters itself unbidden and unbought."

"The frown that like a shadow still follows wrong."

"Shortly I heard her voice. 'Are you there?' she said."

Onomatopœia may justify the first instance, but the last is certainly out of keeping with the dignity of the context. I feel the same objection to the verse in the bridal scene on p. 46—

"The threshold of the village church we crossed,
And stood with downcast eyes *and bending backs*."

Finally, can jackdaws be said to "browse" (p. 39)? These are perhaps trivial blemishes, but they mar great beauties.

Tinged with the same autumnal sentiment as "Love's Widowhood" is "A Dialogue at Fiesole"—a piece of blank verse, chequered with playful fancy and grave thought as with sun and shadow, and relieved with sweet and simple lyric interludes, more than one of which Suckling or Carew might have been glad to claim as his own. But, indeed, the September mood runs through many of the poems, and its prevalence is a little curious. Days come to all men—to poets, perhaps, more often than others—when one's very heart appears to have grown grey, and the soul is depressed with the burthen of its pre-natal immortality; but if Mr. Austin suspects that his genius has begun to show signs of the sere and yellow leaf, his misgiving is certainly not confirmed by these pages. On the contrary, what strikes me as the most telling, the most vividly poetic and artistically-finished thing in the whole volume is the ballad entitled, "In the Month when sings the Cuckoo." It is a very revel of colour and sound, of human passion, and of the sensuous magic of the sylvan world.

"The popinjay mates and the lapwing woos;
Cuckoo!
In the lane is a footstep. I wonder whose?
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
How sweet are low whispers! and sweet, so sweet,
When the warm hands touch and the shy lips meet,
And sorrel and woodruff are round our feet,
In the month when sings the cuckoo!"

The conception is worked out in fine dramatic form; the music of the verse is irresistible.

"O, to lie once more in the long fresh grass,
Cuckoo!
And dream of the sounds and the scents that pass;
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
To savour the woodbine, surmise the dove,
With no roof save the far-off sky above,
And a curtain of kisses round couch of love,
While distantly called the cuckoo.
"But if now I slept, I should sleep to wake
To the sleepless pang and the dreamless ache,
To the wild babe blossom within my heart,
To the darkening terror and swelling smart,
To the searching look and the words apart,
And the hint of the tell-tale cuckoo."

The pity of it, one thinks; but the poet in his dramatic mood has no cue for pity. Maiden frailty is no concern of his. He is at one with the joyous cuckoo, with the ever youthful world, with the seething sap and the hot human blood, with the physical impulses of the irresponsible season. His but to fill the stage with the revelry and irony of nature.

"The kine are unmilked, and the cream unchurned,
Cuckoo!
The pillow unpressed, and the quilt unturned
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
'Twas easy to gibe at a beldame's fear
For the quick brief blush and the sidelong tear;
But if maids will gad in the youth of the year,
They should heed what says the cuckoo."

Cold comfort! And thus to the mocking refrain of the cuckoo we reach, through the old familiar stages, the tragic close of that love which loves not wisely, but too well:

"There are marks in the meadow laid up for hay,
Cuckoo!
And the tread of a foot where no foot should stray;
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
The banks of the pool are broken down
Where the water is quiet and deep and brown"—

Need the rest be told? Here, if anywhere, we have the glamour of inspiration. The incident is as old as society; but, take up the book, and in each stanza you will find that hall-mark of genius—the unexpected and the inevitable.

I have left myself no space to dwell on several other poems of which special note had been taken; but I have written to little purpose if I have not already indicated in sufficient measure the high quality of Mr. Austin's new volume. If I cannot think that it will materially add to, I am convinced it cannot detract from, the reputation of the author of *Prince Lucifer*—and that assuredly is no meagre praise.

William Canton.

Two Centuries of Irish History—1691-1870. With Introduction by James Bryce. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

Were it merely for the sake of Mr. Bryce's brief but admirable prefatory remarks on the value of history as applied to politics, I should be tempted to regard this volume, edited with extreme care by Mr. Barry O'Brien, as by far the most important history of Ireland which the Home Rule agitation has as yet called into being. Few persons, indeed, are so well qualified as is Mr. Bryce to determine the exact limits of history as applied to practical politics. And at this time especially, when history is being appealed to as the touchstone of political systems, his remarks possess a peculiar value.

History, Mr. Bryce reminds us, does not repeat itself. Situations and conjunctions of phenomena do, indeed, recur again and again, similar in all appearance to one another, but under circumstances so entirely different as to render it impossible to argue with any degree of confidence from the one to the other. The real value of history to the statesman does not consist in furnishing him with a set of general maxims or recipes capable of being directly applied to the solution of any political problem, but in supplying him with the material or data necessary for a thorough comprehension of the problem itself. As to the proper policy to be pursued, or the right remedies to be adopted in any particular case, there will always remain ample room for difference of opinion. Home Rule, if I may thus point my remark, may, as a satisfactory solution of the Irish problem, still remain a disputed question; but having mastered the facts of Irish history, we shall become more diffident and more charitable than perhaps we are at present, both in judging the Irish people and in condemning one another's conclusions.

With this object in view it was wisely resolved to limit the scope of the book to the last two centuries, beginning with the treaty of Limerick in 1691, and concluding with the Land Act of 1870 and the formation of the Home Rule Association. For, in the present state of Irish historical research, to have proceeded further back would only have served to perplex the reader without casting any compensating light on the question under consideration. Moreover, with the surrender of Limerick, and the departure of Sarsfield and his swordmen, we enter upon an entirely new epoch in Irish history. The problem which for centuries had per-

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plexed the brains of English statesmen had at last, to all appearance, been solved. Colonised by Englishmen and Scotchmen, Ireland seemed at last to have ceased to be Ireland and to have realised the dream of another England beyond the seas. For a hundred years, at any rate, the "English Interest" in Ireland was secure. Utterly prostrated by the terrible storm that had swept their island, deprived of their lands and outlawed on account of their religion, the Irish Catholics sank into a state of mere serfdom, dependent even for their very existence on the goodwill of their Protestant masters. For them the next century was a period of unmitigated misery and profound degradation, far worse in its moral effects even than the war that had preceded it. It is a painful chapter, and one does not wonder that it should still rankle in the breasts of Irishmen. But when Dr. Sullivan says that one of the great central facts of Irish history is that the colonists never wished the Catholics to become Protestants, just as in earlier times they did not wish them to become English, I feel compelled to protest against an inference which is as untrue as it is ungenerous. English legislation may have been mistaken, but to say that it was dishonest is an indictment wholly unwarranted by history and of a nature too serious to be overlooked. The Statute of Kilkenny, the reforms of Henry VIII. and St. Leger, the plantation schemes of Elizabeth and James I., the transportations and transplantations of Cromwell, just as much as the Penal Code and the Act of Union itself, were all directed to one point—the assimilation of Ireland in customs, laws, and religion to England. Nothing is more remarkable than the evident sincerity of the English Government and the good intentions of English statesmen in this respect, unless, indeed, it be the complete failure of their efforts. To reduce Ireland to "civility and good government" is the burden of every State document from the days of Henry VIII. down to the last Coercion Act. To maintain the opposite and to assert that "landgrabbing," in one form or another, has always been the mainspring of English legislation is wilfully to distort history.

Passing from this point, but still confining our attention to the Catholic peasantry, I could have wished that Dr. Sigerson, to whom has been allotted the period from the establishment of legislative independence to the Act of Union, had devoted greater space than he has done to a consideration of the tithe question. To overlook this point, or, rather, not sufficiently to emphasise it, is to overlook one of the most potent factors in recent Irish agitation. That agitation, whatever outward shape it may assume, is essentially a social revolution. And there is, in my opinion, no part of Grattan's political career that reflects greater credit on him as a man, and more clearly reveals his prescience as a statesman, than his attempt to secure an equitable modification of the tithe system, and to relieve the Catholic peasantry from a burden as iniquitous as it was grievous. The rejection of his plan (one of the gravest indictments that can be brought against the Irish Parliament) was attended with the most disastrous consequences; for it not only paved the way for rebellion and rendered possible the Act of Union, but developed an agrarian agitation in opposition to which all remedial legislation seems utterly futile.

Englishmen wonder why, after fifty years' concessions, Irishmen are not more loyal than they are. But men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. Nevertheless, no one can read this book without feeling that some progress has been made, and that Ireland to-day is a happier country than ever it was before. Nay, could we see dispassionately, we might even recognise in the agitation of the hour cause for rejoicing; for agitation, though more dangerous to the ruling class, is infinitely more preferable than apathy and death. Humanly speaking, it was to O'Connell more than to any other cause that the great awakening of the Irish people from the degradation and apathy in which they had been steeped for more than a century was due. Protestant statesmen, like Grattan, had laboured much and done something to alleviate the lot of their Catholic fellow-subjects. Liberty of conscience had been conceded to them, and a certain amount of political power. The Emancipation Act of 1793 was, as FitzGibbon and Duigenan recognised and deplored, pregnant with the promise of future concessions. But the great mass of the people had looked on apathetically. They had declined to raise even the feeblest protest against the Act of Union, hating equally, as Lord Cornwallis said, both the Government and the Opposition. Each election as it came round saw them driven to the poll to vote for their landlords with as much indifference to the issues at stake as if they had been mere beasts of the field. It was O'Connell that first roused them from their lethargy, and taught them self-reliance. This was his great work—the formation of a healthy national sentiment. His strength, as Dr. Bridges truly says, lay in this—that "his faith in the national life of Ireland never failed." His mission was to create a nation. Against the iniquitous toleration of the Orange Society he never ceased to protest with impetuous violence; but he never confounded Protestants with Orangemen. His one object was Ireland.

"He does not," says an intelligent French observer, quoted by Dr. Bridges, "pretend to know anything beyond Ireland. He lends an eloquent voice to the sentiments, the passions, even the prejudices, of six millions of men. Hence his extreme popularity; hence also his numerous contradictions and inconsistencies. But his contradictions are natural, his inconsistencies patriotic. . . . O'Connell is of the people. He is a glass in which Ireland may see herself completely reflected, or rather he is Ireland himself."

The disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders was a terrible catastrophe. But the movement originated by O'Connell did not die with him; and what Ireland lost in his days she has more than recovered by the Ballot Act of 1872 and the Reform Act of 1884. There is much in Irish agitation that is intensely distasteful, but it is only just to remember that it was the only resource left to those who shrunk from conspiracy or despaired of insurrection.

Turning for a moment or two from the governed to the governing class, it is easy to see that England's chief faults have throughout been those of ignorance and heedlessness. Ever since the day when the Treaty of Limerick humbled the native population in the dust, England has been content to maintain her authority in the island by means of a dominant caste. But of all the possible modes of governing a dependency, this, as Mr. Bryce remarks, seems to be about the worst:

"The operation of natural forces is interfered with, because revolution, the natural remedy in extreme cases of misgovernment, is prevented by the power of the superior country. The superior country remains ignorant of the facts and insensible of her responsibility. The dominant caste ceases to have patriotism, because it looks to the superior country for support and remains alienated from the mass of its fellow-subjects. It has even an interest in checking any progress which may threaten its own ascendency."

This is, indeed, just what happened in Ireland. Unable to control the great popular uprising born of French revolutionary ideas, profoundly contemptuous of all pretensions at national life apart from England, and sincerely afraid of their own position, FitzGibbon and the "Castle faction," as they were called, appealed to England and suppressed a movement which, properly directed, would have culminated in a peaceable and bloodless revolution. On this point no one could have expressed himself with greater emphasis than did Lord Cornwallis.

"Those," he wrote to his friend Major-General Ross, "who are called principal persons here are men who have been raised into consequence only by having the entire disposal of the patronage of the Crown in return for their undertaking the management of the country, because the Lords-Lieutenant were too idle or too incapable to manage it themselves. They are detested by everybody but their immediate followers, and have no influence but what is founded on the grossest corruption."

The same thing is observable subsequent to the Union, and simply because the Union was not as Cornwallis desired to make it—a union between the two nations—but merely a union between England on the one hand and the Protestant ascendency on the other. Instead of paving the way for peace and prosperity, as Unionist writers fondly hoped it would, the Act of Union only gave a fresh lease of power to the old Castle oligarchy. The evil consequences of this dual form of government are well described by Mr. Bryce:

"Had England," he says, "left administration and legislation entirely in the hands of the Ascendency, excluding them from the legislature of Britain, the administration would probably have been no worse, and a spirit of Irish patriotism, a sense of responsibility to the mass of the inhabitants and dread of their displeasure, such as seemed to be growing up in the last half of the preceding century, might have arisen to weld the Anglo-Irish and the native Irish into one people. It was the combination of dependency government with the government of a denationalised caste that proved so fatal during the first seventy years of this century, as during the first eighty of the century preceding."

The remarks I have ventured to make have been chiefly suggested by Mr. Bryce's thoughtful introduction. Of the book itself it is sufficient to say that, though there are points

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in it quite open to dispute from an historical standpoint, it is nevertheless remarkable for the correctness of its facts and the impartiality of its judgments. Mr. O'Brien has carefully selected his writers, and their names are eminently calculated to obtain for it a respectful and attentive perusal from men of all shades of opinion.

R. Dunlop.

Stephen Hislop. By George Smith. (John Murray.)

In a miserable little Indian stream, a mere *nullah* at ordinary times, but swollen on the occasion by a sudden freshet, there perished five and twenty years ago, in darkness and without a soul at hand to aid, a very remarkable man. This was Stephen Hislop, pioneer missionary in Central India, the narrative of whose life and labours is now before us in Dr. Smith's most interesting memoir.

Born in 1817 at Duns, in Berwickshire, he left school (where he came out first in mathematics and classics) at the age of seventeen, for the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated with the highest honours in moral philosophy and Hebrew; and after attending a course of divinity at Glasgow, and working for a few years as a tutor, he was sent out to India at the close of 1844 by the foreign missions committee of the Free Church of Scotland as their first missionary at Nagpur. There he laboured unceasingly for nearly nineteen years, with the exception of sick leave home in 1859-60, until his tragic death brought his useful and active career to an abrupt and untimely end; and during this time he did so much, and of such a varied nature, that it is impossible to give more than a mere sketch of what he accomplished. Besides his labours as a devoted and successful missionary, he worked all the time at the geology, philology, botany, zoology, and archaeology of the Central Provinces, and to such good purpose that he became widely known in the world of science.

His missionary work lying chiefly among the Marathas of the province to which he had been sent, his first care, from the moment he set foot in Bombay, was to master their language, a preliminary difficulty that his characteristic energy overcame so rapidly that he was soon enabled to open a native school in the city of Nagpur. While his study of Marathi was progressing, he established a mission and school at Kampti for the Madras troops stationed there; and, although he never acquired a sufficient knowledge of either Telugu or Tamil to preach to the soldiers in their own language, he preached through an interpreter so effectively that he soon made numerous converts. His work among the Marathas was always attended with marked success. This was partly due to his own personal character—a singular mixture of gentleness and energy, kindness and firmness; partly to his patience, and the unwearied attention he could devote to any subject he had in hand; partly to his absolute mastery of the language; and greatly to his rich stores of scientific and general knowledge, by which he was enabled first to interest and attract, and then to guide the minds of his hearers. His influence over the natives was most extraordinary, and they repaid his efforts for them by the greatest affection and admiration.

In geology Mr. Hislop's name ranks very high, his work in this direction being only second in importance to that of his regular calling; while in botanical and zoological research he was scarcely less persevering and successful. He made a special study of the tertiary and mesozoic strata of the Central Provinces, and enriched the Bombay and Bengal Asiatic Societies and the Geological Society, not only with numerous papers for their *Transactions*, but also with magnificent collections of fossils for their museums. He had the enviable fortune of discovering the valuable coal beds of the Nagpur district, and of being the first to construct a geological map of the country—a work only accomplished after great labour and perseverance. He likewise made a careful study of the various soils of the province, and was thus enabled to render much assistance to the government when making the land settlement.

Mr. Hislop's contributions to philology were also most important. He was the first to reduce to writing the Gond language, which he studied with his usual energy at all spare moments, and for a grammar of which he was collecting materials at the time that he was so suddenly snatched away. He went much among the Gonds, and made careful notes of their manners and customs, traditions, songs, and art; many of which are given at length in the chapter of Dr. Smith's excellent memoir devoted to this primitive people. He also made a special study of the archaeology of the country; and it was, in fact, while on an expedition to investigate the stone-circles and mounds of the Nagpur district that he met with his untimely death. Neither should his services in another direction be forgotten; as it was greatly owing to his representations to influential friends at Calcutta that the unsatisfactory condition of civil affairs at Nagpur was superseded by the advent of Sir Richard Temple, whose vigorous administration soon put matters to rights in the Central Provinces.

At Christmas, 1862, the Bishop of Calcutta, who was on a tour of inspection through his diocese, and had reached Jabalpur, came on to Nagpur at the invitation of his old pupil, the Chief Commissioner, to visit him at his seat of government, and consecrate the beautiful new church just completed at Sitabaldi. The Free Church missionary and the Anglican prelate then met for the first and only time; and those who were present on the occasion well remember the interest shown by the bishop in the work of his fellow labourer, and their visit to his schools. Both met their deaths in the same terrible way; but the first was more fortunate than the other, as his remains were found and suitably interred at Nagpur, while those of the lamented Dr. Cotton were never recovered from the swollen Ganges.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the fatal waters of the Krishna closed over Mr. Hislop's head; and, although many may be inclined to think that his biography has been too long delayed, none can regret that the work has been performed by such able hands.

M. Beazeley.

NEW NOVELS.

Masters of the World. By Mary A. M. Hoppus. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Chance or Fate? By Alice M. O'Hanlon. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Strange Message. By Dora Russell. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

John Newbold's Ordeal. By T. A. Pinkerton. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Fitzgerald the Fenian. By J. D. Maginn. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Clement Ker. By George Fleming. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Doubt. By J. S. Little. (Spencer Blackett.)

The classical novel is a kind of Loadstone Rock. Remote, little sought, and generally rather damaging to the seeker when found, we do not know that the great advance in minute archaeological knowledge since the example of it in England was set (almost, if not quite, for the first time) by Lockhart's *Valerius* has lessened any of the difficulties of the adventure. It has certainly increased one of them—the danger of overloading the narrative with local colour. Mrs. Marks, or Miss Hoppus—for the title-page provides a choice—has chosen the most difficult way; for she has indulged in a minuteness of detail which would do credit or discredit to the industrious Herr Ebers himself, who may have possibly suggested it. It is fair to say, however, that *Masters of the World* is a vigorous attempt at the probably impossible—much more vigorous, for instance, than the last book of the kind—the *Nearra* of a year or two ago—that we remember. The time selected is that of the "Calvus Nero" in his last days of bloodthirsty delirium, and the chief interest centres round the doomed house of the Pisos. The opening scene in the grotto of Pausilypum has a movement and business-like conduct which is very fairly maintained throughout; and even the historical foreknowledge of the actual catastrophe does not prevent the final chapters from keeping up a distinct interest in the question whether Domitian's fears or his fate will get the better. The inevitable Christian episode is also managed well; and the Greek slave Chione is a capital tragic heroine (not in the very least like Bulwer's), well contrasted with the Roman Domitia. Every now and then, of course, the archaeological maut gets aboon the narrative meal. "I took you back to my pulvinar," strikes us, we confess, as slightly ludicrous. Why not "He passed his manus over his heated frons," or "Come to my brachia, you fasciculus of deliciae"? This kind of Macaronic writing ends in the jargon of the Limousin scholar. Nor can we conceive why Mrs. Marks has joined the ranks of the strange persons who write "Vergil." "Vergilius," of course, everyone may write if he chooses; but "Vergil" is neither fish nor flesh, neither Latin nor English—a mere piece of bastard pedantry which a fourth-form usher at Soli might, *mutatis mutandis*, have been proud of. These things, however, will get themselves done in your classical novel; and it is Mrs. Marks's great merit that they never quite spoil the current of her story or the liveliness of her characters. To find a better book of

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the kind (for *Marius the Epicurean* does not compete) we must go back to *Hypatia*, which certainly is a good deal better.

Novels have now become multiplied to such an extent that, like plays in the later days of the French eighteenth century, they almost necessarily, except in the hands of a writer of positive genius, reconstruct, puzzle-fashion, very much the same patterns out of very much the same pieces. There is, however, quite sufficient novelty about Miss O'Hanlon's *Chance or Fate?* so far as story goes, while the descriptions of two different parts of the world—the West of Ireland and the West Indies—are of quite unusual vividness. The relations of Kathleen Errington with her rather disreputable old father (to have called him old to his face would have been the fittest punishment for his numerous sins) are not very novel. The beginning suggests rather old tracks; but things improve considerably as the story goes on. Its central point—the blowing out to sea in a small yacht of two girls—is managed without too great improbability on the one hand, or too close copying of newspapers on the other, and gives good interest of mere incident. The "moral" interest turns on a different matter—the faithlessness of Kathleen's elder sister Elaine to a virtuous lover, and her taking up with a much lower kind of person. Altogether there is good matter in *Chance or Fate?* with plenty of complications not noticed yet, and everything well suited to assist the novel reader in "serenely arriving," as the poet says, at the end of the third volume; and what can readers ask for more in an ordinary way than that?

The virtues of what is, we believe, called in commercial English a "level sample" usually belong to Miss Dora Russell's books. If they are not often above themselves, they are still less often below; and this is no small merit. For our own private relaxation and delight we do not know that we should resort to them; but that is no argument in their disfavour. The manners in *A Strange Message* sometimes strike us as a little wanting in repose; and the constant repetition of "laughed Leonora," "scoffed Lady Bab," and so forth, is a little trying, not only as it reminds one of those about Mrs. Hominy, but as it is in itself an irritating mannerism. But these are not the things for which Miss Russell's readers go to her or avoid her. They go to her for a thick and slab mixture tossed up by no means without art, of bigamy or preparations for bigamy, of suspected murder, of accidents, of heroic forgiveness or fiendish punishment of enemies—in short, for a good bustle of the melodramatic kind. We hardly remember an instance in which Miss Russell has disappointed her patrons—certainly she has not here.

There is a certain amount of cleverness in *John Newbold's Ordeal*, but it is marred by many errors. The general idea of the love imbroglios between John Newbold (son of a rather unclerical archdeacon and supposed heir of a rich brewer and money-lender), Lady Emily Felsing (daughter of a ruined peer), Juliet Leigh (an heiress of more than millionaire attractions), Linda Newbold (John's sister), and other persons, is not amiss, and some of Mr. Pinkerton's smartnesses come off. Unfortunately some do not. "Just so might a well-practised peltast annoy and perhaps overcome a person armed with the most improved revolver, and quite convinced that slinging was out of date," appears a hopeless enigma till it suddenly occurs that Mr. Pinkerton possesses a private dictionary with entries in this form—"PELT, *v.*: To throw, hurl, sling; PELTAST, *n.*: One who pelts." The parson-and-lawn-tennis scenes suggest a following rather faithful than wise of Mr. Anthony Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant; and Lady Emily has such curious resemblances to, and at the same time such curious differences from, *the* Lady Emily (her of *Marriage*) that Mr. Pinkerton probably has not read Miss Ferrier. Biscoe the brewer is one of the laboured caricatures for which Dickens is only partially and indirectly responsible. Altogether *John Newbold's Ordeal* (is it too bad to suggest that even the title is rather dangerously reminiscent?) is not an incompetent book, but one which can hardly be called good. The author must "jock" less, or more easily, must talk less about his characters, or better, must remember less about other authors or to more purpose, before he can be fully commended.

Fitzgerald the Fenian bears no record of previous work on the title-page, and there is an unsophisticated air about the writing of it which more positively speaks it a first book. It is not by any means to be harshly spoken of, though the author has a good deal to learn. Despite its promising or threatening title, it will, as a political novel, probably please neither party in the great battle. For Mr. Maginn, while tender to Fenians, a protester against evictions, and not unfavourable to Home Rule in its earlier form, is dead against not only dynamite but Land League methods generally—thus being a kind of Laodicean. On the other hand, those whom the introduction of any politics in a novel bores will find a great deal too much of them here. It is an honest book, however; and more than one of the characters, though drawn by an unpractised hand, is not unlifelike But it is very ill-printed. "Louisa" is a pretty name, but "Lousia" is not; and any schoolboy will assure Mr. Maginn that "*delectus*" is by no means "dilectus."

It would appear that the public is experiencing, in the opinion of its caterers, the usual results of dram-drinking, for Messrs. Arrowsmith have started a series of two-shilling "shockers" ("equal to more than three small bottles"). We do not think much of *Clement Ker*. That person, who was a baronet and, of course, a villain, had two cousins to whom he was rather kind, and who regarded him with virtuous abhorrence. He was apt to lose his temper when tenants came and asked for remissions of rent and loans of money after luncheon—which is, indeed, a trial to poor humanity. He had a wife whom one of the cousins loved, and who loved one of the cousins. He had a "mire" in the Dartmoor sense on his estate, in which one of his ancestors had buried a murdered brother, and which nearly drowned one of the cousins; and in his mansion he had a Thing, which is very imperfectly described. All these are crimes, no doubt; but the more tangible offences which made Sir Clement Ker justly reprobated by the county are left very much in their native shadow. He was finished off, of course—whether by the Thing or not *non constat*; and one of the cousins had a stiff back for thirty years afterwards from having eavesdropped too long in a cramped posture.

Mr. Little's "dreadful" is a single dose, and rather a weak one. To suspect your wife and your friend, to sulk with both instead of having it out, and then to discover what Mr. Crosley discovered, must be rather humiliating; but it is not very interesting to read about. Besides, the tragic conclusion of the story is out of place; and an innocent, ladylike Mary Crosley would hardly have winked at such an entanglement, even though it were not technically immoral, between her guest and her maid as that which caused the trouble, if she had been not only as innocent but as ladylike as Mr. Little represents her.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

The Last Voyage in the "Sunbeam." By the late Lady Brassey. Illustrated by R. T. Pritchett, and from Photographs. (Longmans.) The personal interest that attaches to this volume causes it to be rather sad reading. The melancholy close overshadows it from the first; and the brief jottings from the invalid's diary seem to be tinged with a presentiment. The early chapters relating to India are particularly meagre, though even here we find some of those bright descriptions of scenery and native life which made the original *Voyage of the "Sunbeam"* so deservedly popular. When Borneo is reached, the pen seems to be brightened by the novelty of the surroundings; and the circumnavigation of the Australian colonies reveals Lady Brassey's active sympathy with the people and the country, in the face of increasing ill-health. After this, Lord Brassey takes up the task, and records in plain, sailor-like language the incidents of the run home. The book is embellished by a large number of illustrations. Many of these are in the best style of English wood-engraving; but we do not greatly care for the full-page plates, printed in monotone at Nuremberg.

Powder, Spur, and Spear: a Sporting Medley. By J. Moray Brown. (Chapman & Hall.) Books of Indian sport generally resemble each other as one oak-leaf does its neighbour. They are sure to hold panther and tiger-shooting stories, pigsticking and regimental races, with many recitals of "first spear" and shells and bullets fired into "the brute" in vain. Mr. Brown, feeling, perhaps, that readers are now tolerably tired of these, the ordinary amusements of all Indian cantonments, has diversified his book with chapters on rabbit shooting and salmon fishing at home. "The Spectre Stag of Vizamah" is perhaps his best chapter, for it contains a well-written account of Kashmir scenery, and nothing is shot, the mighty stag escaping seemingly as if an animal of enchantment. Curiously enough the stalkers on many a Scotch moor can tell the same tales of phantom stags with enormous spread of antlers as does the shikari on the heights above the Jhelum. Mr. Brown's book will amuse an idle man for half-an-hour, but even he soon grows tired of spearing innocent bears. Books of Oriental sport should contain more natural history and less butchery. A manual of Indian sports, written on the lines of St. John's admirable books on Scottish sport, with a deep sympathy for the curious habits of the creatures shot, is yet to seek; but such a book would at

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once command a large sale and bring its writer fame. It will be said that few men have leisure for making observations on Indian natural history; to which it may be fairly replied, "Then why write on it, and yet give the reader little but shooting and spearing?" Mr. Brown should have asked a classical friend to revise his proofs. *In puris naturibus* at p. 2 does not conciliate a critic; still less (p. 47) *necessitas non habet lex*; and of his English verses (p. 81) the less said the better. But paper, print, binding, and illustrations in *Powder, Spur, and Spear* are alike excellent.

Scottish Moors and Indian Jungles. By Capt. J. T. Newall. (Hurst & Blackett.) The sport which the author enjoyed among tigers, wild boars, and bears in Upper Sind affords pleasant reminiscences of shooting, but does not call for further remark. No ethnological notices or points of natural history, such as ordinarily diversify such narratives, are appended. The deerstalking on the moor of Scaliscro, in Lewis, which forms the first half of this book, possesses a peculiar interest for valetudinarians. Early in life the author was thrown from a horse and paralysed in the lower limbs. When many men would have sunk under this affliction, and few sportsmen would have cherished a hope of ever again pursuing their favourite recreation, Capt. Newall rose undauntedly to the occasion. He devised a kind of palanquin on which he was carried by four men, and thus was enabled not only to catch salmon, but even to stalk and shoot deer. Readers who enjoyed the wild scenery in which the "Princess of Thule" lived may care to have it limned carefully for them by Capt. Newall's pencil, and well described by his pen. There is a good deal of amusing gossip too in the Scotch chapters of this book on grouse, woodcock, salmon, and other denizens of the moors and rivers of the north, and much to delight all lovers of Scotland. These remarks will show that the Scotch half of this book is in our estimation preferable to the Indian portion. The sketches are characteristic reproductions of scenery, but the animals represented in them are on far too large a scale.

A Guide to Trinidad. By J. H. Collens. Second edition. (Elliot Stock.) Mr. Collens has written an excellent Guide to a most interesting place. Now that the voyage to the West Indies is becoming a favourite holiday, and the great beauty of the Lesser Antilles is better known, there is need of such guidance as may be obtained from this book. It not only serves as a Guide to Trinidad, but gives useful information as to what may be done from that island as a centre. In addition to the hints as to cost and mode of living, there is a valuable and interesting account of the life and customs of the labouring population, which in Trinidad, as in Demerara, includes a large proportion of Indian coolies. The public institutions and educational work are dealt with in detail, and the topographical and economic information is given very judiciously. Though the naturalist will not find much in this guide to interest him, it is odd to note that the author gives a short account of the fish-eating habits of certain bats, a discovery communicated for the first time to the Linnean Society as recently as last December. The plate of Trinidad antiquities given at the end is interesting, since these show a greater likeness to Central American objects of the kind than to any Carib antiquities known to us. At all events, they throw some light on the relationship of the Arouacas and the Chaimas, the inhabitants of the island at the time of its discovery, who presumably made and used the objects figured.

WE welcome an English translation of Baedeker's *Greece* (Dulau), that has appeared in ample time for those who contemplate paying a visit to that country during Easter, which is, on the whole, the best time of the year for the purpose. Within the last few years the conditions of travel in Greece have been entirely revolutionised by the introduction of railways. At the same time, the attractions to the classical scholar have been multiplied by the progress of excavation, which has revealed an entirely new stratum of archaeology, while the policy of retaining *in situ* the objects found compels a visit. Some twenty years ago to have been to Greece was almost as rare a boast as to have circumnavigated the globe. Greece now rivals Switzerland as the playground of our university tutors and our public schoolmasters. It was, therefore, incumbent upon Karl Baedeker not to delay any longer giving us a translation of his German handbook, which has already passed through two editions. The original work was mainly compiled by Dr. Lolling, of Athens, with the assistance of Dr. Dörpfeld for the account of Olympia; and the historical sketch of Greek art was written by Prof. Kekulé, of Bonn. But it is evident that the English editor (Mr. J. F. Muirhead) has not only subjected the whole to a careful revision, but has adapted it to English needs in the best way, by taking counsel of such authorities as Prof. Mahaffy, Dr. Sandys, Dr. J. T. Clarke, &c. The result is a handbook to the traveller no less indispensable than its predecessors, some of which, we notice, have reached a tenth and twelfth edition.

WE may also mention that the series of "Guides-Joanne" (Paris: Hachette) has now extended to Eastern Europe. There lie before us the first part of *Etats du Danube et des Balkans*, dealing with Southern and Eastern Hungary, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Herzegovina; and also the first part of *Greece*, confined to Athens and its neighbourhood. In the latter, the most notable feature is the description of the museums, compiled by a member of the Ecole d'Athènes.

WE have received from Mr. John Murray a new edition, being the twenty-first, of his Handbook for *Holland and Belgium*—the two countries which have been for centuries the favourite resort of little-travelled Englishmen. This edition has been revised throughout to such an extent as to be almost entirely rewritten; and, in particular, a new method has been adopted which will, we understand, be extended to other handbooks in the series. This consists in combining with the index at the end some of the features of a directory, so that the traveller can obtain the necessary information about hotels, means of communication, &c., in a concentrated form, and at the same time, these pages can more easily be kept up to date, while the body of the work is left untouched. The innovation seems so useful that one wonders it had not been thought of before.

FOLLOWING the example of the Orient line, the P. & O. Company have issued—in the far more convenient shape of a pocket-book—a guide for travellers to the Mediterranean, the East, and Australia. The historical account of the undertaking is written by the chairman, Mr. Thomas Sutherland, who practically tells the story of his own life-work. Mr. Sutherland also contributes an article on the Suez Canal; while Egypt is described by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, India by Sir Edwin Arnold, China (at considerable length) by Sir Thomas Wade, Japan by Mr. H. W. Lucy, and Australasia by Mr. Hume Nisbet. There are abundant illustrations of ships, maps, tables, and blank pages for memoranda on the voyage; and altogether the little volume seems admirably suited for its purpose.

SIR HENRY EDWARDS has recently printed for the gratification of his friends an interesting account, under the suggestive title of *How to Pass the Winter*, of the tour in the East which he has just taken in company with Sir Edward Watkin, who lost his wife last autumn. The two travellers traversed 20,000 miles under the most comfortable arrangements on shipboard or in a saloon railway-carriage. They combined business with pleasure; for they inspected the works and property, including "a real mountain of coal," of the Assam railway and trading company, and visited the tea plantations which are bringing prosperity to Ceylon.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW announce a volume of essays by Dr. Geffcken, entitled *The British Empire*, with a portrait. Among the personages specially treated of are the Prince Consort, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone. The work has been translated from the German, with the author's co-operation, by Mr. S. J. McMullan.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press *Russia in Central Asia*, by the Hon. George Curzon, M.P., with illustrations and maps. This book is a description of a journey made in the autumn of 1888 along the newly completed Trans-Caspian railway through the Central Asian dominions of the Czar, together with the latest information, brought up to date, about those regions, and critical essays, dealing with the frontier and other political questions.

MESSRS. BLACKIE & SON will publish, on March 15, the first volume of the *Modern Cyclopaedia:* a Handy Book of Reference on all Subjects and for all Readers, with numerous Illustrations and Maps, edited by Dr. Charles Annandale, the editor of the "Imperial Dictionary." The work will be completed in eight volumes, of about 500 pages each, to appear at regular intervals of three months.

A CHANGE is announced in Mr. Walter Scott's two series of "Great Writers" and "Canterbury Poets," each of which has hitherto appeared at the rate of one volume a month. The former will be discontinued altogether for a while, and then renewed with contributions from Goldwin Smith, J. A. Symonds, Richard Garnett, Oscar Browning, Frederick Wedmore, and Cosmo Monkhouse. The next volume of the "Canterbury Poets" will be a collection of *American Sonnets*, edited by Mr. William Sharp, which will be published in May; and henceforth the rate of publication will be bi-monthly.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK, of Edinburgh, have in the press *The Prophecies of Isaiah*, expounded by Dr. C. von Orelli, of Basel, translated by Prof. J. S. Banks; *A New Commentary on Genesis*, by Prof. Franz Delitzsch, vol. ii. (completing the work); also a translation of a new work, by Prof. Delitzsch, entitled *Iris*—this is a collection of essays on treatises on colours and flowers, and will exhibit the learned author in a somewhat new character, showing his usual thoroughness of research, but discoursing on these "life-long pet themes," as he calls them, in the style suited to a popular audience.—*The Redemption of Man*, by Principal Simon, Congregational Hall, Edinburgh; and *The Book of Exodus*, by James MacGregor, late Professor of Systematic Theology, New College, Edinburgh ("Bible Class Handbook" series).

TWO works of fiction by Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the "thought-reader," will be published immediately: *The Vasty Deep:* a Strange Story of To-day, by Messrs. Sampson Low; and *A Fatal Affinity*, which also deals with the mysterious, by Mr. Spencer Blackett.

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The Trade of the United Kingdom with the World: a Handbook of Illustration and Reference, by T. J. Dymes, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

The Land of Gold and Ivory is the title of a new handbook to South Africa which Messrs. W. B. Whittingham & Co. have in the press. The same publishers are issuing a fourth edition of Mr. Mathers's *Golden South Africa* and an enlarged edition of *South Africa as a Health Resort*, completing the thirtieth thousand.

MR. EDWARD GARNETT will issue immediately a small volume of stories by Miss Grace Black, entitled *A Beggar and Other Fantasies*.

MESSRS. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish next week a second and revised edition of *Old Chelsea*, by Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin.

THE Chaucer Society has just engraved from MS. illuminations the earliest known views of the Tower, Billingsgate, London Bridge, and of Canterbury, with its Lydgate group of pilgrims.

DR. LEON KELLNER has half printed for the Early-English Text Society his edition of the unique Caxton's *Blanchardyn and Eglantyne*. Miss Mary Bateson has ready her copy of George Ashby's *Poems* (1463-84) from unique MSS. at Cambridge; and Dr. Kellner has undertaken to edit the unique MS. of the romance of *The Three Kings' Sons* from the Harleian MS. 276. The society hopes to complete its issues in both original and extra series before June, and then to ask its members for advance subscriptions for its 1890 books, which ought to be ready in October. It has no less than sixteen Parts at press in various stages of forwardness.

PROF. KÖLBING of Breslau has just issued his edition of the Early-English romance of *Ipomedon* in three unique fifteenth-century versions: (1) in verse from the Chetham MS. 8009, in 8890 lines, in 12-line stanzas; (2) in couplets from the Harleian MS. 2252, in 2346 lines; (3) in prose, from the Marquis of Bath's incomplete Longleat MS. 25. There is a long introduction of 131 pages, discussing the linguistic and other peculiarities of each version of the story, and comparing them with the original French of Hue de Rotelande. A mass of notes and several indexes complete this careful edition, which is all the more welcome since the Chetham and Longleat MS. have not before been printed.

PROF. KÖLBING has now in the press the whole text of his edition of the *Arthour and Merlin* from the Auchinleck MS., and the Douce, Lincoln's Inn, and Percy Folio MSS., with an extract of 1500 lines from Lonelich's *Merlin* at Corpus, Cambridge, a sequel to the *Graal*, edited by Dr. Furnivall. All that is left of Lonelich's version is 28,000 lines. Prof. Kölbing will hereafter edit it for the Early English Text Society.

MR EADWARD MUYBRIDGE, of Philadelphia—who had agreed to give a discourse after Easter, at the Royal Institution, on "The Science of Animal Locomotion in its Relation to Design in Art" (illustrated by the zoopraxiscope), a subject of great novelty and interest—has kindly consented to deliver it on Friday evening, February 22, Dr. Edgar Crookshank being compelled through illness to defer his discourse on "Microbes" on that evening as previously arranged.

ON Monday next, March 11, Messrs. Sotheby will begin the sale—which will last altogether for eight days—of the extremely interesting library got together by Mr. William Mansfield Mackenzie, W.S., of Edinburgh. In works relating to the stage, such as biographies, controversial pamphlets, playbills, portraits, &c., this collection is probably unrivalled. But Mr. Mackenzie's enthusiasm was by no means confined to dramatic enthusiasm. It was for him that Bedford recently bound an extra illustrated copy of Andrew Tuer's *Bartolozzi*, with nearly 400 additional plates, and some seventy-six autograph letters. He was the purchaser the other day of Charles Lamb's paper-covered *Prince Dorus*, which he had protected by a loose watered silk cover, and enclosed in a drop morocco case. He had collected, and had uniformly bound in morocco by Riviere—with the pictorial covers included—fifty original editions of Dickens, thirty-nine of Thackeray, and fifty-nine of Lever. He also possessed the three original editions of Keats; and a long series of Tennyson, including not only a large paper copy of the *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827), and the so-called "Canada" reprint of suppressed poems (1862), but also the poet's proof-sheets of *Enoch Arden*, which was apparently first intended to bear the title of "Idylls of the Hearth." The total number of lots in the sale is 2485.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THERE will be issued about the end of next month a magazine devoted, in the main, to Celtic subjects, entitled *The Highland Monthly*, to fill the place of the *Celtic Magazine*, which was discontinued some months ago. It will be edited conjointly by Mr. Duncan Campbell, of the *Northern Chronicle*, and by Mr. Alex. Macbain, rector of Raining's School, Inverness. The first number will contain the opening chapters of a serial tale, entitled "The Long Glen," illustrating the habits and life of a former generation of Highlanders.

THE publishers of *Stationery and Bookselling* have made arrangements to produce a series of papers on the "History of Bookselling and Publishing" in Great Britain and Ireland since the commencement of the trade, but more particularly during the latter half of the eighteenth and the early half of the present centuries. They hope to produce the first portion in the March number. It will deal with "Early Bookselling in Edinburgh," and will contain notes, historical and biographical, of Allan Ramsay, Donaldson, Miller, Bell, Creech, &c.

THE proprietors of *The Graphic* will issue on Monday next, March 11, a special number devoted to the Parnell Commission, containing a great number of engravings reproduced from sketches made by Mr. Sidney P. Hall.

THE March number of the *Political Science Quarterly* will open with an article by Mr. H. L. Osgood, upon "Scientific Anarchism," reviewing the theories of Proudhon and showing the aims of American Anarchists. Prof. Gustav Cohn, of Göttingen, taking the progressive income taxes of Switzerland as his text, indicates the merits and the dangers of this democratic scheme of taxation. A Conservative Frenchman, M. Gauvain, explains the causes of the present crisis in France and the significance of "Boulangism." Mr. Bernheim sketches the history of the ballot in New York, and argues for the Australian system. Prof. Woodrow Wilson analyses and criticises Bryce's "American Commonwealth." The June number of the same review will contain an article by Prof. Sloane, of Princeton, continuing and bringing down to May 1 the "Record of Events" heretofore published in the *New Princeton Review*.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

WE understand that the university of Oxford proposes to nominate Prof. Sayce to attend the Stockholm congress of Orientalists as their delegate.

ON Sunday next, March 10, Prof. Cheyne will deliver the first of his series of Bampton lectures, in which it is understood that he will continue his exposition of the Psalms.

IN accordance with general expectation, Mr. D. S. Margoliouth, of New College, has been elected to the Laudian chair of Arabic at Oxford, which has been vacant since the death of Dr. Gandell about a year ago.

IN convocation at Oxford next week it will be proposed to expend £200, from the university chest, on the purchase of books and photographs for the archaeological library in the university galleries; and also £100, from the Craven fund, on the publication of a monograph on the antiquities of Cyprus by Mr. D. G. Hogarth, late Craven fellow.

THERE was to be a meeting to-day at Oxford, in Wadham College, of those who signed the protest against the sacrifice of education to examination. The Hon. Auberon Herbert is announced to explain the practical measures it is now proposed to take.

AT a meeting held recently at King's College, London, a committee was appointed to invite subscriptions for a testimonial to Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, from friends, pupils, and others, "as an expression of the honour and gratitude with which they regard his long and eminent services as a scholar, a teacher, and a man of letters." It will be remembered that Dr. Schmitz, who is now in his eighty-third year, met with a grievious accident a few weeks ago at Portsmouth, whither he had gone to conduct an examination for the University of London. The Prince of Wales, to whom Dr. Schmitz gave lectures in history in 1859, has given his patronage to the proposal, as also have the members of the House of Orleans. The treasurers of the fund are Dr. William Smith, 94, Westbourne Terrace; and Dr. Wace, principal of King's College.

WE have now received Part II. of the Nebraska *University Studies*, Part I. of which we noticed a little while ago. It opens with a chemical paper by a lady—"On the Conversion of some of the Homologues of Benzol-Phenol into Primary and Secondary Amines," by Rachel Lloyd—upon which we can express no opinion. Then follow "Some Observations upon the Sentence-Length in English Prose," by L. A. Sherman, the general editor of the publication. This is an attempt to evaluate literary style by counting the average number of words in the sentences of various authors. While admitting that such statistics possess a certain interest, we must enter a protest against the conclusion that the short sentences of Macaulay place him at the head of modern writers of English—or, perhaps, second to Bartol! The concluding paper is an elaborate examination—extending to sixty-four pages—of "The Sounds and Inflexions of the Cyprian Dialect," mainly based upon Deecke's edition of the Inscriptions in Collitz's "Sammlung der Griechischen Dialekt-Inschriften," Bd. I. Heft. I. (1883). This seems an admirable piece of work, and affords a fresh proof of the attraction which the study of Greek dialects is exercising upon the young scholars of America.

OBITUARY

MR. R. H. SUTTON, the well-known second-hand bookseller of Manchester, died on Sunday last at the early age of thirty-seven. He was a man of amiable character and intellectual sympathies. A few days before his death he had published a very careful reprint of the first Manchester Directory, which was compiled by Elizabeth Raffald in 1772, and of which only one copy is known to have survived. This is now in the Manchester Free Library.

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ORIGINAL VERSE.

SNOWFALL.

In cottage-home upon the gorse-sprent down
Blithe children clap their ruddy hands to see
The large, soft flakes that fall so silently
And clothe in white the branches bare and brown
Of beech and chestnut, and with sparkle crown
The ancient lych-gate: in the churchyard nigh,
The bird with warm red breast and mild dark eye,
That heedeth not the Winter's churlish frown,
From stone to stone doth flit: in dim and deep
Recesses of the whitening yews, that spread
Gaunt, sinewy, sheltering arms above the Dead,
Redwing and missel-thrush the silent shower
Of whiteness shun: beneath the boughs some sheep,
The vicar's scanty flock, affrighted, cower.

JOHN F. ROLPH.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE March number of the *Archaeological Review* begins a third volume with a remarkable article by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, entitled "Recent Research in Biblical Archaeology." While we cannot ourselves be converted to the extension given to the word "archaeology," we admit none the less readily both the learning and the skill with which the author maintains his position. After giving a singularly clear conspectus of the main results reached, from the literary side, by historical criticism of the early books of the Old Testament, Mr. Jacobs advances the claims of "institutional archaeology" to throw new light upon the ascertained facts. In other words, he would apply the method of "survivals"—of which method, by the way, he regards Maclennan and not Sir H. S. Maine as the author—to the interpretation of the legends and customs preserved in the early history of Israel. In England, at any rate, none will be disposed to question the legitimacy and fruitfulness of this method, when used to test the results of textual and philological criticism; but the present writer for one is by no means prepared to allow either that this method is a trustworthy guide by itself, or that it can properly be called "archaeology." Nothing seems to us gained by thus changing the connotation of an established term. Two other articles in this number—on "A Fresh Scottish Ashpitel Tale" and on "The Luck of Edenhall"—help to confirm our conservatism.

THE *Expositor* for March contains three useful contributions to Biblical theology—by Dr. Bruce on "Christ and Moses" (Heb. iii.), by Dr. Milligan on the Priesthood of the Church, and by Prof. Findlay on the "crowning" of Jesus "for death" (Heb. ii. 9). The last-named writer inclines to Dr. Bruce's as against Dr. Davidson's side of the exegetical controversy. Dean Chadwick gives a fine psychological characterisation of the apostle Peter. Dr. Marcus Dods warmly recommends Archdeacon Farrar's *Lives of the Fathers*. The other contributors are Dr. Curtiss (of Chicago), Dr. Cheyne, and Mr. Chase, whose parody of Vischer's and Harnack's hypothesis on the Christian interpolations of the so-called Johannine Apocalypse will amuse even Harnack in his lighter moments. This style, however, will become tedious, if tried too often.

THE CIVIL CODE OF MONTENEGRO.

Opsti imovinski zakonik za Knjazevinu Crnu Goru. (Cetinje.) Since July last the new Civil Code framed by M. Bogisic has been in force in Montenegro. This code, though strictly scientific, differs from all others in Europe by the striking originality of its system both in form and in contents—an originality that is in complete accordance with the country to which it applies. The author's great aim has been to avoid that antagonism between legal principles and customary rules which has to be encountered whenever a systematic codification is attempted. Hitherto, codifiers have always paid too much attention to formal jurisprudence, to the neglect of the popular elements. M. Bogisic's desire is that the different sources of law should continue to coexist after codification, and that they should go on developing in mutual harmony. To attain this object, or at any rate to approximate to it, he has excluded from his code certain subjects which are met with in all others, and he has included certain subjects not commonly found elsewhere. He has constructed his classification in a novel way, and has endeavoured to counterbalance to a certain extent written and customary law. He has adopted a simple and lucid style, so as to be understood by the people; and he has framed his technical terms on a new and rational system.

In a French pamphlet* M. Bogisic has himself explained the principles and method he has followed. Concerning the harmony between the code and customary right he says:

"Le codificateur s'il veut atteindre ce but, doit avoir toujours les dispositions de la coutume présentes à son esprit, comme si elles faisaient partie intégrante de son œuvre" (ch. iv.).

As regards the arrangement of subjects, he demands that this should be done according to the natural affinity that exists between the different institutions, though this rule admits of modification consistent with his own principles:

"Faire précéder les matières qui se recontrent le moins fréquemment dans la vie populaire, de celles dont la fréquence est plus grande, afin que celles-ci conduisent aux autres, menant aussi le lecteur du plus connu au moins connu . . . faire précéder, autant que possible, les dispositions généralisées, c'est à dire abstraites, des éléments concrets" (ch. v.).

It is matter for regret that this Code, which in many respects is interesting both for its principles and for its details, has not yet been translated into a language more familiar to the jurists of Western Europe than the Serbian, the vernacular of Montenegro.

M. Bogisic is already known in England through the works of the late Sir H. S. Maine, who frequently quotes from him to explain the juridical institutions of the Southern Slavs. He is a Serb by birth, being a native of Ragusa on the Adriatic. He has studied in Austria, Germany, and France, and is now professor of law in the University of Odessa. Quite recently he was nominated a corresponding member of the Institut de France.

IV. PAVLOVITCH.

* *Quelques Mots sur les Principes et la Méthode suivis dans la Codification du Droit Civil du Montenegro.* Lettre à un Ami. Par V. Bogisic. 2ième. Edition. (Paris, 1888).

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

CHOLET, Comte de. Excursion en Turkestan et sur la frontière Russo-Afghane. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.
FUSIBIMA, R. Le Bouddhisme Japonais. Paris: Maisonneuve. 5 fr.
QUELLIEN, N. Chansons et danses des Bretons. Paris: Maisonneuve. 10 fr.
SIDNEY, Sir P., Astrophel and Stella; Defence of Poesie. Nach den ältesten Ausgaben m. e. Einleitung üb. Sidney's Leben u. Werke hrsg. v. E. Flügel. Halle: Niemeyer. 6 M.
WIRTH, L. Die Oster- u. Passionsspiele bis zum XVI. Jahrhundert. Beiträge zur Geschichte d. deutschen Dramas. Halle: Niemeyer. 10 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

BRESSLAU, H. Handbuch der Urkundenlehre f. Deutschland u. Italien. 1. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Leipzig: Veit. 11 M.
CAVOUR, C. Nouvelles lettres inédites, recueillies et publiées par Amédée Bert. Turin: Roux. 7 fr.
DARIMON, A. Les cent-seize et le ministère du 2 Janvier (1869-1870). Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
EISELE, F. Abhandlungen zum römischen Civilprocess. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr. 5 M.
SOREL, Albert. La question d'Orient au XVIII• siècle. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
WALCKER, K. Theorie der Pressfreiheit u. der Beleidigungen. Karlsruhe: Macklot. 3 M. 50 Pf.
WELSCHINGER, H. Le Divorce de Napoléon. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

DREYER, F. Die Pylombildungen in vergleichend-anatomischer u. entwicklungsgeschichtlicher Beziehung bei Radiolarien u. bei Protisten überhaupt. Jena: Fischer. 8 M.
HAAS, H. J. Die geologische Bodenbeschaffenheit Schleswig-Holsteins m. besond. Berücksicht der erratischen Bildungen in ihren Grundzügen. Kiel: Lipsius. 3 M.
HANDMANN, R. Kurze Beschreibung der häufigsten u. wichtigsten Tertiärconchylien d. Wiener Beckens. Münster: Aschendorff. 2 M. 40 Pf.
MEUNIER, Stanislas. Géologie régionale de la France. Paris: Dunod. 17 fr. 50 c.
MOHNIKE, O. Affe u. Urmensch. Münster: Aschendorff. 4 M.
SCHERBJEW, J. N. Selbstsein. Die ideelle Begründung sittl. Weltanschauung. Berlin: Duncker. 2 M. 40 Pf.
STRASBURGER, E. Histologische Beiträge. II. Hft. Ueber das Wachsthum vegetabilischer Zellhäute. Jena: Fischer. 7 M.
VRIES, H. de. Intracellulare Pangenesis. Jena: Fischer. 4 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

HEYDEMANN, H. Marmorkopf Riccardi. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.
HÜGER, J. Die syntaktischen Erscheinungen in Be Domes Daege. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.
KAYSER, Th. Ars poetica d. Horaz übers. u. erläutert. Tübingen: Fues. 1 M. 60 Pf.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

WORDSWORTH'S "RECLUSE."

St. John's College, Cambridge: March 4, 1889.

Although I fear the harm is already done, I should like to enter a protest against the title under which Wordsworth's latest poem has been published. Anyone sufficiently interested in the poet to have read the preface to the "Excursion" is aware that Wordsworth chose the title "The Recluse" for a contemplated philosophical poem in three parts, of which the second part was to be the "Excursion." The beautiful and most characteristic poem which has been given to the world within the last few weeks was designed to be the *first book* only of the *first part* of the great work.

Like all the separate books of the "Excursion" and of the "Prelude" (which latter, it will be remembered, was to stand to the "Recluse" as "the antechapel" to "the body of a Gothic church"), this book has its particular title, "Home at Grasmere." No title could be more appropriate or better indicate the contents of the poem. When we have closed the "Prelude" we have had Wordsworth's life traced for us up to

"that summer under whose indulgent skies
Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved."

"Home at Grasmere" continues the "history of a poet's mind" through the first months of his settling once more under the shadow of his native mountains. Nevertheless, by a strange act of human perversity, this proper and attractive title has been thrust into obscurity, and the poem has been sent into the world under a name which received from its author a quite different application. Is it too late to demand that in future the title "The Recluse" shall be left to indicate the vast and never completed whole; and the fragment which is the subject

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of my letter shall be known to lovers of Wordsworth by the name which Wordsworth gave it as "Home at Grasmere"?

G. C. M. SMITH.

CHAUCER'S DESCRIPTIONS OF MARS, VENUS, AND DIANA.

Cambridge: March 1, 1889.

Chaucer's descriptions of Mars and Venus in "The Knightes Tale" (1183-1190, 1097-1108) are well known. For the latter, Dr. Furnivall, in his Six-text Edition, p. 25, note 9, refers us to Albricus Philosophus in Staveren's *Auctores Mythographici*, 1702, vol. ii., p. 903. It occurs also in Albrici Philosophi De Deorum Imaginibus Libellus, in an edition of the *Mythographi Latini*, Amsterdam, 1681, vol. ii., p. 304; cap. v. ("De Venere"). As some may like to see the passage, I transcribe as much as is material:

"Pingebatur Venus pulcherrima puella, nuda, et in mari natans; et in manu sua dextra concham marinam tenens atque gestans; roeisque candidis et rubris sertum gerebat in capite ornatum, et columbis circa se volando, comitabatur. . . . Hinc et Cupido filius suus alatus et caecus assistebat, qui sagitta et arcu, quos tenebat, Apollinem sagittabat."

In chap. iii., at p. 302, there is a description of Mars; though Dr. Furnivall does not notice it. It is, however, worth looking at, as it mentions his chariot, his furious look, and his wolf. I quote all that is material:

"Erat enim ejus figura tanquam hominis furibundi, in curru sedens, armatus lorica, et caeteris armis offensivis et defensivis; qui et galeam habebat in capite, et flagellum in manu portans, accinctusque mucrone. Currus vero ejus ab equis rabidis trahi videbatur. Ante illum vero lupus ovem portans pingebatur, quia illud scilicet animal ab antiquis gentilibus ipsi Marti specialiter consecratum est."

In chap. vii., at p. 308, there is a description of Diana. It has small resemblance to Chaucer's; still, it mentions her three forms ("The Knightes Tale," 1455) and her bow:

"Diana, quae et Luna, Proserpina, Hecate nuncupatur, ultima inter planetas est, propter quod ultima ponitur in numero fictorum deorum. Ipsa ergo pingebatur in specie unius dominae, coma dissoluta, quae arcum tenebat et sagittam. Cervos quoque cornutos in venatione insequi videbatur," &c.

The moon is here called the last planet, because Saturn is taken as the first. Very often the reckoning was made in the reverse direction.

Chaucer's description of Diana refers to the stories of Callisto, Arcas, Daphne, Actaeon, and Atalanta; all of these are from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, viz.—Daphne from book i., Callisto and Arcas from book ii., Actaeon from book iii., and Atalanta from book viii. Hence, too, we gain a confirmation of the suggestion that "the vale of Galgopheye," in l. 1768 of "The Knightes Tale," must be Ovid's "Vallis Gargaphie" (*Met.* iii. 156), because the story of Actaeon begins with a reference to this valley.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

POPE AND ADDISON.

London: March 6, 1889.

It is true, as your correspondent "F. G." remarks, that books published at the end of the year were, and still are, frequently post-dated; and it is, therefore, possible that the version of Pope's lines on Addison in *Cythereia* (1723) may after all be earlier than that given in the *St. James's Journal* for December 15, 1722; but I do not think that this was the case. I have looked through most of the contemporary newspapers from November 1722 to the end of 1723, in the hope of finding an advertisement of *Cythereia*, but without success. It seems to me, however, that the version in the newspaper is less correct than that in *Cythereia*, and that it was an entirely unauthorised version, written down from what was passing from mouth to mouth in the coffee-houses.

One other point has just come under my notice. It is well known that Curll published a version of Pope's lines in 1727, in an edition of the *Court Poems*; but it does not seem to have been noticed that he published another version in 1726. In the Hopetoun Library, just sold at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms, there was a copy of *Court Poems*. In Two Parts. By Mr. Pope, &c., dated 1726, and published by Curll; and the version in that book agreed exactly, I believe, with that in *Cythereia*, whereas the version of 1727 contains several variations.

G. A. AITKEN.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG THE TEUTONS.

Berkeley, Cal.: Feb. 12, 1889.

Permit me once more to summarise the views already presented in opposition to Mr. Stevenson's speculations, as he himself terms them.

(1) Two independent conjectures are required, one for the "Elene" and one for the "Judith," in order to obviate the objectionable association of *neowol* and *næs*. Both conjectures are against the authority of the respective manuscripts, one, *niðernesse*, requires the introduction of a new word into the poetical vocabulary of Old English, and both are rejected by all subsequent editors. If either conjecture be overthrown, the difficulty reappears as formidable as ever. But what would be said by Greek scholars to an emendation of Sophocles which required the introduction into his text of a word found only once in Greek literature, and then in Thucydides? What would be said if the emendation were by a notoriously inaccurate scholar, and had been quietly ignored in later editions?

But, supposing both conjectures to stand, Mr. Stevenson is still ready to assert—"There are, however, several passages where it is impossible to thus explain *næs*, and where it is equally impossible to translate it by 'headland.'" If this admission must be made about *næs* at all, why not make it in all cases alike, and thus eliminate the more than doubtful conjectures? And if no argument is to be drawn from the conjectures, why adduce them?

(2) Mr. Stevenson asks (ACADEMY, December 8): "Is the *w* of *neowel* original or is it an insertion?" I answered (ACADEMY, January 19): "The *w* of *neowol* is epenthetic, secondary, and inorganic," and referred to Sweet and Sievers as my authorities. Yet Mr. Stevenson says in reply (ACADEMY, January 26): "I did not reject, lightly or otherwise, authorities like Sweet and Sievers." If not, why raise the question about the *w* of *neowel*, which seemed to imply that their explanation had either been overlooked or disbelieved? The question, and the doubt suggested by the question, seemed more unaccountable because Mr. Stevenson apparently rejected Uppstrom's theory that the *w* was original.

(3) If, as Mr. Stevenson says, "Sievers's etymology of *néol* does not account for the meaning 'abysmal,'" Sweet's *Oldest English Texts* succeeds better with its meaning *infimus*, which I had already adduced in my letter to the ACADEMY of December 1. If the general meaning is thus settled (by this and other quotations for the two senses *pronus* and *infimus*) nothing remains except to discover, if possible, how the meaning "dark" grows out of these two allied senses.

(4) Mr. Stevenson says (ACADEMY, December 8): "Is it possible that we have a confusion of three words here: (1) *ni-hald*, 'pronus'; (2) *niwol*, 'low, deep'; (3) *nifol*, 'cloudy, dark'? But, unless he rejects or ignores the statements of Sweet and Sievers, he must see that he is not dealing with three words, but with two—his (1) and (2) being virtually identical.

(5) Again, Mr. Stevenson says (ACADEMY, December 8): "If *niwol* could be shown to be in some cases a confusion with *nifol*," &c., and (ACADEMY, January 26): "What I suggested was that two independent words, *neowol* and *nifol*, had become confused in meaning through their resemblance in form." But I deny such resemblance in form as could lead to confusion. If resemblance in form means anything, it means similarity of phonetic value, for I presume we have passed the stage in which similarity of appearance on the written page could be employed in an argument of this nature. Now I have shown that the *w* of *neowol*, if it had any phonetic value, had one quite distinct from that of the *f* in *nifol*. If, notwithstanding, Mr. Stevenson or anyone else chooses to assume that the phonetic values of the two words were sufficiently similar to cause confusion, I shall not quarrel with him, for a dispute between two merely subjective opinions would be both barren and endless.

I must certainly confess to a little rashness, or at least carelessness, in my translation of *nicor*; but I beg to express the hope that my arguments may not, on this account, be deprived of such weight as they may chance to possess.

ALBERT S. COOK.

THE VERB "BLAZE."

Oxford: March 4, 1889.

As Mr. Cotton's reference to the *New English Dictionary* under this word in last week's ACADEMY has been read by many in the sense that this word is omitted from the Dictionary, may I be permitted to say that the word is fully treated and fully explained as: "BLAZE *v.*[3] To mark (*trees*) with white by chopping off a piece of bark. Also, to indicate (a *spot* or *path*) by such marks." Five quotations are given, from 1812 downwards, including one from *Fraser's Magazine*, 1850: "The settlers blazed roads through the woods, by chipping the bark of the trees." It is true that no quotation is given with a metaphorical use of "blaze the way," but surely this is so obvious as a permanent possibility that it hardly needs notice. At least, consideration of space led to our omission of one earlier than 1848, given by Bartlett—"Champollion died in 1832, having done little more than blaze out the road to be travelled by others."

J. A. H. MURRAY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 11, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Marriage Laws—Ancient and Modern," by Dr. E. Tylor.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Decoration and Illustration of Books," II., by Mr. Walter Crane.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "What takes place in Voluntary Action?" by Messrs. B. Bosanquet, P. Daphne, J. S. Mann, and A. M. Ogilvie.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Trans-Caspian Railway," by the Hon. G. Curzon.

TUESDAY, March 12, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," VIII., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers.

8 p.m. Metropolitan Scientific Association: "The Gault of Folkestone," by Mr. F. Chapman.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "An artificially deformed Skull from Mallicollo," by Prof. Flower; "Some Examples of Pre-historic Trephining and Skull Boring from America," by Prof. Victor Horsley; "The use of 'Elk' Teeth for Money in North America," by Mr. H. Balfour; "The Comparative Anthropometry of English Jews," by Messrs. Joseph Jacobs and Isidore Spielman.

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WEDNESDAY, March 13, 8 p.m. Microscopical: *Psamathiomya pectinata*, a New Dipterous Insect," by Mr. J. Deby.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Aluminium and its Manufacture by the Deville-Castner Process," by Mr. W. Anderson.
THURSDAY, March 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Venom of Serpents, and Allied Poisons," IV., by Dr. S. Martin.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Algeria and Marocco," by Mr. H. Blackburn.
8 p.m. Linnean.
8 p.m. Mathematical: "Notes on Plane Curves," IV., Involution-Condition of a Cubic and its Hessian, V., Figure of a Certain Cubic and its Hessian, by the President; "The Problem of Duration of Play," by Major Macmahon; "Some Results in the Elementary Theory of Numbers," by Mr. C. Leudesdorf; "The Characteristics of an Asymmetric Optical Instrument," by Dr. J. Lammor.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Discussion, "Some Electric Lighting Central Stations in Europe and their Lessons," by Prof. George Forbes.
8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "The Celt and the Pleasantness of Nature," by the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis.
8 30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, March 15, 8 p.m. Philological: "English Etymologies," by Prof. Skeat.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Beacon Lights and Fog Signals," by Sir J. N. Douglass.
SATURDAY, March 16, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics—Polarisation, Wave Theory," IV., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

M. Tullii Ciceronis pro A. Cluentio Oratio. With Notes by W. Y. Fausset. (Rivingtons.)

MR. FAUSSET'S edition of Cicero's speech *pro Cluentio* is one of the most careful and independent pieces of work upon Cicero that has been published for some years past. The speech has been curiously neglected in Germany. The edition of Classen, now more than fifty years old, and never re-issued, did good service in its day, but was too purely critical to be of much help to the ordinary student. Since Classen no German scholar has given any special attention to the speech, probably because its length and its numerous difficulties make it less suitable for school reading than a dozen others which have fully supplied the needs of boys, or at least have been supposed to have a better claim upon their time. In this country Prof. W. Ramsay's edition has been long known, and deservedly esteemed. But with all its merits it was very unequal, especially on the critical side; and unfortunately no attempt has been made to improve it materially in more recent issues. Some years ago Mr. (now Principal) Peterson published a translation, enriched by valuable contributions from Prof. Nettleship, the merits of which were recognised at the time in the ACADEMY. But there was abundance of room for an edition which should be fully abreast of modern scholarship, and deal thoroughly with the many textual and historical difficulties. The speech well deserves elucidation. It is an admirable specimen of Cicero's forensic skill in dealing triumphantly with a case which had some very weak points; the narrative is told in his best style, except where he had a purpose in being misleading through vagueness. His humour and dramatic vividness are nowhere better exhibited; and the diction is that of his best and brightest period.

Mr. Fausset has done full justice to his task; and, setting aside a few slips of little importance, the only serious criticism to be made is that he has spent too much pains and labour on it. It is no uncommon thing for a diligent commentator to fail to keep always in view the class of students for whom his notes are intended; and this is a mistake into which Mr. Fausset has not seldom fallen. He has written "for more advanced students, whether in the sixth form of a public school or at the university." Such students are certain to have read at least two or three speeches of Cicero previously; indeed the *Cluentiana* is little fitted to be the first introduction to the orator's style, because of the difficulties of the subject matter. Why, then, explain to such the construction of *interest*, the usages of *an*, or the meaning of *novus homo*? There are too many instances in which a grammatical usage is explained at length, with a reference to Roby's grammar, where the references alone would have been quite sufficient. In a new edition it would be worth while to rigidly suppress all notes which do not add anything to what is given in the easily accessible authorities referred to; and such instances of digression as the discussion of the etymology of *pessum*, hung upon the peg of *pervertit*. Of positive errors there are extremely few. It is a curious slip which makes Cicero to have "successfully combated the Attic style of C. Licinius Calvus" at a time when the latter was still wearing the Roman equivalent of petticoats. The symbolical nature of the *lectus genialis* is missed in § 15; the alternative explanation of *censoria subscriptio* in § 136 is surely disproved by the context; the notion of subtlety is oddly attached to a lasso in § 150 (rather "springe"), and the note on *aculeum evellere* in § 152 seems misleading: "Decidius" is wrongly introduced in § 161; and the connexion of *elogium* with √*lak* is worse than doubtful. As a rule, Mr. Fausset's instinct for points of syntax is both keen and sound, and even the more advanced student will profit much by his notes; but it is hard to see any iterative force in *quaesiveram* in § 52 (it is quite unlike the preceding *ut quicquid apprehenderam*); and in § 123 it is not noticed that *subscripserint* is dependent upon a subjunctive. The critical notes, extending to more than fifty pages, are with good judgment kept distinct from the explanatory notes—it is a serious drawback to Ramsay's edition that they are mixed up—and, as a rule, Mr. Fausset's decisions are well reasoned and sensible, though his suggestion of *omnino* in § 6 is not attractive. He professes to have been "somewhat chary of giving scraps of translations"; but it is only the idle schoolboy who will share this opinion, and there is at least as much translation, of a high order of merit, as can fairly be expected. It is worth noting that the editor has not been misled by Lewis and Short's error as to the meaning of *subsortitio* in § 91.

Many points of interest would arise for discussion, if space were not so limited; but I must here be content with giving a hearty welcome to a piece of work which is excellent in itself, and which, we may hope, gives high promise of more of the kind in the future. The difficult speech *pro Caecina* still waits for an English editor.

A. S. WILKINS.

SOME BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY.

Watts' Dictionary of Chemistry. Revised and entirely rewritten by H. Foster Morley and M. M. Pattison Muir, assisted by Eminent Contributors. In four volumes. Vol. i. (Longmans.) The publication of the original "Watts' Dictionary" was commenced a quarter of a century ago. Seven years have passed since the last of its nine volumes appeared. Its great value and its unique position among books of reference have been recognised by all chemists. We think that the publishers and editors of the present revision have exercised a wise discretion in limiting the scope and in modifying the plan of the new issue. Chemical mineralogy and applied chemistry are now excluded. The latter subject will, however, be treated by Prof. Thorpe in a separate volume. The space thus gained will allow of a more thorough discussion of the pure science and of descriptive chemistry. Moreover, by an ingenious and very complete system of abbreviations, very great condensation, sometimes to the extent of one-half, is affected in the amount of letterpress required for each subject. This change often renders the text unintelligible to any reader who has not thoroughly mastered the meaning of the signs employed as unfolded in the editors' "Introduction." Owing to the above and other changes and omissions, one great advantage is secured, for the new edition of the dictionary will admit of rapid completion, so that the fourth and concluding volume will appear before the first is out of date. If arrangements could have been made for the simultaneous preparation of a volume on "Processes of Chemical Analysis," and of another on "The Chemistry of Minerals," the whole domain of chemistry would have been annexed. Indeed, as it is, we cannot help regretting that minerals—the raw materials of the science—are practically excluded from consideration. Without them chemistry would not exist; the technical applications of the science stand on a different footing. Many readers will also regret the disappearance of the excellent article on crystallography which was a valuable feature of the former edition. Including the editors, there are twenty-one contributors to the volume before us. The reputation of these chemists in their special departments guarantees the soundness and adequacy of the articles which they have furnished. Were it possible in a brief notice to criticise a work having so wide a scope as this dictionary, we feel convinced, from a partial examination of the first instalment of 750 pages, that the tenor of our review would be one of high commendation. It is, however, idle to expect that such a work could be free from mistakes and deficiencies. We venture to cite two examples. The list of alkaloids (pp. 117 and 118) is open to a good deal of criticism. It is neither sufficient nor exact to give nothing but the name of a large *genus* of plants as yielding a particular alkaloid, when, perhaps, a single *species* only of that genus has been ascertained to furnish the base in question. Then, too, why should such a specific name as *Moschata* be made to commence with a capital letter, while the *Rhoeas* of Papaver Rhoeas is not distinguished in this way? Again, the errors in spelling botanical names are not a few. *Sophora* becomes *Saphora*; *Trigonella*, *Trigomella*; and *Gelsemium* not only *Gelsenium*, but also *Geselmium*. In fact, a number of new alkaloids still unknown to science are thus manufactured, for we have "gelsenine," "geselmine," "saphorine," and "trigomelline." We never yet heard of "Pareiro bark." Our second instance shall be taken from the article on Carbon. The suggestion (p. 129) that charcoal and the other forms of amorphous carbon are not to be regarded as belonging to a distinct modification of that element, but are probably graphite, cannot be considered sound in the presence of such a distinctive reaction as that which they yield with potassium chlorate and nitric acid. Yet, if exception may be taken to some of the theoretical views propounded in this volume, they are, as a general rule,

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characterised by sound judgment, and exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the latest discussions of chemical philosophy.

Practical Organic Chemistry. By S. Rideal. (H. K. Lewis.) This little book of 160 small pages is planned with particular reference to the requirements of medical students. It gives the chief qualitative reactions by means of which the organic acids, the carbohydrates, the organic bases, and a few important neutral bodies may be detected and distinguished. That the book is far from being a complete text-book on the subject of which it treats may be gathered from the fact that ethylen, marsh-gas, actylen, benzene, naphthalin, anthracen, aniline, paraffin, and a host of other compounds of the first rank are not named in its pages. Several comparatively new tests, not generally found in similar manuals, are given in their proper places; and, generally speaking, the directions are clear and exact. Exception may, however, be taken to the observation as to the occurrence of hydrocyanic acid (p. 49) and to many of the observations on cellulose (pp. 96, 97). Nor do we like Dr. Rideal's way of spelling generic names with a small initial letter.

A Class-Book of Elementary Chemistry. By W. W. Fisher. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) When a manual of chemistry presents no distinctive features marking it out from the crowd of similar books which encumber our shelves, we can do no more than try its accuracy by a few favourite tests, and endeavour to ascertain whether, so far as it goes, it is quite up to the level of recent advances in the science of which it treats. We cannot say that the present class-book comes up to our ideal. We find the old error as to the average percentage of carbon dioxide in the air reproduced on p. 45. We are told on p. 232 that pure tin crackles when bent. Nothing is said as to the formation of graphitic acid from graphite—a distinguishing reaction of this form of carbon, and one which was made in the university in which Mr. Fisher teaches. The Tuscan sources of borcaic acid named on p. 136 sink into insignificance beside those of California, to which no reference is made in the pages under review.

The Scientific Papers of the late T. Andrews, M.D., F.R.S. By P. G. Tait, and A. Crum Brown. (Macmillan.) It is an agreeable but difficult task to notice a book such as that before us. The important discoveries of Andrews have been long known and appreciated by chemists and physicists, and it would be impossible to review them adequately within our narrow limits. We are glad to have his papers in a collected and readable form. There is much in their style and scope which reminds one of the work of Graham and of Faraday. They are marked by originality, ingenuity in methods of experimenting, perseverance, and trustworthiness. His researches on the continuity of the states of matter, on the true constitution of ozone, and on the thermal phenomena of chemical action unfolded most important truths and are models of good work. The brief memoir of fifty-three pages prefixed to the "Collected Papers" presents a delightful picture of this enthusiastic student of science. His first paper was published in the *Philosophical Magazine* when he was a boy of fifteen!

OBITUARY.

PROF. H. VON DECHEN.

GERMANY has recently lost her most venerable geologist by the death of Heinrich von Dechen. Born eighty-nine years ago, his earliest contribution to scientific literature dates back as far as 1825. Working with such men as Oeynhausen and Karstav he soon became conspicuous as a zealous geologist, and acquired great reputation as an authority on the Rhine Province. Having in early life worked also in England and Scotland, he became a foreign member of the Geological Society of London in 1827. Among his numerous works, the most important is his geological map of Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia, on the scale of $\frac{1}{80000}$—a work which, with the preparation of the text, occupied twenty-five of the best years of his active life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. BURGESS'S NEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROCK-EDICTS OF AS'OKA.

Vienna: February 25, 1889.

During the working seasons of 1886-87 and 1887-88, Dr. Burgess undertook at my request the preparation of new impressions of the Girnâr, Kâlsi, Shâhbâzgarhi, and Mansehra versions of As'oka's rock-edicts, and handed them over to me in the course of last summer. Other pressing work prevented me utilising them at once, and I finished deciphering them only last week. These new impressions have been taken with scrupulous care and consummate skill on strong Indian country paper, on the reverse of which the letters are visible in relief, from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch high. Particularly difficult or doubtful passages have been done twice or even thrice over.

The results which these new materials yield are very valuable. It is possible to make with their help numerous corrections even in the comparatively speaking well-preserved Girnâr and Kâlsi versions. In the former they even exhibit some signs which both M. Senart and myself have failed to detect on the stone. Their importance for the Shâhbâzgarhi and Mansehra versions is, as might be expected, much greater. They enable me to give a complete and intelligible text even of the difficult hitherto not explained passage of the thirteenth edict, which is fully preserved in Shâhbâzgarhi alone. As the restoration of this passage is, perhaps, the most important service which the new impressions render, I give it *in extenso*. The words for the greater part lost in the other versions are:

Yo pi cha apakareya ti chhamitaviyamate vo devanam priyasa, yam s'ako chhamanaye. Ya pi cha atavi devanam priyasa vijite bhoti, ta pi anuneti, anunijhape ti. Anutape pi cha prabhave devanam priyasa. Vuchati tesha, kiti? avatrapeyu na cha hamñeyasu. Ichhati hi devanam priyo savrabhutana achhati samyamam samachariyam rabhasiye. Esha cha mukhamate vijaye devanam priyasa yo dhramavijayo.

The close translation of these sentences should be in my opinion as follows:

"And if anybody does [*me*] an injury, the Beloved of the gods holds that it is necessary even [then] to forgive what can be forgiven. Even on [*the inhabitants of*] those forests which are in the dominions of the Beloved of the gods, he takes compassion [*when it is suggested to him*], that he should destroy [*them*] one after the other; and the power of the Beloved of the gods [*would*] even [*suffice*] to torment [*them*]. Unto them it is said—what? 'They shall live contentedly and not be slain.' For the Beloved of the gods desires for all creatures freedom from hurt, self-restraint, impartiality, a state of joy. And the Beloved of the gods holds this conquest to be chiefest, to wit, the conquest through the law."

The general sense is just what one would expect, as As'oka has declared in the preceding that he regards with horror even a hundredth or a thousandth part of the atrocities perpetrated by his armies during the conquest of Kaliṅga. The use of the word *atavi* "the forests" for *âtavikâh* "the men of the forest, the jungle-tribes," is curious, but analogous to that of *amtâ* "the frontiers" for "the neighbours." *Rabhasiye* is an interesting ἅπαξ λεγόμενον; it is evidently the Sanskrit *râbhasyam*, which, according to Ujjvaladatta on *Unâdisû'ra*, i. 117, means "a state of joy." This meaning fits very well and closely agrees with the sense of the various reading *mâdava* or *mâdavam* found in Kâlsi and Girnâr. Some other passages of the Shâhbâzgarhi version, such as Ed. iii., l. 6 and Ed. ix., ll. 19-20, which have remained inexplicable even after M. Senart's late revision of Edicts i.-xii., come out quite correctly.

The Mansehra version, too, becomes perfectly readable. A score or so of signs, sometimes four or five consecutively, are gone in Edicts i. and ii., and single ones here and there in Edicts iii. and ix.-xi. But the losses are unimportant. In the beginning of Edict v. this version has preserved an important word which is lost in Girnâr, Dhauli, and Jaugada, and indistinct in the older Kâlsi facsimiles. M. Senart has already recognised that its first three letters are *adika*. Dr. Burgess's impression gives plainly *adikare* and that of the Kâlsi edict not *amdihute*, as I had read formerly, but *âdi[ka]le*. *Adikare-âdikale* is equivalent to Sanskrit *âdikarah*, which etymologically means "the beginner, the originator," and is known from the Koshas as a name of the creator Brahmâ. It also corresponds with the Jaina epithet of the Tirthaṅkaras, *âdikaro* or *âdigaro*, for which in Jaina Sanskrit texts *âdikartâ* appears. In As'oka's inscription the word has its etymological meaning. We read in

"Mansehra: *Kalanam dukaram, Ye adikare kayânasa se dukaram karoti.*
Kâlsi: *Kayâne dukale, E âdi[ka]le kayânasâ se dukale kaleti.*"

The translation is:

"Good [*works*] are difficult of performance. He who is the originator of good [*works*] accomplishes something difficult of performance."

As'oka means to say that he has done something particularly difficult, as he has first appointed the overseers of the sacred law and otherwise taken care that the law will be kept; and, as he has first done much for the happiness of his subjects, the task of his successors, whom he exhorts in the sequel to follow his example, will be much easier.

The new impressions yield also important palaeographical results. They show that several letters of the North Indian alphabet have interesting varieties of form. They also reveal the use of a double *mm* in the word *sammapratipati*. This *mma* appears in three passages in that shape, which it has in the facsimile of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Indicarum*, Plate ii., l. 5. They finally prove that Sir A. Cunningham was right in reading *asti, striyaka, samstuta*, and so forth. The signs for *tha* and *tha* are very different from that for *sta*, which plainly shows its origin from a combination of *sa* and *ta*.

I trust that it will be possible to prepare readable facsimiles of the northern versions according to these new impressions, and that the original sheets will, like the impressions of the Dhauli and Jaugada versions, eventually be taken over by the British Museum, and thus be made accessible to all students of Indian palaeography.

G. BÜHLER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE council of the Geologists' Association have under consideration a proposal to organise an excursion during October next to the active volcanic regions of Italy. The proposal was submitted by Dr. Lavis, who is intimately acquainted with the regions in question, and who would be the principal leader of the party.

THE Marquis de Nadaillac has communicated to the *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme* the

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details of the arrangements for the anthropological department of the forthcoming exhibition in Paris, with which he is closely concerned. The most novel feature will be the popular illustration of prehistoric archaeology by means of scenes and life-size models. The first group will represent a savage and his wife in the act of making rude stone implements; another will depict a cavern of the early stone age, with the "old man of Cro Magnon" working his implements of bone. The neolithic age will be represented by a dolmen, with a potter fabricating a rude vase, while another workman polishes his stone-axe. In illustration of the early stages of metallurgy, the man of the bronze age will be seen busy with his melting-pot and moulds; while a rude group of iron-workers, copied from certain African savages, will represent the primitive smelters of the iron age. The prehistoric pits for flint-mining at Mur de Barrez will be reproduced, with the ancient miners at work. An anthropometric laboratory will be opened, an anthropological congress will be held, and, indeed, every department of anthropology will be illustrated on a most liberal scale.

THE first volume of a revised and augmented edition of Prof. D'Arbois de Jubainville's work, *Les premiers Habitants de l'Europe*, has just appeared. It deals, first, with the non-Indo-Europeans (cave-men, Iberians, Pelasgians, Etruscans, Phoenicians), and, secondly, with some of the Indo-European races (Scythians, Thracians, Illyrians, and Ligurians).

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

FOLKLORISTS will be glad to hear that Mr. C. H. Tawney, the translator of the *Kathá-sarit-ságara*, is now working at the Jaina *Kathákoça*.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "The True Name of the God of Israel," by the Rev. C. J. Ball; "The Sacred Trees of the Assyrian Monuments," by Dr. Bonavia; "Origin from Babylonia and Elam of the Early Chinese Civilisation: a Summary of the Proofs," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; and "A Buddhist Repertory" (continued), by Prof. Ch. de Harlez.

MESSRS. PARKER & Co. will publish in a few days Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book XI., with English notes, &c., by the Rev. Edgar Sanderson; and also Ovid, *Tristia*, Book III., with notes by the same.

THE *Revue Critique* for March 4 contains a review, by M. J. Halévy, of Dr. Neubauer's "Catalogue of Hebrew MSS. in the Bodleian and the College Libraries of Oxford," which concludes thus:

"C'est une œuvre monumentale qui comptera dans les études hébraïques et qui constituera le meilleur titre d'honneur, non seulement pour le savant qui lui a consacré sa vie, mais pour la direction de la Bibliothèque d'Oxford qui en a conçu et réalisé la publication."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—(*Annual Meeting, Wednesday, February 13.*)

DR. C. T. HUDSON in the chair.—The report of the council was read, showing an increase in the number of fellows, and in the revenue of the society. This will probably be the last annual meeting in the present library, which is required by King's College, and the society will have to seek a new habitation.—Dr. Hudson delivered his annual address, taking as his subject, "Rotifers and their Distribution."

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(*Wednesday, February 20.*)

W. H. COWHAM, ESQ., in the chair.—A paper was read on "George Chapman," by Mr. Havelock Ellis. Chapman stands before us between two younger men—Marlowe and Ben Jonson. Marlowe was the typical artist of the English Renaissance. It was beauty that he sought everywhere, and, above all, beauty and the complete aesthetic utterance of his own aspiring nature; to everything else he was indifferent. Ben Jonson might be called the critic of the movement, using the word in its largest sense as the critic of life. He was the keen critic of men—the student whose interests were as wide as the whole of knowledge, and whose vision was everywhere clear and profound. He it is, and not Shakspere, who must be compared with Goethe. And to gather up the significance of Chapman into a single word, as Marlowe was the artist, and Jonson the critic, so Chapman was the moralist of the English Renaissance. About Marlowe there is little suspicion of ethics; and, while he more than others must be called Chapman's master, his influence was within the purely artistic domain. The obvious unlikeness of our rugged Homer-Lucan to the incomparable lover of ideal beauty who died so young has probably caused this influence to be underrated. Yet it is very distinct, and must in all Chapman's early work—poems and plays—perpetually arrest the attention of the reader who is familiar with Marlowe. It is not seen merely in his imagery and illusions: it lies in the very structure of his strong and uplifted verse. The true inheritor of Marlowe's "mighty line," he threw into it a more vigorous, lofty, and spiritual eloquence. This influence also comes out in the soaring and ambitious temper of Chapman's heroes. The audacious Bussy sometimes recalls Faustus; Biron, his central hero, is an elderly Tamburlaine, moralised and unwieldy. It will be seen that it is to Marlowe's earlier work that Chapman was chiefly attracted. His "Edward II." represents the effort after a pure Greek perfection of tone and outline to which Chapman, with all his fervid love for the "ancient Greek souls," and his greater knowledge, never once attained. Here Chapman was like his friend Jonson, who, with the same classic ardour as himself, and a riper scholarship, was not among those to whom the Hellenic charm has been revealed. Chapman's ethics are those of Stoicism, sometimes faintly tinged by Christianity. If we turn to the works of his favourite Seneca we shall miss few of the moral ideals and aims on which Chapman loved to insist. Not, indeed, that they are merely copied. Chapman expresses them with less of the quiet charm of Seneca, it is true, but with a robust energy and a touch of fiery imagination which Seneca never knew. We see in Chapman the Stoic's insistence on the virtues of an active life and contempt for the philosophers who, in Seneca's words, "know rather to speak than to live"; the Stoic's deep-rooted feeling for the divinity of man and the supremacy of man's most marked characteristic, reason, and its power over life and death. Chapman delights in giving utterance to the inwardness of moral law, freedom from all restraints but those imposed by the relationship between man and the universe. An Enchiridion of noble and eloquent aphorisms might be gathered from his writings. Chapman expresses his ideal of life under the form of the word Virtue. We do not nowadays talk with much enthusiasm about Virtue (with a capital V); and we must be careful to distinguish Chapman's Virtue from the rather feeble and colourless pattern of modern conventional morality. This Virtue is an offshoot of free and energetic Stoicism, grafted on the exuberant stock of Elizabethan renaissance. It is, in accordance with etymology, the quality of manhood, of virile and unfettered energy; or, as Lowell puts it, it is, "that kind of purity recalling Hamlet's word 'robustness,' and seems to be shouted through a speaking-trumpet in a gale of wind." Chapman's personality remains interesting for us even when we grow tired of his work. He was sometimes a great poet; he was always a great Englishman of "absolute and full soul." It is only in our more strenuous moments that we can turn to him for delight; but in those moments we shall always find in him the "excitation to heroical life," the contagious enthusiasm of all those things which, in his own phrasing, heighten man's transition into God. To read Chapman is to experience the strong invigoration of a stiff breeze in mid-South Atlantic. It is as much as you can do to keep your feet, but the exhilaration of it! He has ever been a favourite with the best men of new and expanding civilisations; with the young and ardent representatives of a progressive morality or a revolutionary ideal. Emerson delighted in Chapman; Lowell wrote of him—"He has kindled enthusiasm such as no other poet since Shakspere has kindled." Shelley chose famous words of his as the motto for his great poem of revolt. The sonnet of Keats would alone serve to immortalise the memory of his "Homer." We see self-conscious in him the spirit of those audacious adventurers with whom England has filled the world. If we would still be in touch with the men of this make, there is no worthier way of preparing ourselves than by looking back to those Englishmen of the Elizabethan age whose pulses were so nobly stirred, and among whom not least stands the virile form of George Chapman.

SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(*Wednesday, February 20.*)

J. HAYNES, ESQ., treasurer, in the chair.—A paper was read by Dr. Zerffi upon "Certain Great English Writers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." Concrete facts and generalisations were contrasted, and the reader showed, through Newton and John Locke, that experience, knowledge, and reason ought to be the fundamental principles of our modern progressive civilisation. The writings of the third Earl of Shaftesbury were mentioned as works which opened, not only in England, but also in France and Germany, an entirely new method of inquiry. Toland wrote in a less elegant style than Shaftesbury, but was extremely logical, while Collins attempted to solve the question of "necessity" and "liberty." Dr. Matthew Tindal went a step further, and asserted in his great work, *Christianity as Old as the Creation*, that God acts in conformity to the reason and nature of things. William Wollaston endeavoured to improve the religious feelings of the masses and to promote toleration in opposition to sectarian dissension. Morgan and Mandeville had been both misunderstood—the former wanted to see Christianity purified, while the latter held up avarice, luxury, pride, and party hatred to general contempt. Chubb, the "partner of a tallow-chandler," kindled a fiery torch of enlightenment and was the direct forerunner of the witty and learned Viscount Bolingbroke, who, through his *Letters on the Study and Use of History*, created not only a sensation, but a total change in the plan of our education and literature, which ought to be principally based on a correct knowledge of history.—Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, secretary, explained that the deistical writers, upon whose works Dr. Zerffi had commented, were comparatively little known and read at the present day, because their arguments had been thoroughly refuted in their own time by Berkeley, Butler, Bentley, and others.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(*Friday, February 22.*)

DR. FURNIVALL (president), in the chair.—The chairman read a paper by Mr. J. B. Oldham, on "The Difficulties to be encountered in studying Browning's Poems." The writer of the paper offered it as a "Confessio Amantis," the confession to truth of one who deeply and reverently admired the poet. It dealt with the structural deformities in many of the poems, the discords, distortions, inversions, omissions, too frequently met with.—Mr. Oldham admitted that some foundation of intellectual substance is necessary in a poem, that modern poetry tends to be merely musical, whereas it should have its roots in what rouses deep feeling and its expression in musical form. Poetry and music, he considered, agree in that ideal opera "Les Huguenots." The Browning Society owed its existence to the difficulties with which the poet's works teemed, and found its vocation in clearing away the problems he invented. These difficulties were of three classes, and were to be found in the subject—matter of many of his poems, in his methods of treatment, and in his eccentric and characteristic forms of expression. With regard to the third class, style is that singularity in an author's manner of expressing himself which stamps it as his own. No one has a right to quarrel with that, but genius is not denoted by a difficult style. The greatest poems survive because they are the most intelligible. It is most difficult to obtain at once a clear idea of

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the whole of one of Browning's poems. The mind is overburdened with a multitude of details, and craves some principle of order to make them plain. The central idea escapes us, even after we have read the poem again and again. Now, a sense of unity should be strong in any conception of life. Mr. Watts has said that "clearness of scene" should be counted the chief quality in poetry. No other poet is excepted from this law of unity, from order, grace and finish. Then, again, his details are too much in the rough. Mr. Pater points out how "the labour of the file has always had its function." This labour is absent in Browning's works. Mr. Oldham gave illustrations of distortions, inversions, obscurities, omissions from "The Ring and the Book," "Sordello," "Another Way of Love," "Apollo and the Fates," from "Parleyings," "Pacchiarotto," and other poems. Many of his faults would be scarcely culpable in a poetaster, but are faults in a poet, and especially in one who has often shown himself gifted with a fine sense of beauty of form. His absurd rhymes are among these. They arrest attention, weaken the sense, and upset the interest.—The chairman proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Oldham.—Dr. Berdoe did not see the use of a paper like this. The Browning society could scarcely propose to educate Mr. Browning. It would be better to set to work to get possession of the gold and leave the quartz alone. Had the writer of the paper helped to unravel the problems, members might be grateful; but to select a series of passages for censure was scarcely worthy of the society's thanks. It is an abuse of our classics to take certain passages out of them and talk about their absurdity. Indeed, a sentence of the critic's paper was itself so very involved that the tables might have been turned upon him. He could not but remember some witty words of Mr. Birrell, who, writing on Browning, said: "Brother and sister dunces, give me your ears, not to crop, but to whisper into their furry depths, "Let us bless God there is such a thing as genius."—Mr. Revell agreed with Dr. Berdoe to a great extent. Members of the society admitted Browning's barbarities, were not his thick and thin worshippers, and the paper was not needed by them. But bad work needed reprobation, and Browning's uncouthness led to the neglect of many of his poems. His thinking was intellectual rather than poetical. It was reasoned, logical thinking thrown into the form of verse.—Mr. Shaw's first impulse was to move an amendment to the vote of thanks, and suggest a vote of condolence with the society in its place. The writer of the paper had not made a contribution worthy of thanks. He speaks of Browning as a true poet, and then says Browning prefers not to express himself clearly, as if the intense and constant effort to express himself clearly were not the condition of every man of common-sense. Does Browning sit down and think how obscure he can make his poem? Then we got the usual nonsense about the simplicity of the greatest poets, which facts contradict all along the line. Shelley seems simple to some and nonsensical to others. As for the "labour of the file," let the critic take his file and go along at "Sordello" In youth that is very well; but a man arrives at a point when he says: "I might make this smoother by filing it, but time is getting short; it is better to do something else." As for the "everlasting laws of poetry"—a critic takes what poetry he prefers, finds out its methods, sets them up as conventions, and calls them "everlasting laws." To whom is Browning discordant and unintelligible? No doubt there are people to whom Dr. Watts is unintelligible. Mozart was called obscure and unintelligible; and people said he did it on purpose, because he might have followed the beautiful simplicity of his forerunners. Then Beethoven came; and people said his music was hopelessly unintelligible, and that he did it on purpose, because he might have followed the beautiful simplicity of Mozart. And then Wagner came; and people still say his music is hopelessly unintelligible, and that he did it on purpose, because he might followed the beautiful simplicity of Beethoven.—Mr. Slater partly agreed and partly disagreed with Mr. Shaw. To understand a poet fully, we must have an intelligence equal to his own. The judgment of the present day is not necessarily that of the future. Still there were obscurities and sins of omission in Browning's poems which he might have avoided.—The chairman asked—Is it wise in the society to discuss the subject as it was done in the paper? He thought it was, and it was in accordance with the plan of the society as stated in its prospectus. We all knew how hard many of the poems were when we first read them, and he himself considered that Browning was hindered in getting hold of people by his obscurities. After giving instances of these, and of his compression of a subject, Dr. Furnivall continued: Condensation is not a vehicle of poetry, nor is it possible to render dramatic poetry in the form of stanzas. For these things we must blame him, although we must also look at them from his point of view. He likes rhyming, and does much of it for enjoyment. Witness his absurd double rhymes. It is to be regretted that he does so much of his work for exercise. Just so much will not live. What future will care for Sludge or Hohenstiel Schwangau?

Aristotelian Society.—(*Monday, February 25.*)

Shadworth H. Hodgson, Esq., president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Bernard Hollander, entitled "Do Separate Psychological Functions require Separate Physiological Organs?" Though the researches of physiologists, and investigations made by pathologists, have resulted in defining distinct regions for motion and sensation, we are still ignorant of the subjective side of these localisations. That the various elements of the mind have separate seats in the brain can, however, not be doubted; for the same movements which occur during certain emotions can be effected by applying galvanic currents to definite portions of the brain. In other words, the thought-current and the physical current, starting from the same point, travel on the same line and produce the same physical effect. That there are thought-centres can also be judged from the effect produced by destruction of a definite region. For instance, the destruction of the visual region is followed not only by loss of sight, but also by loss of visual ideation and recollection, which means a distinct injury to the mind. There is no doubt whatever that musical genius requires not only a good auditory apparatus, but also a highly organised auditory brain-centre; and that the powers of a painter to distinguish between the shades of colour are dependent primarily on a distinct nerve-centre of superior quality, of whose localisation, however, we are still ignorant. Without assuming special centres, we should be unable to explain the transmission of peculiarities of character. Man has to thank his parents not only for the fortunes they bequeath him, but also for his organisation. He is born with certain pro-dispositions; and though he can modify his nature, he can do so only to a certain extent. Viewed in his present state, man has a complex psychical nature so complex that it is extremely difficult to analyse it. We do not know as yet what constitutes a genius. All we know is that it is a gift of nature; and as it is generally partial, it must depend on the condition of definite organs. Why should genius be so closely allied to madness, why should a change of brain cause a change of character, or an injury to the brain disturb the manifestation of the faculties, unless the impulses which form the elements of character, require definite brain centres. The question is of great importance to the student of moral responsibility, for if good dispositions can be transmitted, so can bad ones. As long as mind was thought to be a substance independent of matter, speculations as to its nature were abundant. Recent researches, however, have limited the inquiry; and prove not only the alliance between mind and body, but also the fact that nerve-centres are the condition for the manifestation of thought, and that separate psychological functions require separate physiological organs.

Hellenic Society.—(*Monday, February 25.*)

E. M. Thompson, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Miss Jane E. Harrison read a very valuable paper on "Some Fragments of Vase Paintings." After apologising for the scattered nature of most of the evidence she had to bring before the meeting, she showed a drawing of a very fine red-figured vase in the possession of Miss Tricoupi, at Athens. It depicted the wrestling of Herakles and Antaeus, and the exploit of Theseus and Skiron; and had also a special claim to attention from the fact that it made the fifth known instance of a vase bearing the "love-name" Athenodotos. In connexion with the Theseus scene, Miss Harrison commented on the famous De Luynes fragments (in the Bibliothèque Nationale) which she is about to publish in the *Hellenic Journal*, and which present several difficulties in the matter of restoration. Next in order came a series of fragments recently discovered in the Acropolis; and first in interest were the fragments of an exquisitely beautiful vase with a white ground, and presumably from the hand of Euphranios. The fragments represent the myth of Orpheus and the Thracian women, and gave rise to a good deal of animated discussion. With reference to an early oracle-figured fragment depicting Aphrodite with a child on her elbow, Miss Harrison rejected the obvious interpretation that the child was Eros, and maintained that Aphrodite was represented here in the more general aspect of Kourotrophos. Relying mainly on three passages from Pausanias (vi. 20, viii. 21-3, and ix. 27, 2), she dwelt on the close analogies between Aphrodite Ourania, the eldest of the Fates, and Eileithyia; and deprecated, in the study of early local divinities, that specialisation of attributes which was characteristic only of the Olympian system which later became dominant. The last fragment commented on was the figure of a maiden bearing in her hand two problematic objects. At the close of the paper, Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, with reference to the Orpheus fragments, commented on the generally problematic character of Thracian myths.—Mr. Cecil Smith made some very interesting remarks on the practice of tattooing, as instanced by the Thracian women, and on the burning question whether "love-names" denote historical personages. He inclined to agree with Studniczka's view, as opposed to that of Hartwig.—Mr. Gardner commented on the great beauty and repose of the design, and congratulated the society on leading the way in the matter of the adequate publication of these white-ground vases.—Mr. Howorth doubted the restoration adopted, and further took the opportunity of protesting, in the name of the society, against permission having been given to the Germans to excavate at Idalium, in Cyprus.—The chairman promised that the matter should be inquired into.

Folklore Society.—(*Tuesday, February 26.*)

G. L. Gomme, Esq. (director), in the chair.—Mr. Edward Clodd read a paper on "The Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin." After referring to the work of analysis and tabulation of folk-tales which the council, with the help of other members of the society, has in hand—a work which may be expected to throw light on the origin and diffusion of folk-tales—the author of the paper explained that his interest in the variants of "Rumpelstiltskin" had been excited by finding an old Suffolk tale, entitled "Tom Tit Tot" among county "Notes and Queries," published in the *Ipswich Journal* during 1877-1878. After this tale was read in full, abstracts of variants from Cornwall, Scotland, Sweden, Iceland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Spain, Mongolia, &c., with references from archaic legends in Grimm and in the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, were given. The philosophy at the core of each story, the nucleus of primitive thought round which the incidents had gathered, was shown to be the widespread notion that the name of any king, whether human or superhuman, is an integral part of that king, and that to know it puts its owner in the power of another. This notion is a part of that general confusion between names and things which is a universal feature of barbaric modes of thought, and is closely related to fetichism, shamanism, and other products of uncultured intelligence. Examples from both the lower and the higher culture were cited, and conclusions deduced as to the like attitude of the mind before like phenomena which awakened man's fears until the true nature of those phenomena was explained by science.—Mr. Nutt drew attention to the splendid folk-tale, "Tom

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Tit Tot," which Mr. Clodd had rescued, and discussed the incidents in the story which Mr. Clodd had not dealt with.—Dr. Gaster, Mr. Jacobs, and the chairman also took part in the debate.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Japan and its Art. By Marcus Huish. (Fine Art Society.) In this book Mr. Huish seems to us to have supplied a distinct want. The papers which he has contributed monthly to the pages of his magazine, the *Art Journal*, if not written for publication in book form, are well adapted for the purpose. Each of them forms a chapter on one of the very varied subjects which are of interest in connexion with Japanese art and Japan. The history, the social life, the legends, the religions, the various branches of its art, are all treated separately, and yet together. Both art and history illustrate one another in its carefully and pleasantly-written pages, and in its well-chosen and well-executed cuts. The material for such a short and comprehensive view of things Japanese is now very plentiful; but where to choose, and what to pick, is an art in itself, and one that Mr. Huish understands better than most. He has, besides, his own taste and knowledge and his own collection to help him, as well as the advice of collectors and experts. The result of his labour is a pretty book, and an interesting book, and a book that ought to be very generally acceptable. If it will not teach all that is to be learnt on the many subjects treated, it will teach what most people want to know—just enough to give a much more intelligent interest than before to many ignorant lovers of Japanese art, and to whet the appetite of those inclined to deeper and more serious study. Its general plan is so good that it might be used by Mr. Huish for a larger work of a more exhaustive character. Some of the chapters, as that on the legendary lore, would bear expansion into a volume by itself, which would be of great value to collectors. To understand the stories which are illustrated on their knife-handles and sword guards, their netsukes and coloured prints, is all that is needed to make most of them completely content with their possessions. This book contains much help of the kind. Mr. Huish has been wise in choosing small illustrations in order to give more of them; and it would not be difficult, with the aid of a few more still, to illustrate in quite a small compass all the most frequent of the subjects of Japanese artists, and a good many of the rarer ones. A well-arranged book of this kind would be certain of a pretty wide popularity. While recommending such a scheme to Mr. Huish's attention, we do not wish to suggest that there is any lack of this kind of interest in his present work, which contains as much both of text and illustration as such a volume could conveniently bear. It is a handy and comprehensive little book, well put together, and charmingly "got up."

The Application of Ornament. By Lewis F. Day. (Batsford.) This is the third of Mr. Day's text-books of ornamental design, which form (or will form when finished) the most practical and sound work of the kind in the English language. The present volume is not more useful, but it will be interesting to a wider circle of readers, for it deals with many questions which are stumbling-blocks to a number of persons not without taste or education. What should be understood by the word "conventional," a term so frequently misapplied, and so seldom understood in its most rational and honourable sense; "where to stop in ornament," another difficult point for the amateur as well as the artist; and how far the material and the tools employed should regulate design: such questions as these are of very wide interest, and they could scarcely be treated in a more concise and sensible manner than by Mr. Day in this volume. We have found ourselves differing from him only slightly and occasionally. We think that "savagery" is scarcely a quality appropriate to work in hard stone, like crystal or porphyry, where the perfect precision of the result attainable seems to us to justify any amount of labour in execution, and any degree of delicacy in design. Nor do we think he is quite right about Wedgewood ware. He does not seem to us to estimate the quality of the material—the exceptionally fine-grained stoneware capable of the sharpest and smoothest of treatment, and independent of glaze. It is also, we think, scarcely correct to talk of its colour as "crude." It may be simple, and frequently "cold," but it is scarcely "crude." However, on the points in which we differ from Mr. Day, and those (by far the largest in number) on which we agree with him, we hope to have something more to say when the present series is concluded. The next volume is to be on natural form and its adaptation to ornamental design. Mr. Day's text-books have received the approval of the Science and Art Department—a fact which deserves notice, not as a recommendation of Mr. Day's books, but as a sign of unusual intelligence at South Kensington.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Part XI. Edited by Graves and Armstrong. (Bell.) The commencement of the article on Vecelli (Titian) shows that this revised edition of Bryan is drawing to an end, and drawing to an end in a satisfactory manner—notwithstanding the laxity which marked the editorship of part of the first volume. The present instalment is rather barren in illustrious names; but there is Turner, and Perugino (Vannucci), and some of the greater Dutchmen like Teniers, Terborch, and Van der Helst. The merit of the last-named painter is, we think, but scantily recognised. Of Turner the account is by no means enthusiastic; but the article is ably written, and all the important facts of his life admirably summarised. On the whole, the part is well up to the mark.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Assouan: Feb. 12, 1889.

LITTLE progress seems to have been made with the excavation of the temple of Luxor since I last saw it three years ago. The most important part of the work had already been accomplished at that time, and the traveller in his boat on the river had the opportunity of admiring one of the most magnificent monuments of ancient Egypt. But it is a pity that the ruin cannot be properly protected. Before the work of excavation commenced, a portion of the building was kept under lock and key; now the whole of the temple has been allowed to become the common refuse-heap of the village. The tourist who has been induced to pay a hundred piastres in Cairo for permission to visit the monuments of ancient Egypt, upon the understanding that something was being done in return to protect them, will be grievously disappointed. The tourists have done their duty manfully, but the government have neglected to do theirs. Karnak is still open to the ravages of goats and herdboys, and Medinet Abu, like Dêr el-Medineh, to the intrusions of beggars and *antika*-sellers, who scrape the blue paint off the walls to mix with their forged scarabs; while a tomb at Thebes, reopened a few weeks ago by M. Bouriant, has already been wantonly defaced by the natives; and in the tombs discovered by Sir Francis Grenfell at Assouan the paintings have been disfigured by Arabic *graffiti*. It is true that outside some of the tombs placards are lying on the sand with a request in English that visitors should refrain from injuring the monuments; but it is to be presumed that the inscribers of the *graffiti* cannot read English. The interesting inscriptions over the tombs of the Third Dynasty at Mêdum have been literally smashed to fragments; and, since my last visit to Beni Hassan, the paintings in the tombs have suffered severely, easily protected though they might be. In fact, the only place so far where our "permits" have been of use was the temple of Edfu; and even here the "guardian" did not conceal his disappointment at being shown a piece of printed card instead of the old *bakshish*. The temple of Edfu is well cared for; but so it has been ever since I have known Egypt. If the Egyptian government expects to receive another golden crop of guineas from the visitors to the monuments next winter, the ancient monuments of the country must be looked after in a very different way from that in which they are being looked after now.

Of discoveries, I have not much to report. Opposite Maghágha, on the north side of the Gebel Sheikh Embárek, we found the site of an old city covered, like the desert immediately surrounding it, with myriads of flint flakes, cores, and arrow-heads. The whole of Egypt must once have been supplied by it with flint implements. We also found there some flint spear-heads, knives, and curious crescent-shaped instruments with the cutting edge on the inner side, the whole being mixed with Roman pottery. Among the pottery I picked up a fragment inscribed with Greek letters as well as a coin of the Roman Empire. At Tehneh I was taken to see an altar of colossal size, lying on its side in a quarry on the crest of a hill to the north of the village. An inscription upon it in Greek characters, much defaced by the weather, stated that it had been made in honour of an emperor, whose name had been erased, by Ignatius Tiberinus, the inspector of the quarry, and a citizen of Alexandria. The altar is 7 ft. 1 in. in length by 4 ft. 3 in. in breadth.

We explored the quarries at the back of the ruins of Antinopolis without discovering anything to reward us for our trouble except the remains of a Roman fort with a quarry immediately below it, the entrance to which had once been closed by a gate. It had evidently been worked by convicts. An adjoining quarry had been used as a church by the early Copts, whose chief gathering-place, however, was a few miles further south in the quarries behind Dêr Abu Hannes. The inscriptions I have copied in the latter have been published in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archæology. This year I found in them a defaced Phœnician *graffito* which had previously escaped my notice. The letters בר are now alone legible.

On the southern side of the plain of Gow el-Kebîr I came across an Egyptian tomb adorned with hieroglyphs and sculptures, rudely cut but still comparatively little injured. It had belonged to an Egyptian gentleman of the name of Ahu.

My enquiries at Tel el-Amarna, as well as at Ekhmîm and Luxor, have proved that M. Grébaut was right in the belief he expressed to me at Cairo that the find of cuneiform tablets at Tel el-Amarna is exhausted, and that no more are left in native hands. At Tel el-Amarna I was shown the place where they were discovered. It was not a tomb, as has been asserted, but the foundation of the palace to the north of the mounds. The *fellahîn* had just begun to work there for manure when I visited the spot three years ago. I was also

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taken to the ruins of an ancient chamber of crude brick, adjoining the site of the temple, which had lately been opened by the natives. The bricks of which it was built were all stamped with the cartouches of Khu-en-Aten and his god.

A fragment of one of the cuneiform tablets in the possession of the Rev. M. Murch is written in characters which have the well-known Assyrian forms, and it may therefore have been sent by the Assyrian king. But the beginning of the text is lost. It is addressed to Amenophis IV., the royal "brother" of the writer. His father, Nabkhurriya or Amenophis III., is more than once referred to, as well as certain presents, including fourteen blocks of "mountain crystal" and "four papyri."

A new source of supply of Greek ostraka has turned up in Ekhmîm. Those I have seen relate to the taxation of the olive-grounds which seem to have existed in the neighbourhood in the Roman age. Here is the translation of one of them: "For the oil-works I have received for the servants of the master Kolluthos one measure of pure oil. (Signed) Apollo(nio)s the inspector, the 10th of the month Athyr, the 10th year of Tiberius." At Gebelên also, where three years ago I found two demotic ostraka, I picked up the other day one inscribed with Greek.

I saw Mr. Petrie in the Fayum on my way up the river, and he there placed in my hands two fine papyri of the sixth century, which he had recently disinterred. They are in Greek, and relate to the sale of certain property by "Eulogios, formerly a Melitian monk, but now orthodox, the son of Joseph and Tlesis, originally inhabiting the mountain on the Arsinoite frontier, called Labla, but now living in the monastery of the Makru-Phyôn in the suburbs of Arsinoê." In the one case he sold to "the Melitian priest Pursis" a monastery which adjoined on the south "the monastery of the blessed Andreas the priest, and on the north the monastery of Naharaos the priest," on the west being "the public road on which stands the monastery of Peter the deacon." In the other case a monastery was sold to Papnuthios and Julius, "both Melitian monks of the monastery of Labla in the suburbs of Arsinoê," which adjoined "a deserted monastery" on the south, the monastery of Naharaos on the north, and "the public road" on the west. For the topography of the Arsinoite nome the two deeds will be of great value and interest.

A. H. Sayce.

OBITUARY.

HENRY ECROYD SMITH.

Mr. Henry Ecroyd Smith, the well-known antiquarian writer, for many years connected with the Mayer Museum of Antiquities at Liverpool, died on January 25, at Middleham, Yorkshire, at the age of sixty-six. His most important works were *Reliquiae Isurianae;* the Remains of Roman Isurium—now Aldboro', near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire (1852), and *Reliques of the Anglo-Saxon Churches of St. Bridget and St. Hildeburga at West Kirby, Cheshire* (1870). He contributed to the *Transactions* of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire not fewer than twenty papers. His annual list of Notabilia of the Archaeology and Natural History of the Mersey District, extending from 1863 to 1874, has been of much value to local antiquaries. More recently, since he left the neighbourhood of Liverpool, he published a history of Coningsburg Castle, also an account of the ancient remains discovered in the grounds of the late G. S. Gibson. He collected materials for a new edition of Lord Braybrooke's history of Saffron Walden, and some years ago printed a volume on the history of his family—the Smiths of Yorkshire. He published also a catalogue of Roman tessellated floors found in different parts of Britain, one of which is in the Museum at Saffron Walden. His Essex archaeological papers include an account of a Saxon cemetery discovered in an ancient British Oppidum. In early life Mr. Smith was engaged in commercial pursuits, and he was for a time employed on the Liverpool Dock Estate; afterwards he removed to Saffron Walden.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours—whose exhibition opens much earlier than usual—have invited a certain number of distinguished guests to a dinner in the gallery on Wednesday in next week.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers open their first exhibition next week in their new quarters—the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Pall Mall East.

There have been some welcome changes lately in the arrangements of the two great fore-courts which constitute the vestibule of the South Kensington Museum, and in the classification of the reproductions which they contain. Greater prominence is now given to the casts from French sculptures already forming part of the collection, and some examples of importance have recently been added. Among these are the famous "Beau Christ d'Amiens"—a masterpiece of thirteenth-century Gothic sculpture, so majestic that it dwarfs all its surroundings; and a section of the beautiful carved choir-stalls from the abbey-church of St. Denis. This last-mentioned example is, with a carelessness of which the South Kensington authorities have furnished so many similar instances, classified as of the fourteenth century. It is really a characteristic example of the peculiar transitional style of France, in which late Gothic and early Renaissance forms appear side by side almost unblended; and as such it cannot be dated earlier than the last years of the fifteenth, or the first years of the sixteenth, century. The central relief, with its perspective effects, shows unmistakably the influence of the Florentine pictorial style of the fifteenth century. Why, too, is the newly added bust of a child, attributed to Luca della Robbia, stated to be "sixteenth century"? And why is a cast from the small bronze plaque of the "Deposition" in the Ambras collection, near Vienna, though attributed to Donatello, put down to the same period? In the latter instance the error is the less comprehensible since the dates of the great sculptor's birth and death are correctly given.

With reference to a critism on Lanciani's *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries* in the Academy of last week, a correspondent writes that he believes the book was originally written in English; and we have ourselves independent reasons for the same belief.

THE STAGE.

"NOW-A-DAYS."

It is said that the competent sporting man can pick holes in "Now-a-days," just as the competent lawyer has been able to pick holes in nearly every English serious comedy or domestic drama produced within the last thirty years. The comedy and the domestic drama live in spite of the competent lawyer, and perhaps "Now-a-days" may bear up under the weight of the disapproval of the competent authority on sport. For, as one must never allow oneself to tire of repeating, work is to be estimated not by the presence or the absence of faults, but by the presence or absence of qualities. And, applying to the play at the Princesses' this positive treatment—sometimes the only healthy one in criticism—it has undoubtedly to be recognised that Mr. Wilson Barrett's drama has the elements of vitality; that it commands the interest of the public in virtue of a healthy and ingenious story, of very neat stage construction, of some telling sketches of character, and of vigorous dialogue. Whatever may be the improbabilities connected with the fortunes of the celebrated racehorse that won the Derby after a secret imprisonment at Brixton, the fable is one which holds the attention of the spectator. The play is not keenly analytical, is not poetic, is not essentially literary; and no one knows this better than its author, who has contrived a piece which shall be full of action, and which shall likewise present to several welcome performers excellent opportunity for strong "characterisation." The piece fulfils a want. It has, moreover, the merit of being by no means a "one-part piece." Mr. Julian Cross, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. George Barrett, and Miss Webster are provided for with care. Other players are not forgotten. Miss Norreys's presence is acceptable, though there is hardly found for her precisely the thing which she can do best. And, without any wrenching of scene or situation, without disturbing in any way the natural course of the story, without diverting the action from its proper channel, there is found, happily, for Mr. Wilson Barrett himself a part which, more than any part which he has lately "created," must commend him in the eyes of the competent observer of his art. Mr. Barrett plays no more a blameless clergyman, nor a lonely exile, nor even a convict accused inaccurately. He gives vitality to the dramatist's already tolerably vigorous portrait of a Yorkshire trainer, hard-headed, somewhat egotistical, yet at bottom tender-hearted: what is called an "Englishman" essentially, and, perhaps, a Yorkshireman most of all.

Some people—chiefly, of course, people without originality—are now-a-days so desperately cultivated that their sympathies run in a narrow groove. These are not a little disposed to condemn all such plays as Mr. Barrett's new one, because they do not deal chiefly with persons of "the higher education," or because they are not merely elegant, or because they are not merely cynical. Fortunately there is always an appeal from such superfine criticism. There is always a larger tribunal, a weightier court to sit in final judgment on the case. Such a court settles that popular drama of the quality of Mr. Barrett's has a real value, and may claim a reasonable place. We would, for our own parts, rather see Mr. Barrett play Hamlet, or—to come to a really poetic piece of our own day—Chatterton, than any part in any more or less sensational drama that has ever been produced. But that is not everything. The art of the actor has to be exercised variously, if he is to please all sections of that public which takes an interest in it. And if it is to be engaged, for a time at least, with the modern play, with every possible attraction of scenery and effect, we would far rather that modern play should be "Now-a-days," in which the actor studies from the life, shrinks from nothing that is unsympathetic, and does full justice to all

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that is sympathetic, in the rough but intensely human character of John Saxton, than that it should be a play which compels or invites the actor to be "faultily faultless, icily regular." Of the other artistes who have already been named as taking part in the new piece, the greatest mark is made perhaps this time by Mr. Lewis Waller, who, in his representation of a *jeune premier*, remembers that manliness is every bit as necessary as elegance; and by Miss Webster, whose healthy good nature and comely shrewdness are allied with some real capacity for the emotional. Among those not yet named, Miss Hawthorne goes with smoothness through the business of one of the heroines; Messrs. Hodges, Cliffe, Melford, and Elliot'are useful exponents of character; and Mr. Welch, as Jumper, a stable-boy who can be "got at," points the wholesome moral that even a very good North-country accent is not proof positive of simple integrity.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

A COMMITTEE has been formed to collect subscriptions for a testimonial to Mr. J. Maddison Morton, the author of "Box and Cox," "Lend Me Five Shillings," &c., who is in his seventy-ninth year, and who has himself reaped little benefit from his popular success, being now left with very inadequate resources. The hon. secretaries of the committee are Mr. Samuel French and Mr. Walter Emden, who may be addressed at Terry's Theatre.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A FINE performance of Brahms's Sextet in G (Op. 36), under the leadership of Mdme. Néruda, was given at the Popular Concert last Saturday afternoon. Now that Herr Joachim has arrived, and will assume command at these concerts until the end of the season, it is the moment to recall the valuable service already rendered by Mdme. Néruda. In addition to her charm and finish, she seems to gain every day in depth and feeling, and her readings of the works of the great masters satisfy the most critical. Mdme. de Pachmann, who made her *début* here shortly before her marriage, played some short pianoforte solos. Her selection was not altogether a satisfactory one. Why did she not give the whole of Raff's interesting Suite in E minor (Op. 72), instead of playing from it only the opening prelude and the closing fugue. It was evidently not curtailed on account of its length, for she added Rubinstein's Barcarolle in G and Weber's Rondo in E flat, two light and somewhat hackneyed pieces. Mdme. Pachmann is an accomplished pianist, and there was but little fault to find with her rendering of these trifles. She was recalled three times. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist, and, as usual, charmed her audience.

Herr Joachim was received on the following Monday evening with enthusiasm. He played magnificently, and displayed all that vigour and earnestness which have for so many years stamped him as an artist without a rival. He led Beethoven's Quartet in E minor (Op. 59, No. 2), and gave as solo, and, we believe, for the first time, Spohr's adagio from the sixth Violin Concerto. For an encore he played a Scherzo by the same composer. He was ably accompanied by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who was likewise heard in three of Henselt's difficult and, so far as the first two are concerned, dry *Etudes*. She was well received, but refused the encore.

We must take another opportunity of noticing an interesting novelty performed last Saturday at the Crystal Palace. This was a Marche Funèbre for the closing scene of "Hamlet," written by Berlioz in 1848—the third of three pieces for orchestra and chorus published by the composer under the title "Tristia." Apparently little or nothing is known about the occasion for which it was written. It is not mentioned in the *Mémoires*.

The first Bach Choir Concert took place on Monday evening. In spite of what the poet says, there is, after all, something in a name, and we have sometimes thought that this society scarcely gave sufficient prominence to the composer whose name it bears. No fault, however, could be found with the programme last Monday: it was Bach from beginning to end. First came the Cantata "Wachet auf," written at Leipzig, probably, in 1731. It is one of the composer's finest inspirations, and Dr. Spitta speaks appropriately of the mystical tone that pervades the whole work. It contains two duets for soprano and bass, to the first of which there is a violin obbligato accompaniment which was played by Herr Joachim, and to the second an oboe obbligato played by Mr. Lebon. The next vocal work was the grand 8-part Motet, "Singet dem Herrn," also written at Leipzig. The last was the Cantata "Halt im Gedächtniss Jesu Christ," another of the compositions written by the master at his ripest period. It contains only one solo—a beautiful tenor Aria. Most effective is the introduction of the Easter chorale, "Erschienen ist der herrlich Tag," in the middle of the work. The purely instrumental music consisted of the concerto in the A minor Violin Concerto, and the wonderful Sonata in G minor for violin alone. The last-named was first played by Herr Joachim at the Popular Concerts on February 16, 1874, and repeated next week; but it has not been heard in its entirety since then. Here, then, is a programme which for interest could scarcely be surpassed, and it only remains for us to say a few words about the performance. The choir was heard at its best in the Motet, the greater part of which was admirably rendered. In the first Cantata, the two duets, in which the old master gives us some of his lightest and most melodious strains, were artistically sung by Miss L. Lehmann and Mr. Plunket Greene; but in quality their voices were not well balanced. Miss E. Himing sang the recitatives carefully in the second Cantata. Of course, Herr Joachim played splendidly. Dr. Stanford conducted with his usual activity and intelligence.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society has been founded, with Lord Chelmsford as president, after the example of a similar society in Paris. It is proposed to hold special concerts, and to offer prizes for compositions. Three concerts will be given, at the Royal Academy of Music, on March 23, April 5, and May 3, at the last of which Beethoven's posthumous Trio for flute, bassoon, and piano will be heard for the first time in London.

MR. WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS, editor of the *Meister*, will deliver a lecture before the Wagner Society on Friday next, March 15, at Trinity College, Mandeville-place, on "The Wagner-Liszt Correspondence."

THERE will be altogether eighteen performances at Bayreuth this year, between July 21 and August 18. "Parsifal" will be given nine times, "Tristan und Isolde" four times, and "Die Meistersinger" five times; the last will be conducted by Dr. Hans Richter. Tickets may be obtained in this country from Messrs. Chappell & Co., but a few free admissions have been placed at the disposal of the London branch of the Wagner Society.

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LITERATURE.

The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley. Edited by George William Curtis. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

MANY of us remember Mr. Motley as a graceful, stately, scholarly figure in London society. But none knew him quite so well as now in the light of this familiar and friendly correspondence. There is not in the two volumes anything so stiff as a dispatch. Much of the matter is diplomacy at play. The three principal contributors — Motley, Bismarck, and Holmes — are all in their most easy manner. There are a few fine sentences in Motley's best historic style. The brightest letters are perhaps those of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, whose pen is most accomplished for such correspondence. There are but few letters in which high interest is sustained throughout, and none that the editor should have rejected. His work is never conspicuous, but it appears to have been thoroughly well done. That Motley's style was naturally fine may be judged from this description of Etna in a letter to his parents written in his twenty-first year:

"The greatest peculiarity in the appearance of Etna, and one which renders him the most striking mountain I have ever seen, is his single and solitary situation. . . . Etna rises all alone from a dead plain: suddenly and singly with one stride he is in heaven, and there he stands and stood to-day, with the sunshine wasting itself on his icy forehead—all alone—the whole sky and the whole earth to himself, and looking like the god and ruling spirit of the island."

Motley's tastes, his studies, his works, his life made him European rather than American. A courtier, a favoured correspondent of *grandes dames* in the Old World, his feelings as citizen and representative of the great Republic of the New World blazed forth under the presidency of Abraham Lincoln and for the cause of the North in the Civil War. But though a most loyal Republican, he was better acquainted with the courts and parliaments of Europe than with the territories of the United States. Who could have written a better description of Thiers?

"He leaned over the Tribune and began to squeak, not to speak; and yet, in spite of his funny voice, every word that he said was distinctly audible, and his style was so fluid, so limpid, and so logical, his manners so assured and self-possessed, that in spite of the disadvantages of his voice, his figure and his great round spectacles, which give him the appearance of a small screech-owl, I thought him one of the most agreeable speakers I had ever heard."

Of the Dutch, for whose history Motley did great things, he says:

"The Dutch have certainly done many great things. They have had to contend with two of the mightiest powers in the world—the ocean and the Spanish tyranny—and they conquered both. Neither the Inquisition nor the Zuyder Zee was able to engulf them; and yet it is very funny to see a people, after having achieved such triumphs, rest themselves so contentedly in their summer houses on their very ill-savoured canals."

It was before the war that Motley said: "I have vastly more respect for the government of England than for our own—the nation I can't help considering governed by higher principles of action, by loftier motives." When the war broke out, all Motley's powers were devoted to make known and to vindicate the cause of his government. He might easily have taken offence and have had his hands full of trouble in London society at that time. His own influence, the charm of his friendship, had probably tended to keep some few straight; and he enjoyed the warm regard of such men as Mill and Bright, who worked upon English public opinion with the same purpose. The Liberal Government of 1861 were but poor friends to the distracted Union. Motley was disappointed and mortified that Liberals should look coldly on the chance of American dismemberment, while his government was struggling with the most gigantic rebellion with which a civilised commonwealth was ever called upon to grapple. He did not ask for more than neutrality; but he could not understand why they were not as much entitled to moral sympathy as Italy ever was. He derived comfort from Mr. Bright, who wrote when the United States Government had given way in regard to Mason and Slidell:

"What has happened will leave a great grievance in the minds of your people, and may bear evil fruit hereafter; for there has been shown them no generosity such as became a friendly nation, and no sympathy with them in their great calamity. I must ask you, however, to understand that all Englishmen are not involved in this charge. Our ruling class, by a natural instinct, hates democratic and republican institutions, and it dreads the example of the United States upon its own permanency here."

"As for John Bright," said Motley, "I hope one day to see a statue raised to him in Washington." Mill was another of his consolers. "If you come well and honourably," he wrote, "through one of the severest trials which a nation has ever undergone, the whole futurity of mankind will assume a brighter aspect." Mill said to Motley, in his simple and straightforward way: "There are few persons whom I have only seen once with whom I so much desire to keep up a communication as with you." Motley had a "great reverence" for Lincoln, whom he thought a man of the most extraordinary conscientiousness. "He seemed to have a window in his breast." Motley quotes from Lincoln's address of March 1865 these noble words: "With malice towards none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in," which, he adds, "should be his epitaph; and who in the long roll of the world's rulers has deserved a nobler one?" Under President Grant Motley also served his country. Grant, says Holmes, was "one of the simplest, stillest, men I ever saw. Of all the considerable personages I have seen, he appears to me to be the least capable of an emotion of vanity."

Through many years, Motley knew many of the leading people in London society. His acquaintance goes back to Brougham, of whom he gives a wonderful description, of which we will quote but one line: "The rugged outlines or headlands of his face are wild and bleak, but not forbidding." He saw little of Disraeli, but believed that "his audacity, which has proved more perennial than brass, was always the solid foundation of his character." He offered the MS. of the *Dutch Republic* to the eminent publisher of these volumes; and, after retaining the work a fortnight, Mr. Murray declined it "civilly but decidedly." He did not fail, however, afterwards to express "in very strong language his self reproaches for his short-sightedness." Motley knew the difference between the society of various capitals:

"The great distinction between Vienna and London company is that here [Vienna] the fine world is composed exclusively of folks of rank and title; *there* every illustration from the world of science, art, letters, politics, and finance, mingle in full proportions with the patricians, and on equal terms."

One of his elder daughter's Austrian partners in a dance once asked her "if Boston was near the river Amazon?" which Motley thought "rather a geographical achievement for Vienna, as, after all, the Amazon is in America." Motley himself said of Bismarck: "Probably no living man knows him more intimately than I do." They had been fellow students and remained fast friends through life Bismarck often wrote to Motley as if he were a typical Yankee with "his feet tilted against a wall." In defence of Bancroft, the United States Minister at Berlin, Bismarck wrote:

"He is better than most of the Europeans who follow his, your, and my profession; even if the smooth liars of the profession should talk about him exactly as my intimate enemies did about me, when they called me the diplomatist in wooden shoes."

In their very friendly intercourse, Motley gathered that

"the military opinion was bent on going to Vienna after Sadowa. Bismarck strongly opposed this idea. He said it was absolutely necessary not to humiliate Austria, to do nothing that would make friendly relations with her in the future impossible. He said many people refused to speak to him. The events have entirely justified Bismarck's course, as all now agree."

Lowell, in a delightful letter, offers five dollars a page for contributions to the *North American*, and urges acceptance in this way:

"Imagine the difference in the tone of the *Review*. If you are a contributor, of course it will always be, 'Our amiable and accomplished minister at the court of Vienna, who unites in himself,' &c., &c.; or else, 'In such a state of affairs it was the misfortune of this country to be represented at Vienna by a Minister as learned in Low Dutch as he was ignorant of high statemanship,' &c., &c. I pull my beaver over my eyes and mutter 'Bewa-r-re!'"

When Motley come to England in 1869, Lowell said he could think of no man so fit

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to bring back a more kindly understanding between the two countries. "You will neither forget your own nationality nor irritate that of England." Holmes's letters are almost as good as possible. We must quote this admirable description of Emerson:

"Who always charms us with his delicious voice, his fine sense and wit, and the delicate way he steps about the words of his vocabulary; if you have seen a cat picking her footsteps in wet weather, you have seen the picture of Emerson's exquisite intelligence feeling for its phrase or epithet; sometimes I think of an ant-eater singling out his insects as I see him looking about, and, at last, seizing his noun or adjective, the best, the only one, which would serve the need of his thought."

It was to Holmes that Motley wrote a most touching letter on his wife's death. From that last day in 1874 Motley's health declined. He was cheered by the friendship of the late Queen of Holland, to whom "half a dozen languages were like her mother tongue," whose manner "was almost perfection, combining the innate grace and dignity belonging to her station with perfect simplicity, absence of vanity and egotism, and most abundant sympathy." The marriage of his eldest daughter with Sir William Harcourt gave him great satisfaction, and his account of the wedding in Westminster Abbey in a letter to Holmes reads "like a passage in a stately drama." A few months later he died suddenly; and we may adopt as most worthy the words of Dean Stanley with reference to Motley in Westminster Abbey, that he was

"one of the brightest lights of the Western Hemisphere—the high-spirited patriot, the faithful friend of England's best and purest spirits, the brilliant, the indefatigable historian who told, as none before him had told, the history of the rise and struggle of the Dutch Republic, almost a part of his own."

Arthur Arnold.

Chaucer—*The Minor Poems*. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Perhaps the highest praise that can be given to this edition of Chaucer's *Minor Poems* is that it answers, in every way, to the expectations to which its announcement gave rise. "The inevitable German," to whom Prof. Sweet recently alluded, has for once been forestalled; and, though English students can never be too grateful for the help of foreign scholars like Prof. Ten Brink, it is surely a matter of congratulation that, the first critical edition of the whole of Chaucer's *Minor Poems* is the work of an Englishman and a Londoner. By the ungracious fortune which falls so often to reviewers, a large part of this article will probably be taken up with a discussion of the only two points in which Prof. Skeat's work appears open to exception. But his book is one for which pure gratitude must be, not only the first, but the abiding feeling of every competent reader; and it is a pleasure to have to point out some of its many merits.

As is well-known, it is only within the last quarter of a century that any attempt has been made to fix the canon of Chaucer's Minor Poems on scientific principles. An elucidation of these principles occupies, roughly speaking, the first half of Prof. Skeat's long introduction, and is admirable in its arrangement and clearness. The whole of the external evidence which places the genuineness of most of Chaucer's works beyond question is first given in chronological order; seventy-three poems are then enumerated which have at various times been attributed to Chaucer, and reasons are given for the rejection of upwards of fifty of them. Sometimes these reasons take the form of the production, on the authority of excellent MSS., of the real author; and thus numerous poems which Stowe did not hesitate to father on Chaucer are now restored to Gower, Lydgate, Hoccleve, and Henryson. In other cases the occurrence of impossible dates and references, sometimes a distinct allusion to Chaucer as dead, proves at a glance the incredible carelessness of the sixteenth-century editors. But the main tests are those of rime and language, the presence of Northern dialect words, or of words not in use in England until after Chaucer's death, the dependence of the metre on a spelling never found in Chaucer, or the use of the rime *y*: and *y*, which in Chaucer is no rime at all. By the application of these tests the canon of Chaucer's Minor Poems, as set forth in 1880 by the Chaucer Society, is upheld with two important exceptions: (1) the omission, owing to new evidence attributing it to Hoccleve, of the "Moder of God"; (2) the addition of five poems (among them two now printed for the first time), as to which more hereafter.

After dealing with the Chaucer canon, Prof. Skeat gives a double list of MSS, with the object of showing at a glance the poems contained in each MS. and also the MS. authority for each poem. The more important MSS. are more fully described; and it may be mentioned here that, while making full use of the texts published by the Chaucer Society, Prof. Skeat claims to have based his edition, wherever possible, on an independent collation. The remainder of his introduction is occupied by a brief preface to each of the twenty-three poems in his book, upholding their authenticity and discussing and illustrating their sources, characteristics, and dates.

A quotation of the note which heads the collation to the "A B C" will best illustrate the principles and the scale on which Prof. Skeat set to work to construct his text:

"*The MSS. used to form this text are:* C = MS. Ff. 5.30 in the Camb. Univ. Library; Jo. = MS. G. 21, in St. John's College, Cambridge; Gl. = Glasgow MS. Q. 2 25; L. = Laud 740 in the Bodleian Library; Gg. = MS. Gg. 4.27 in the Camb. Univ. Library; F. = MS. Fairfax 16, in the Bodleian Library. The text closely follows the first of these; and all variations from it are recorded (except sometimes *i* for *y*, and *y* for *i*)."

Nothing fuller or better than this could be wanted, the only thing to be regretted is the absence of any indication in the text itself of cases in which the editor has made omissions or transpositions without MS. authority. Additions are of course inclosed within square brackets; and it would have been convenient if other alterations had been marked by asterisks, so that a reader's attention might at once be drawn to every departure from the MSS. It is needless to say that omissions and additions alike are carefully explained in the collation; but students may be excused for wanting to know when the text has been changed without having to refer every minute to the footnotes.

Prof. Skeat's commentary extends to nearly as many pages as his text, and can hardly be praised too highly. Whether it be in illustrating Chaucer's references to chess and hunting in the "Dethe of Blaunch," his astronomy in the "Compleynt of Mars" and the "Hous of Fame," his bird lore in the "Parlement of Foules," or incidental allusions to geography, music, or aught else, Prof. Skeat appears equally at home. His readers are also given adequate means for acquainting themselves with the poet's indebtedness to his various authorities, such as Guillaume de Machault, Boethius, Alain Delille, &c. Of course, some difficulties are still left for future commentators. Thus, it is not yet given to us to say with certainty to whom Chaucer was, or imagined himself to be, referring to in his allusions to "myn auctor Lollius"; and of the numerous explanations of the name "Eclympasteyre" none can yet be called thoroughly satisfactory. On the other hand, the editor is able to give his own quite convincing explanation of "thou Herenus queen" (Herenus = Herines = Erinnys) in "The Compleynte unto Pitee" and in "The Compleynte of Mars" his interpretation of the difficult phrase, "Fro Venus valance," will be generally accepted. In the emendation "erme" (ermen = to grieve) for the false rime "yerne," in the line—

"Anon, her herte gan to erme"
("Duchesse," l. 80),

he has been independently anticipated by Prof. Ten Brink; but in "The Hous of Fame," l. 1940, fortune has not been so cruel. Here, according to the MSS., the house was made of twigs, such as men make panniers of, "or elles hattes or dossers." As Prof. Skeat justly remarks, "We do not make hats with twigs or osiers," but we do make baskets; and a sentence in Caxton's *Golden Legend*, "And bare on his sholdres vij *hottis* or baskettis fulle of erthe," indicates the true reading in this passage, which is given in this edition for the first time. Again, in l. 17 of "The Former Age," Prof. Skeat has discovered the true meaning of "weld," by which he himself in former days and Dr. Sweet have both been puzzled. "Weld" is now explained as the *Reseda Luteola* of Linnaeus, better known as Dyer's Rocket, and its mention along with madder and wood is natural enough. Other notes to which attention may be drawn are those on "corbettes" ("Hous of Fame," l. 1304); "in the dismalle" ("Duchesse," l. 1206); "sours" ("Hous of Fame," l. 544); and "sweyht" ("Hous of Fame," l. 1783). But the full value of Prof. Skeat's commentary can only be discovered by use.

That this edition of Chaucer's *Minor Poems* is hardly likely to be displaced for many years to come makes an error of judgment which it may contain of really serious importance. It is to be regretted, therefore, that Prof. Skeat should have included two poems in his text, and three in an appendix, none of which have received the general sanction of Chaucer scholars. The last twenty years have witnessed the exclusion

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from the Chaucer canon of many poems whose authenticity was long undoubted. The justice of this exclusion is absolute, but it has not yet won universal recognition; and if the principles on which it is based are now illegitimately extended to attribute fresh poems to Chaucer upon insufficient evidence, there is a real danger that the principles themselves may be discredited. It is imperative that for a little while the Chaucer canon should be considered closed, and that any fresh poems which successive editors may desire to attribute to him should be as clearly as possible distinguished from those now generally accepted. If this principle be granted, a reviewer's personal opinions for or against the authenticity of any given poem become of very small importance. The present writer is strongly in favour of the genuineness of the curious metrical experiments in seven-line stanzas, in terza rima, and in ten-line stanzas, to which, under the title of "A Compleint to his Lady," Prof. Skeat gives the first place in his Appendix. The style is distinctly Chaucerian, Chaucer is likely to have made experiments in terza rima, and this cannot be said of any other of his contemporaries; lastly, Shirley, by copying the lines at the end of "The Compleint to Pitie," practically asserts Chaucer's authorship. Again, for the triple roundel entitled "Merciles Beaute," printed by Prof. Skeat in his text, a strong claim can be made. It immediately follows several of Chaucer's undoubted poems in the Pepys MS., in which alone it is preserved. It is delightfully pretty, and has a ring about it which is very convincing. The presence, however, of the Chaucerian phrases, "I do no fors" and "I counte him not a bene," on which Prof. Skeat partly bases his case, is very poor evidence. They are exactly the kind of phrases on which an imitator would lay hold; and the possibility that the poems are by an imitator, and not by the poet himself, is by no means to be scouted. A balade "Against Women Unconstant" is inserted by Prof. Skeat in his text, though in the introduction his language (and rightly) is much less decided than when speaking of the "Compleint unto his Lady" which is relegated to the appendix. The poem is found in two MSS. which contain undoubted poems by Chaucer. It also imitates Chaucer's favourite, "Guillaume de Machault." This is the external evidence. The internal is thus summed up by Prof. Skeat:

"The balade is perfect in construction, having but three rimes (-esse, -ace, -ene) and a refrain. The 'mood' of it strongly resembles that of the preceding balade. The lines run with perfect smoothness, and the rimes are all Chaucerian. It is difficult to suppose that Lydgate, or even Hoccleve, who was a better metrician, could have produced so good an imitation of Chaucer's style."

Does Prof. Skeat really mean to assert that every fourteenth-century poem of which as much as this may be said is to be attributed to Chaucer? If so, he is laying down a new and very dangerous canon. This remark applies still more forcibly to the two remaining claimants, now printed for the first time. Both of these are found in Shirley's MS., but without any attribution to Chaucer—a fact alone almost sufficient to condemn them. It is no heresy to say of them that they are rather dull poems, without any of Chaucer's happiness or flow of style; and Prof. Skeat's query as to one of them—"If he did not write it, we may well ask, who did?"—is an unfortunate echo of a question which has been asked as to several quite as good poems once attributed to Chaucer which are now acknowledged not to be his, although no other author has been found for them.

The second point in Prof. Skeat's work to which exception may be taken is the license which he has allowed himself (especially in the octosyllabic poems) of mending Chaucer's metre in disregard of a consensus of MS. authority. As to this point, he remarks himself on the significance of the poet's prayer ("Hous of Fame," 1097-98).

"Yit make hit somewhat agreable
Though som vers fail in a sillable."

And yet the temptation to meddle with verses in which Chaucer's metre is a little more free than usual has too often proved irresistible. If we take the first three hundred lines of the "Hous of Fame" for examination, the following instances of alteration against the authority of every MS. present themselves.

L. 39:

"For ther is phisicien but oon."

Prof. Skeat omits "For."

L. 86:

"That she hadde, this noble wyf."

Compare ll. 23, 70, 79, &c. The editor defends this particular metrical variation in his note on "Hous of Fame," 2119, but here he inserts [ay] after "hadde," as a stopgap.

L. 87:

"For him she loved, alas, alderbest."

Prof. Skeat omits "alas."

L. 101:

"So whan this lady coude here no word."

L. 136:

"'Go bet,' quod Juno, 'to Morpheus.'"

Prof. Skeat substitutes [she] for "this lady" and "Juno."

L. 150:

"Right as hit was woned to do."

The melancholy in this line is splendid. "Woned," of course, is here a monosyllable. Prof. Skeat transposes to

"Right as hit woned was to do."

L. 154:

"Upon his wey and never ne stente."

L. 237:

"For I ne knew never god but oon."

Prof. Skeat in each case omits "ne," but if we remember that "never" in Chaucer is frequently a monosyllable, the lines scan perfectly as they stand.

L. 207:

"Bury my body, for swiche a tyde,"

The extra-syllable before the caesura improves the line. Prof. Skeat omits "for" and, apparently, scans—

"Bury | my bo | dy swiche | a tyde."

which is hardly an improvement on Chaucer.

L. 213:

"And saw noght; Alas! quod she for sorwe."

A similar line, very effective in its context. Prof. Skeat, following Ten Brink, finds it needful to change "Alas" into "A."

L. 264:

"As did the goddesse, quene Aldone."

An excellent verse. Prof. Skeat omits "quene."

Here then, in two hundred and sixty-four lines, are eleven instances in which a defensible reading is altered against a consensus of MSS. Not even Prof. Skeat's authority is sufficient to uphold such innovations. Octosyllabic verse, when written with perfect regularity and smoothness, is extremely monotonous. The MSS. encourage us to think that Chaucer deliberately set himself to introduce metrical variety; and he appears, at least to many readers, to use this variety with the most splendid effect. If this is so, Prof. Skeat's alterations are really a misfortune. A bad or even a tolerable editor may sin and do no harm, but this edition is so admirable that it is likely to hold undisputed sway for for many years. A whole generation of young students may be led to believe that Chaucer had no metrical variety, but scanned with his fingers, like Gower; and it is for this reason that, even amid my deep gratitude to Prof. Skeat for his delightful book, I have here recorded a humble protest.

Alfred W. Pollard.

"Great Writers."—*Life of George Crabbe.* By T. E. Kebbel. (Walter Scott.)

In writing this book Mr. Kebbel had an easier duty than has fallen to some of his compeers in the same series. To summarise in a shilling volume the life and work of Crabbe was much less difficult than to do the same thing, for example, in the case of Carlyle, or Goethe, or Shelley. The task was not only simpler from the more distinctly defined character of the theme, but also because the biographical materials were much less cumbersome. As was to be expected, in regard to its facts Mr. Kebbel's book is largely a *résumé* of the *Life* by the Rev. George Crabbe the younger (1834). At the same time it is an honest and workmanlike *résumé*; and as the author has neglected none of whatever materials of a later date were available, he has managed to preserve within the compass of a hundred pages the main records of the poet's life in detail as full as is likely to be required by most readers of a "popular" series. Whether, indeed, even those readers will be found to be very numerous may be a matter of some doubt. Crabbe, who in his own period was a figure of considerable importance, has been forced by time and tide into a somewhat obscure part of the background of literary history; and it is even possible that in the not distant future he may be classed among our "forgotten poets." Or if this fate be evaded, his memory will probably be perpetuated not so much on account of the absolute merit of his writings, as because of the part he played in that revolutionary poetic movement whose germs were beginning to develop when he published *The Village* in 1783, and whose fruition was already far advanced when his *Tales of the Hall* were given to the world in 1819.

Born in 1754, at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, George Crabbe received a moderate education, and was intended for a surgeon. After several ineffectual attempts to make headway

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in his profession, he finally abandoned it, and, at the age of twenty-five, started for London, with a capital of £3, and a resolve to give himself to literature. Crabbe appears to have been singularly ingenuous. He had never heard of the fate of Chatterton, and he evidently cherished an unquestioning faith in the system of patronage which had already received its death-blow from the literary Samson whose bulky form was still to be seen daily parading Fleet Street and the Strand. Mr. Kebbel glides too rapidly over that earlier part of Crabbe's London career which his journal to "Mira"—the Sarah Elmy to whom he was long affianced and afterwards married—renders so intensely interesting. Of this journal Mr. Kebbel simply remarks that it is "a record of hopes, fears, trials, and disappointments more melancholy even than Chatterton's." But it might have been as well if he had enlivened his own sober pages with one or two of the many patches of colour to be found therein. What more vivid picture of Grub Street authorship was ever painted, for instance, than that presented to us in the following passage?

"It's the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has happened with a mischance, and how to manage it is some difficulty. A confounded stove's modish ornament caught its elbow, and rent it half away. Pinioned to the side it came home, and I ran deploring to my loft. In the dilemma, it occurred to me to turn tailor myself; but how to get materials to work with puzzled me. At last I went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle, &c., to sew them together. This finished my job, and, but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet."

After many months of deep poverty and privation, during which he in vain tried to gain a footing with the publishers, and equally in vain supplicated Lords North, Thurlow, and Shelburne, for assistance, the young poet, in the happiest inspiration of his life, bethought himself of Burke, to whom he addressed the urgent and eloquent letter which Mr. Kebbel quotes in part, and which would very well have borne quoting in its entirety. From that moment Crabbe was a made man, and from that moment he almost ceases to be personally interesting. Burke took him under his own roof, persuaded the publishers to accept his poems, encouraged him to enter the Church, and was instrumental in obtaining his first preferment. The remainder of Crabbe's life was spent in the congenial sphere of a country parson. Botanising, writing huge piles of poetry—with many periodical "incremations" thereof—and occasional visits to town, formed his chief recreations. The intimate of Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson, he lived to be the friend of Campbell, Moore, and Scott, and died in 1832, leaving behind him—in spite of the "incremations" above referred to—some six or seven volumes of poems.

Mr. Kebbel has done his work creditably throughout; but his last two chapters, which are written with admirable temper and judgment, are certainly the most important in the book. In them he essays a critical defence of Crabbe's merits as a poet. No trustworthy estimate of these can be arrived at without taking into account his relation to his contemporaries and to the conditions of his time. And the first point of cardinal importance in such an estimate is the fact that Crabbe began his work at a period when the fortunes of English poetry had sunk abnormally low. A generation had passed since the death of Pope, who had wrought to its highest pitch the art of a finikin classicism of theme united to a style of brilliant artificialism; and those who remained as his disciples were "mere mechanic echoes" of the master's faults without his merits. The fact is that Pope had killed for a time the poetry of humanity, and such slight efforts as were made to resuscitate the corpse were futile because inadequate. But now, after the poetry of the gods had long reigned supreme, its high priests were gone, and with their departure its worship became an empty sound. What must take the place of the effete idealism? The general result might have been predicted, for false idealism has but one antidote; but none could have guessed that the antidote was to be administered by the quondam apothecary who was dejectedly tramping the London streets in search of a patron. Yet so it was, and it proved to be Crabbe's mission to infuse that spirit of realism which is the dominant distinction between the poetry of the nineteenth century and that of the eighteenth. Goldsmith and Gray had attempted to substitute for the false heroic a tender pastoral; but their pastoral failed, as the heroic had failed, and from the same cause, namely, that it lacked truth. To preach truth was Crabbe's great work. With Goldsmith and Gray it was a matter of poetic feeling and artistic selection; with Crabbe it was a matter of stern, realistic—one might almost say wholesale—presentment. True, he wrote in Pope's style, because it was the style to which he had accustomed himself in his earliest training, and his success in adapting his new subjects to the old metre was certainly striking; but I think Mr. Kebbel lays too much stress upon Crabbe's successful adherence to the orthodox mode of expression. The battle that was being fought concerned itself much more with the substance than with its form. Mr. Kebbel says:

"Crabbe certainly did succeed in combining the characteristics of the Twickenham school and the Lake school, and in showing that the art of the one and the naturalness of the other were capable of being united. With a power of versification scarcely inferior to Dryden's, he united a depth of feeling which neither Pope nor Dryden ever knew."

I grant the "depth of feeling"; but surely the "power of versification" is ranked too high. In the latter regard Crabbe is a very inefficient disciple of his great prototypes. It is impossible to glance at a page of his writings without detecting faults—trickey turns, awkward conceits, illegal constraints of language—of which Dryden and Pope were never guilty. As a versifier Crabbe was "Pope in worsted stockings," with other differences in addition; and any attempt to connect him too closely with the school he superseded is doomed to failure. In fact, there is plenty of evidence that he was himself careless about style. What he did care for was his theme—a direct, unsparing representation of natural objects and of society in its lowest strata. His aim was to dispel the poetic glamour with which rural scenes and personages had been falsely invested.

"Since vice the world subdued and waters drown'd,
Auburn and Eden can no more be found,"

he satirically exclaims:

"No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast,
Where other cares than those the Muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it and as Bards will not."

To this aim Crabbe was consistent throughout. Instead of sylvan scenery he shows us the hut, the almshouse, and the jail; instead of the antic feats of gods and nymphs, he displays the squalor, the vices, and all the untold misery of the rural poor of his time. The task was one which needed the rough hand of a graphic satirist; and it was a task which, despite the frequent coarseness and exaggeration of its treatment, distinctly places Crabbe by the side of Cowper and Burns in the revolutionary movement, and indicates him as a true forerunner of Wordsworth. In constantly lauding Crabbe to the depreciation of Wordsworth, Jeffrey was as unfair as Byron was perverse in quoting him as the saviour of the Pope school.

In regard to Crabbe's positive merits as a candidate for poetic immortality there may well be some differences of opinion. He impressed his contemporaries—Hazlitt's splenetic attack notwithstanding—as a writer of great force and originality; and it may be noted of the parody in *Rejected Addresses* that it is entirely a caricature of Crabbe's most glaring weaknesses, and in no wise of his stronger traits. In the domain of fundamental passion he is a master; in the analysis of motive and the depicting of pity, despair, pathos, terror, he is entitled to a place with the highest. His stories of "Phœbe Dawson," "Sir Eustace Grey," "The Hall of Justice," "Peter Grimes," "Ruth," "Edward Shore," "The Parting Hour"—not to mention others—deserve to rank as classics. In reading them we feel that we are in the grasp of a genius, though a genius, it may be admitted, of a sombre type. His skies are grand, but they are eternally clouded; or if a rare glint of sunshine be allowed to play for a moment around us, it but serves to heighten the effect of the gloom which is speedily restored. Connected with this is a want of restraint and discrimination. Mr. Kebbel grants that Crabbe is guilty of reprehensible exaggeration; while his "selection" too often impresses one as selection of the unfittest. Entire validity can, however, by no means be allowed to the stock charge of the poet's detractors that his subjects are not such as are proper to poetry. Who, indeed, is to pronounce as to what subjects are in themselves exclusively fit for poetry? Themes taken from the lowest and humblest ranks of life are certainly not inadmissible to poetic treatment as such; they become inadmissible only when innately gross, ugly, or repulsive. Mr. Kebbel, admitting that the line must be drawn somewhere, says that "the instinct of a true poet will tell him where to draw it." Most readers of Crabbe, however, will probably agree that his "instinct" failed him rather too often. But, after all, the real question is not so much one of material as of workmanship, and viewed in this regard, Crabbe more

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than stands the test. Of all his critics Prof. Wilson, perhaps, spoke the truest word when he said: "The power is almost miraculous with which he has stirred up nature from its very dregs, and shown working in them the common spirit of humanity." I hold with Mr. Kebbel that Crabbe's claims are amply sufficient to qualify him to take rank us a "Great Writer"; and they are claims which appear to me to be essentially based upon the fact that in a degenerate age of poetic feeling and conception he had the boldness and skill to sound the deeps and touch the heights of human emotion, pathos, and passion. Hiram Tattersall.

Chronicle of King Henry VIII. of England. Translated from the Spanish by Martin A. Sharp Hume. (Bell.)

In 1873 the attention of the Academy of History of Madrid was called to the existence of a seventeenth-century MS., entitled "Chronica del Rey Enrico Otavo du Inglaterra." This document, which narrated in seventy-five chapters the course of events in England from 1527 to 1549, was entrusted to the Marquis de Molins for the purpose of examination and report. The result of his investigations was to reveal the existence of no less than eleven copies of the same chronicle, all of which were of an earlier date, and one at least almost contemporary with the author. In several of these other MSS. the history was carried down to a later time, and in three cases it extended into the reign of Queen Mary. That portion, however, which related to the period subsequent to the execution of Somerset was in a different style; and it was accordingly decided to publish only the ninety-two chapters now translated into English by Mr. Hume.

Although the chronicle appears to have excited considerable interest at the time when it was written, we possess no exact information as to the writer, beyond the fact that he was a Spaniard who resided many years in England. The absence of literary polish, and the apparent lack of familiarity with the court, are against his having been either a man of letters or a diplomatist. The probabilities of the case seem to point to either "a resident merchant, trader, or interpreter, or else one of the mercenary soldiers of fortune who flocked to the standard of Henry VIII. for the honour, the pay, and the ransoms." The Marquis de Molins, on the ground of the many curious particulars given about the Spanish military adventurers in England, inclined to the belief that the chronicle was composed by one of their number, and selected a Captain Julian, of whom frequent mention is made, as being the most likely. Mr. Hume has, however, shown reasons for doubting the probability of this conjecture. It does not seem possible that Julian, with whom we are acquainted from other sources, could have written the chronicle. Indeed, though the Marquis rejected the idea that it was the work of a Spanish merchant, there are many traits in the narrative which are more characteristic of the man of peace than of the soldier. The writer appears to have been as familiar with the doings of the Spanish merchants as with those of the mercenaries; for instance, he makes special reference to the merchants who accompanied Chapuys on his visit to Katharine (chap. xxiv.), and to the part they took in the reception of Anne of Cleves, as a recognition of the favour shown by the king to foreign traders (chap. xlii., not lii., as given on page xvii. of the introduction). On several occasions also he notices points of economic interest, such as the changes brought about by the dissolution of the monasteries (p. 27), the rise in prices caused by the turning of vast tracts of land into pasture, and the consequent distress and discontent (p. 169); and in another place he makes a long complaint about the depreciation of the coinage under Somerset (p. 179). It does not, however, seem possible to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the authorship, and we must be content to leave the matter doubtful.

Whoever the writer may have been, he writes throughout like a good Spanish Catholic with a holy hatred for heretics. The simple, unadorned style in which he has noted down what he saw with his own eyes, or heard from his friends, makes it very easy to detect his sympathies and partialities. He states his opinions about all people with a blunt simplicity which leaves no room for questioning his sincerity. Katharine of Arragon is always "the sainted queen," or "blessed lady," and he is no less partial to her daughter. Wolsey was a not very learned person, of very low birth, who deserved his fate. More and Fisher, Gardiner and Bonner, are alike classed as good Christians; and the two latter are especially praised for their resistance to heretics —"God maintain them in their good opinion." Cranmer he describes as "one of the greatest heretics, and greatest enemies, that the Pope had," and depicts him in a rather unfavourable light. Cromwell, to whom he often refers with disparagement as a proud man of mean birth, whom it was natural the lords should dislike, "had better never have been born, for he was the inventor of all the bad sects which they have now." For the Protector and the Council in the reign of Edward he has little but blame; of Paget alone he speaks with respect as a man of wisdom and discretion. "I wish to God there were many of his stamp and knowledge." Henry himself, however, had earned the writer's warm admiration. "Oh, good king! how liberal thou wert to everyone, and particularly to Spaniards." In one place, after lamenting the carelessness and bad management of the Council, he writes:

"Truly, the English lost much on the day that the valiant King Henry VIII. died; and I only hope to God that King Edward will soon be able to govern. . . . There will be no lack of some one to tell him that his father was a very wise man, and a good Christian, notwithstanding his blindness in throwing over his obedience to the Pope; for as regarded the services of the Church, he would never allow them to be altered, although he consented to some of the things being in English.

"Perhaps, even his son may be inspired by the Holy Ghost to return to his obedience to the Church, and to the services as they used to be; but it is notorious that if the late king were alive he would never allow such evildoing, and would take more care of things, for he was liberal, and did not begrudge expenditure, and always gave rewards to his captains and soldiers" (p. 215).

On the whole, the chronicle is interesting rather as giving the impression of a not unobservant contemporary, than as contributing to our store of knowledge; though there are many curious details about the Spaniards in the English service. But its value as a piece of history is seriously impaired by the little regard shown to chronological sequence. From beginning to end there is only one date, and that in the first line; such expressions as "soon," or "a few years after," are used very loosely (*cf.* pp. 181, 193, 196); and, worst of all, the writer makes the extraordinary mistake of transposing the marriages of Anne of Cleves and of Katharine Howard. The explanation would appear to be that the chronicle was first written as far as chapter lxxv. in 1550, and is not a record kept from time to time.

The whole forms a pleasant, chatty record of a foreigner's recollection of England during an important period of our history. Without any pretentions to literary skill, the writer tells his story quaintly, and illustrates it with many naïve observations and anecdotes, of which a single example must suffice It is an extract from his account of the wedding of Katharine Parr:

"The king ordered Anne of Cleves to come to the wedding, and she never showed the slightest annoyance at the king's leaving her or at his marrying this lady. On the contrary she seemed very much pleased, unlike the sainted Queen Katharine, who retired to a castle and died. It is said that this Madam of Cleves exclaimed: 'A fine burden Madam Katharine has taken on herself!' She said this because the king was so stout that such a man has never been seen. Three of the biggest men that could be found could get inside his doublet" (p. 108).

In conclusion, we need only say that the chronicle is likely to interest the general reader as well as the professed student. The book is nicely "got up," and Mr. Hume's translation reads very pleasantly. There is a good introduction, together with some useful notes and an index.

C. L. Kingsford.

Indian Life: Social and Religious. By John Campbell Oman. (Fisher Unwin.)

With the incitements they must have to study and the opportunities for composition, it is somewhat strange that the members of the Education Department in India should write so little concerning the manners and customs, the history and religion of the people among whom they live and work. Nearly all our good books on India are written, not by the men who, being students by profession, might be expected to form a great literary caste in the country, but by over-wrought officials engaged in the civil administration. The volume before us is one of the few exceptions to the literary unproductiveness of the Education Department; and even Mr. Oman is a professor, not of literature or the humanities, but of natural science. It is an unpretending collection of short essays, yet replete with valuable and suggestive information about less known by-paths of Indian sociology. Mr. Oman is a shrewd and conscientious observer, and takes the trouble, moreover, to see what other authorities have said on the subjects of his

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research. In his descriptions, too, whether it be of a Parsee theatrical performance, an interview with a Brahman soothsayer, a meeting of the Arya Somaj, or some strange religious rite of the older faiths, it is easy to see that we are in the hands of a guide who can tell us much that is worth knowing.

Most of the essays refer to the Punjab; and it may be as well to warn the reader that what is true of the land of the five rivers—a province larger and more populous than Hungary and Belgium put together—does not always apply to India generally. The dominant races of the Punjab are (probably) of Scythic origin. This term, perhaps, may give no very clear clue to their ethnography; but it should serve to indicate one explanation of the vast difference there is between the manly, independent, but stubborn-minded and intellectually obtuse Ját, and the effeminate, unwarlike, but richly gifted Bengali. Not that the Punjabi is always wanting in intelligence. The Khatris, a trading class to which the founder of the Sikh religion belonged, are, according to Sir George Campbell, "one of the most acute, energetic, and remarkable races of India."

Mr. Oman's book opens with some striking chapters on what has been inelegantly termed Oriental occultism; and people who take a common-sense view of the miracles ascribed to *jogis*, *mahatmas*, and *chelas* will find ample evidence in favour of incredulity. Asiatic thought has always displayed an inclination to whatever is mystic and unpractical. The same excursions into the land of the unreal are made to this day as occupied the sages of a prehistorical past; and men like the late Swami Dyanand Saraswati still live to recall the *rishis* of the Sanskrit epics. In regard to the Swami, Mr. Oman corrects Prof. Max Müller on one or two minor points, in which, as he speaks from personal knowledge, he is no doubt to be trusted.

Of the religion founded by Baba Nanak, Mr. Oman has but little to say. He believes, however, that Sikhism, which survived a cruel persecution by the bigot Aurangzeb, nor was shattered by the invasions of the Turkoman Timur, and the Afghan Ahmed Shah Durani, is now fast decaying. As a national faith, Mr. Oman says, its days are numbered. Perhaps I may mention that the so-called Sikh nobleman who attended the recent meeting of the National Congress at Allahabad is only a Sikh by descent, and has long been a member of the Brahmo Somaj. Chapter vii. contains a capital account of the Golden Temple at Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs. Many of the worshippers in the temple are not Sikhs at all, but Hindus, mostly women — another instance of the versatility of the Hindu mind. In the sanctuary of the Golden Temple, which is so called from the gilt copper roofing of the dome and cupolas, is kept the Adi Granth, the sacred book of the faith. The chief act of devotion is to circumambulate the corridor surrounding the sanctuary three, five, or seven times, and to lay some small offering before the book. Another interesting chapter is devoted to the curious cult of the scavenger caste in Upper India, who pay reverence to the memory of Zahir Pir or Lal Beg. Further information about Lal Beg will be found in Capt. Temple's *Legends of the Punjab*. The saint's emblem, which may often be seen carried along the roads of a Punjab town in noisy procession, is a tall bamboo gaily decked with scraps of bright coloured cloth and with a huge brush of peacock's feathers at the top. Fans and bunches of cocoa-nuts are slung to the pole, which is commonly taken as a glorified conception of the sweeper's broom. This, Mr. Oman points out, is a mistake. It is really intended to represent a bridegroom arrayed in his wedding garments and riding on horseback, the man who carries it taking the part of the horse. The procession commemorates Zahir Pir's home-coming after his marriage, the cocoa-nuts being the heads of his two half-brothers which he cut off at a single stroke.

There is only one point on which I must seriously differ from Mr. Oman. He talks about the haughty and unsympathetic attitude of British officers (*i.e.*, civilians) and Europeans generally towards the people of the country, of men who shrink from contact with the people and who care little about their welfare or happiness. This is a very old charge and it was disposed of years ago by the head of the department to which Mr. Oman belongs—by Matthew Arnold's brother. That the Indian civilian is often debarred by stress of office work from seeing as much as he ought of the natives is undeniable; but, save for a few exceptions—men who are engaged too exclusively at headquarters—members of the civil service are intimately acquainted with the ways and habits of the people, their modes of thought and everything that concerns their social condition. This, indeed, is a part of their duties. Yet I may add that for nearly all our knowledge of the inner life of India, in its various phases, we are also indebted to civil servants; and such knowledge could never have been acquired by men who were unsympathetic or indifferent.

Stephen Wheeler

NEW NOVELS.

Neighbours on the Green. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Barcaldine. By Vere Clavering. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Englishman of the Rue Cain. By H. F. Wood. (Chatto & Windus.)

Bella-Demonia. By Selina Dolaro. (H. J. Drane.)

Body and Soul. By Fred Noël Paton. (Blackwood.)

The Ugly Story of Miss Wetherby. By Richard Pryce. (Walter Scott.)

Sam Saddleworth's Will. By M. Scott Taylor. (Digby & Long.)

Although the new three-volume work of Mrs. Oliphant is but a collection of short stories, it deserves the first place in this list, both because it is greatly superior to the more elaborate novels included in it, and because it is one of the pleasantest books that its author has published for too long a time. Here we have no profound philosophical speculations, no pilgrimages into the unseen, and but little even of the tragedy of life, which makes one feel, after reading certain of Mrs. Oliphant's books, as if one had been spending the day going to and returning from an exceptionally dreary cemetery. All that Mrs. Oliphant does is to introduce us to the members of a little community composed of folks who have neither poverty nor riches, who are always dining at each other's houses or gossipping about each other's affairs, and whose residence, known as the Green, is, it is tolerably safe to say, not a hundred miles from Staines. In the character of fairy godmother or universal confidante of the Green, who is in the secret of the young people's loves and sorrows, who placates the old folks, or, if need be, gets them conveniently out of the way, she unroofs every house in it, including the harmless village inn, opens each room in succession, and even lets us see the skeleton in the closet. Many of the short stories in these volumes are obviously studies for—or rough drafts of—novels that Mrs. Oliphant has abandoned the idea of writing, perhaps even, in some cases, of novels that she has actually written. Thus the tragedy that breaks out, like an unexpected volcanic eruption, in the peaceful life of Sir Thomas and Lady Denzil recalls *Valentine and his Brother*, not to speak of earlier books, of which one has now but a vague recollection. But they are none the worse for that. Occasionally Mrs. Oliphant is obviously the better for being circumscribed in point of space. She might easily have made a full novel out of the domestic misfortunes of "The Scientific Gentleman" or of "The Stockbroker at Dinglewood"; but neither would have been so truly dramatic in plot or so crisp in style as the novelette which here takes its place. Moreover, Mrs. Oliphant's matronly, and here and there almost grandmotherly, humour is seen at its best in "An Elderly Romance," "Lady Isabella," which is another elderly romance, "The Barley-Mow," and one or two other of the stories in this collection. Mrs. Mowbray who, by her skilful tactics, gets rid of the bad people, and marries the good people to each other in "The Barley-Mow" is an admirable example of the well-meaning aristocratic meddler who is not, however, at the same time a mischief-maker. Oddly enough, the most disappointing of the contents of "The Neighbours on the Green" are the first story and the last. The mistake which lies at the bottom of "My Neighbour Nelly" is too trifling, and takes too long a time to unravel. "My Faithful Johnny" also drags towards its close. But no better collection of social sketches, having all the interest and none of the unreality of romance, has been published for many years than *Neighbours on the Green*. It will, moreover, give many more delightful hours than certain more ambitious and important works by its author.

Barcaldine is an ingenious piece of plot-construction, and it is very little else, although the scene shifts with wonderful rapidity from Australia to England. Stephen Callender and Gerald Fairfax find themselves on board the same ship bound for England. Although Gerald is engaged to Stephen's sister, Stephen himself is a scamp, and but for the kindly intervention of death would have become an out-and-out villain. Gerald being himself at death's door, Stephen thinks of personating him, and of putting in an appearance in England as heir to an estate. At

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this stage the peculiar ingenuity of the author of *Barcaldine* exhibits itself. Gerald does not die, although a shipwreck causes such injuries to his brain that for a time he is little better than an idiot. Stephen, however, is drowned; and, owing to a marvellous series of accidents, that can be made to bear various constructions, Gerald is suspected by an unscrupulous estate-agent of the very crime which Stephen meditated. Not less cleverly managed and incredible is the meeting in England between the lovers that had been separated in Australia. Plot apart, however, there is really nothing in *Barcaldine* which calls for specially favourable notice. The characters, with the single exception of the suspicious agent, have no individuality; and "Vere Clavering's" English is by no means beyond reproach.

Mr. Wood, who scored an undoubted success with *The Passenger from Scotland Yard*, has failed egregiously and exasperatingly in *The Englishman of the Rue Cain*. One feels tempted to skip every second page in it, on account of its containing either odious Gallicisms of style, or club gossip worthy only of the poorest of "society" journals, or digressions on things in general, without Byronic excuse and devoid of Byronic piquancy. On the other hand, had the story been stripped of its various eccentricities and extravagances, it would probably have deserved not a little commendation. M. Renaud, the French detective who figures in it, is a marvellous combination of policeman and gentleman, Mephistopheles and benefactor; while nothing could well surpass the skill with which he traces the murder of Allen Garth—of which a professional beauty is not without reason suspected—to the low-class scoundrels who have actually committed it. Then the mystery of Mrs. Ormond Weir, that *femme incomprise* in the best sense, is revealed with patient industry. One, indeed, gets irritated with Mr. Wood, because he seems to have gone out of his way to spoil a good book.

If *Bella-Demonia* be the first essay of Mdme. Selina Dolaro in fiction, then it must be said that she has, at a bound, reached a first place among the sensational writers of the day. Within the compass of about 270 pages, there could not possibly have been crowded a greater number of crimes, mysteries, and surprises of all kinds. Bella-Demonia is quite as vindictive as Monte Cristo himself; although it is but one man whom she hunts down almost from the first page to the last, and that man her own ruffianly husband. There is absolutely nothing else, however, to recommend this story but its sensationalism. The characters which figure in it are either villains or villain-hunters; and of the former, the worst—who is Arlingford, Bella-Demonia's husband—has not a redeeming virtue except a certain brute courage, and even that makes its appearance only at the end.

Mr. Noël Paton cannot be congratulated on what he describes as his "romance in transcendental pathology." The restoration of Leonard Venercott to life by medical means, which is the central incident in it, savours rather of farce than of romance. What makes *Body and Soul* all the more disappointing is that it begins well. One takes to the Scotch professor and his daughter in the first chapter, although it must be allowed that there is nothing markedly Scotch about them. But the moment Mr. Paton's pathological or pseudo-pathological nonsense begins one loses all interest in his story. Obviously, however, he knows Edinburgh, and especially the life of the legal caste there. Why then should he not seek to write a good domestic Scotch story, instead of trying to ride the worst hobby of the day—even in fiction?

The Ugly Story of Miss Wetherby is clever and harmless, whereas it might have been as clever and as risky as are some passages in *Don Juan* and *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. A smart and essentially Yankee adventurer, Sloane Wetherby by name, aims, by transforming himself into the female attendant of an old lady, at securing that old lady's fortune. He fails, and being not wholly bad, does not greatly regret being found out in playing a character in which he had begun to loathe himself. Yet for a time he succeeds in deceiving the persons he meets, with the help of a number of disguises, but still more by sheer audacity and good luck. He even induces a young man to fall in love with him. This is the whole of *The Ugly Story of Miss Wetherby*, which is as slight as it is harmless.

Sam Saddleworth's Will is a not unpleasant and rather stirring story of an old-fashioned type. Sam Saddleworth comes home from the Antipodes to confound and punish a villain of a relative who has done him much harm early in life. He succeeds in doing this after a remarkable escape from death at the villain's hands; and, in addition, he finds a wife in a worthy scholar's worthy daughter. Although *Sam Saddleworth's Will* is not a notable story in point either of character or of incident, one somehow reads it with gusto; and then one can manage to take a liking for Sam Saddleworth, to fall in love with Mabel Hetherington, and to take the villain Grabbit by the throat—in an hour and a half.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Adrian's εἰσαγωγὴ εἰς τὰς θείας γραφάς. Herausgegeben von Friedrich Goessling. (Berlin: Reuther.) Adrian's Introduction to the Holy Scriptures has been hitherto strangely neglected. The latest edition, by David Hoeschel, dates as far back as 1602. It was reprinted in Pearson's *Critici sacri* in 1660, as well as in Migne's *Patrology*. A Latin translation, moreover, made by Bishop Lollin of Belluno in 1630, has come down to us. Dr. Goessling set himself the task of rediscovering the MSS. used by the translator as well as the editor. He was successful only in the second endeavour. But, in the course of his search through the great Italian libraries, he found in the Vatican five fresh MSS., all of the fifteenth century, and one in Florence of the twelfth. From the materials collected with such labour he has furnished a text which will, we believe, form the standard for a long time to come; and which, accompanied by an excellent translation, has made Adrian's work accessible to students of church history. Of Adrian's life and his position among theologians hardly anything is known; but the statement of Cassiodorus, who reckons up the first "introductores scripturae divinae," and places Adrian between Augustine (+430) and Eucherius (+452), leads us to believe that the author of the *Eisagoge* terminated his life about A.D. 440. And the letters addressed by Nilus, a follower of Chrysostom, to Adrian, "the monk, presbyter, and priest," give an indication of the school to which the latter belonged. A Greek-speaking Syrian, he followed, as Dr. Goessling has shown (p. 44 *sq.*), the lines of Theodoret and Theodore of Mopsuestia. His book shows all that clearness and accuracy, that moderation and sobriety of judgment, in questions of biblical hermeneutics which distinguished the Antiochian school. The *Eisagoge* is not an introduction to the study of the Bible, as we now understand that term. It is rather the attempt of a Schoolman at bringing the anthropomorphisms, metaphors, parables, and other forms of speech (p. 119) found in Holy Writ, under certain philosophical rules. But the work, the first of its kind, is, as the editor says, worthy of all respect; and that respect could not have been better shown than by the excellent edition in which he has now presented it.

Wissenschaftlicher und praktischer Commentar über den ersten Petrusbrief. Von Joh. Martin Usteri. (Zürich: Höhr; London: Trübner.) The first, the exegetical, part of this commentary was noticed in the ACADEMY of May 5, 1888. The second volume, now before us, treats of the circumstances amid which the Epistle was written, the relationship in which it stands to the literature of the apostolical age, and the inferences that can be drawn as to its genuineness. Dr. Usteri shows in this volume the same learning, ability, and sound judgment which we noticed in the former. But the very extent of his reading, his manifest desire to do justice to the views held by different schools of theology, to consider carefully every possible argument that may be adduced on one side and the other of each question, have led him into defects of style. Throughout the book there is a want of clearness of arrangement. The course of the discussion does not run straight—it takes a zigzag line; and the reader, while balancing within his mind objections and counter-objections, has sometimes difficulty in finding out in which direction he is moving. This difficulty is increased by the structure of the sentences, which are frequently long and involved. Nor is it to be wondered that the author has, after all his labour, hesitated to draw his last conclusions, and to pronounce a decisive verdict upon the most important point of all. Dr. Usteri argues against the late date which the Tubingen school would assign to the Epistle. It does not, he maintains, show any traces of those legal and juridical proceedings against the Christians which are mentioned in the letters of Trajan and Pliny; but the "manifold trials" by which "the sojourners of the Dispersion in Asia (chap. i. 6, 1) were grieved" arose from local disturbances, caused partly by the manner in which Christians and Jews were confused during the time of the first Jewish war, and partly by the effects of Nero's persecution in Rome (p. 278). For the composition of the Epistle at the early date of 65-70 A.D., he urges the facts (p. 250 *sq.*) that the Christians are addressed as "new born babes"—that is, as converts but recently gathered from among the Gentiles (not from among the Jews); that their use of charismatic gifts appears still in a healthy state, the ministry of their church in an elementary condition, their hope in the return of the Lord still fresh; and that the Epistle, when compared with those books—the Epistle of Polycarp and the Pastor of Hermas—which have first drawn upon it, possesses all the notes of early apostolical doctrine. Whether Babylon—whence the Epistle purports to be written—is to be taken literally, or figuratively for Rome, the author leaves undecided. If the latter, then the Epistle cannot have been written before the Neronian persecution, A.D. 64. From that year Rome became, in the eyes of Christians, the Babylon of the world; and Paul, to whose

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converts the Epistle is speaking, was no more. We confess we agree with a writer in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, that the only conclusion which the author can draw from his arguments is that the Epistle was written by the apostle Peter. But the reasons which he assigns at the close of his work, after a good deal of hesitation, for a kind of ideal authorship by which the mind, the spirit of the great apostle spoke—perhaps after his death—through one or two of his disciples, through Mark or Silas (p. 346), do not appear to us conclusive; and the individuality of the writer, which shows itself in so marked a manner, and on which Dr. Usteri himself has in his first volume laid stress (comp. his comments on i. 8: "Whom having *not* seen *ye* love"; and v. 7, "*I* . . . a fellow-elder, and *a witness* of the sufferings of Christ"), remains on this supposition entirely unexplained.

Augustin's Confessionen. Ein Vortrag von Adolf Harnack. (Giessen: Ricker; London: Williams & Norgate.) Prof. Harnack has a view of his own concerning Augustine's conversion. The son of Monica was not, he says, a prodigal who repented and returned to his home—that is, to the faith in which he had been nurtured; nor a pagan who was struck, after a life of vice and riot, by the truth of the Christian religion. Augustine had, the author maintains, before the great change came upon him, sought diligently after truth and holiness. He found at last in the teaching of the Church what he had longed for—that is, strength to overcome himself. Redeemed from the power of his passions, he resolved to dedicate the rest of his life to the study and contemplation of divine things in the service and under the authority of the Church. He gave up his profession; he renounced sensual pleasures; but he did not alter the course of his studies nor change the sphere of his interests. And when, after his baptism, he retired for a time with his mother and friends to a country house in the neighbourhood of Milan, there to continue his philosophical speculations, he modelled his life on the ideal of Plotinus and Porphyry, not on that of St. Anthony. It was during a later period that theological dogmas gained shape within him; and when he wrote his *Confessions*, twelve years after his conversion, he unconsciously anticipated the thoughts that had since then ripened within his mind, and he represented the gradual change as a sudden rupture between the past and the present. This is Prof. Harnack's view; but readers of the *Confessions* may be inclined to differ from it, and to believe that Augustine had too vivid a recollection, and too profound a knowledge of his own past self, to commit the error here imputed to him. But even if unable to agree with the author on this one point, they will gladly acknowledge the exquisite clearness, grace, and beauty of thought and of style which make the reading of his lecture as great a pleasure almost as the hearing of it must have been. Nothing could be more masterly than the few strokes with which Prof. Harnack describes the influence which Augustine exercised over the middle ages, over the philosophy of Schoolmen and the policy of Popes. To come to modern times, not merely the language of our prayers and hymns, but the diction of men of science and poets, of Lessing and Goethe, is tinged with Augustinian thought. Most interesting is the parallel drawn between the *Confessions* and *Faust*. Augustine was a Faust, only he passed beyond the stage described in the words of the "Chorus Mysticus":

> "Alles Vergängliche
> Ist nur ein Gleichniss;
> Das Unzulängliche,
> Hier wird's Ereigniss;
> Das Unbeschreibliche,
> Hier ist es gethan."

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, the biographer of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, has been entrusted by Sir George Bowen with the editing of his public and semi-official papers, which cover a very wide field of colonial administration.

Mr. D. G. Ritchie, of Jesus College, Oxford, is preparing for publication some hitherto unpublished letters of Mrs. Carlyle, written to a relative of his who was an intimate friend of her girlhood, some of them before her marriage, and some during the Craigenputtock period, a very few belonging to the year after 1834, at which date the letters in Mr. Froude's *Letters and Memories of Jane Welsh Carlyle* begin. The earlier letters throw considerable new light on her mind and character, the growing influence of Carlyle being distinctly perceptible in them. A few letters of Carlyle's never before published are included in the collection. One of these gives an account of the settling in Chelsea, the others relate to his projected History of German Literature, and to Baillie's Letters and other books which he used while preparing for Cromwell. Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. will be the publishers.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly, collected into a volume, the series of papers on "Supernatural Religion" contributed by Bishop Lightfoot to the *Contemporary Review* between 1874 and 1877; and also an abridged edition of the bishop's classic work on *The Apostolic Fathers*.

Stepniak has undertaken to contribute a volume to Mr. Walter Scott's "Great Writers" series.

Messrs. Sampson Low have in the press *Two Kings of Uganda*: or, Life by the Shores of the Victoria Nyanza; written by Mr. Robert P. Ashe, of the Church Missionary Society. It will be abundantly illustrated.

The third volume of the new edition of *Chamber's Encyclopaedia*, to be published at the end of this week, will cover from Cat to Dig. To indicate the character of the articles, we may mention that most of the geological ones are contributed by Prof. James Geikie; the botanical ones, by Prof. Patrick Geddes; the philosophical ones, by Prof. Seth; and the legal ones, by Mr. Thomas Raleigh. Prof. Rhys has written on the Celts; the Duke of Argyll, on clans; Prof. Legge, on China; Sir Edward Watkin, on the Channel Tunnel; Lord Brassey, on coaling stations; Lord Napier and Ettrick, on crofters; Mr. Goldwin Smith, on Cromwell; Prof. Nicholson, on currency; Mr. E. W. Streeter, on diamonds; Mr. A. J. Ellis, on dialect. The writers of literary biographies include the names of Walter Besant, A. H. Bullen, Prof. J. W. Hales, George Saintsbury, and Theodore Watts.

Dr. James Ward, of Trinity College, Cambridge, is writing for Sonnenschein's "Library of Philosophy" a work on Metaphysics, to be entitled *Epistemology*; or the Science of Knowledge.

Messrs. Ellis & Elvey will issue in a few days an English translation, by Mr. F. M. Nichols, of the famous mediaeval guide-book to mediaeval Rome, entitled *Mirabilia Urbis Romae*, with an illustration from the bronze doors of St. Peter's and a contemporary map of the city. The translator has added a supplement containing illustrative matter and notes.

Early in April Messrs. Chatto & Windus will publish a one-volume novel by Mr. William Sharp, entitled *Children of To-morrow*. Though it deals to some extent with contemporary artistic life, its main motive is the inexorableness of circumstances, and, over and above this, the tragic play of the passions in two fine natures. The title is derived from a passage in Siwäarmill: "We, who live more intensely and suffer more acutely than others, are the Children of To-morrow, for in us the new forces of the future are already astir or even dominant."

The next volume in the series of "Historic Towns" will be *Carlisle*, by Prof. Mandell Creighton.

The next volume of the "Camelot" series, to appear on March 25, will be *The Fall of the House of Usher*, with other Tales and Prose Writings of Edgar Allan Poe, edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The approximate dates of first publication of the tales and essays included will be given, and the volume will contain an introduction and biographical appendix.

Messrs. Longmans will publish in a few days a new translation in verse of the second part of *Faust*, by Mr. James Adey Birds; while Messrs. Sampson Low announce another translation of the entire poem, in the original rhyme and metre, by Mr. Alfred H. Huth.

A Danish edition of Max O'Rell's *Jonathan and his Continent* is announced at Copenhagen. Messrs. Cassell & Co. are preparing an illustrated edition of the same work for publication in New York.

Theo. Gift's new volume, entitled *Not for the Night Time*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Roper & Drowley.

A new novel, by M. French Sheldon, entitled *Herbert Severance*, will be published on March 25, by Messrs. Saxon & Co. in London, and by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. in Chicago.

The second volume of "Lambert's London Library," entitled *Fraternity*, a novel by Mr. Charles Ogilvie, will be issued next week.

Mr. C. W. Olley, of Belfast, will shortly publish a novel, by Mrs. R. H. Reade, entitled "Puck's Hall."

In the eighth number of Mr. Eyles's *Popular Poets of the Period*, to be published next week by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co., will be given a paper, by Mr. William Cartwright Newsam, on the career of Matthew Arnold. The same number will include also notices and selections from the poems of Miss Christina Rossetti, Malcolm Doherty, the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, and George Francis Armstrong.

On Monday next, March 25, and the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell a selection from the library of the Duke of Buccleuch, including some five or six Caxtons, and other examples of early printing both in England and on the continent. There is also a set of Thomas Hearne's antiquarian publications, on large paper, numbering fifty-six volumes.

The current number of the *Folk-Lore Journal* (Elliot Stock) prints the annual report of the council for 1888, from which we are glad to learn that the society—chiefly through the exertions of the hon. secretary, Mr. J. J. Foster—has increased in numbers during the past year, and hopes now to be able to take in hand the task of examining and sifting the large body of folk-tales already collected. Towards this object, three specimens of the work required are given: (1) a bibliography; (2) a handbook for collectors; and (3) a tabulation of tales. Apart from the quarterly *Journal*, the society hopes to publish in the course of the present year the following books: (1) *Magyar Folk-Tales*, by Messrs. Jones and Kropf; a volume of *Denham Tracts*, edited by Mr. Hardy; and an *Exempla* of Jacques de Vitry, edited by Prof. J. F. Crane. The inaugural address of the new president, Mr.

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Andrew Lang, will appear in the next number of the *Journal*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued a new edition of the Complete Works of Lord Tennyson in a single volume, consisting of 807 clearly printed pages in double column, with a portrait, for 7s. 6d. After this, no one can say that the existence of copyright keeps up the price of books. This edition, we may add, differs from that of 1884 by the inclusion of the contents of the *Tiresias* volume, the later dramas—"Becket," "The Cup," "The Falcon," and "The Promise of May"—and also "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." In fact, it contains everything that was given in the eight-volume edition of last year.

WE have also received from Mr. David Stott the first issue of a series of reprints which he proposes to issue in the old-fashioned 32mo. size. It consists of Florio's Translation of Montaigne, in two volumes, each having a portrait for frontispiece, and with an introduction by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy. The typography is excellent, the binding dainty, and the price low; but we cannot recognise the need for an introducer, who talks about "a pigmy putting forth," and writes of his author, "He loved to be a horseback as dearly as ever an English squire, a Texas cowboy, a Mexican *Vacquero*, or an Arab sheik."

M. KAMPOUROGLOU is writing a history of the Athenian people under Turkish domination (*Ἱστορία τῶν Ἀθηναίων—Τουρκοκρατία*). The work is to be published in parts by Papageorgios, of Athens; and the first number, which has just appeared, contains a review of the sources and authorities which are available for this period.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. SAYCE, who is still in Upper Egypt, met with a mishap the other day. He was bitten by a snake, but not seriously.

The professorship of English Language and Literature at University College, London, will become vacant at the end of the present session by the resignation of Mr. Henry Morley, who has occupied the chair since 1865. The Quain trustees intend to assign upwards of £500 a year to the promotion of English studies in the college, of which £350 will be set apart as a salary for the professor, in addition to the usual share of class fees.

MR. A. S. NEWALL, of Gateshead, has offered to present to the university of Cambridge a refracting telescope, of 25-inch aperture and 30-feet focal length, together with the dome and instruments connected with it, with the object of promoting the study of stellar physics.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK is about to bring out a facsimile of the unique blackletter A B C Primer of 1538 in the library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to which Mr. Shuckburgh, the librarian of the college, will write a bibliographical introduction.

CONVOCATION at Oxford has voted a grant for the extension of the University Galleries in Beaumont-street. It is proposed to build a large block, only one storey high at present, consisting of two long galleries; and also to excavate a new basement room between the old and new galleries, to be covered with a glass roof. The space available for ancient marbles and casts will thus be more than doubled, while the series of casts of Chantrey's sculptures will be removed to the new basement room.

THE university of Cambridge have made a grant of £10 to the fund being raised by the Society for the Preservation of Memorials of the Dead for repairing the monument in the church of Sprowston, Norfolk, to Sir Thomas Adams, founder of the professorship of Arabic.

THE Rev. G. F. Browne, Disney professor of archaeology at Cambridge, has had printed three sheets of engravings to illustrate his second course of lectures on "The Anglian Sculptured Stones of Pre-Norman Type." Many of the sculptures have never been figured before, notably the screens and pillars at Coire, Como, Reichenau, and Milan, which have been supposed to show Hibernian influence. The syllabus of the lectures further contains full information concerning the precise place of the numerous English stones and inscriptions treated of by the professor.

THE Cambridge University Press has published a *Catalogue of the Portsmouth Collection of Books and Papers written by or relating to Sir Isaac Newton*, edited by a syndicate appointed as long ago as 1872. The scientific portion of the collection was presented to the university by the Earl of Portsmouth; the remainder has been returned to him, after copies being taken of everything of interest. Of the mathematical papers the most important are—(1) those on the lunar theory, apparently intended for a new edition of the *Principia;* (2) on the theory of atmospheric refraction, giving some materials for showing Newton's method of forming his table of refractions; (3) a large number relating to his dispute with Leibnitz about the discovery of fluxions or the differential calculus. Concerning the historical and theological MSS. the editors remark that they

"cannot be considered of any great value. A large portion of Newton's later years must have been spent in writing and rewriting his ideas on certain points of theology and chronology. Much is written out as if prepared for the press, much apparently from the mere love of writing. His power of writing a beautiful hand was evidently a snare to him, and his fastidiousness as to the expression of what he wrote comes out very curiously in these papers; thus there are six drafts of the scheme for founding the Royal Society. . . ."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ALBINIA.

Whither goes the pale maiden, is she gone forth to pray?
'Tis a year since the soul she loved best passed away.
The flash of her eyes that would sparkle o'er tears
Like the light of a gem no more worn, disappears,
And in vain would she struggle her sorrow to hide
For her voice is its music, her smile is its pride.

Sequestered in silence her love she entombs
Yet her heart seems as fresh as the morrow that comes.
Her sorrow o'ertook her when sorrow was new
And its earth-garb of mourning about her she drew;
But she walks in hope's shadow upright like a bride,
Her voice is her music, her smile is her pride.

The sorrow stays with her, its ways are her ways
Though no look to a stranger its presence betrays;
But her voice and her smile have the sadness of old,
In them her blank heart to my heart is retold,
And all seems to pass o'er again at my side,
For her voice is my music, her smile is my pride.

THOS. GORDON HAKE.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS ROWE EDMONDS, who died at 72 Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, on March 6, was for thirty-four years, down to 1866, actuary of the Legal and General Life Assurance Society. His father, the town clerk of Marazion, practised as a solicitor at Penzance, where his son was born in June, 1803. Like many other youths from the West of England, he was sent to St. Pol de Leon in Brittany to learn French and to become acquainted with foreign manners. Afterwards he graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His studies were early directed towards the investigation of the principles regulating the duration of life and the means for promoting thrift among those engaged in commercial or professional work. He published in 1828 a volume entitled *Practical Moral and Political Economy*, in which he set out the government, religion, and institutions, "most conducive to individual happiness and national power." He compiled in 1832 a set of life tables; and issued in the same year "An Enquiry into the Principles of Population." Numerous essays on the mortality of this and other countries and the laws of vitality were contributed by him to the *Proceedings* of the Statistical Society, the *Lancet*, and the *Assurance Magazine*. His views on "The Density of Steam" appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* and the *Artizan*. When the natural impatience of mankind at taxation provoked a general protest against the imposition of the income tax, and a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to enquire into its incidence, Mr. Edmonds gave elaborate evidence before the committee.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Library*, the new organ of the Library Association, fully maintains the promise of its first number. In the issue for March, perhaps the most important article is one by Mr. E. Gordon Duff, calling attention to a hitherto unknown English printer of the fifteenth century, whose device contains the initial I. H., and whom Mr. Duff sees reason for identifying with I. Huvin, of Rouen. His date is known only from a single sheet of a Sarum Horae, recently acquired by the Bodleian, which luckily contains the colophon, showing that it was printed for Wynkyn de Worde, at the sign of St. Thomas, in 1497. Among the other contents are a paper on "Early Glasgow Printing," by Prof. Thomas Ferguson; and an account, by Chancellor Christie, of the Bignon family, who were librarians of the Bibliothèque du Roi for a continuous period of 140 years.

IN his article in the *Antiquary* on "The Stewart Exhibition" Mr. W. E. Millikin has avoided the nonsense in which too many have indulged themselves in writing about the old royal family. If he tells us nothing absolutely new, all that he gives is carefully considered. He thinks it necessary to refer to the idle controversy as to the correct spelling of the name. There is surely no right or wrong in the matter. Mary lived long in France and naturally used the French mode of spelling. Those who were not so fortunate followed other modes as fancy dictated: "A' Stuarts are nae sib to the king" is a well-known proverb. The name may have originated in many ways; but so uncertain was spelling in those times that it by no means follows that even all who were of kindred with the royal house used the same arrangement of letters. We have ourselves examined many of the papers relating to the wars between 1640 and 1660 now preserved in the Register Office in Edinburgh, and have found nearly every form of spelling represented there. Mr. Plumtree's first paper of a series on Giordano Bruno is excellent. Mr. Rendle has given us a useful account of the "Early Hospitals in Southwark." The *Monasticon* ought to contain full accounts of all the institutions of this sort which existed before the great crash in the reign of Henry VIII.; but very few obtained adequate treatment therein. Mr. A. C. Bickley tells us something—it is but very little—of the Great

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Seals of England. It would be a service if a good illustrated catalogue of them in all their varieties were prepared. A piece of formalism that has lasted nine hundred years should not perish, if perish it must, without a memorial.

The *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for March opens with the second part of a study on the task of philosophy by the late Dr. Rauwenhoff, and closes with a deeply felt obituary notice of the author by Dr. Kuenen. The independence of the Linden school of theology is well known; and Dr. Rauwenhoff, by the width of his sympathies, not less than by the extent of his researches (church historical as well as philosophic), was one of it its most interesting members. Pre-eminently a modern thinker and a modern Churchman, his death at the early age of sixty will be much felt. The first volume of his last work on the Philosophy of Religion was reviewed lately by Pfleiderer, together with Dr. Martineau's kindred work, with characteristic geniality. In the same number Dr. Caland endeavours to show that the six Iranian creation-periods are found not only in the late book called the Bundehesh, but in a very old part of the Avesta itself (the so-called Yasht). The bearing of this on the origin of Genesis i.-ii. 4 (*a*) is evident. Among the books noticed are Chavanne's *La Religion dans la Bible* (reviewed lately in the Academy), by Dr. Oort, who does not allow his sympathy with the critical "Richtung" of the author to blind him to his somewhat narrow view of Bible religion; and a book of theological confessions of a very modern type, much read just now in Germany, called *Im Kampf um die Weltanschauung.*

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Denkmaeler griechischer u. römischer Sculptur. Hrsg. v. F. Bruckmann. 9. Lfg. München: Verlagsanstalt f. Kunst u. Wissenschaft. 20 M.

Hauriggot, Ch. Les pionniers de la France dans l'Afrique Occidentale. Paris: Challamel. 2 fr.

Jorst, W. Spanische Stiergefechte. Eine kulturgeschichtl. Skizze. Berlin: Asher. 3 M.

Menzel, A. Das Werk Adolph Menzels. Mit Text v. M. Jordan u. R. Dohme. 22. Lfg. München: Verlagsanstalt f. Kunst u. Wissenschaft. 20 M.

Quellien, N. Chansons et danses des Bretons. Paris: Maisonneuve. 10 fr.

Sauvé, L. F. Le Folk-Lore des hautes Vosges. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr. 50 c.

Zaiz, J. Die Wirthschafts-Geschichte Wien's unter der Regierung Kaisers Franz Joseph I. (1848-1888.) Wien: Braumüller. 8 M.

Zettel, J. World-book-fame-reasons. To enumerate the reasons wherefore Defoe's *Robinson* has become famous throughout all Europe. Neustadt: Heinisch. 2 M.

THEOLOGY.

Spitta, F. Die Offenbarung d. Johannes untersucht. Halle: Waisenhaus. 12 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

Desdevises du Dezert, G. Don Carlos d'Aragon, Prince de Viane: Etude sur l'Espagne du Nord au XVe Siècle. Paris: Colin. 7 fr. 50 c.

Hertzberg, G. F. Geschichte der Stadt Halle an der Saale von den Anfängen bis zur Neuzeit. 1. Halle: Waisenhaus. 6 M.

Lager, das römische, in Bonn. Bonn: Marcus. 5 M.

Looshorn, J. Das Bisthum Bamberg von 1139-1803. München: Zipperer. 7 M. 50 Pf.

Marcks, E. Die Zusammenkunft v. Bayonne. Das französ. Staatsleben u. Spanien in den J. 1563-1567. Strassburg: Trübner. 8 M.

Nicolay, N. de. Générale description du Bourbonnais, en 1569, p.p. A. Vayssière. Paris: Durond. 10 fr.

Villèle, Comte de, Mémoires et correspondance. T. 4. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bastian, A. Die Culturländer d. alten America. 3. Bd. 2. Abth. Berlin: Weidmann. 4 M.

Briosi, G., e F. Cavara. I Funghi parassiti delle piante coltivate ed utili. Fasc. 1. Milan: Hoepli. 7 fr. 50 c.

Gri-ard, Jules et M. Vanden-Brehm. Les Palmiers utiles et leurs alliés. Paris: Rothschild. 25 fr.

Konkoly, N. v. Beobachtungen, angestellt am astrophysikalischen Observatorium in Ogyalla (Ungarn). 10. Bd. Halle: Schmidt. 5 M.

Kuglmayr, L. Ueb. Spiralen u. deren Tangie:ungr. problem. Wien: Spielhagen. 7 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

Bedjan, le Père. Histoire de Mar Jab-Alaha, patriarche, et de Rabau Sauma (texte Syriaque). Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr.

Lutz, L. Die Präposition bei den attischen Rednern. Leipzig: Fock. 3 M.

Scheil, V. Inscription assyrienne de Samsi-Rammân IV., roi d'Assyrie (823-813), transcrite, traduite et commentée. Paris: Welter. 8 fr.

Winkler, H. Weiteres zur Sprachgeschichte. Berlin: Dümmler. 4 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"GUILLAUME DE GUILEVILLE."

Cambridge: March 11, 1889.

The spelling of the name of the author of *Les trois pèlerinages* is not a question of the first importance; but as Prof. Skeat has been told that he is inaccurate in spelling it with one "l," and that the proper spelling is with two, it may be worth while to state what the evidence in favour of the two forms is.

The point is supposed to be decided by the authority of M. Paulin Paris, who states in his *Manuscrits François* (iii. 240) that the Abbé Goujet was right in maintaining, against the *Mercure de France*, that the author's name was "G. de Deguilleville," because all the letters of this name were to be found in two acrostics which occur in two parts of the poem. Now, in the first place, what the Abbé Goujet (*Bibl. Franç.*, xv., Additions, p. xii.) correctly maintained as against the *Mercure de France* was that the author's name was Guillaume de Deg., and not Guillaume de G., and the spelling with one "l" or with two was no part of his contention. That this was the case is evident from what M. Paulin Paris says in the very next sentence: "On trouve encore en France et en Belgique des noms propres assez analogues à celui là; comme *Degnevilly, Equevauvillers*, &c." In the second place, M. Paulin Paris is not to be literally understood as implying that the French form of the name is given in the acrostics. So far as I am aware, it is always in Latin. In fact, the acrostics represent the name in four different ways: (1) Guillermus de Deguilevilla; (2) Guillermus de Deguillevilla; (3) Guillermus de Guillevilla; (4) Guillermus de Guilevilla. If we may trust the authority of the Catalogue des Manuscrits du Fonds Français, 1868, tom. i. Ancien Fonds, form 1 is supported by four MSS. of the first recension (Nos. 824, 1139, 1647, 1648) and three (Nos. 825, 829, 1138) of the second; and if to these we add the British Museum Add. MS. 22,937, which is of the second recension, there are eight MSS., four of each recension, in favour of the spelling with one "l." Form 2 is only found in two MSS., one of the first (No. 376) and one of the second (No. 377) recension. Form 3 is only found in one MS. (No. 823), and form 4 only in one (No. 828); and both these are of the first recension. Another form, "Guillermus de Desguilleville" occurs in the colophon to No. 827, a MS. of the first recension; and the name appears as "Deguilleville" in No. 1645, and as "Deguillerville" in No. 1649, as we may infer from the fact that these are given in the catalogue in inverted commas. So far, therefore, as the evidence of the MSS. is concerned, the authority of the acrostics is greatly in favour of the form "Guillermus de Deguilevilla"; and with this the printed editions agree. There is, therefore, something to be said in favour of the spelling with one "l."

All this is given substantially in the Preface (p. v.) to my edition of the *Pilgrimage of the Lyf of the Manhode* printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1869; but I have only just found the notes which I made at the time. From these I am able to correct a slight error in the form in which the name occurs in the acrostic in MS. No. 823. It should be "Guillermus de Guillevilla," and not "Guillermus de Guilevilla."

M. Paul Meyer kindly enables me to add that in MS. No. 377 the acrostic in the *Pèlerinage de l'âme* agrees with the form in No. 376, and the acrostic in the *Pèlerinage de Jésus Christ* with the form in No. 823—that is, it gives both "Guillermus de Deguillevilla" and "Guillermus de Guillevilla." The authority of this MS., therefore, does not count for much.

W. Aldis Wright.

A PALAEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Oxford: March 10, 1889.

Prof. A. Napier has lately drawn my attention to the two enigmatic letters—viz., *x* and a crossed *b*—which are to be found four times in the corner and in the middle of the leaves in the MSS. Barlow of the Bodleian Library, which is of the tenth century; more frequently in the earlier Caedmon MS. of the same library; and four times in the Vercelli MS. (once *x* alone), which is of the eleventh century (see Prof. Stoddard's article in the *Anglia*, pp. 159 and 163). Walther, in his *Lexicon Diplomaticum*, col. 433, no. 11, mentions the letters *x'l* occurring in MSS. of the fourteenth century, which stand, according to him, for "Christe eleison." *X* for Christus is, of course, found frequently in MS. of all centuries.

Without any pretension on my part to knowledge of western palaeography, I venture to propose the solution "Christus benedictus *or* benedicat" for the letters *x b*. M. Henri Omont, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, who is a great authority on western palaeography, writes to me the following:

"Je n'ai jamais remarqué les lettres dont vous me parlez dans des MSS. Latins; il semble bien qu'on puisse l'interpréter *Xr* benedictus, comme une invocation du copiste, analogue à celle qu'on voit en tête d'un MS. ou des cahiers d'un MS., un peu à toutes les époques du moyen âge."

A. Neubauer.

A MANUSCRIPT IN TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY, DUBLIN, OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Dublin: Feb. 24, 1889.

There is a MS. volume of music, with some verses (I believe unpublished), in the Trinity College Library, Dublin, which is worthy of a notice, and I cannot learn that it has been anywhere described. It is entered in the catalogue as

"Dallis Tho: of Cambridge 1583, His Musical Lessons set for the Lute
11. More Musical Lessons by other Hands } D 3.30."

The volume is an oblong quarto, containing about 120 pages of musical notation of that sort which is known as "lute tablature." Three quarters of the work is chiefly by one hand, with perhaps a few additions by "other hands" at the close of that portion. Some blank pages then occur, and the remainder appears to be somewhat more recent.

On an early page is written the following inscription from which the catalogue title is derived. It is in caligraphy attributable to the close of the sixteenth century:

"Incepi Nonis Augusti praeceptore M^o Thoma Dallis Cantaburgii, 1583."

This has been interpreted in the library catalogue as signifying that the music was written by one Thomas Dallis, musical teacher in Cambridge in the year 1583. The writing is somewhat ambiguous, and M^o looked to me very like M^r (for "Magistro").

The body of the work begins with a few elementary lessons to the lutenist. Subsequently we find a number of simple tunes,

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chiefly dance music of the period. The following names are appended to these:

Le passe Meze de pavana
The passa Meze gailiard
Rogero The Division of Rogero
The division of the frenche gaylarde by Jhonson
The quean's almayne
banda la Schotis gaylard
Fortune is now my fo
Scotche gaylarde
all a greene willow Mr. T Dallis
O what it is to love
T Dallis fansye
In none pavan strogeris basso
passamezo d'Angleterre
The earle of Oxforde gailiard
A pavan of Breunshers [?] makinge
finis parsons in none set forthe by [?]
passamezo bellisino Di Gorzanis
Psalmus Anglicus 128
Saltorello Englesa
passa mezo sopra il soprani di Gorzanis
pavane de la battaile
passamezo antico per Gorzanem [?]
Giacomo Gorzanis

These are each affixed at the end of an air, and are mostly, apparently, in the early handwriting, and belong to the first part. At the close of this part appears the first of the short poems ("In Youthful Years"), which I shall presently copy. At the end of these pretty, quaint lines, "Mr. Parsons" is written. The name has already occurred, and it probably refers to the music; for these lines are placed with their tablature notation.

There is also here a devotional verse; and then occurs the first verse of the other poem, or ballad, perhaps in a later hand, and also accompanied by its tune.

Later on, the remaining three stanzas of "Fortune is Fickle" are written in a hand that is still later, perhaps by a century; but here I speak with no certainty. The writing is not unlike some that I have seen of the seventeenth century, but the ink looks fresher, and the poem itself has not the true ring about it. But I will return to this again.

There is here also a Latin verse of four lines of no merit, and in a different hand.

The end of the book is entirely musical notation of the same sort as the rest, or nearly so; but the airs or compositions, of whatever nature, are unnamed. Some of them are psalm tunes. This part of the volume, however, did not interest me. It contains no writing, and has no descriptive entry whatever.

These are the verses; the first one has a pleasing simplicity about it:

"In youthfull yeares when first
My young desires beganne,
To pricke me forth to serue in court
A sclender tal young man.

"My father's blessings then
I asked upon my knee,
Who blessing me with trembling hands
these words gan say to me:

"'My son, God guide thy way
and shield thee from mischance,
And grant thy just deserts in court
thy poor estate to advance.

"'Yet when thou art become
one of the courtly trayne,
Think on this proverb old,' quoth he,
'that fayre words make fools fayne.'"
[finis
Mr. Parsons]*

These are in a more recent hand; they might have been written a hundred years ago:

"Fortune is fickle, and wonderful tickle:
Hir powre is mickle in each degree,
And with hir scepter she makes him better,
And this man greater of gowld and fee.

"And with hir thunder of worldly wonder
Shee binds menne under adversitye:
Shee rocks hir cradle, which is unstable,
And sytts in hir saddle of dygnitye.

"Shee frownes, shee flatters, shee gatters, she scatters,
Shee rules al matters as wynde waveringe,
Shee laughs, she lowres, shee shines, she showres,
Now this straigest yours sans stay quaveringe.

"As zele [eele?] most slipper, no houlde tho you hipper [*sic*]
At neede aye you kepe hir, proofe hath yt so tried
Hir mirth is madness, hir joy is sadnes,
Hir sorrowe is gladness, this wisemen have spied."

I submitted the last production to Mr. A. H. Bullen, to see if he had met with it. He suspects that the verses are not Elizabethan, and thinks they have a "spurious look." They are not of much value, but they seem to me rather provincial and uncouth in their oddness, than modern. The last stanza has a familiar ring about it, but I cannot recall what it reminds me of. The diction is somewhat obsolete, as is the orthography, and an expert in the latter could probably pin the lines into some tight corner. The words "tickle" and "mickle" are used by Shakspere. The word "straigest" is probably the same as "strage" given by Halliwell as "To stray, said of cattle." I have met this form in Browne's *Shepheard's Pipe*.

"See how he blindfold, *strags* along the mead."

The line it occurs in here is a villainous one. "Hipper," in the last stanza, is unknown to me.

With regard to the authorship of the music, I thought at first there was reason to conclude that Thomas Dallis is one and the same as Thomas Tallis, the "father of English cathedral music." The name at once suggested this to me, and further corroboration arose in one or two ways. The great Tallis did write "Lute Tablature"; for in Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, mention is made of an MS. of Lute Tablature by Tallis in the Oxford Music School Library. Again, Tallis died in 1585, at about seventy years of age; so the dates seemed suitable.

Mr. Hemsley (well-known in musical circles) kindly looked at the MS. for me from his point of view, and directed me in finding information about Tallis. He was inclined to think the two names the same, and pointed out that Tallis did write music to secular words, instancing "Fond youth" in Grove. He decided that the notation was the same as that which is known as "Lute Tablature," "peculiar to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—a system often found convenient for lute players."

Mr. Luard, the Registrar at Cambridge University, to whom I wrote, informs me that there is "no such name among our graduates as Dallis. Thomas Tallys was B.A. of Trinity Hall in 1583." He thinks this might have been a son of *the* Tallis.

The verses above quoted are of interest; but the list of tunes, written out when Shakspere was twenty years of age, and recalling his plays as they so often do, is still more attractive. The verses may have been elsewhere published. I have no reason to think they are. Dallis may not be Tallis, but someone hitherto unheard of. But I feel grateful to him for this compilation; and I long to hear how many of these old tunes—very simple, no doubt, they are—are known to those skilled in early music. The music of "Fortune my foe" is given in Chappell, and the words in Ebsworth's *Bagford Ballads*. The first line there is "Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?" There appears to have been some variant, however, for "Fortune is now my fo (foe)," as given above, is also met with in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money." "Fortune, my foe" is very commonly mentioned, and was a popular tune to sing ballads of murders to. It was also, according to Charles Kingsley, a favourite tune of Queen Elizabeth, and is said to have been played on board men of war going to meet the Spanish Armada. This ballad is, however, fully discussed by Mr. Ebsworth, than whom there is no higher authority. It is mentioned in "Merry Wives," Jonson's "Case is altered," "Faire Em," "Lingua," "Maid's Metamorphosis," "Return from Parnassus," and several of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays.

"All a Green Willow" is familiar to everyone from Shakspere's "Othello," and the tune is found in many collections.

"Rogero" is mentioned by several early writers as Nash, and also Heywood in "A Woman killed with Kindness." In *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, by Clement Robinson (1584), there is "A faithfull vow to two Constant Lovers to the *new Rogero*," showing it to be an old tune then. In Gascoyne's School of Abuse (1579) it is also mentioned.

"O what it is to love" may be the same as "O what a thing is love," Chappell.

"Pavans," "galliards," "almains," and "passamezos" may all be found described more or less correctly in Nares's dictionary, as well as in Chappell's or Hawkins's musical works. All these were dances, and (excepting the almain) are spoken of by Shakspere. The almain is not often met with; but in the old play of "Tancred and Gismunda" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vii. 26) an instance may be found which is quoted by Nares—"The haubois sounded a lofty *almain*." In Peele's "Arraignment of Paris" (ii. 1) occurs "Enter nine knights in armour, treading a warlike *almain*" as a stage direction. In Chapman's "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany" (iii. 1):

"We Germans have no changes in our dances
An *almain* and an upspring that is all,
So dance the princes, burghers, and the boors.
Br. So danced our ancestors for a thousand years.
Ed. It is a sign the Dutch are not new-fangled."

Nares concludes it to be a kind of solemn music. There was a musical work by John Dowland, a little later than the MS. under description, which was entitled "Lachrymae, or seaven tears figured in seaven passionate Pavans with divers other Pavans, Galliards and Almands, set forth for the lute, viol, or violons in five parts."

The pavan was a grave Spanish dance. The name was probably derived from *pavo* (peacock), because ladies danced it with long trains, or on account of the strutting action. Ben Jonson has "Your Spanish pavin is the best dance" ("Alchemist," iv. 2). It is often mentioned; and in Shakspere's "Twelfth Night" occurs in the passage:

"Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures *pauyn*, I hate a drunken rogue";

which is undoubtedly a misprint for "pavin," "pavan," or "pavian."

"Passy-measures." Here is the passa mezza which occurs in Middleton's "More Dissemblers besides Women," as "passa-measures galliard" in connexion with another dance. It appears to have been a technical term representing rather a particular portion of, or move-

* The words I have bracketted apply, I think, to the air.

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ment in, either the pavan or galliard than a complete dance. Thus in "Lingua"—"Prythee sit still, you must dance nothing but the passing-measures" is levelled at one who is meant to be snubbed thereby and not supposed competent for the genuine revels—"You may go in for slow dances." The term is derived by Hawkins from *passer*, walk, and *mezzo*, the middle and dignified, a slow dance. But others more recently have derived it from *Passo e mezzo*, a step and a half, and describe it as intermediate between the galliard and pavin.

The galliard was a lively, swift, and wandering dance. Chaucer uses the word in the sense of gay, lively. Its description in "The Orchestra," by Sir John Davis, is well known, and it is continually spoken of by writers of James I. and Charles I. It was called also "cinquepace" on account of the "number of the music's feet." This dance appears to have got a bad name, and was, of course, hateful to the Puritans. Anything which formed a portion of the masques and anti-masques of James and Charles was fully entitled to an ill-reputation among the Puritans, and, I might add, among the citizens.

I must not omit to mention that I have to thank Mr. W. J. O'Donnovan for calling my attention to this manuscript. He lit upon it while engaged in genealogical researches, and was good enough to send the first stanza of "Fortune is fickle" for my inspection. And I have also to thank Mr. French of the Library for his courteous assistance in deciphering the earlier handwriting.

H. C. Hart.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have found proof positive that Dallis was a totally distinct person from Tallis. In Francis Mere's *Wits Treasury* (1598) there is given a list of "excellent musitions" of England as compared with those of ancient Greece. This list has, among others, the names of "Maister Tallis" and "Doctor Dallis." Independently, also, Mr. Hemsley tells me that a closer inspection of the music shows that it could not have been written by Tallis. Further, I find that in Chappell's *Popular Music*, at the tune "Rogero," this very MS. is referred to by name.

H. C. H.

THE HARVEST MOON.

London: March 12, 1889.

May I point out that Mr. William Canton, in his appreciative review of Mr. Alfred Austin's *Love's Widowhood*, has, in critical fault-finding, unwittingly perpetrated an error in one instance. His comment on the verse,

"Thrice thus it [the moon] came, *nor later nor more soon*,"

is that it is permissible as a striking poetic licence, but is in itself obviously inaccurate.

But accurate the statement is, for the moon in question, as the context shows, is the Harvest Moon; and in our latitude the Harvest Moon, or the moon that is full ("did round itself with light") nearest the autumnal equinox, rises for three days nearly at sunset, *and at the same hour*, instead of, as usual, fifty-two minutes later each day than on the preceding one.

William Sharp.

"MASTERS OF THE WORLD."

London: March 9, 1889.

On a matter of taste I should never venture to question the decision of a critic, but on a matter of fact I may, perhaps, be permitted to do so. Your critic charges me with the use of Latin words where English words would have served the purpose, and asks me why I have not said, "He passed his manus over his heated frons"? My answer is, that *manus* and *frons* are exactly expressed by "hand" and "forehead," while the word *pulvinar*, to which your critic objects (expressing, as it does, a highly complex idea), has no English equivalent. The *pulvinar* was the couch on which the images of the gods reposed at the games. When Domitian proclaimed, "vocatam eam in pulvinar suum," he blasphemously ranked himself with the gods. "With the like arrogance," continues Suetonius, "he began letters thus, 'Our lord and god thus commands' (Dominus et Deus noster)." I know of no word, nor even admissible periphrasis, which could convey the sense of *pulvinar*. If your critic can suggest a possible English equivalent, I will gratefully use it in any future edition of my book.

Mary A. M. Marks.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, March 18, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "Notes on the Early History of Northern India," II., by Mr. J. F. Hewitt.
5 p.m. London Institution: "Our Early British Ancestors," by Prof. Boyd Dawkins.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture. "The Decoration and Illustration of Books," III., by Mr. Walter Crane.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Dawn of Metallurgy among Primitive Races," by the Rev. J. M. Mello.
8.30 p.m. Society for Psychical Research: "Some recent Hypnotic Experiments in Italy," by Mr. H. Babington Smith; "Apparitions occurring shortly after Death," by Mr. F. W. H. Myers.

Tuesday, March 19, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," IX., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
7.45 p.m. Statistical: "The Alleged Depopulation of the Rural Districts," by Dr. W. Ogle.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Art of the Jeweller." by Mr. Carlo Giuliano.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Indian Railways—the Broad and the Narrow-Guage Systems contrasted," by Mr. F. J. Waring.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Generic Position of the Physas of Australia," by Mr. A. H. Cooke; "Some Lizards in the Zoological Museum of Halle," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "The Occasional Persistence of the Left Posterior Cardinal Vein in the Frog, with Remarks on the Homologies of the Veins in the Dipnoi." by Prof. W. N. Parker.

Wednesday, March 20, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Objects and Methods of the Society of Arts' Motor Trials," by Prof. A. B. W. Kennedy.
8 p.m. Geological: "The Rocks of the Atlantic Coast of Canada," by Sir J. W. Dawson; "The Occurrence of Colloid Silica in the Lower Chalk of Berkshire and Wiltshire," by Messrs. A. J. Jukes-Browne and W. Hill; "The Pelvis of *Ornithopsis*," by Prof. H. G. Seeley; "The Elvans and Volcanic Rocks of Dartmoor," by Mr. R. N. Worth.
8 p.m. Folklore: "Death's Messenger and its Variants." by the Rev. Dr. R. Morris; "The Folklore of Middlesex," by Mr. J. P. Elmslie.
8 p.m. Literature: "The Destruction and Preservation of Books," by Mr. W. T. Rogers.

Thursday, March 21, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Houses and their Decoration, from the Classical to the Mediæval Period," I., by Prof. J. H. Middleton.
6 p.m. London Institution: "The Phonograph," by Col. Gouraud.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Botanical Collections from Christmas Island," by Mr. W. B. Hemsley; "The Sexual Forms of Catasetum, with Special Reference to the Researches of Darwin and others," by Mr. R. Allen Rolfe; "New Cape Plants," by Prof. P. MacOwan.
8 p.m. Chemical: "The Molecular Weights of Metals," by Mr. W. Ramsay; "Some Compounds of Tribenzyl Phosphine Oxide," by Mr. N. Collie.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "Babylonian History and Chronology," by Mr. G. Bertin.

Friday, March 22, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, 'The Cyclical Velocity Fluctuations of Steam and other Engines," by Mr. H. B. Ransom.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Science of Animal Locomotion in its Relation to Design in Art," illustrated by the Zoopraxiscope, by Mr. Eadweard Muybridge.

Saturday, March 23, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics—Polarisation, Wave Theory," V., by Lord Rayleigh.
3 p.m. Physical: "The Use of Lissajou's Figures in the Maintenance of Uniform Rotation," and "The Direct Determination of the Vibration Period of a Reed or Tuning-Fork by means of a Morse Receiver," by Prof. J. V. Jones; "The Clark Cell as a Source of Standard Currents," by Prof. R. Threlfall and Mr. A. Pollock; and "The Measurement of High Specific Resistances," by Prof. R. Threlfall.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The History of Ancient Civilisation. A Handbook based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's "Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation." Edited by Rev. J. Verschoyle. (Chapman & Hall.)

The schoolboys of the present day—or, rather, that small percentage of them who are really desirous of improvement—must feel that they have fallen on happy times. Knowledge, which used to be gradually and painfully gathered, mixed with much error and misconception, partly from stray hints dropped by teachers "in a friendly way," as Mr. Silas Wegg "dropped into poetry," and partly from inferences, often unsound, drawn by themselves, is now put before them in compendious and systematic handbooks, elegantly and attractively written and excellently illustrated.

Mr. Verschoyle's work possesses all these attractive qualities and many more. It preserves all the grace and liveliness of style which characterises M. Ducoudray's Summary, but is completely purged from those errors which in the book on which it is based mar a really fine effort of generalisation. One could not praise too highly the breadth of view, the lightness of touch, and the fine appreciation of the spirit of various epochs, which the "Histoire Sommaire" displays; yet one would repent of having recommended it to a learner when one's eye had fallen on a paragraph such as this, under the heading, "La Religion des Grecs":

"Au-dessous venaient les divinités de la terre: *Plutus*, dieu des richesses; *Bacchus*, le dieu du vin; *Proserpine*, fille de Cérès, le blé; *Palès*, déesse des pâturages; *Flore*, déesse des fleurs; *Pomone*, des fruits; *Pan*, chef des Satyres au masque grimaçant."

To point out that Mr. Verschoyle does not enumerate Pales, Flora, and Pomona among Greek goddesses; and does not describe the Greek gods, demigods, and heroes by the names of their (supposed) Latin analogues, would be an impertinence to one who is himself an excellent scholar, and who, in the writing of this handbook, has consulted all the soundest authorities: for Egypt—Wilkinson, Rawlinson, Birch, and Kenrick; for Babylon and Assyria—Layard, Rawlinson, Oppert; for Greece—Grote, Curtius, Jebb; for Rome—Mommsen and Merivale; and for the art of the very ancient world—Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez.

Again, the brilliant work of M. Ducoudray often deals in such strictly abridged fashion with a subject that it would have been far better not to touch it at all. Is not this account of Catullus far worse than nothing?—

"La mollesse et le raffinement des mœurs au temps de César disposèrent les Romains à se plaire au poésies tendres et fugitives de *Catulle*, fin, gracieux, ingénieux et sensible jusqu'à la délicatesse. Catulle, par l'atticisme de son langage, par la tendresse de ses élégies, annonce déjà le siècle d'Auguste où on pourrait le placer."

Does not this almost suggest the suspicion that M. Ducoudray had never read a line of the strong, rough, red hot poetry of Catullus? On the other hand, the corresponding paragraph in Mr. Verschoyle's book is a model of

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sound, while necessarily very compendious, information:

'Catullus, the most original as well as one of the greatest of the Latin poets, stands almost alone in more than one particular. He was a great metrist, as may be seen in his hendecasyllables, the earliest in Latin literature, and in the galliambics of his 'Attis.' He, first of Romans, understands and expresses the love of man for woman. In this Propertius comes far behind him; and even in conceiving and pourtraying the passion of woman for man, the Ariadne of Catullus preceded the Dido of Virgil. The 'Epithalamium' of Callius is probably his best work, always excepting his charming lyrics to Lesbia. The Attis' is a wonderful poem; the lines beginning *Patria O mea creatrix, patria O mea genetrix*, give the key-note to Lord Tennyson's Oenone.'"

One could hardly over-estimate the increased intelligence with which a boy would read Herodotus after studying chapters ii. and iii. of this handbook; chapter iv. would form the best introduction to Bible history; and the whole work affords an admirable frame-work for future acquisitions.

Dr. James Gow has recently brought out an excellent *Companion to School Classics*, which, I am glad to hear, has already reached a second edition. This book would be useful to fill in Mr. Verschoyle's frame-work. Equipped with both works, the candidate could fearlessly face even the most depraved specimen of the class now so much inveighed against—the examiners who are ruining education. It will, moreover, be a valuable aid to teachers who wish to do their work really well, and to all who desire to group and systematise their knowledge.

It would be a mistake, indeed, to describe the book as addressed only to the ministrants and the victims in "the sacrifice of education to examination." Though the range is so wide, the attempt to amuse, as well as to instruct, has by no means been abandoned. Hence the work may be recommended to the general reader, by whom I understand that kind of person who has an ambition to extend the limits of his reading—if it is made easy to him—with a view to making a better figure in society.

The second portion of the work—"The History of Modern Civilisation"—is in the press, and will shortly be published.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

Our Rarer Birds: being Studies in Ornithology and Oology. By Charles Dixon. (Bentley.) There is much which is commendable in this volume, for it is the work of a man who has sympathetically studied his subject, and who has followed to their native haunts the birds of which he writes. But some evil fortune seems to dog the author's steps. His very title is misleading. Out of some 376 species of birds generally recognised as British, not counting stragglers, Mr. Dixon treats of upwards of 110. The nightingale, nuthatch, wryneck, heron, woodcock, common gull, wild duck, cormorant—why, more than half the birds he calls "rarer" are common enough in their accustomed habitats. The frontispiece is an uncoloured lithograph from the coloured one published in the *Ibis* in January, 1885. Its source is ignored, and a new publisher's name is added to the presumed original, as well as an altered title; and Mr. Sclater is thanked for allowing its reproduction, even in this garbled form, as if he had given his permission in his capacity of secretary to the Zoological Society, when of course he only did so as editor of the organ of the British Ornithologists' Union. Indeed, we should have liked to hear more about the subject of this plate of the "St. Kilda wren." Mr. Dixon only tells us what we heard five years ago. We never learn from him that ornithologists are now satisfied that the species which he "discovered" is no species at all. The book is embellished with a number of original woodcuts by Mr. Charles Whymper, many of which are very good; but the artist, or his engraver, misses the character of the nuthatch's bill, and his crossbill appears, to say the least of it, in a very uncomfortable position. Mr. Dixon seems to regard falconry as a lost art, although hawks are often flown at this day within the metropolitan area by a well-known enthusiast, and the columns of the *Field* bear witness to the fact that in many parts of the country hawking is still a fashionable hobby. The author is not much more happy in his remarks about the red-legged partridge. Nor do goatsuckers generally lay "white eggs" in this country (p. 365). In a chapter on migration an acknowledgment to Prof. Palmén would not have been out of place; and a perusal of his well-known treatise would have tended to the elucidation of the subject, while some notice of the work of the British Association committee would at least have been an act of grace. When we come to the chapter entitled "The Philosophy of Birds' Nests and Eggs," we are inclined to lose patience. So long as Mr. Dixon merely relies upon the writings of Darwin and Wallace he writes many a pleasant paragraph; but when he raises his so-called "laws of isolation" to the level of the philosophy of his forerunners we feel prompted to warn the public from his heresies, so obvious are they to the initiated. Still this is an agreeable book, which many a lover of birds in their wild state will read with much interest. While Mr. Dixon is content to express facts which have come under his own personal notice, he is generally trustworthy; and he has a picturesque way of putting his observations into words.

A Monograph of the British Uredineae and Ustilagineae. By Charles B. Plowright. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) This monograph is the fruit of much research, both morphological and systematic, extending over a number of years. It bears strong evidence on nearly every page that the work has been done in the most painstaking way; and, so far as the details are concerned, the only criticism to be made is that in the introductory portion they are given occasionally at quite unnecessary length. This is partly owing to the fact that the author has chosen to bring together in one monograph two groups which are at present held to have much less connexion than was formerly supposed to be the case. Mr. Plowright has followed in many respects the example of de Bary so judiciously that he might have gone farther with advantage, and kept apart the groups of Uredineae and Ustilagineae which de Bary has taught us to recognise as separated from each other by the great group of Ascomycetes. A detailed morphological account of the Uredineae is followed by a similar account of the Ustilagineae, and then the systematic descriptions of the Uredineae by those of the Ustilagineae. This plan is farther calculated to prolong the idea of close relationship between the groups. Mr. Plowright shows, as was to be expected, a very intimate personal acquaintance with the objects he describes; and it is, therefore, the more to be regretted that he handles so loosely the important question as to the morphological value of the so-called spermatia. He attaches, in our opinion at all events, too little weight to the view that these are male organs, persisting in a series of organisms which have lost by retrogression the corresponding female organs of reproduction (at least assiduous research has failed to find them; and he is too much impressed by the phenomenon of their sprouting in suitable media, as pollen-grains germinate in sugar solutions. However, the real value of the book is in the systematic portion, for which there can be nothing but praise. It has been done in the most careful and well-judged fashion; and its author deserves, and will, doubtless, obtain from botanists in this country, most hearty thanks for it. With Stevenson's *Hymenomycetes* and Phillips's *Discomycetes*, and the present volume by Mr. Plowright, the students of our native fungi are now very nearly independent of Cooke's faulty *Handbook of British Fungi*.

OBITUARY.

GENERAL NASSAU LEES.

ALL Anglo-Indians will hear with regret of the death of Major-Gen. W. Nassau Lees, for many years past the proprietor of the *Times of India*, which took place in London on Saturday last, March 9, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His services to Oriental learning deserve special commendation here. It was during his principalship that the Madrasa, or Mohammedan college, at Calcutta was affiliated to the university, and its methods of teaching underwent a radical reform. Besides textbooks in Arabic and Persian, he himself edited the great commentary on the Koran of Zamakshari; and from his press issued a long series of Arabic and Persian works. He also held at one time the office of Persian translator to the Government of India. Gen. Lees had received the hon. degree of LL.D. at Dublin; and he had been elected corresponding member of the Oriental Society of Berlin and the Academy of Sciences of Göttingen.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a work on *The Bacteria in Asiatic Cholera*, by Dr. E. Klein, who, it will be remembered, was sent to India by the government some three years ago to investigate the reported discovery of the cholera germs.

MESSRS. JOHN BARTHOLOMEW & Co. have this month removed into new premises, called the Edinburgh Geographical Institute, which they announce to be "fitted with all the latest appliances calculated to aid in perfecting the various processes of engraving, lithographing, and printing."

MR. R. D. OLDHAM, the Deputy-Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India, has prepared—and the Survey has published—a most useful Bibliography of Indian Geology. The work supplies full references to a great mass of literature relating to British India and the adjoining countries up to the end of 1887.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

M. CLERMONT-GANNEAU has been elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, by 31 votes out of 36, in place of the late Comte Paul Riant.

PROF. JAMES DARMESTETER has reprinted from the *Journal Asiatique* his paper upon "The Inscriptions on the Tomb of Baber at Cabul." These inscriptions, it appears, have never before been published in full, though their existence is well known. The present copies were made by a regimental *munshi*

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during the British occupation in 1879. The inscriptions commemorate the emperor Baber himself, who died in 1530; his son Mirza Hindal, and a daughter of Mirza Hindal; a son of Baber's successor, Humayun; and a daughter of the emperor Alamgir II., married to a Durani prince, who died in 1788. Some of the monuments show that they were erected by the emperors Jehangir and Shah Jehan.

Correction.—In Prof. Bühler's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, on "Dr. Burgess's New Impressions of the Rock-Edicts of Asóka" (line 13 from beginning), *for* "inch" *read* "centimètre."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(*Saturday, February 23.*)

W. C. H. CROSS, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths, in some "General Observations on 'A Yorkshire Tragedy,'" after quoting Stow's record of the murder (Chronicle, ed. 1631, pp. 870-1), drew attention to the kind of literature the event called forth, as shown by the entries in the Stationers' Registers on June 12, July 3, and August 24, 1605. The entry of the play itself on May 2, 1608, and the editions of 1608 and 1619 were mentioned; and attention was directed to the opinions of Collier (*English Dramatic Poetry*, ed. 1831, vol. iii., pp. 50-1), Schlegel (*Dramatic Literature*, ed. Bohn, p. 445), Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. i., p. 462), Dowden (*Shakspere Primer*, p. 158), Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of Shakspere*, 6th ed., vol. i., pp. 206-7), and Symonds (*Shakspere's Predecessors*, pp. 421-3, 434-40).—Miss E. Maud Williams in "Notes on 'A Yorkshire Tragedy'" dealt with the external evidence connecting the play with the name of Shakspere; and then pointed out that probably the child, mentioned in the drama as having escaped being murdered through being at nurse, was "Henrie Calverley," whose marriage with a daughter of Sir Walter Pye, on July 28, 1628, is recorded in the parish register of Much Dewchurch, in the county of Hereford.—Mr. John Taylor read a paper on "The Diabolism of 'A Yorkshire Tragedy.'" That a demoniac deed, like the subject of this play, should be attributed to diabolic possession need excite no surprise if we connect it with the prevalent belief at the time in the active energy of Satan among mankind. The British Solomon (James VI. of Scotland) published his *Demonologie* at Edinburgh in 1597, and it was reprinted in London in 1617. Its purpose was to sustain the belief that the devil's personal communication with those ready to admit his advances was as vital a doctrine as justification by faith—the Protestant pillar of salvation. The Witch Act became law in 1604; and between 1603 and 1680 the number of the victims of this superstition far exceeded that of the sufferers under the Holy Office in an equal space of time. Some 70,000 were burned or drowned, after, perhaps, excruciating torture to exact confession of their crime, on accusations of which none of them could have been guilty. Even Lord Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne argued for the reality of witchcraft as a form of diabolical agency in human affairs; and John Wesley, in later days, declared that to give up witchcraft was to give up the Bible. The convenient practice of charging upon Satan the effects of men's violent passions and purposes is, in the instance before us, inartistically managed, and seems an afterthought, or is brought in as a stage necessity to account for a moral revulsion really induced by terror of the law, from which the criminal finds it now too late to escape. There is a Shakesperian ring about some of the passages in the drama; but its character as a whole shows that, if Shakspere was the writer, it was hurriedly prepared for the stage.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths presented a report upon "The Rare Words and Phrases in 'A Yorkshire Tragedy.'" The following are not used by Shakspere:—Cap-case; ninny-hammer (a simpleton); stand in wax (for extensive securities given for money); knighting (drinking upon the knees); promoter (an informer); underputter; white boy (a term of special affection).—Dr. L. Proescholdt, of Homburg, Mr. Albert R. Frey, of New York, and Dr. H. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, have accepted invitations to become corresponding members of the Society.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(*Tuesday, February 26*)

DR. J. BEDDOE, president, in the chair.—Mr. Francis Galton exhibited a new instrument for testing the delicacy of perception of differences of tint, also an instrument for telling reaction time. Both instruments will be exhibited in the Paris Exhibition. Major C. R. Conder read a paper on "The Early Races of Western Asia." The students of Aryan and Semitic antiquity have found themselves confronted for the last forty years in Western Asia, in Greece, and Italy, by languages and racial types neither Aryan nor Semitic, and showing races whose civilisation is earlier. In three cases these languages are found to be Turanian (in the more limited meaning of the word), viz., Akkadian, Medic, and Etruscan. As regards these languages, the study of Akkadian, as it existed about 3000 B.C., shows a grammar nearest to that of Turkic languages and even of the Manchu Tartars, and a vocabulary which has been in great measure recovered, though in part still doubtful, and which, while comparable with Finnic and Ugrian languages, is yet nearest to the Turkic. The language of the Medes known from the inscriptions of Darius, about 500 B.C., has a similar but more advanced grammar, and a vocabulary held by Oppert and others to be nearest the Turkic. The Etruscan, of which the numerals were shown by Dr. Isaac Taylor in 1874 to be Turanian, is also found to compare in grammar and vocabulary with the Akkadian. The question now raised is whether this early population of Asia Minor and Syria, of which traces are recoverable from various sources, did not belong to the same stock. In Asia Minor, Lenormant believed a Turanian stock to have existed very early; and in Syria this was the belief of the late Dr. Birch, and has been urged by Capt. Conder from 1883 onwards. (1) As regards Syria, the names of towns and persons are recoverable from Egyptian monuments and papyri in 1600 and 1340 B.C. In the south these are mainly Semitic. In the north the country of the Phoenicians and Kheta gives us 200 town names and 20 royal names which are neither Semitic nor Aryan. Comparing these words with Akkadian, and with the living Turkic and Ugrian languages, the translation is suitable. Among the personal words, *Tar*, *Sar*, *Lul*, *Nazi*, *Essebu*, and *Tarkun* are the most distinctive; and among geographical terms *Tumi*, "building," *Su*, "river," *Tep*, "hill, and others are distinctive of the Turkic dialects. From these words it is fairly safe to conclude that a Turanian population inhabited Syria in the earliest historic times, akin to the Turks and Turkomans still found in the same region. In Northern Syria also certain hieroglyphic inscriptions of a very archaic kind are found which, by general consent of archaeologists, have been attributed to the same race; and, by the same general consent, the hieratic character derived from these hieroglyphs is recognisable in the later syllabary generally known as Cypriote or Asianic. This connexion was first discovered by Prof. Sayce. The author has proposed to treat these syllabaries as representing Turkic words, and by this means to recover the sounds of the original hieroglyphs of Northern Syria. He finds that by this method it is possible to read the short bilingual known as the "Boss of Tarkondemos." The words *Ma* and *Ku* for "country" and "king," which he thus recovered in 1887, though questioned by Prof. Sayce as not being Akkadian, are admitted by other authorities to belong to that language, and are widely-spread Turanian words. The evidence of physiognomy, dress, and religious customs among the Kheta, or Hittites, points to the same conclusion. Their type of face is recognised to be Tartaric or Mongolian, and their adoration of the sun, moon, mountains, clouds, rivers, and the sea is similar to the beliefs of other Turanian peoples, as is their practice of exogamy mentioned in the Bible. The Kara Khitai, or "black Khitans," of Eastern Turkestan—an important people in Central Asia as early as the time of the geographer Ptolemy—possessed a name identical with that of the Kheta. Their language is similar in many words to Akkadian, their religious beliefs and warlike customs resemble those of the Kheta. The pigtails found to be worn by the latter are also of Tartar origin in China. (2) The early "barbarian" population of Asia Minor is stated by the ancients to have been akin to the Etruscan race. In various parts of Asia Minor hieroglyphs like those of the Hittite are found; and cylinders used as amulets, not unlike the Akkadian cylinders, occur in this region, with similar heiroglyphic emblems. The syllabary above mentioned as Asianic also exists in these regions, and in the island of Lemnos a text recently discovered proves to be written in a language and character closely similar to the Etruscan. A few words of the Lydian and Carian languages have also come down to us; and among these the author claims to have recognised Turkic words such, for instance, as the Carian *Taba* for a "rock," and the Lydian *Lailas*, "tyrant." The ancient nomenclature of Asia Minor seems to indicate the same connexion, as do also the Carian personal names. The river Sangarius may be compared with the river Sangari in Manchuria. The only alternative to the supposition that a Turkic population once spread over Mesopotamia, Syria, and Asia Minor, is the supposition that these tribes, or some of them, belonged to the Leghic group in the Caucasus, to which Lenormant proposed to refer the ancient Vannic population. But the study of this group of languages, though not long since proposed, has not led to any satisfactory result, or enabled any student to interpret the sounds of the various languages of Syria and Asia Minor above noticed, or those of the Syrian hieroglyphs, in the manner in which they can be interpreted through the use of the Tartar or Ugrian languages.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(*Friday, March 1*)

THE Rev. Dr. Morris, president, in the chair.—Mr. Whitley Stokes read a paper on Prof. Atkinson's edition of the Passions and Homilies in the *Lebar Brecc*—a fourteenth-century MS. in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. After describing the MS., and giving a list of the Passions and Homilies which it contains, he mentioned the few instances in which they throw light on the doctrines and practices of the Irish Church, the superstitions and folklore of the Irish people. Unction appears to have been used in (not before or after) baptism (ll. 7515-7517 of Prof. Atkinson's texts); the damned are punished by cold as well as by heat (l. 6397); and the good are rewarded by the music of the birds in Paradise (l. 6486). Casting lots, spells (philtres?) of women, auguries given by birds (the Latin *oscines*), visions, the moon's time, forbidden days, and prophecies of living men are mentioned (ll. 7315-7318). When a king is righteous, "earth and sea, field and wood, lakes and rivers," will be fruitful (4285); The first-born of an adulterer dies prematurely (l. 7811). For three days after its birth the lion's whelp is lifeless, and is brought to life by the breath and roar of its father. All these (except, perhaps, the last, which is mentioned by Philippe de Thaun) appear to belong to Irish folklore; and Mr. Stokes had been unable to find a foreign origin for the following fine legend (ll. 4129-4145): *Le te ye justice:* that is, deliver righteous judgment, O kings of the world! For Solomon greatly feared the Lord when he was judging the people and dealing dooms upon them. For one day he was before the high king David his father, when the latter was judging the people, and he upbraided David for his slowness and hesitation in deciding. Whereupon his father said to him: "Come *thou*, my son, to-day upon the throne, that *thou* mayst search into and clear up the questions and the causes of the folk more quickly than I do. For thou art shrewder and sharper of wit and understanding, as is said in the proverb—*the younger thorn is always the sharper.*" Then went Solomon upon the throne, according to his father's order. And over his head there appeared to him the hand of the Creator, with a two-edged sword, threatening him with a sudden and awful death if he swerved, little or much, from the righteous judgment. And when Solomon saw that, he trembled greatly, and his blood turned to bone in him for dread of the one God. And then he entreated his father to beseech the Lord for him, and to grant him forgiveness for the annoyance that he had caused him through want of knowledge. So then they both besought the Lord that he would protect

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justice, and that they might never pass an unrighteous judgment. I. *The Texts.*—The texts published by Prof. Atkinson comprise 8424 lines, and are reproduced in Roman type with reasonable accuracy. But the codex is often corrupt and sometimes defective; and though the editor has collated some of his texts with MSS. in the British Museum and the library of Trinity College, Dublin, these collations are incomplete; and he has failed altogether to collate Laud 610, ff. 11b-14a, which contains a copy of the Passion of Christ's Image, and the fourteenth-century MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, which contains good copies of no less than nine of Prof. Atkinson's other texts. He has also omitted to italicise his extensions of the numerous contractions in the *Lebar Brece*, and these extensions are sometimes inaccurate. For example, his "rograndaigsibair" (l. 2829), which he renders "ye angered," should be "rogrændaigsibair" ("ye have challenged"); his "itat" (1630) should be "i tert" ("on the third [day]"); his "iarna srólgled" (3802), which he rendered by "after scourging him," should be "iarna sét" ("along their way"); his "dan" (4048, 4052, 4111, 5719, 5720, 7050) should be "dano"; his "din" (which occurs, he says, about 400 times) should be "didiu." His bisections of compounds (*e.g.*, "cet chesad," 84) and extravagant use of hyphens are also objectionable. The hyphen is also often used wrongly, as in the case of the articulated prepositions *esse-in, fors-in, tars-in*, &c., &c., where the *s* belongs to the article. To print in an Italian text *all-o, coll-o, dall-o, dell-o, nell-o, sull-o*, in an Old-French text *al-s, del-s*, would be similar errors. II. *The Translation.*—The translation is incomplete and often inaccurate; but many of its mistakes are silently set right in the glossary. Mr. Stokes had not examined the translation of the Homilies; but in that of the Passions there were at least forty mistakes not so corrected. Examples are *aninde* ("senselessness"), which in one place Prof. Atkinson renders by "animosity"; in another by "savagery"; *co fír* ("preparing"), rendered by "watching" (p. 304, l. 5); *cepp* ("block, stocks") rendered by "fetters" (p. 316, l. 28); *indorus*, a very common nominal preposition meaning "before," rendered by "at the gate" (p. 326, l. 18); *ires-cretim* ("heretical belief"), rendered by "faith" (p. 357, l. 24). III. *The Glossary.*—Here the errors of omission are few. Mr. Stokes had noticed only five—viz., *ail* ("rock"), l. 1638, *aninde* ("senselessness"), ll. 129, 133, *atruag* (= W. *athru*), 8315, *mosach* (nasty), 8299, and *costa* (footprint), 6335, which Prof. Atkinson mistakes for Latin. But errors of commission are numerous—about 209—and were divided by Mr. Stokes into the following eight classes: *a.* non-existing words, 56 in number; *b.* oblique cases given as nominatives singular (34); *c.* wrong insertions of marks of length (14); *d.* wrong omissions of marks of length (62); *e.* wrong meanings (64); *f.* wrong etymologies (6); *g.* separations of the same word (4); *h.* confusions of different words (3). Examples of class *a* are: *accad*, "striving" (?); *athardacht*, "alteration" (?); *aurthige*, *s.v.* bend-chapur; *díbrachad*,* "dart"; *dlige*, "way"; *driushtaim*, "to murmur"; *-erlangair* (which begins with the second element of a diphthong!); *grandaigim*,* "to horrify, to anger"; *imgrindim*,* "to persecute"; *indebar*, "manure" (?); *muscach*, "stream" (?); *othrach*, "dung"; *saith*, "evil"; *tarr*, "end"; *techailim*,* "to collect" (?); *ubtad*, "scaring." These and many more are what Prof. Skeat calls "ghost-words"—mere products of scribal carelessness or editorial incompetence. Examples of class *b* are: *adbuid* (nom. sg. "adba"), *brait* ("brat"), *clug* ("cloc"), *erissi* ("eres"), *geim* ("gemm"), *lúthraigi* ("lúthrach"), *stelli* ("stell"), *tiachtain* ("tiachtu") Examples of class *c* are: *dóimin*,* "deep," and *fódel*, "constant," which Prof. Atkinson has inferred from *dóimne, jédlizim*, not seeing that here the marked vowels are long, not by nature, but by position. Examples of class *d* are: *ailim, alaind, bel, cu, de* ("emuke"), *es, lus*. There are about fifty-five others. Examples of class *e* are: *aidetchiugud* "cursing"; *aidmilliud*, "perturbation"; *aincess*, "anguish"; *ainmech*, "reviling"; *blaith*, "blithe"; *bráth*, "judgment-day"; *coblige*, "cohabitation"; *écomland*, "anguish"; *ítadach*, "hungry"; *oentuma*, "marriageable"; *seg* ("milk"), "sap" (?); *siabrad*, "magic blight" (?). There are about fifty others. Curious ignorance of grammar is betrayed by the articles *atbela*, "to die"; *scid*, "he tells"; *epil*, "he died"; *folmaigeá*, "laying waste." Examples of class *f* are: *acarb* ("bitter"), "probably = *ath-garb*, with admixture of Latin *acerbus*"; *mebaid* (better *msmaid*, root *mat*) Prof. Atkinson refers to "√maid," *tarfaid* (root *bhat*, whence also Latin *fateor*) he refers to "√bad." He speaks (p. 521) of "the root *ad-glad*"; and he says (p. 892) that *ata* is one of the "root-forms" used in conjugating "*taim*, to be." Examples of class *g* will be found under *addi* and *aite, deliugud* and the ghost-word *deglad, nech* (pl. n. *nechi*, dat. *nechib*) and *ni*. Examples of class *h* are: *min*, "small," confused with *mín*, "smooth"; and the denominative *minigim*, "I mince," confused with *mínaigim*, "I explain." So *cél* ("concealment") is placed with *céle*, "fellow." Prof. Atkinson's glossary must be used with the utmost caution; and it will certainly not supersede Prof. Windisch's *Irisches Wörterbuch*, although, no doubt, the former contains many genuine words which are not to be found in the latter. The paper concluded with the etymologies of several words which Prof. Atkinson had not traced to their sources. Of these the most interesting were: *aird* (quarter of the heavens, point of the compass), Gr. ἄρθις; *airecht* ("assembly") = Mid.-Welsh *arcith* ("speech"); *alt* ("joint"), with regular loss of *p*, from **palto-*, M.H.G. *falz* (Bezzenberger); *bléde* ("goblet"), borrowed from A.S. *bledu*; *forbarach* ("excellent"), identical in prefix and root with the ὑπερφερής of the LXX.; *luard* ("heavy"), from Fr. *lourd*; *srg* ("strength") = Skr. *sahas*, Goth. *sigis*, A.S. *sigor*; *srslp* ("robe"), from Lat. *peplum*, with prothetic *s*, as in *spréid* ("cattle"), from *praeda*; *tabaill* ("sling"), cognate with Gr. βάλλω, βόλος; *tír* ("land"), from **s'éros*, cognate with Osc *teertim* and Gr. στηρίζω; *tomm* ("lump") = Gr. τύμβος, Skr. *tuñja*. Mr. Stokes then submitted to the meeting a new etymology of παρθένος, which he held to be an illustration of Grassmann's law, to stand for *φαρθενος, and to be cognate with the Early English *burde*, "maiden," root *bhrdh*.

University College Literary Society.—(*Monday, March 4*)

A paper was read by Miss A. B. Anderton on "Some Comparisons between the Prose Literature of Swift's Time and that of our own." The chief features in the literature of Swift's day were asserted to be the essay, the journal, and political writing. From the essay have come the modern character-novel, the incident-novel, and the magazine-article; from the journal the modern newspaper; political writing has practically disappeared. Defoe's *Review*, dividing its attention between political news and social affairs, was dealt with as the origin of both the essay and the journal. Attention was given to the character-novel and the novel of incident in their early forms—the one in the pages of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the other in the *Review* and realistic tales of Defoe—and in their latest development at the present time. The modern magazine was touched upon, and the rise of the newspaper in the *Review*; and comparisons were drawn between satire in our own day and the same form of literature—political and non-political—as represented in the writings of Swift.

Edinburgh Mathematical Society.—(*Friday, March 8.*)

George A. Gibson, Esq., president, in the chair.—Prof. Chrystal discussed the closeness of the approximation in Stirling's theorem; Mr. John Alison read a paper by Mr. W. J. Millar on the most economical speed for a steamer in relation to the cargo carried and the coal consumed; and the Rev. Norman Fraser gave the third part of a paper on Kötter's synthetic geometry of algebraic curves, in which he dealt with involution nets and involutions of higher rank than the first.

FINE ART.

Twelve Etchings. Contributed to the *Portfolio* by Paul Adolphe Rajon. With a brief Memoir and Notes by F. G. Stephens. (Seeley.)

In writing of the revival of etching in the latter part of this century, no future Mr. Hamerton can fail to give a due place of honour to Paul Adolphe Rajon. Of etching as a means of interpreting pictures he must always remain one of the greatest masters, for he brought to his work a sympathy wide, impartial, and at the same time sincere and enthusiastic with whatever fine picture or master he had to deal, however different they might be in style or sentiment. In technique, whether we regard his marvellous power of representing texture and the special handling of a master, or the way he would suggest colour and preserve tone, or the fineness of his drawing, or the firmness of his modelling, in each and every respect he must be placed in the first rank of those aquafortists who have devoted their skill to the translation of pictures into black and white. None of them, moreover, have shown a finer, few quite so fine, an artistic sense. Although none knew better the science of his art, or employed it more accurately, he kept clear from mechanism on the one hand and mannerism on the other, putting his whole soul into his work, but subordinating his own individuality to that of the artist he interpreted. And this subordination was not due to a lack of innate artistic impulse; but on the contrary, was probably the sign of a strong creative desire, just as the manner with which he imitated the handling of a painter was the result of no slavish or laborious copying, but of a natural instinct for brush-work. But if Rajon had a keen feeling for the art of a painter, he never forgot the limits of his own.

"It was characteristic," writes Mr. Stephens, "of Rajon's just sense of the proprieties of his own art that in his lively way he affirmed dislike of the big etchings which are now in fashion. He thought large size incompatible with the right qualities of etching."

As to the soundness of this judgment as applied to the work of all men, and etchings of all descriptions, there may be disputes; but as applied to himself and his own work, there can be no doubt but that it was absolutely right; and Mr. Stephens's following sentences show that Rajon's artistic conscience was as sound as his artistic judgment:

"I may here add that he often regretted the practice of some good aquafortists in accepting commissions to produce plates after bad pictures, merely because they were popular and 'paid well.' The list of his works at the end of this text proves that he hardly ever etched a picture which was not first-rate, and never reproduced a bad one."

Mr. Stephens's knowledge of both the man and his art makes his "brief memoir" of unusual interest. Its brevity is indeed its principal defect; but, as with most devoted artists, Rajon affords little material for the biographer. His life, moreover, was short if counted by years. He was not forty-five when he died; and, if we understand Mr. Stephens rightly, he did not commence to etch till 1865, when he was about twenty-two years old. It is pleasant to know that

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he owed his introduction to his right line in art to MM. Leopold Flameng and Léon Gaucherel, and that the latter gave him his first technical instruction. Down to that time his principal occupation had been as a colourer of photographs; but M. Gaucherel

"gave him a properly prepared copper-plate, lent him tools such as aquafortists use, and installed him in a garret in the Rue d'Enfer. Although quite a novice in the matter, Rajon, in an unusually short time, by dint of strenuously employing all that diligence, entire disregard of labour which ensured success, and the peculiar aptitude nature gave, produced, to the astonishment of his friends, an admirable transcript of M. Gérôme's famous picture, 'Rembrandt dans son Atelier,' which MM. Goupil & Co. promptly bought of him, and published with such *éclat* that several commissions from the same firm followed without delay, with a very great increase of profit to the young artist. 'Rembrandt' remains one of his finest works."

Once started in his career as an etcher, it was in vain for Rajon to think of any other. He might still entertain a strong ambition to be a painter and build himself a lordly studio, where huge canvases were to be filled with life-size figures; but fate, in the benign form of success, was too strong for him. Henceforth, in spite of all inclinations to the contrary, his hands were to be full till his death of the work he could do best. Yet he rebelled against his destiny to the last. Many of our readers will remember the exhibition of his paintings and drawings in Bond Street, a few years before his death, at which time he proposed to relinquish etching for portrait work, if he could find sufficient encouragement; and they will remember also how spirited and refined some of his portraits were, especially in chalk, in the use of which he was a master.

Nevertheless, it was, perhaps, wise to confine this volume, as far as illustration goes, to his work as an etcher, for it is on his skill in this art that his fame depends; and among the etchings which he executed for the *Portfolio* there are a few which are of the finest quality and high interest, while the twelve taken together display the range of his accomplishment with something like justice. There is, indeed, none of them which made such extraordinary demands on his resources as his presentation of Mr. Alma Tadema's "Claudius," which Mr. Stephens names as his masterpiece. This is, indeed, a technical triumph over a rare assemblage of difficulties; in it Rajon's draughtmanship, power of rendering texture, and mastery over tone are seen altogether and at their greatest; and Mr. Stephens has reason for rating at exceptional value his etching for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* after Rembrandt's portrait of "An Old Lady," in the National Gallery. In well-considered words of eulogy he writes:

"Here are the firm, full drawing, mellow surface, luminous flesh, and brilliant white of the ruff in the original, as well as the intense brightness of the painter's technique, including the glowing of the light reflected from the ruff on the cheek (which is like a still plump, though half-withered apple), flexible lips, and swollen features. In this example Rajon likewise gave us the justest translation of the painter's sweeping touches with the fullest brushes and ample impasto, while depicting the woman's aged skin, its pulpiness and surface crenellated by time. The lines produced by the needle of Rajon are exact echoes, so to say, of the peculiarities of Rembrandt's handling, and his little plate is a perfect reproduction, the most intelligent and brilliant of its kind."

Nevertheless, though this praise is well deserved, it would be possible to say as much and as truthfully in describing the merits of some of the *Portfolio* plates, especially the three portraits—the so-called "Gevartius" of Van Dyck, the "Philip IV." of Velasquez, and Gerard Dou's portrait of himself; all of them masterpieces of interpretation, each of them differing from the other with an execution varying in sympathy with the painter's touch and feeling. Nor is the plate after Turner's "Téméraire" less of a triumph. The contrast of hot and cool colour, to which so much of the effect of the picture is due, could not, of course, be given; but nearly all else, whether of painter's skill or poet's thought, is reflected or suggested.

Altogether the memoir and plates combined form a fit and charming *souvenir* of one of the most accomplished of etchers and amiable of men.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

By an arrangement not inconvenient to either of the parties to it, the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers takes possession of the gallery of the Royal Water Colour Society during a few weeks of the early spring; and it opens its first exhibition in that place with an extremely extensive, though not quite an exhaustive, show of the etchings of Mr. Seymour Haden, its president, and with a large and miscellaneous assemblage of other men's quite recent work, varying from the most fussily elaborate of popular adaptations of the etcher's method to the most economical and significant of true sketches on the copper.

The exhibition of so much of Mr. Seymour Haden's work is at once a tribute to the energy with which Mr. Haden—as etcher, writer, and man of affairs—has looked to and advocated the best interests of the institution which he may be said to have founded, and the lifting up of a standard not of actual execution always, but of aim, towards which many of our younger etchers would do well to approach. Such a standard of excellence it had been proposed at first to set up by the exhibition of a hundred Rembrandts; and another year, doubtless at the president's wish, this is likely to be done. It is of the first importance that the beginner in practical work and the chance visitor or buyer shall be familiarised as far as possible with the character of the labours of masters; and it ought to be remembered that it is just as impossible to produce, or to appreciate, good modern etching without being fortified by a knowledge of the masters—from Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Claude, and Meryon downwards—as it is impossible to produce, or to appreciate, good modern literature without knowing what have been the methods and achievements of the English classics. Mr. Haden's own admirable prints, displayed in the gallery now, show at once the individuality of the artist and his acquaintance with the best principles of the art. His work is so well-known—collected and appreciated in so many places between Paris and Chicago—that a general word is all that it can be necessary nowadays to say in its praise. But it is worth mentioning that there are now exhibited for the first time, I believe, those six little plates wrought by him very tentatively, yet with feeling for elegance, as long ago as 1843 and 1844. Writing some years since, in another place, I had occasion to say more about them. Suffice it to say here that the subjects are in Italy, and that the method of treatment is markedly different—markedly more timid—than that adopted by Mr. Haden when the practice of etching was first seriously pursued by him, in 1858 and 1859. English and Irish and Welsh rural subjects and Thames-side subjects occupied Mr. Haden chiefly during his middle period. The "Agamemnon"—the great ship lying across the river—became the most popular of English etchings. Since then, some impressive work, and some not quite so satisfactory, has been done in Spain—"Grim Spain" is a fine example. Many of the later etchings are on zinc, which "yields a fat line" that has contented the artist. Among the drypoints, none are finer than those done in or about 1877 in Dorsetshire; and of that group I have always been inclined to single out "Windmill Hill, No. 1." as the absolute masterpiece. Mr. Haden has given so much to the world that it is ungrateful to blame him for his present non-productiveness. At the same time, I should be sorry to think that he had said his last word.

Putting aside Mr. Menpes, who sends so little here, but who has been industrious and successful elsewhere, the most interesting of our younger etchers—though Mr. Macbeth himself has but just reached middle age—are Mr. Frank Short and Mr. William Strang. Then Mr. Toovey is daintiness itself, and Mr. C. J. Watson has excellent decisiveness and vigour. Mr. Percy Thomas is often elegant, and his subjects are varied. Mr. Vickert is hastily expressive in a great many *croquis;* Mr. Herbert Marshall shows some freedom; Mr. Slocombe, in one or two cases, leaves the nude figure, which he draws not too correctly, to give us very pretty visions of French bye-streets. Mrs. Merritt, Mr. Goff, Mr. Ball, Mr. Robertson are assuredly worthy of mention, nor should there be unnoticed such favourites of the public as Mr. David Law and Mr. Farrer. A word more about two at least of the artists already mentioned. Mr. Short's command of expressive line is quite extraordinary. So is his mastery of *technique*. "Wrought Nails," and the "Last Days of an Old Brig," and the tiny "Lowlands, Cornwall," are strong with a restrained strength. Mr. Toovey goes in more for atmospheric effect, daintily indicated. Mr. Strang is dramatic. He is capable of delivering a very weird message; or, as in "The Rehearsal"—a group of people with violin and clarionet and double bass in a dark corner of a French country church—he concentrates himself on the rendering of peculiar character and on the expression of chiaroscuro. One ought, on the whole, to be hopeful as to the prospects of English etching; one might even be enthusiastic if a greater proportion of the workers could discard the thought of popularity and address themselves only to the achievement of artistic work.

Mr. Finnie's delicate mezzotints show a certain sense of poetry; while, in pure line engraving, two of the three book-plates by Mr. Sherborn are so good in execution and design that they may be seen without fear of disappointment even after one has taken a course of the exquisite manner of Hans Sebald Beham.

Frederick Wedmore.

THE CONTENTS OF THE PYRAMID OF HAWARA.

Illahun, Medinet el Fayum: Feb. 14. 1889.

The examination of the inside of this pyramid is now tolerably complete; the passages in general have been cleared, except where they sink below the water level, and the chips and blocks in the chambers have all been turned

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over. The results are that we have fragments of half a dozen or more alabaster vases from under the water in the sepulchral chamber, many inscribed, and one with the cartouche of Amenemhat III., proving this pyramid to be his. Beside these, the question of the second added sarcophagus is settled by one piece bearing the name of the "king's daughter Ptahnefru," showing that there was a sister of Sebeknefru, bearing a name of the same type, who must have died between the dates of the building up of the chamber and the death of Amenemhat III.

But the main honouring of this princess was in the outer passage-chamber, which led to the sepulchre. Here we found an alabaster table of offerings, 27 in. by 17 in., of beautiful work and very unusual type. It bears figures of over a hundred offerings, vases, plates, loaves, birds, &c., each inscribed with its name; seventy different names in all. Scattered around this were fragments of at least nine alabaster bowls in the form of half a trussed duck, most of which also bear the name of Ptahnefru. These were mostly about 18 in. or 20 in. long; one small one is 8 in. A peculiar feature in the inscriptions is that not one of the birds has any legs engraved to it, and the goose is often abbreviated to merely the head, in the title "king's daughter." Stranger still, on the alabaster vases the legs have been first engraved and then roughly erased.

I carefully cleared out the sarcophagi under the water myself. Much charcoal showed only too plainly what had become of the inner wooden coffins; but I was puzzled by scales of mica and grains of quartz in the Ptahnefru sarcophagus. These were explained by finding in the chamber a piece of an unmistakeable beard for inlaying, cut in the finest lapis lazuli. This showed that the features of the wooden coffins had been inlaid with carved stone.

Both of the wells in the passage-chamber proved to be blinds, and after carefully examining the sepulchre it appears that there never was any door to it; the entrance was by one of the sandstone roof slabs, which was elevated in the upper chamber, and then let fall into place after the interment. As it weighed forty or fifty tons, it was tolerably safe not to be lifted again. The trap-doors in the passages I now see to have been for sliding and not for falling; but the two inner ones never were drawn, only the outer one having been closed, and the others merely built up solid with masonry filling.

I am now living at Illahun, and working at the pyramid and cemetery there, and the town of Tell Gurob. The latter had a peculiarly brief history; a dozen or twenty cartouches have been found, all between Khuenaten and Ramessu II., and not a fragment of anything there suggests a wider range of date. Some pieces of rudely decorated vases found here are, therefore, peculiarly interesting, as they are un-Egyptian in style, and are identical with archaic Greek pottery. The patterns are radial lines rising around the vessel; and on a bottle with a solid false neck are concentric quadrant lines. To have such pieces dated to the fifteenth century B.C., and connected with an inland town in Egypt, is of much importance historically.

W. M. Flinders Petrie.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

An exhibition of pictures in oil by John Sell Cotman, which was to have been held in the rooms of the Norwich Art Circle this summer, has, not unnaturally, been postponed to make way for a show of drawings and prints illustrative of Old Norwich; it having been thought that the fitting time for such a show was during the period of the visit of an archaeological association to Norwich. "Old Norwich"—illustrated by its own elder masters and by living artists—is, indeed, a capital subject for a show, even though its interest is chiefly local. At the same time it is no doubt to be desired, in the interests of art, that an authoritative exhibition of Cotman's oil pictures shall be held reasonably soon. Cotman's name has been made of late more than commonly public; an exhaustive show of the water-colour and other drawings, which secure his fame, has been seen both in the city of his birth and in London at the Burlington Fine Arts Club; and some temptation has been offered to attribute to him in public galleries oil pictures of which, it may be confidently asserted, he was never the author. The danger of accepting such canvasses as these as veritably his work is a danger of which the public will never be rid, until a well-sifted exhibition of his oil paintings is got together under competent and special authority.

The Corporation Gallery in the town of Oldham has been recently enriched by the gift by Mr. Charles Lees not only of a fine series of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*—of which mention has already been made—but likewise of carefully selected examples of many of the English water-colour painters. Thus there are instances of the work of Turner—among them a beautiful late drawing of "A Bridge over the Moselle"—a "Kirkstall Abbey," by Girtin; sketches of Dewint, and of many other artists hardly less attractive; and works in black and white by painters as different from each other as Constable and Samuel Prout. The black-and-white of Prout is, of course, in pencil, and it is chiefly devoted to the record of the churches and the timbered domestic buildings of the towns of Normandy.

Arrangements have now been completed for the exhibition of decorative and applied art in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. The exhibition will open on April 1, and close on July 20. The aim of the exhibition is thus defined:

"To make known the many beautiful designs, processes, fabrics, and wares generally that are now being produced in the United Kingdom; to encourage art workers; to arouse a spirit of emulation among art manufacturers; and to elevate the taste of the public."

The objects exhibited will comprise tapestry ancient and modern, embroidery, wall papers, embossed leather, ceramics, stone and wood carving, metal work, enamels, art printing, bookbinding, and art work generally. The chairman of the executive committee is Mr. P. H. Rathbone; and among its members are Mr. James L. Bowes, Japanese Consul; and Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, who recently succeeded Mr. Martin Conway as art professor in the University College, Liverpool.

The Bristol Fine Arts Academy opened their annual exhibition in their galleries at Clifton this week. The private view, which attracted a larger number of people than usual, was followed on Monday by the Graphic *soirée*, at which work by local amateurs and students of the school is shown. The galleries contain some 800 paintings, water-colour drawings, pastels, and architectural designs; and although the Bristol Academy does not aspire to get many of the accepted pictures of the last season, yet its exhibition merits more generous support than has been accorded to it in some recent years.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The number of exhibitions to open next week shows that the season is now at its height. First in importance is the spring exhibition of the Institute, which is this year a week or two earlier than usual. Then there is also the thirty-sixth annual exhibition of pictures by artists of the continental schools, at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall; and the two regular spring exhibitions of English and foreign pictures, side by side in the Haymarket, of Mr. Thomas McLean and Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons—the chief attraction at the latter being Fortuny's "Le Jardin du Poète." But what to some will be the most interesting exhibition of all will be the collection of photographs by the late W. F. Donkin, which has been brought together by a joint committee of the Alpine Club and the Photographic Society in the Gainsborough Gallery, Old Bond Street.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society has taken permanent offices at 45, Great Marlborough-street, W., and is preparing for another exhibition. Mr. Walter Crane remains president. Mr. Ernest Radford has been re-elected to the secretaryship. The society has already more than doubled its membership of last year, and bids fair to become a thoroughly representative body.

The Stuart Exhibition in the New Gallery will remain open till Saturday, April 6. A number of autotypes from the principal pictures are now on view.

An exhibition of the works of Barye, the sculptor, will be opened in May at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Artist proofs of two etchings, each excellent of its kind, have come to us from Paris. Both are published by Messrs. Allison & Co., of the Librairie de l'Art; and both have executed by that able artist, M. Daniel Mordant. One of them has an English look, for it represents the game of lawn tennis with singular fidelity and spirit. The lady, who is vigorously preparing to strike the ball with an action thoroughly characteristic of the game, is surely a *Mees Anglaise*; and whatever be the nationality of the gentleman on the other side who is running up to the net with malign intent to "volley" the return, he has evidently been studied—and studied with success—from the life. The plate is taken from a picture by Mr. John Lavery. "Mise à Flot" is the title of the other, which renders a composition of M. Ulysse Butin. The simple theme is made new and impressive by the vigorous action of the sturdy women, who, with a man, all knee-deep in the surf, are pushing off the heavy boat from the shallow shore. Their efforts are seconded by the sailor in the bows tugging at the anchor laid further out. The coxswain is alert, the oarsmen busy. The whole scene is full of life and energy.

THE STAGE.

Unless there is some alteration of arrangements before these lines are in our readers' hands, Mr. Mansfield's production of "Richard the Third," at the Globe, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's return to town in "The Weaker Sex," at the Court, will take place on the same evening. Miss Mary Rorke will be included in Mr. Mansfield's cast of "Richard the Third," and Miss Annie Hughes has, it is said, a characteristic part in the play of Mr. Pinero.

March 28 is fixed for the first performance of Mr. Outram Tristram's new play at the Opera Comique. Mr. Laurence Cautley has an important part, and Mr. Beauchamp, who made a hit at the St. James's in an ill-fated piece that preceded "Brantinghame Hall," is engaged. Though Miss Cudmore, who was lately at the Haymarket, has a small part, there is no juvenile heroine, strictly speaking; and it cannot be doubted that the burden of the piece falls on the shoulders of Lady Monckton, who has a distinct and peculiar ability for strong characters of a certain order.

The other night we went again, very tardily, to see "Paul Jones" at the Prince of Wales's.

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"Paul Jones," in every sense, is simply Miss Agnes Huntington. The play is far too full of so-called comedy, which fails to interest. Mr. Monkhouse is reasonably entertaining, certainly; and Mr. Ashley is pre-eminently a safe actor who knows his business. Likewise, Miss Phillis Broughton has her points: her dancing is very good, nearly as graceful as it is spirited. Still, the piece is practically Miss Huntington. This American new-comer looks well, acts well, and sings with by far the finest voice to be heard on what we may call the comic-lyric stage. Indeed, in the most serious opera her voice and artistry would afford pleasure. But in "Paul Jones," though it is she who attracts, far too little is made of her. The second act, accordingly, is dull; the third, more than dull. How different in this respect is "Paul Jones" from "Faust up to Date"! At the Gaiety, there is climax, and no anti-climax. Mr. Lonnen, at the Gaiety, is marvellously comic—gifted with a richness of invention, and quaintness of execution, of which the comic stage affords few examples; while the ability, smartness, and decorative effect of a cast which includes Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, and Miss Lilian Price, are such as to win from the habitual Gaiety playgoer a heart-felt approval.

We are able to speak better of Mr. Buchanan's "Doctor Cupid" at the Vaudeville than was the case when it was first produced at a *matinée*. Unless we are mistaken, some rather broad allusions have been removed; at all events there is now, neither in dialogue nor action, any sense of coarseness. And the players have got into their parts very thoroughly. Mr. Gilmore's Racket is satisfactory. Mr. Cyril Maude plays the second lover with admirable assurance in hesitation—smoothness in the presentation of a nervous temperament. Mr. Fred. Thorne might almost be a creation of Randolph Caldecott's as the aged and gout-ridden pilgrim to the healing waters. The kindly Dr. Cupid, arch and quaint, suits Mr. Thomas Thorne down to the ground, and gives him scores of opportunities. Miss Marion Lea as the very young widow, Miss Bliss, assumes an exquisite silliness under which much shrewdness and vivacity lurk, so that they will not always be suppressed. And, in Miss Emery's absence, Miss Annie Irish plays Kate Constant with hearty impulsiveness. It is clear that the piece is much relished.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Herr Grieg made his third appearance at the Popular Concerts last Saturday afternoon, and played with Herr Joachim his own second Sonata for pianoforte and violin in G minor (Op. 13). It may be true that the composer's genius shows itself to more advantage in the smaller forms of music, and that local colour and fanciful imagination are not in themselves sufficient for the Sonata form; still, there is so much life and genuine feeling about all three movements of this work that at the time of performance one thoroughly enjoys it—provided, of course, that the interpretation be a good one. But, with the composer at the piano and Herr Joachim as violinist, there was nothing left to desire. Both played admirably. Like Chopin's music, Grieg's depends much on the performers; it seems to appeal to sense as much as to soul. With the great masters a fine rendering seems merely to intensify the pleasure which a study of their works gives; with the tone-poets just named study gives a false impression and an imperfect pleasure. One may reason about Grieg's Sonata with moderate warmth; but hear it, as given on Saturday, and one admires with enthusiasm. Herr Grieg gave as solo his suite "Aus Holberg's Zeit," written a few years ago for a concert to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the birth of Holberg, surnamed "the Molière of the North." Mdme. Grieg sang with all possible expression some of her husband's best songs. The programme commenced with a fine performance of Mozart's Quintet in D, with Herr Joachim as leader. The hall was crowded.

Again on the following Monday there were strong attractions. Beethoven's Quartet in F minor (Op. 95), which Mendelssohn once described as "the most Beethovenish of all Beethoven's works," opened the concert. Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Hollander, and Piatti played splendidly. The chief feature of the evening was, perhaps, Bach's fine Concerto in D minor for two violins, interpreted by Mdme. Néruda and Herr Joachim, and ably accompanied by Miss Fanny Davies. We will not attempt to describe the performance. The applause at the close was so enthusiastic and prolonged that the artists came forward and repeated the lovely second movement. Miss Fanny Davies played with great spirit Schumann's characteristic "Faschingsschwank," but in her excitement she hurried the first movement. Miss M. Hall was the vocalist. Gluck's grand air, "Divinités du Styx," was scarcely a wise selection; justice cannot be done to it with pianoforte accompaniment. She afterwards sang songs by Henschel and Brahms.

The Westminster Orchestral Society gave another of their "English" nights on Wednesday evening at the Town Hall. The plan of executing during the present season only the works of native composers, if bold, seems to be successful—at least, so far as attendance is concerned. We may congratulate the society on the improvement in the orchestra since the last concert; still, perfection has not been reached. The programme commenced with a Pastoral Overture by Mr. W. Macfarren. After some songs, sung by Mr. E. Birch, came Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's Violin Concerto, played by Miss Winifred Robinson, and conducted by the composer. The lady was thrice recalled at the close. The chief feature, however, so far as novelty is concerned, was Mr. Macpherson's Symphony in C, the first movement of which was heard at one of the society's concerts last season. In that movement we noted the influence of Wagner, and the finale is likewise by no means free from reminiscences of the Bayreuth master. The themes of the slow movement are melodious, but its structure is light. The scherzo, with its pastoral-like trio, seems to us the most successful part of the Symphony. There is character about the music, and some happy development. We do not, however, like the prominent part given to the triangle. The composer was recalled at the close.

A well-attended concert in aid of the funds of the Ladies' Medical Aid Society was given at 26 Kensington Palace Gardens on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Glen and Mdme. McKenzie, Messrs. Coffin and Bridson, were the vocalists. Mr. Eric Lewis appeared in place of Mr. George Grossmith. Mr. Cusins was the pianist.

Mr. Max Pauer gave a Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall on last Thursday week. His well-known mastery of the key-board enabled him to do justice to Beethoven's dry but difficult Sonata in F (Op. 54). In Schumann's "Carneval" his reading was sometimes heavy, sometimes affected. Of course, there were many good points; but, as a whole, the performance was unsatisfactory. Mr. Pauer gave one the impression of having over-studied the work; the interpreter's art was not concealed. The programme commenced with Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and concluded with some modern pieces of a showy character.

J. S. Shedlock.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,

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EXTRACTS from the FORTIETH ANNUAL REPORT

For the Year ending 31st December, 1888.

ORDINARY BRANCH.

THE Number of Policies issued during the year was 43,475, assuring the sum of £4,399,769, and producing a New Annual Premium Income of £235,497.

The Premiums received during the year were £718,848, being an increase of £183,717 over the year 1887.

The Claims of the year amounted to £210,053.

The number of Policies in force was 146,966.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

The Premiums received during the year were £3,256,346, being an increase of £197,845.

The Claims of the year amounted to £1,231,186. The number of Deaths was 142,751.

The expenses are one-and-a-quarter per cent. lower than those of the previous year.

It is a source of much satisfaction to the Directors to be able to state that their efforts to promote the stability of Industrial Policies continue to be most successful, for, notwithstanding the enormous increase in this Branch during the past two years, the average duration of the 8,063,293 Policies in force on 31st December last is now no less than six years.

Upwards of 40,000 Free Policies have been granted during the year to those Policyholders of five years' standing who have desired to discontinue their payments.

The total Assets of the Company have been raised during the year from £7,837,103 to £9,302,007, being an increase of £1,434,904.

THOS. C. DEWEY, WILLIAM HUGHES, *Managers.*

W. J. LANCASTER, *Secretary.*

The last Reports can be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889.

No. 881, New Series.

THE EDITOR *cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.*

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, *and not to the* EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Lives of the Fathers. Sketches of Church History in Biography. By F. W. Farrar. In 2 vols. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.)

THE first feeling of a reviewer on taking up these portly volumes is one of marvel at the author's productive power. In addition to his varied clerical duties and his continual contributions to periodicals, &c., he astonishes the literary world once every lustrum or thereabouts with two large volumes on Christian history. This is the fourth of these two-volume series; and in respect of the laborious research which they have involved, and the extent of historical ground which they cover, they excel in importance any one of the former series. Nor are these the only results of a comparison which it is inevitable should be made between these and the preceding volumes in the same series. It seems to me that Dr. Farrar has attained in this work a higher general average of excellence. He manifests a greater mastery over his materials, as well as over his method and style. His references to authorities are more exact, and his selection of them more discriminating. He displays greater literary tact in the manipulation and arrangement of his materials—and this itself is no small merit when, as in this case, their number and variety are so great as to be almost bewildering; while his style, though it has lost none of its nervous fervour and graphic power, has attained a more equable flow of sustained eloquence, and is less marred by rhetorical efforts which a diction so generally impassioned and highly coloured renders especially superfluous. I need not say that the large-hearted comprehensiveness, the instinctive recognition of and warm sympathy with goodness, under whatever uninviting garb it may be hidden, which has uniformly distinguished all Dr. Farrar's writings, is as marked as ever in these volumes. It is in a spirit of regret, not of cynicism, that I add that in none of his books has he enjoyed so ample a field for the exercise of these virtues.

As is sufficiently denoted by the title of the book, and still further emphasised by the preface, this is not a Church history in the common acceptation of the term. It does not pretend to describe the growth of the Church as an organisation or institution by recounting its chief events or tracing its successive stages of evolutionary progress. Incidentally, no doubt, such stages are made to disclose themselves, but rather as isolated pictures than as a moving continuous panorama. Church history is regarded as the concentrated separable environment of its makers; for it is more true of mental movements, such as religion and philosophy, than of ordinary history that their stages of growth may be best studied in the actual personal agencies which gave them vitality and continuous energy. Dr. Farrar's reasons for adopting the biographical form of Church history are expediency and personal interest. He says:

"I aim at connecting the history of the Church during the first four centuries with the lives of her principal fathers and teachers. The interest which attaches to the human and personal element of biography is to a certain extent separable from the religious history, and yet is so closely connected with it that biography and history serve the purpose of mutual illustration."

And this is, doubtless, so far true; but he might have taken a still higher standpoint. He might have pleaded that ecclesiastical history in its very essence and mode of evolution is itself biographical. Its progress consists of the march of great leaders across the stage. Each cause and controversy represents an agitation round a human centre, each modification of creed or usage clusters round its particular hero. It is not—what secular history often is—a gradual advance in customs, habits, and ideas, wherein personal agencies are so obscure as to be virtually invisible; it is a development connected with certain defined human centres of energy, without which it ceases to have not only interest, but existence.

At the same time, Dr. Farrar is right in insisting on the personal interest which pertains to biography as a qualification of a work intended for popular use. He has so far succeeded in his praiseworthy effort that his *Lives of the Fathers* is undeniably the most interesting presentation of patristic research in the English language. The dry records of church history, consisting oftentimes of a weary concatenation of events and controversies, he has transmuted into a picture gallery, carefully drawn and vividly coloured He presents us with a series of portraits of the fathers and doctors of the early Church. It is true the likenesses have not the crisp fidelity of photographs, nor have they altogether the elaborated consistency of portraits taken from life. They resemble rather likenesses, taken as after-thoughts, of deceased persons from descriptions by relatives with, perhaps, the aid of a few rough sketches. This, however, merely means that Dr. Farrar has employed the only materials and methods available for his purpose—the same materials which every other portrait painter, who is bent on limning the early Fathers, must employ. If the personations suffer from occasional vagueness or a lack of artistic congruity this must be ascribed, not to any want of skill in the painter, but to the paucity and defective character of his materials.

The conspicuous success attained by Dr. Farrar must be ascribed largely to his impartiality. Like secular notabilities, royal, literary, or what not, the Christian Fathers have too often been the objects of indiscriminate laudation. In art and in literature their portraits have been idealised until every trace of ordinary humanity has been well-nigh lost. Dr. Farrar rightly concludes that this is a mistake. It is not only inherently false, but it deprives them of that measure of human and homely interest which not even the highest historical personages who claim the recognition and reverence of mankind can dispense with. With due allowance for distance of time, defect of material, &c., he places the Christian Fathers before us as he conceives they actually were. If, *e.g.*, he finds the lineaments traditionally assigned to his several portraitures not to harmonise with true conceptions of beauty, he does not think himself warranted in substituting for them another set of features altogether different. If he discovers that the aureole of the reputed saint has subserved to a considerable extent the purposes of a mask, veiling over certain unsightly characteristics, he does not scruple to remove it. The general result of this humanising process is, in my judgment, to give us as accurate a presentation of the Fathers as it is possible to desire. It is doubtless conceivable, perhaps even probable, that those who have taken their conceptions of a Cyprian, Tertullian, or Augustine from partial sources—which have subordinated truth to ecclesiasticism—may be startled at Dr. Farrar's portraits; but those who will take the pains to investigate his authorities will be prepared to admit that his presentations are, as a rule, eminently fair and just. If he evinces a tendency to deviate in any direction from the standard of strict justice it is certainly not towards undue severity. His warm sympathetic feeling for the best patristic writings has—in his case as in so many others—induced a slight partiality in treating of their authors' lives and actions. To take two especial instances. He allows his admiration for some of the writings of Tertullian and Augustine to qualify unduly certain questionable matters both in their opinions and their practice.

It is obvious that of a work whose dimensions are so great, whose single themes have generally occupied volumes, and whose authorities are to be numbered, not by tomes, but by large libraries, it is not possible to give more than a general outline (I.) of its method, and (II.) of its spirit.

(I.) As above remarked, Dr. Farrar takes the great names of ecclesiastical antiquity as the nucleus (1) of personal biography, and (2) of contemporary history. The method, as is evident on the face of it, allows, even if it does not demand, a certain amount of discursiveness. Not unfrequently the personal interest of the biographer is merged in the general Church history of the time, or in some larger controversy in which its subject was engaged; and Dr. Farrar seems to me to have shown considerable tact and discrimination in determining on the respective importance of the individual, and generally historical, element in each case, and to have awarded to each its due share, whether of prominence or subordination. As a result we have so large a measure of Church history in these volumes that they might almost claim to be entitled "The Ecclesiastical History of the First Four Centuries." I doubt very much whether there is any conspicuous personage or important controversy in the history of that time of which a fair and ample account may not be found in this work. For the general reader, therefore, it may be said to have largely superseded other works on the same subject.

Regarded as an ecclesiastical historian, it need hardly be said that Dr. Farrar shows his well-known instinct in seizing on and

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graphically describing the picturesque points of his general theme. Examples of this may be found at intervals throughout the two volumes. A very marked one is the entry of the Emperor Constantine into the Council of Nicaea (i. 481). The same event has drawn forth the descriptive powers of many historians; but, in respect of pictorial power and striking effect, I question whether any of them can claim to rival the narrative of Dr. Farrar. An illustration on a smaller scale of this picturesque presentation of historical events is his account of the second entry of Athanasius into Alexandria, which is as follows (i. 528):

"Finally he entered Alexandria a second time on October 21, 346, amid such universal rejoicings that the day when Pope Athanasius came home became a proverb for festivity. The people streamed out of Alexandria to meet him in hundreds of thousands like the Nile in flood. The plaudits of the assembled multitude, the air rich with incense, the ground covered with carpets and gorgeous tapestries, the waving of palm branches, the rolling unbroken continuity of shouts and clapping, the eager outstretched faces of the multitude, the roofs crowded with spectators, the streets blazing with illuminations, left an ineffaceable impression of triumph and joy."

(II.) Of the spirit which distinguishes these remarkable volumes there is the less need to speak, as Dr. Farrar is anything but a stranger to the English reading public. In others of his writings he has continued for some years to bear his testimony to many of the persons and controversies here described in their due historical sequence and importance. Still, as it is just in the spirit which animates his work that its practical importance may be said to consist, it may be as well to indicate by a few quotations how he deals with some of the burning questions that come within the purview of his work. Of the episcopal pretensions of St. Cyprian he speaks in the following terms (i. 310-11):

"His identification of the church with the bishop is one of those sweeping generalisations which are at once reduced to absurdity by the test of fact. It amounts to the monstrous assertion that every bishop is infallible. . . .

"The Latins could not understand a spiritual church. . . . They insisted on an established order, a central authority, a supreme dominion, exclusive power to admit to or shut out from the favour of God, the existence of a sacred caste by divine right, a Jewish and Levitic priesthood offering Jewish and material sacrifices—in a word the whole theory of sacerdotalism with its accompanying magnification of forms and ritual."

Other illustrations of the same outspoken frankness abound. As warnings against the growing perversions of ecclesiasticism they may be said to culminate in his vigorous and eloquent excursus on monasticism and asceticism (ii. 215). It is impossible to say that this stress on the practical outcomes of his theme is unneeded generally, or uncalled for in the present day. So far is this from being the case, that one might almost pass from one of Dr. Farrar's eloquent pages to the columns of the *Times*, with scarce a consciousness that one's religious environment was changed, or that fourteen centuries had passed since the mischiefs of sacerdotalism had first declared themselves. At the same time, I think it right to add that these illustrations of his subject occur only incidentally. Dr. Farrar, whatever his foes may choose to say, has *not* made his history the vehicle of controversial theology—he has for the most part only pointed out inferences, when they were certain to be made by every thoughtful and well informed reader — the inevitable reflections that every historian, whether secular or sacred, thinks himself justified in making.

Of the eighteen lives here presented it might be invidious to select some as possessing higher merit than others. On the score of pleasing personality, pleasingly conveyed, the lives of Hilary and Ambrose stand out preminently; as displaying power, the life of Jerome seems to me to rank among the best. As I have already hinted, Tertullian and Augustine are too leniently rendered. Dr. Farrar acknowledges that his judgment of the former differs from that of most Church historians, which he thinks is too unfavourable. I venture to think that the general consensus of Church history is, in this particular instance, to be preferred.

In conclusion, I have no hesitation in recommending the book to the readers of the Academy. To say that the book is perfect, that it is always homogeneous and consistent, that it is marred by no defects of method or style, that it contains no wrong date, unverified reference, or insufficiently grounded inference, is to invest it with qualities inconceivable in any work on the subject, and to award it excellencies which the author would be the first to disavow. But it possesses the merits of wide and erudite research, indisputable honesty and judiciousness, uncompromising liberality and comprehensiveness; and, besides being generally readable, it is not unfrequently intensely interesting, quite as much so indeed as first-class fiction. Those of us who remember our initiation into the arid pages of Mosheim, or even the more interesting histories of Neander, Gieseler, &c., will be the first to admit the incomparably greater interest and fascination of Dr. Farrar's treatment. What Macaulay did for English history Dr. Farrar may, if he chooses, claim to have done for the ecclesiastical history of the first four centuries.

John Owen.

The Earlier History of Bookselling. By William Roberts. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Roberts's book on *The Earlier History of English Bookselling* is practically divided into two distinct parts: seven chapters dealing with the history of the rise and progress of the trade, and five chapters devoted to the lives of as many celebrated booksellers.

In collecting materials for his first portion the author seems to have been leaning, as he admits in his preface, on a broken reed. Much of his information is apparently derived from books long out of date; nor does he seem to have taken the pains to investigate the truth of this information, so that we continually come upon statements that are, to say the least, out of place in a work claiming "to be as accurate as possible." We are told, for instance, that "the early printers, such as Gutenberg, Faust, Dolet, and Caxton were men emphatically of light and leading"; but by this time it might be expected that a technical writer should know that the second mentioned was not a printer, neither was his name "Faust"; and Dolet can hardly be classed as an early printer between "Faust" and Caxton. Again, after an explanation, itself not too accurate, of the meaning and use of signatures, we are referred to two books as the earliest which contain them. The first of these has a date that is questioned; the second does not exist at all. It is not, however, the graver errors that render the present book so disappointing, so much as the frequent occurrence of small mistakes and inaccuracies, which, though they might seem trivial if quoted by themselves, are enough, when found on every page, to ruin any work. Within the last few years an entirely new school of bibliography has arisen, which, putting aside the gossip dear to the early part of the century, demands, above all things, accuracy and some scientific method. But Mr. Roberts has followed the old traditions; and the result is a volume which may be interesting to read, but which will prove of small value as a book of reference.

Beginning with the period before the invention of printing, the author has collected a great mass of interesting information, marred every here and there by most confusedly written sentences, as, for instance:

"Of these palimpsests or rescripts, as they are now called, there are several in existence, and to this cause may be attributed the loss of many a classic and the existence of many more in a corrupted condition."

Many such sentences are scattered through the book; and though, as a rule, the meaning is fairly clear, not a few are almost incomprehensible.

The second chapter, taking us from the invention of printing to the time of Shakspere, treats of many interesting points about our early stationers. But the author has barely touched on the great impetus given to bookselling as a distinct trade given by the Act of 1483. Having then obtained unlimited freedom to import books, foreigners at once set to work to print for the English market; and this necessitated either the establishment in this country of an agent through whom such books could be sold, or periodical visits by the foreign printer to dispose of his books himself. Stationers and booksellers from abroad visited and settled in London and the principal provincial towns from the end of the fifteenth century onwards; and the native workmen felt this competition so keenly that they were compelled to cry out for protection. This was given them by the Act of 1533, which prohibited the importation of foreign books. The passing of this Act caused an immediate rush of foreigners anxious to become denizened in England, which accounts for the large increase at this particular period in the number of stationers. When the native printers were no longer obliged to emulate foreign work, they gradually became careless in their habits; and about the time of Shakspere, with which the next chapter opens, the state of everything connected with books was a disgrace to the nation.

Chap. iv. treats principally of the various editions of Shakspere's plays, followed by an account of the works of the most celebrated authors of the day, with especial reference to their publishers and booksellers.

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Chaps. v., vi., and vii, which give the history of the trade in Little Britain, on London Bridge, and other localities, contain a great many curious facts gathered from out-of-the-way sources. Most writers, finding it difficult to obtain information on these points, have taken but little trouble in working upon them, so that we may thank Mr. Roberts for bringing together much that has up to this time been almost unknown, and not easily accessible.

The second part of Mr. Roberts's book is very interesting; and, considering the small amount of knowledge we have about the period of which he treats, it could hardly be otherwise. The leading booksellers at that time held a good position in the literary world, maintaining a higher status with regard to authors than we find at the present day. But they seem to have owed their position rather to fear than to love; for with their lax ideas about literary property—a feeling which at the present time seems to be partly reviving—and their entire carelessness about the reputation of an author otherwise than from a monetary point of view, they could arrogate to themselves an offensive position from which the law was seemingly powerless to oust them. The author of the *Religio Bibliopolae* (which appeared first in 1691, and not, as Mr. Roberts seems to imply, in 1728) speaks of some of his bookselling friends as "a retail of men who are no strangers to religion and honesty"; though a perusal of that part of the present work which treats of the trade at the end of the seventeenth century makes us fully sympathise with the popular opinion that they were "no better than a pack of knaves and atheists."

The biography of Tonson occupies the first of the series of chapters on particular booksellers. Though Tonson was a man of no little notoriety in his day, we can hardly agree with Mr. Roberts in thinking that the remark of Basil Kennett, "'Twill be as impossible to think of Virgil without Mr. Dryden as of either without Mr. Tonson," has to a great extent been fulfilled. The case is different as regards Tonson's connexion with the poets and writers of his own time, whose innumerable quarrels, both among themselves and with their booksellers, gave rise to half the pamphlets of the day, and have done much to preserve their names to the present.

Bernard Lintott, the publisher of many of Pope's writings, is the subject of the next chapter. Though Lintott probably held as high a position as any other bookseller of his time, being a man not much given to the minor tricks and quarrels so dear to his fellows, we have on that account less information concerning him. From all we know, he appears to have been a fairly quiet man, with a keen eye to business.

Edmund Curll seems to have been the worst of a bad lot. With his name most of the low literature of the period is connected, and he became proverbial as the publisher of objectionable books. Unscrupulous in business, careless of his own and other people's reputation, eager to turn a penny by any dirty trick, his whole life was spent in endless quarrels with authors and troubles with men whose writings or speeches he had surreptitiously published. So pertinacious was he in issuing the last words and wills of eminent men that he was wittily said to have added a new terror to death. Mr. Roberts has contrived in this chapter to perpetrate a most humorous slip, and make us acquainted with the real name of a writer of prose who may stand side by side with his friend in the sphere of poetry, the prolific "Anon." On p. 238 we are told that the preface to Curll's reprint of Surrey's Poems is signed "Vale"—"one of Curll's several *noms de plume*."

The life of Dunton, of all the early booksellers, should be the easiest to write; for not only was he in some ways the most notorious, but he has left to posterity a whimsical autobiography giving the minutest details of his work both as author and printer.

The last chapter contains the life of Thomas Guy, famous for his bequest to the nation, which was not, however, the result of bookselling so much as of successful speculation in South Sea stock. In commenting on Guy's connexion with the printing of Bibles, Mr. Roberts has succeeded in inventing a new bibliographical rarity—an edition of 1631 which omits the seventh commandment entirely. In the edition to which he doubtless refers the seventh commandment is printed, but with the important exception of the word "not."

The index, which finishes the volume, possesses the unpardonable fault of being very inaccurate. In the casual use which reference made necessary we have detected many errors of the most careless kind, and a fuller examination would doubtless lead to the discovery of many more. Take as an instance the two entries under the letter Q, which are as follows:—

"Quaritch, Mr. B., 22, 53.
Quintius, Curtius, 11."

One of the two references to the first name is incorrect; in the spelling of the second name accuracy is sacrificed to euphony. We are told in the preface that slips in the text, detected too late for correction, are rectified in the index, which leads to the perplexing result that the name as it occurs in the book is not to be found in the index, and *vice versa*. Instead of names being there corrected, it as often occurs that they are falsified. For instance, Dibdin, the bibliographical writer, becomes Dibden in the index; and "cheery Cotton," through not having both his "t's" crossed, appears with curious irony as Colton, a man of later date who, from his final ending, would seem to have been the reverse of "cheery."

The binding, like the index, has the strong drawback of being remarkably weak, rivalling the most slipshod productions of the continent. Many pages fell out of our copy as soon as they were cut. It would have been an advantage if the book could have fallen, as the author of the "Ant and the Nightingale" puts it, "into the hands of an honest stitching bookseller."

Faultfinding is a thankless task; but it is impossible to avoid complaining of errors which a little care would have set right, and which pass from book to book as one writer copies the careless mistakes of another. The history of bookselling, intimately connected as it is with the history of literature, if worth writing at all, which no one doubts, is worth writing well. And if Mr. Roberts issues, as he suggests in his preface, another work in continuation of the present, it would be worth his while to spend some extra trouble to ensure that accuracy which, when dealing with a technical subject, makes the difference between a bad and a good book. Taking the book as a whole, there is no doubt that it deserves some praise, for it is in many respects an improvement on the last work on the subject, Curwen's *History of Booksellers*—a book which our author, so far as we have noticed, never refers to, though he has manifestly made use of it. Curwen was too brief and very inaccurate. The present book, though in parts too prolix for a popular treatise, contains a great deal of valuable information. Those who have not the time to work through the many volumes of Nichols and other writers of literary history will find in it much that will entertain them; and, if they are not too much concerned about absolute accuracy, much that will be useful.

E. Gordon Duff.

Letters on Artillery. By Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe Ingelfingen. Translated by Major N. L. Walford. (Stanford.)

Nothing is more remarkable in military history than the rapid advance which Prussia made, between 1866 and 1870, in every department of the art of war. The strategy of Moltke is not perfection, as worshippers of success have boasted; but he never attempted, in his invasion of France, to unite widely divided armies, within striking distance of a concentrated foe, as he did at Gitschin, under the very beard of Benedek. The progress of tactics was more distinct, for Prussia owes her triumph in the field—apart from the numbers of her colossal hosts—more to preparation and to patient study than to the services of any one great captain; and in this province it may be pronounced wonderful. The needle-gun is said to have defeated Austria by those who think mechanism in war everything; but the Prussian infantry conquered in 1866 not only because they had a better weapon, but because they were better trained and more skilful soldiers; and their improvement in 1870 was so great that they repeatedly overcame the renowned infantry of France, though armed with a very superior rifle. It was much the same with the Prussian cavalry. It did comparatively little in 1866, and was no match for Edelsheim's squadrons; but it turned the scale of fortune at Mars La Tour—a day big with the issue of the campaign. And it was in the highest degree efficient, throughout the entire sphere of cavalry service, from Weissenburg until the fall of Paris. The change, however, was most conspicuous in artillery, the great arm of Napoleon; and, in this respect, it astounded Europe. The artillery tactics of Prussia in 1866 were markedly inferior to those of Austria; in 1870 they showed, from the first, such a superiority over those of the French that they contributed largely to the result of the contest. Nor was this mainly due, as has been idly said, to the greater power and range of the Prussian guns; it should be chiefly ascribed to the undoubted fact that the Prussians understood the uses of the arm much better than the artillerists of France. In

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1866 the Prussians seemed as if they were unaware of the supreme importance of artillery in the first stage of an action, and of the concentrated fire of numerous batteries. Compared to the Austrians they never sent an equal number of pieces to the front; and they left enormous masses of guns in the rear, which, of course, were useless in the actual shock of battle. In 1866, too, the Prussian cannoniers showed timidity and over caution on many occasions. They did not seem willing to encounter infantry; and they displayed more anxiety to secure their guns than to turn them to account in destroying their enemy. It is unnecessary to say how all this was completely reversed in the war of 1870. In every engagement in that memorable strife the Prussians—the teachers of the German hosts—prepared the way for the attack of infantry by the crushing fire of well-placed artillery. They brought guns in masses rapidly to the front; they abolished the name of artillery reserves, and kept their batteries always linked with their columns; their gunners often beat off infantry and cavalry by the fire of their pieces, and scarcely ever abandoned their ground; and they did not hesitate to risk and even to lose guns if an advantage was to be gained by a sacrifice. The results of these tactics are well known: the French were first checked in their advance at Mars la Tour by the murderous discharges of the German batteries; the final success of the day of Gravelotte was largely due to the terrible effect upon Bazaine's right of the German guns; and the doomed French army was overwhelmed at Sedan by the converging fire of such a mass of artillery as had never been seen before.

The object of this little book is to show under what conditions and by what means this revolution became accomplished. The author is a chief of rank in the Prussian Guard; he distinguished himself in the field of Sadowa, played an important part in the great turning movement which carried at St. Privat the lines of Bazaine, and shared in the awful glories of Sedan. He is a learned, able, and experienced soldier; and this volume on the Prussian artillery is a very useful and instructive book, not too technical for the general reader, and well translated by Major Walford. The causes of the shortcomings on the Prussian side of the arm in the war of 1866 were threefold, and deserve attention. The Prussians had not forgot the traditions of Napoleon and his tremendous lessons; they were aware that cannon should prepare a battle, and should, if possible, be used in masses; but their armies had become of enormous size compared with those of 1806-15, the organisation of them was still far from perfect, and guns could not easily find their way to the front through their vast and unwieldy multitudes. Napoleon, again, had produced immense results by wielding what he called "the mace of Hercules," that is, by holding reserves of guns in hand, and concentrating their fire on a decisive point—Friedland and Wagram are conspicuous instances; and, in the campaign of 1866, the Prussians followed the great master's tactics. The conditions, however, of the case had changed. Artillery reserves had become a waste of power when guns could sweep a whole field of battle, and were thoroughly effective at great distances; and the Prussians adhered to obsolete routine, which Napoleon, had he lived in these days, would, with the eye of genius, have at once condemned, and of which the Austrians had seen the defects in the campaign of 1859. The Prussian artillerists, too, perhaps taught by experiences drawn from the Crimean war, believed that guns could not master infantry armed with the rifle even on open ground; and, as always happens in times of peace, they had come to think that the fine appearance and safety of their pieces was the paramount object and not the crushing a foe by a bold use of their arm. For these reasons the Prussian artillery were defective in the points we have noticed throughout the campaign of 1866; the guns were never in action in sufficient numbers; they were kept back uselessly, and thus thrown away; and they were timidly and even feebly employed, especially against the Austrian footmen—the gunners shrinking even from muzzle-loaders. The marvellous change which took place in four years was due chiefly to two great causes. A war with France was felt to be imminent; the artillerists of Prussia had fully recognised the comparative failure of their mighty arm; a man of real power, Hindessin, appeared among them; and they set themselves with German science and earnestness to study the use of modern guns, and how to turn them to the best account in the actual conditions of modern warfare. True theories were worked out by degrees and illustrated by continual practice; and the result was that the Prussian artillery became the most formidable that has ever been seen in material and in efficiency in the field. What the arm, when properly employed, could do was strikingly seen in the war of 1870—whether in resisting the attack of infantry, or as a tremendous force when wielded in masses, or as an instrument that even decides the fate of battles in which hundreds of thousands of men are engaged.

Even since the conflict of 1870 a great improvement has taken place in the mechanism of small arms and artillery. The range of the rifle has largely increased; that of cannon has been immensely extended; and we have, perhaps, not attained the end of this progress. What, to suit this new condition of things, should be the rules of artillery science, in the event of a contest between two great nations? Prince Hohenloe examines in detail a problem, assuredly of no little difficulty, and complicated besides by the probable fact that the power of guns of all kinds will be magnified, nay that possibly new explosive forces may render the arms of this day as obsolete as those of Jena, and even of Blenheim. We cannot dogmatise on the subject, especially as it is in a state of transition; but, assuming that things remain as they are, or that only moderate progress is made, it is possible to speak with some degree of confidence. Some of the main principles of artillery tactics, Prince Hohenloe believes, will never be changed, and are of growing importance in modern war. Artillery, it should always be borne in mind, ought not to be deemed an independent force. It is, in its essence, an auxiliary arm, to give support to an army as a whole; and it is particularly necessary to remember this when artillery is moved in immense masses, and enters into action at prodigious distances. As the range of guns in the field is augmented battles will more than ever be prepared by cannon, batteries will open fire at distances of miles, and the adversary's batteries must, at least, be weakened before infantry can venture to advance, except under very peculiar circumstances. The power of modern cannon is so tremendous that, when hostile batteries come into conflict at anything like reasonably near distances—viz., from 1500 to 2500 yards—the duel can scarcely last long. We shall see no cannonades like that directed against La Haye Sainte, which lasted for hours; and the victory will belong to the artillery chiefs who, with anything like an equality of force, lay their guns best, take most accurate aim, avoid salvoes and wild discharges, take care that their men are not flurried, and, above all, can enfilade their enemy—a process now more than ever destructive. For the reasons to which we have referred before the system of artillery reserves should be given up as completely obsolete; no efforts should be spared to bring forward every available gun as quickly as possible; and the organisation of the three arms should be so arranged as to secure this object, the pieces and their trains being always kept in close contact with the rest of the army, and capable of rapid movement to the front. For the rest, artillery should be always ready, and equal to contend in the field with infantry; it should consider itself a more powerful arm in anything like an equal struggle; and once it has been placed in its true position it should, if possible, never fall back. At the same time, in our judgment at least, artillery, owing to the vast spaces of battle-fields in modern war, may on many occasions be greatly imperilled. Well-trained infantry and even well-led cavalry, taking advantage of cover and folds of the ground, may surprise, capture, or destroy batteries even more frequently than has been done formerly; and Prince Hohenloe has not, we think, dwelt sufficiently on this important subject.

William O'Connor Morris.

The Life and Letters of Samuel Wells Williams: Missionary, Diplomatist, Sinologist. By his son, Frederick Wells Williams. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

We should have been inclined to put first that which is placed last in the list of the distinctions possessed by Dr. Williams as enumerated on the title-page; for it is certainly as a Chinese scholar that he is best known. His Dictionary of the Cantonese Dialect (1856) is an excellent work, and his larger Dictionary of the Mandarin Dialect (1874) holds the field against all other books of the kind. Not that it is by any means faultless. Indeed, it has been possible to fill a volume not far inferior to itself in bulk with the faults of omission and commission with which it can be charged. But the task of making a thoroughly good Chinese Dictionary is beyond the power of any one man. The senses in which the words of the language are used are so diverse and numerous, the extent of the literature is so enormous, and the styles into which it is divided are so

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entirely distinct, that it is more than one man can do to place before the world an even approximately complete dictionary of the language. But apart from these two books, Dr. Wells Williams is to be credited with having produced a good and detailed general work on China. *The Middle Kingdom* is a storehouse of information about China and the Chinese; and though, in common with everything Dr. Wells Williams wrote, it lacks literary grace, it is a good and trustworthy book.

These works are typical of their author. They are plainly the results of plodding, painstaking diligence; and, though they do not reach the highest levels, they are yet useful and praiseworthy efforts. The editor of the present work, who seems to have inherited a want of literary capacity, says, in speaking of *The Middle Kingdom*:

"In spite of some halting phrases and solecisms, none of which were spared by the few hostile reviewers who exercised themselves upon the book, there seems to be in this final message a fragrance of benediction on the people of China which might have been lost in the correcter sentences of another."

How halting phrases and solecisms can be better vehicles for conveying a fragrance of benediction than correct sentences, we must leave Mr. Williams to explain. His line of defence is certainly not such as to carry a general verdict with it, nor has he performed his duty as editor in the present instance in a way to command approval. For every halting phrase and solecism to be found in the *Middle Kingdom*, it would be possible to point out ten in the work before us; and, though this, according to Mr. Williams, should entitle us to expect a tenfold measure of the fragrance of benediction, we have failed to find any trace of that essence in his pages.

As a missionary, Dr. Williams was as indefatigably industrious as in his literary work. His first experience of evangelising effort was at Canton, where he landed in 1833. At that time so great was the contempt and hatred of the Chinese towards foreigners that little or no communication was possible between the two peoples, and special efforts were made by the Celestials to prohibit the preaching of Christianity to the natives. Under such discouragements it is, perhaps, creditable to the American missionaries, of whom Dr. Williams was one, that they succeeded in making one convert. But ordinary missionary work was plainly impossible, and the missionaries as a body had to be content with the reflection that "they also serve who only stand and wait." But Dr. Williams did more. He devoted his time to the study of the language, and to the printing of books on China and Chinese. He made some progress also in Manchu, and picked up a smattering of Japanese from shipwrecked Japanese sailors. This last acquirement was the first cause which led up to his exchanging a missionary for a diplomatic career. So unusual an accomplishment could not be overlooked when in 1852 Commodore Perry was commissioned to make a treaty of commerce with Japan. Though protesting that his knowledge of the language was only elementary, Dr. Williams was enlisted as interpreter to the expedition. On this occasion he visited with the Commodore the Lew-chew islands and Japan, and there concluded a treaty in a rough and ready fashion with the Shōgun. It is curious to observe how from this time onwards in his career Dr. Williams's diplomatic views were moulded by attending circumstances. Though strongly adverse to the general progressive policy of the English with regard to Oriental empires, he no sooner finds that his own countrymen are demanding admission into Japan than he feels "sure that the Japanese policy of seclusion is not in accordance with God's plan of bringing the nations of the earth to a knowledge of his truth," and even speaks without disapprobation of the Commodore's threat to bring a larger force, and to demand more stringent terms, if the proposals he submitted to the Shōgun were not acceded to. In the same spirit he repeatedly finds fault with us for engaging in hostilities with the Chinese; but he quite approves of the captain of an American ship firing upon the Bogue forts in return for shots fired at the stars and stripes. And so also he throws stones without number at us for importing opium into China; though when it became a question of his countrymen participating in the advantages of the trade regulations laid down by Lord Elgin in 1858, he did not hesitate to urge Mr. Reed to sign the convention legalising the importation of the drug.

Dr. Williams subsequently became American minister at Peking. As chief of the mission he distinguished himself rather by industry than by any brilliant achievements; and, though he was not a man to excite enthusiasm among his colleagues, he secured their unfeigned respect. He returned to America in 1876, and died in 1884, at a ripe age and full of honours.

Robert K. Douglas.

NEW NOVELS.

The Phantom Future. By Henry Seton Merriman. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

The Lass that Loved a Soldier. By George Manville Fenn. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Graham Aspen, Painter. By George Halse. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Micah Clarke. By A. Conan Doyle. (Longmans.)

A Queen among Queens: a Tale of the Desert. By Cameron Macdowall. (Sonnenschein.)

Caught at Last! Leaves from the Notebook of a Detective. By Dick Donovan. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Witness from the Dead. By Florence Layard. (Walter Scott.)

Mr. Merriman's first book, *Young Mistley*, was a novel of considerable promise; and his second book, *The Phantom Future*, is a novel of considerable performance, though it is, perhaps, a little too unsubstantial to be quite satisfying. Mr. Merriman is evidently in danger of falling into the pestilent American heresy that a novel can be made up of sketches of episodes, and that an organic structure of story is old-fashioned and unessential. The lack of plot-interest—by which, of course, I do not mean the interest aroused by mere complication or sensationalism, but that which is secured by artistic composition of incident—is more obvious in *The Phantom Future* than in some other books where there is even less of it, because in the early chapters (indeed, through the whole of the first volume) the author seems to be marking out the ground-plan for the symmetrical and well-proportioned building of invention which, after all, is never erected. It would be an exaggeration to say that Syra (the girl at the refreshment bar), Valliant (the medical student, who suddenly wins fame as an artist), and Holdsworth (the man with a mysteriously discreditable past), are introduced with a flourish of trumpets; but their portraits are certainly drawn with an emphasis of touch which must lead the reader to anticipate a drama in which they have prominent parts assigned to them. There is, however, nothing of the kind. Valliant, Holdsworth, and Syra do simply nothing. Their only artistic reason for being is that they serve to reflect occasional side-lights on the figure of Sam Crozier, the fashionable singer, who is guardian angel to all of them in turns, and who is really a singularly winning, loveable, and lifelike creation. In fact, Crozier is a character who gives constant charm and interest to a novel which, without him, would, in spite of its uniformly good writing, be somewhat wanting in both, at any rate in the latter. Whatever else in the book may give one an impression of comparative failure, *he* is a success—as character, if not as actor; and, in addition to the other merits of the portrait, it has both brightness and freshness. The light *persiflage* of the talk which serves as a veil for the loyal selfless heart behind it is admirable; and one does not often find in a book by a comparatively inexperienced novelist conversations at once so sparkling and so natural as those in which he is the principal interlocutor. There is real humour in them, and it is not manufactured humour—it does not smell of the lamp; we do not hear the throbbing of a force-pump (very audible in certain much-praised novels that might be mentioned), but the gurgle of a spring which flows just because it is a spring which cannot help flowing. There are plenty of bits which are quite detachable, the kind of thing against which people who read with pencil in hand score a mark; but snippets of brief quotation are rather unsatisfactory, and I forego them—somewhat reluctantly I confess, though the pencils will find them without much searching. There is something in a name; and if Mr. Merriman had called his book "Sam Crozier: a Sketch," it would have been difficult to pick holes in it. The critic should therefore be grateful that it comes to him not as a sketch, but as a novel, and so enables him to put his critical faculty in evidence.

Mr. George Manville Fenn's name on a title-page is in itself amply sufficient to assure the general reader that something satisfactory is in store for him. He does not ask the attendant at Mudie's or the young man at Mr. Smith's bookstall whether this or that book is "good": it is "Fenn's new story," and so it cannot fail to be all right. When a writer has once inspired this unquestioning certainty in the mind of his public, he is ready for the temptation to make the great refusal—to turn his back upon art and to take to pot-boiling;

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and it is sad to have to record that Mr. Fenn had yielded to the temptation when he took up his pen to write *The Lass that Loved a Soldier*. In many of his books there have been little bits of melodrama, but they have only been bits, coming in the midst of better work; while the new book is melodrama from first to last, and—as the Yankee slang phrase has it—poor at that. An aristocratic villain who takes a horrible vow of revenge, one child changed, another child abducted, a second and plebeian villain who is in the power of the first villain, a young lady who falls in love with a private soldier, who is sentenced to be shot by his colonel who turns out to be his father—these are the raw materials which go to the composition of Mr. Fenn's story. They are not attractive in themselves, nor is there anything in the method of manufacture to confer upon it any adventitious charm. Improbabilties are heaped upon each other, and not even Mr. Fenn's briskness of narration can conceal the essential absurdity of the story.

Unfortunately there is a lower depth than that reached by Mr. Fenn. His book is only absurd, whereas Mr. Halse's *Graham Aspen, Painter*, is both absurd and tiresome. If the author had set himself to write a book in which hardly any character should conduct himself either in act or speech like an ordinary human being, he could hardly have succeeded better than he has succeeded here. Three prominent personages—Mrs. Sparragus, Mrs. Lipperty, and Mr. Honeydew—occupy the three houses which compose Tapioca Terrace; and Mr. Halse's remarkable choice of names for men, women, and localities, is of a piece with everything else in his story. His people do, indeed, talk like a book, but unfortunately it is a very dull, sentimental, and fatuous book. There is only one class of human beings at all likely to read *Graham Aspen, Painter*, with thorough satisfaction; and, though it cannot be commended to any one else, it ought to find grateful appreciators among the aldermen of the City of London. Up to the present time the alderman has suffered much at the hands of the novelist. The civic dignitary of fiction is frequently hard-hearted, generally muddle-headed, and always low-bred; but Mr. Alderman Clive is an embodied ideal of shrewdness, refinement, and benevolence—a Lord Shaftesbury and a Chevalier Bayard rolled into one. In whatsoever quarters Mr. Halse's novel be despised and rejected, an honoured place should be secured for it on the shelves of the Guildhall Library.

Mr. Doyle's own account of the matter of his book is given on his title-page, which, being too lengthy for transcription at the head of this review, shall be partially transcribed here. It runs thus:

"Micah Clarke, his statement, as made to his three grandchildren—Joseph, Gervas, and Reuben, during the hard winter of 1734, wherein is contained a full report of certain passages of his early life, together with some account of his journey from Havant to Taunton with Decimus Saxon in the summer of 1685; also of the adventures which befell them during the Western rebellion, and of their intercourse with James, Duke of Monmouth, Lord Grey, and other persons of quality."

The critic's account of the manner of the book must be briefly this—that it is beyond all doubt the best historical story which has seen the light since Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped*; and that it is worthy to stand between *Kidnapped* and that older story of which no sensible boy or man is ever tired—Charles Kingley's *Westward Ho!* The rising under Monmouth is so picturesque and dramatic an historical episode that it is a wonder it not has been more extensively utilised by writers of fiction; but, for some reason or other, everybody but Mr. Besant has passed it by, leaving for Mr. Doyle a comparatively clear coast. He has certainly made the most of his opportunities, for he is equally successful in the historical and in the inventive portions of his work, displaying, moreover, a remarkable aptitude for blending them into an artistic unity. The chapters devoted to the occupation of Taunton by the rebel forces are rich in force, picturesqueness, and happy rapid characterisation; and it is not often that one meets with such a moving and realisable rendering of the stir of battle as the description of the rout of Monmouth's army by the fatal dyke on Sedgemoor field. All Mr. Doyle's characters live and stand upon their feet. But of those who are interesting both as individuals and as types, the most striking are Decimus Saxon, the stalwart soldier of fortune, whose sword can be hired by any good paymaster; and Sir Gervas Jerome, the bankrupt but ever light-hearted young courtier, who joins Monmouth's cause simply for a new excitement, but who serves as a fine illustration of the Duke of Wellington's oft-quoted tribute to the martial deeds of the dandies. I might go on to remark in detail upon the good things with which *Micah Clarke* is crowded; but I must content myself with saying that it is, from every point of view, one of the most admirable and interesting historical tales written in our generation. The action never drags and is never hurried; the local colour is excellent, without being obtrusive; and the great laws of artistic proportion are never lost sight of. The name of Mr. Conan Doyle is new to literature; but those who read his first book will look forward with eagerness to his second.

A Queen among Queens resembles the book just noticed in being an historical romance, and it would be well if the resemblance extended a little further; but here it ends. The story of the fall of Zenobia's Palmyra might be made very effective, if well told; but it is certainly the reverse of effective as told here by Mr. Macdowall. His book has all the faults which characterise the work of the typical amateur in literature, and is devoid of the force and freshness which sometimes do much to atone for them. Construction, portraiture, and style are all of the crudest. Occasionally, when prose fails the writer, he, or one of his characters, breaks into verse, which he kindly tells the reader he may skip; and at a point of the narrative which ought to be exciting, but is not, Mr. Macdowall interrupts the narrative in order to give us his views upon the vivisection controversy. The conversations are sometimes so rhetorically stilted that they have no lifelikeness, sometimes so clumsily colloquial as to sacrifice all dignity; and the book must be pronounced a failure all round.

Caught at Last is a collection of some of those detective stories which the railway-reading public owes, in the first instance, to the writer who called himself "Waters," and who, about thirty years ago, contributed his "Recollections of a Detective" to *Chambers's Journal*. Mr. Donovan's fifteen tales are, as might be expected, unequal in interest and skill; but the best of them are fairly equal to any previous work of the same kind. Many of the stories appear to be wholly fictitious; but the longest of them is a record of fact, being an exceedingly well-written account of the curious career of Pritchard, the poisoner. "The Tragedy of Law's Buildings" also seems to be a transcript from real life, and the confession of failure in the penultimate sentence indicates that the title of the book does not quite cover all its contents.

Lovers of the fantastically horrible will find plenty of congenial food in the pages of Miss Layard's shilling shocker, *A Witness from the Dead*. The most striking character is the ghost of a young lady, attired in an evening dress of "a bright shimmering rose colour." This young lady has been the victim of a painter who, like De Quincey, seems to have considered murder as one of the fine arts; for he has done her to death slowly and luxuriously by tickling the soles of her feet, and has commemorated his triumph in a striking series of pictures, representing the operation. Here, as in the last book noticed, there is a good deal of detective business; but the detectives are in vain, for the ghost determines to be her own avenger, and carries out her determination in a manner which puts all other ghosts of fiction entirely out of countenance. The agents of the law at last track down the murderer Larminie; but the ghost has been beforehand with them, and when they open the door of his chamber the spectre, still in shimmering rose colour, is tickling him as he had tickled her. With his death and the disappearance of the very energetic "spook," the story closes. It is not pleasant; it is not edifying; but it will be seen that it is not lacking in invention.

James Ashcroft Noble.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

The Banshee, and other Poems. By John Todhunter. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Poems founded on Irish bardic tales and other poems relating to Ireland occupy by far the greater part of this volume. Mr. Todhunter's rendering of the ancient legends is forcible and vivid. He has succeeded in linking together the ancient and the modern in an effective and artistic manner. While dealing with the past of Ireland, he never fails to keep well before his mind the condition, the necessities, and the hopes of the Ireland of to-day. In the commencement of the introductory poem

> "An isle of old enchantment,
> A melancholy isle"

is brought into view:

> "And there, by Shannon flowing,
> In the moon-light, spectre-thin,
> The spectre Erin sits" (p. 3).

Through several pages the wail is sounded for

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the sorrowful past, but the piece concludes with a note of hope:

"Wail no more, lonely one, mother of exiles wail no more,
Banshee of the world—no more!
Thy sorrows are the world's, thou art no more alone;
Thy wrongs, the world's" (p. 7).

In like manner the greater portion of the first section of the book is a record of the sorrows and the wrongs of Ireland, eloquently told. There is "The Doom of the Children of Lir"—a mythical story; and there is "The Coffin Ship" (the terrible suggestive name given to the emigrant vessels used at the time of the famine), a story quite other than mythical. The concluding piece, however, invites us from the gloomy past to contemplate the brighter days to come:

"There's a spirit in the air,
Says the *Shan von Vocht*,
And her voice is everywhere,
Says the *Shan von Vocht;*
Though her eyes be full of care,
Even as Hope's, born of Despair,
Her sweet face looks young and fair,
Says the *Shan von Vocht.*
* * * * *
"There's a land I've loved of old,
Says the *Shan von Vocht*,
For her tameless heart of gold
Says the *Shan von Vocht.*
In her sorrows unconsoled,
With her thousand hearths made cold;
But that tale of shame is told,
Says the *Shan von Vocht*" (pp. 121-2).

The few "other poems" which complete the volume give further indications of Mr. Todhunter's power. It is shown in his treatment of even the simplest subjects. We have seldom been able to say of a book of poems what we can say of this, that the author has not included anything which we would wish had been left out. Of these "other poems" the simple but exquisitely touching story of "Havelock the Gull" pleases us the most; and there are some fine sonnets, one in particular, called "Three Witches," being remarkably strong.

Mephistopheles in Broadcloth; a Satire. By George Francis Armstrong. (Longmans.) Since the personage who is here described discarded the cloven hoof, and adopted the style and manners of a man of the world, he has passed out of theology and his place now appears to be among those clever people who say smart things, and do daring ones. Mr. Armstrong gives us a pleasantly running account of the devil's opinions about men and things, as spoken in a sort of soliloquy while the speaker looked on at the crowds in Rotten Row. Mephistopheles does not care much about politicians, but, oddly enough, he has a fancy for poets. With a somewhat too exacting taste he prefers the poets when they are young. "Ay me!" he says:

"Ay me! the poets at three score and ten
Cease to be poets and are only men."

This is said *apropos* of what the critic in broadcloth supposes to be Browning's deterioration in his old age—an opinion in which we are glad to say we cannot agree with him, nor do we think that the acute critic is fair to Browning when he imagines him

"To sit at ease while Furnivall's society
Spoon-feeds his large self-love to sick satiety."

Perhaps he is nearer the mark when he says:

"To whatsoever madness critics run
I hold the time's best bard is Tennyson."

A little later he confesses that

"This is involuntary admission;
He merits not my *moral* approbation.
Far better to my liking are the inborn
Rare virtues of the smaller poet Swinburne.
He was my willing servant for a time,
And somewhat prostituted English rhyme
To doubtful uses, and with sensual spice
Spoilt critic-palates, never over-nice."

Mephistopheles is rather captious about William Morris; but few sensible people will demur to his dictum that the other Morris,

"That nursery Dante, Morris of the *Hades*,
Is harmless reading for insipid ladies."

Quite as apt is this double criticism on two other namesakes:

"Arnold—I mean Sir Edwin—must confess
He owes much to his brethren of the Press;
And Arnold—I mean Matthew Arnold—owes
No more to modest verse than polished prose."

Mephistopheles discourses also about men of science, painters, parsons, lawyers, actors, and others beside. He is the unobserved auditor of a conversation among a learned company at Cambridge, as to which he remarks:

"'The world,' thought I—'I say it not in grief—
Is simply perishing of unbelief.
Men that can't see their noses save with glasses
Presume to solve what human sight surpasses.'"

Mr. Irving may not feel flattered by the Mephistophelean criticism of his Mephistopheles, but he could hardly expect that personage to rejoice the bodily presentment of himself. Quoth the gentleman in broadcloth:

"I went and saw myself (with sundry thrills)
Caricatured by Irving and by Wills.
'Tis clear there is no reverence in this age
Felt for the Devil on or off the Stage.
* * * * *
Outraged I sat. I could not choose but frown
At that lean Devil skipping up and down."

Mr. Armstrong's satire *is* always smart; and, though it is sometimes a little severe, it is never malicious.

A Wayfarer's Wallet. By Henry G. Hewlett. (George Redway.) Mr. Hewlett's "Wallet" is only a small one, but its contents are excellent of their kind. Most subjects appear to come well to him. Whether he writes of nature, or of patriotism, or of love—whether of interests of yesterday or of events of other times—he expresses intelligible thoughts in clear language. He gets an effect without straining for it, and produces very charming poetry while attempting nothing that is not simple and direct in style. As in these verses, for instance:

"WHEN SPRING-TIDE COMES.

"Your change draws near, O changeless pall of grey!
Thou dull brown plain, ye silent woods and sere!
Heaven will be blue and Earth be green and gay,
And bird and beast be joyous, and life be dear,
When Spring-tide comes.

"Far o'er the fields will sound the new lamb's bleat;
The lark will mount his topmost stair of song;
From high elm-boughs the treble and tenor sweet
Of thrush and blackbird mingle all day long.

"The woodbine branch will dart its winged sprays;
The palm-gold burst its casket; whorl by whorl
Her fragile ladder will the cleaver raise;
The arum-scroll will silently unfurl.

"And soon from woody coverts and beds of grass,
Arrayed in vestments all of delicate hue,
Meet for the court of the maiden year, will pass
Troops of white flowers and yellow, pink and blue.

"The shy windflower will nestle 'neath the trees;
Primrose and violet haunt the mossy bank;
Cowslip and king-cup spread o'er the downs and leas,
Robin and lady-smock o'er meadows dank.

"The limes will redden and the oaks embrown;
To chestnut buds a glistening dew will rise;
The feathering alders to the lake stoop down;
The virgin hazels ope their scarlet eyes.

"And then, watch howso patiently we may,
A touch eludes our ken. The beechen tops
To-day are golden, willow-wands are grey;
To-morrow a green cloud enfolds the copse."

We might look in vain in the pages of almost any of the more distinguished poets for a description of the coming of spring that would excel this. Mr. Hewlett's sonnets are almost as good. A few of them are spoiled by the political feeling that underlies them; but, for the most part, they are as happy in subject as they are crisp and natural in language. That may, at any rate, be said of the subjoined specimen, which disputes the universal applicability of the evolution theory:

"All things that live, our priests of Science teach,
Observe one law of growth. From germinal cell
Or sensitive spot, as fit conditions fell,
Were types evolved; and, mastering conflict, each
By fine degrees of change did slowly reach
Its latest form. Can Science thus dispel
The mysteries of the human miracle,
High thought, right will, fair dreams, harmonious speech?

"I turn for answer to the Midland shire
Where yeomen-fathers, versed in wool, evolve
A Shakspere—suddenly! the Sussex fields
Where farmer-squire succeeds to farmer-squire,
Till Shelley leaps! Alas, that Science wields
Faith's dogma-mace when doubts are hard to solve!"

Saint Peter's Chains. By Aubrey de Vere. (Burns, Oates & Co.) This is a series of fifty-five sonnets, which amplify the familiar thesis—which has never been more persuasively stated than in the preface—that, so long as the Roman Catholic Church retains any considerable degree of power, all temporal rulers have an interest in the independence of the Pope, and that therefore, in the words of Montalembert, the spiritual and temporal power ought to be united at Rome, in order that they may be separate everywhere else. In fact, the Papacy has never been really independent since Boniface VIII. was seized by the officers of Philip the Fair. National states can hardly co-exist in the long run with a Catholic Church. The Church was independent when it consisted of an international minority, always, in theory, ready for martyrdom; it was supreme when it consisted of an international majority, always ready for insurrection. Since national states have become too strong for their own clergy and zealots, the Pope has always had to govern the Church so as to please those states where there was most to lose. Through the Reformation and the counter-Reformation he had always to please the House of Hapsburg; from the treaty of Westphalia to the Revolution he had to please the house of Bourbon, often at a well-nigh ruinous price. No doubt, if he were to accept the Law of Guarantees, still closer and more constant pressure might be applied by and through the House of Savoy. But the difference between the position which Pius VI. held and the position which Pius IX. refused is hardly important enough to make it worth while to put back Central Italy under a repressive and obstructive government. It is true, of course, that recent changes in Italy were brought about by ugly means, and that for a long time most Italians lost more than they gained by them; in fact, it is more than doubtful now if the present *régime* could survive the free and constant application of the Swiss system of the Referendum (without which there is no true democracy). At any rate, the following sonnets

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will show that Mr. Aubrey de Vere knows well how to use the loser's right to chide:

"Curl-headed Carlo laid his large round head
Upon the tavern's board, and inly mused—
'Our Pope is good—why then by knaves abused?
Good, for last May, when Tyber burst its bed,
To Lotta and our babes he sent much bread!'
A sailor who from creek to creek had cruised
Five times that month, drew near; his belt he loosed,
Then, with arched brow, on Carlo bending said,
'Carlo, this knife is sharper than the horn
That tops thy foolish ox-goad.' Carlo winced.
'Thursday is Festa: ere the break of morn
We patriots strike.' God save that simple pate.
That night the patriot sought his boat elate,
Carlo, his wife and pretty babes, convinced."

"Ad Gentem non Sanctam.

"Should that day come—alone He knows it, He
The temperance of Whose justice rules o'er all—
When thou, so blithe of note when tyrants fall,
So prompt, though proud, to bend the adoring knee,
With novel rite to new-born Liberty,
Thyself shalt see God's writing on thy wall,
Shalt hear one chorus swell from earth's vast hall,
Thy sentence hymning with unmannerly glee;
Remember in that hour supreme of woe
How twice and thrice thy thyrsus smote the ground,
When Christendom's grey sire staggered, discrowned,
'Neath that Sardinian's parricidal blow;
Babel rejoiced at heart o'er Saleme's wound:
It heals: a nation judged for aye lies low."

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Spenser Society propose to issue a reprint of the first edition of Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion* (folio, 1612-1622), with the illustrations, consisting of an engraved title by William Hole, a portrait of Prince Henry, and thirty-one maps of the counties of England and Wales, which have never been reproduced. It is further suggested to commence a new series at the reduced subscription of one guinea a year. If the proposed reduction were adopted, it would only be possible with the present number of members to issue one volume a year; if, however, the membership were increased to 200, two volumes, if not three, could be printed. The hon. secretary is Charles W. Sutton, Free Library, Manchester.

The elegant little edition of *Elia*—the first of "The Temple Library," published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.—is shortly to be followed by *The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith*, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, who, besides an introduction, has added notes on some points not elucidated in previous editions of the poet.

Messrs. Longmans will publish immediately a new school atlas, edited by Mr. G. G. Chisholm. It will consist of forty quarto and sixteen octavo maps and plans, besides insets, engraved by Mr. Edward Stanford. There will further be sixteen plates, furnishing typical views of the scenery, products, vegetation, architecture, animal life, and races of mankind in different parts of the world. A special feature will be to mark comparatively few places on the maps themselves, thus giving more room for the physical features and also for the names of important minerals; while a large number of additional places, with their latitude and longitude, will be found in the index.

Messrs. Macmillan announce the unpublished letters of Prosper Merimée's "Inconnue," under the title of *An Author's Love*, in two vols.

Messrs. Sampson Low will publish next month a new volume by Mr. William Black, containing "The Penance of John Logan" and two other stories.

The two next volumes in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen" will be *Walpole*, by Mr. John Morley, the editor of the series; and *Peel*, by Mr. J. R. Thursfield.

The next volume of the "Victoria Library," published by Messrs. Lovell Reeve & Co., will contain the two dramas—"The Birth of Merlin" and "Thomas Lord Cromwell." The former, sometimes ascribed to Rowley and Shakspere, has not been printed in England since 1662.

A new translation of *The Imitation of Christ* in English rhythm is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as to be published immediately. It will be founded on the author's MS. in the Royal Library at Brussels, and will contain a Preface by Canon Liddon.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne—author of two little volumes of verse, "My Ladies' Sonnets" and "Volumes in Folio"—has in preparation a collection of prose essays to be entitled *Oblivion's Poppy:* Studies of the Forgotten.

The much-vexed question of the origin of printing survives to trouble the brains of curious students; and Mr. Hessels's contribution to the subject in the Academy has had a considerable effect in stimulating the interest of inquiry. The claims of Haarlem are still put forward with admirable ingenuity, on the strength of the well-known story in Junius's *Batavia*, fortified by the familiar assertion in the Cologne Chronicle and the actual existence of *Donatus* fragments undoubtedly Dutch and very primitive. Without the passage in the Chronicle, the other two *pièces* would have little value; and unfortunately it is usually quoted without its context, so as to produce an erroneous impression of the writer's meaning. A catalogue which Mr. Quaritch is about to issue will contain the full text of the Cologne Chronicle in so far as it relates to printing, with a collateral translation; as well as a description of the so-called "Mazarine Bible," the Psalter of Fust and Schoeffer, the Catholicon, and other products of the earliest presses.

A work will shortly appear on Sir John Franklin's Fate, claiming to show that its discovery was through a revelation made to a little child seven years of age, to whom was revealed the locality where the ships would be found, and how they could be reached; and that, after the great expeditions of the government, extending over a period of seven years, had proved fruitless, the efforts of Lady Franklin, guided solely by the revelation of the little child, were crowned with complete success. The work will be published by Messrs. Bemrose & Sons.

A Life of the late Mr. Robert Brett, of Stoke Newington, is in course of preparation by the Rev. Dr. Belcher, Rector of Frampton Cotterell, near Bristol. Dr. Belcher, like Mr. Brett himself, was once a member of the medical profession, and was intimately acquainted with Mr. Brett in his later years. The book will include selections from Mr. Brett's letters, and also from his papers and speeches on various church questions, as well as accounts of his church building and other works, and of his published devotional writings, with a view to interest the church of the future, as well as to serve as a memorial to those who knew him.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish next week the sixth and concluding volume of their *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*. This volume includes notices and portraits of George Washington, Daniel Webster, J. G. Whittier, and Walt Whitman.

Messrs. A. Brown & Sons, of Hull, have in the press a volume, entitled *The Lost Towns of the Humber*, by the Rev. J. R. Boyle. It is the outcome of a lecture delivered at the Hull Literary Club.

Messrs. Gilbert & Rivington have in the press a volume of sensational tales and sketches, entitled *Whims*, by Wanderer, illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches.

Mr. A. B. M'Glashen has been assumed as a partner in the publishing house of Adam & Charles Black, of Edinburgh. Mr. M'Glashen has for many years acted as representative of the firm, not only in this country, but in the colonies and America.

A meeting was held last week in the lecture hall of the Incorporated Law Society, with Mr. Lake, president, in the chair, to consider the best means for insuring the safe custody and preservation of provincial records. Letters from several well-known antiquaries and others expressing regret at their inability to attend were read. Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore then proposed the formation of a central record board, presided over by the Master of the Rolls, which should report upon the condition and custody of provincial records. It was suggested also that county record offices should be formed under the auspices of the county councils, in which might ultimately be deposited, not merely "county records" but parish registers and other local muniments, with provision for the inclusion of private documents *pro salva custodia*—the adoption of the scheme to be within certain limits voluntary in each county and due regard had for vested interests. After some discussion the following resolution was adopted: "That the time has arrived for taking steps to ensure the safer custody and preservation of local records, and that to effect this object it is desirable that county record offices should be established as depositories for local records."

A committee was then appointed to ascertain how such a scheme could best be carried out.

Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, and Mr. Wilson Barrett, have joined the committee formed, under the presidency of Lord Coleridge, to erect a memorial to Christopher Marlowe at Canterbury. Among those who have already subscribed to the fund are Lord Coleridge (£10), Sir Frederick Leighton (£10), Mr. Robert Browning (£5 5s.), the Rev. S. S. Lewis (£5 5s.), the Marquis of Ripon (£5), the Duke of Westminster (£5), Mr. H. H. Furness of Philadelphia (£5), Lady Frances Bushby, Prof. Child of Harvard, Mr. George Saintsbury, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. A. H. Bullen, Mr. Chancellor Christie, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Prof. Hales, M. Jusserand, Mr. F. Locker-Lampson, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. W. Bell Scott, Prof. A. W. Ward, Prof. Lewis Campbell, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Prof. Dowden, and Mr. Henry Irving. The hon. treasurer is Mr. Sidney L. Lee, 26 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

The April number of the *National Review* will contain a lyrical poem of some length by Mr. Alfred Austin, called "Look Seaward, Sentinel!" inspired by the projected increase of our naval forces.

In the forthcoming number of *Mind* there will be an important article by Dr. H. Maudsley on "The Double Brain," dealing with the question of the separate action of the two hemispheres. Mr. Leslie Stephen will complete his essay on "Some Kinds of Necessary Truth"; and among the other contents will be a novel research by Prof. Cattell and Mrs. S. Bryant, entitled, "Mental Association experimentally investigated." Some account will also be given of the blind and deaf mute little girl, Helen Keller, who promises to outstrip in psychological interest the famous Laura Bridgeman.

Mr. Walter Pater will contribute the end paper to *Scribner's* for April, in which he analyses a group of "Shakspere's English

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Kings" from a novel point of view. In the same number, Mrs. James T. Fields will tell of some literary treasures in her late husband's library—memorials of the Edinburgh circle, Scott, De Quincey, John Wilson, and Dr. John Brown.

THE *Century* for April will include: "The Russian Police," with facsimile photograph; "Republicanism in France"; "A Scout with the Buffalo Hunters," by F. Remington (illustrated); "Original Portraits of Washington"; and "The Inauguration of Washington."

THE April number of the *Scottish Art Review* will contain the following articles: "The Exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy," by Prof. Patrick Geddes; "Turner Drawings at the Burlington Fine Art Club," by Mrs. Alfred Hunt; "Paris Causerie," by Mr. Cecil Nicholson (with five illustrations); and "William Stott of Oldham and his Work," by Miss Alice Corkran; (with one plate and four illustrations).

IN the April number of the *Antiquary*, Mr. W. Brailsford will give some "Memories of North Country Antiquities"; Mr. Philip Norman will commence a series of illustrated papers on "London Sculptured House Signs"; Mr. J. J. Foster will write on "Portraits and Miniatures at the Stuart Exhibition"; Mr. C. E. Plumptre will conclude his defence of Giordano Bruno, and Mr. Talfourd Ely his survey of "Recent Archaeological Discoveries."

THE April number of *Time* will contain: "In Russia with Lawrence Oliphant," by Mr. Oswald A. Smith; "Mithraism," by Mr. J. M. Robertson; "In Ninety-Eight," by Mr. H. W. Lucy; "How to avoid Burial on £300 a year," by Mr. G. S. Layard; and an anonymous article on "The Lost Property Office."

St. Nicholas for April will contain: The Heavenly Guest—a Poem from the Russian of Tolstoi; "Ancient and Modern Artillery," by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton (illustrated); and "Fauntleroy" and Elsie Leslie Lyde, by Lucy C. Lillie.

A NEW serial story, by Miss Arabella M. Hopkinson, will be commenced in the April number of *Cassell's Magazine*, under the title of "A Woman's Strength."

"SCOTTISH Artists and their Studios" is the title of a series of papers, accompanied by engravings, to appear in *Illustrations*, beginning with the April number.

A NOVEL of modern times by Mr. Frank Barrett, entitled "Fettered for Life," will be commenced in No. 287 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, and be issued on March 27, in which will also appear a complete story by Mr. G. Manville Fenn.

ABOUT the middle of April, an English edition of the *Figaro Exposition* will be published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. It is to appear in six monthly parts, each of which will contain illustrations and text descriptive of the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

MESSRS. GEE & Co. announce a fortnightly art review called *Comedy*, edited by Mr. Jack T. Grein. A special feature of this new venture will be to keep the British public well informed of the dramatic literature of foreign countries.

COMMENCING with 1889, Messrs. W. W. Allen & Co. have been appointed agents for the sale of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society. They have also been appointed London and Continental agents for the new magazine called the *Highland Monthly*, which was announced in the ACADEMY of March 6.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge has issued an elaborate report, with an appendix containing reports from the special boards and syndicates, upon the requirements of university teaching and study in view of the changed financial position. The gist of the matter is contained in the statement that, while £9000 a year would hardly suffice to place the several departments on a satisfactory basis, the university cannot, even ultimately, expect to obtain from the colleges an additional annual amount of more than £5000. The general board, therefore, has classified its requirements into those which are urgent and those which are only desirable. In the former class comes (1) increased stipends for existing teachers; (2) stipends for new teachers, such as readerships in ancient history, in English, in palaeography, and in the physiology of the senses; (3) buildings and material appliances, for which a capital sum of £45,000 is imperatively required, including £15,000 for human anatomy and physiology, £7500 for geology, and £3000 for the library.

MR. C. A. BARBER, of Christ's College, has been appointed demonstrator of botany at Cambridge, in the place of Mr. Gardner, who has succeeded Mr. Darwin as university lecturer.

STATUTES, even when written in a spoken language, are often obscure, and much more so when expressed in Latin. Quite lately the word *mutuari* in a Bodleian statute has deprived students of the benefit of borrowing books and MSS. Mr. F. Madan, one of the Bodleian sub-librarians, has just issued a "Memorandum. The Statutable Residence of Bodleian Officers" (privately printed), in which he proves, with clear and weighty arguments, that the following clause in the statute—

"Ambo autem [hypobibliothecarii], quantum fieri potest, in bibliotheca adsint, atque ex bibliothecarii mandato libris perquirendis ac digerendis et catalogis conficiendis dent operam . . ."—

can only have reference to hours when the library is open, and not (as interpreted by some) also to the time when the library is closed. But why should the statutes not be issued in plain English, when the curators have allowed the substitution in the general catalogue of "Wordbooks" for *lexicon* and "Grammars" for *grammatica*?

FASCICULUS 48 of the *Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen* (Hamburg) contains a public lecture given at Berlin on "The Roman Law as a Part of Law Teaching in the English Universities," by Dr. Erwin Grueber, reader in Roman law at Oxford. The lecturer boldly told a German audience of jurists that he prefers the method of the English universities to that of the German ones. The German books are not clearly written, and the student is mostly obliged to have recourse to a coach, who will cram him for his examinations. General jurisprudence is quite neglected in German universities, while it forms an important part of teaching in Oxford. The student is more in contact with the tutors and professors in England than in Germany; and, above all, general culture is completely absent in German law teaching. Dr. Grueber strongly advised his hearers to introduce the mode of examination by papers instead of that by *viva voce* alone; for with the former the examinee has more opportunity to show his knowledge in one or other branch of jurisprudence. But, on the other hand, he is in favour of the academical liberty that prevails in Germany, which attracts English and American students while it is very rarely that foreigners come to English universities. Dr. Grueber hopes to see soon the codification of English civil law, for which the knowledge of Roman codification will be of great advantage.

REFERRING to the financial situation of Johns Hopkins University, on the thirteenth commemoration day (February 22), President Gilman said:

"A prudent management of our affairs during the last few years has enabled the trustees to pay all their current expenses, to build three great laboratories, to collect a large library and a great amount of apparatus, and to buy a great deal of real estate for the buildings that are wanted, and at the same time to lay by a considerable amount of accumulated income. This store they are now spending. It is not, like the widow's cruse, inexhaustible; but if the sum of 100,000 dollars can be added to it, and if our receipts from tuition remain undiminished, the university will go forward during the next three years without contraction, without borrowing, and without begging."

TRANSLATION.

WHITE VIOLETS.

(*From the French.*)

I PLANTED violets on the grave
Where sleeps my love alone;
No sweetness these pale flowerets have—
No beauty, like her own!

The longest winter's night must end;
The earth, from death set free,
Smiles and awakes—alas! sweet friend,
Comes there no Spring to me?

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the March *Livre* the editor has two papers of some length—one a cheerful account of the progress of his scheme for founding a society of contemporary bibliophiles, the other a longish review of M. Du Pontavice de Heussey's book on Dickens. This last shows how differently things may strike foreigners and natives. M. Uzanne says that "chez Thackeray" humour or 'English irony' "souvent même tourne à la charge, s'exagérant pour produire plus d'effet," while "chez Dickens presque toujours elle est discrète intermittente." That is not the general opinion of critics in England. Besides these papers the number contains a continuation of the Prince de Ligne's Letters to Casanova, and a very careful bibliography of the editorial work of Alexandre Dumas Père. This, it may surprise even some fervent Alexandrians to learn, extends to no less than 129 "Ops," some not inconsiderable in length. The paper is illustrated by two portraits—one obviously a little flattered, the other very much the reverse.

THE months of January and February appear in one *Boletin* of the Real Academia de la Historia. The principal contents are two articles by F. de Cárdenas on the fragments of an early Wisigothic code contained in a MS. in Lord Leicester's library at Holkam. F. Cárdenas does not consider these fragments to belong only to the earliest laws of Euric (466-484) mentioned by Isidore, of Seville, but to portions of the "Ley Antiqua" of the Fuero Juzgo, which probably includes all laws promulgated between Euric and Chindarvinth (650). The fragments have been lately analysed and published in part by Prof. Gaudenzi, of Bologne. A. M. Fabié reports on the congress of Americanists held at Berlin in October last. As to the name of the island, Cap Breton, we should opine that it was given neither by Bretons (as M. Gaffarel) nor by Spanish *Bretoñas* (as F. Jimenez), but by Basque or Landais sailors starting from Cap Breton, the ancient embouchure of the Adour, in the Landes. F. Baráibar copies some Roman inscriptions in the south of Alava, tend-

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ing to show that this district was the meeting-line of Kelt and Basque in Roman times. M. Danvila highly praises the volume on Valencia, by T. Llorente y Olivares, in the series "España" published by Cortezo, of Barcelona. Padre Fita prints the sentence of the Inquisition, and an account of the burning, thirty years after the crime, of Hernando de la Rivera, who acted the part of Pilate in the crucifixion of a Christian child at La Guardia.

NOTES FROM LAUSANNE.

Lausanne: February 24, 1889.

THE ACADEMY of February 2, contains two corrections of my "Notes from Vevey"—one error being typographical and the other an *infelix culpa*, the result of inordinate carelessness. As your correspondent remarks, 1642 should be 1662; and I find by inspection the date so recorded upon Ludlow's tablet. The second passage should be read—"Ludlow returned to England about mid 1689, shortly after the accession of William and Mary." Your correspondent proposes, "Ludlow returned to England in 1688"; but the following official, kindly furnished by M. Albert de Montet, shows this also to be an error. The general's report of his intended journey, addressed to their excellencies, the Seigneurs de Berne, with its queer French, quaintly Anglicised and Roundhead'd, may perhaps interest some of your readers:

"Lettre de Ludlow au Conseil de Vevey, du 2 Juin, 1689. (Manuaux de la Ville, L., p. 103.)

"Mes très honnorés Seigneurs! Le Seigneur qui m'a pourveu [*sic*], avec plusieurs autres de mes compagnons, en mes souffrances et exil pour la parolle et le témoignage de Jésus, d'un asile très favorable: en nous conduisant par la colonne de feu sous votre bénin et equitable gouvernement, m'appelant aujourd'huy pour faire un tour dans mon pays d'Etat pour y faire mon possible pour fortifier les mains de notre Gédéon, qui est miraculeusement suscité pour nous retirer de la maison de servitude et démolir l'autel de Baal contre ceux qui prennent la querelle pour luy [soi?] et choisissent plustôt de se mettre soubs l'arbre de l'Espine que soubs l'équitable domination du roy de la justice et du prince de paix. Ayant par la grande bonté de Dieu depuis plusieurs années, entre autres providences signalées et spéciales, amplement et pleinement expérimenté les effets de la très gracieuse réception à notre première arrivée en cette ville, qu'il vous a plu de nous signifiier par feu M. le Banderet De Montet de votre part, comme membre du même corps avec vous auquel Christ et [est?] le chef, je me trouve obligé devant que je parte pour l'Angleterre, ignorant les choses qui m'y doivent arriver, de vous en témoigner ma très humble recognoissance, vous suppliant de l'accepter jusqu'à ce que l'occasion se présente pour le manifester plus réellement, vous asseurant que je ne manqueray pas de s'en [m'en?] prévaloir pour vous faire voir à tous en général et à chacun en particulier que je seray tenu toute ma vie comme obligé d'estre, Très honnorés Seigneurs Votre très humble, très fidelle et très obéissant serviteur.

"(Signed) EDM. LUDLOWE [*sic*]."

To an Englishman at Lausanne Gibbon is still the prime subject of local interest. I had also been assured that many unprinted autographs remain in private hands, despite the mass of correspondence published in the *Life and Letters* (pp. 178-356), by Mr. W. J. Day, London, F. Warne (undated). But I repeat that the traveller must as often discover what there is not as determine what there is.

An introduction to M. William de Charrière de Sévery (the grandson of M. Wilhelm de Sévery, Gibbon's familiar and legatee) convinced me that rumour had exaggerated. He has a few notes, a single bundle, mostly private, if not confidential; and the same is the case with Mdme. Grenier-Bourgeois. The "relics" are more interesting. We were shown the favourite writing-paper, letter-sized, gilt-edged, and rough, fit only for the goose-quill, of which a few ink-stained specimens are preserved; the cards, playing and others, upon which notes to intimates were generally written in a schoolboy hand, stiff and tall; a long list of linen for bedding, &c., proving business habits; and the last will and testament (Oct. 1, 1791), covering three pages foolscap-sized—of the latter Mr. Day (p. 176) prints an abstract. The cellar still contains a few bottles of the "Malmsey-Madeira" which Gibbon sent for in 1789 (p. 123), and which he had probably to thank for a frightful attack of gout. We were favoured with a sight of the portraits: one the usual Kit-cat in pastels—Lausanne then containing sundry famous *pastellistes*—a cameo-bust on wedgewood (much idealised), and an *aquarelle* of "The Historian" (hideous exceedingly), sitting before the façade of his house at Lausanne, afterwards removed to make way for the "Hôtel Gibbon." This, by the by, is a fraud, boasting that its garden contains the identical chesnut-tree under which the last lines of a twenty-years work were written. Unfortunately, the oft-quoted passage describing that event (p. 103) assigns it to "a summer-house in my garden," near a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias; all of which have long disappeared to make way for the Rue du Midi. Upon the strength of this being "Gibbon Castle," we are somewhat overcharged and underfed; and we are convinced that Lausanne wants an establishment, like the admirable "National" of Geneva, half-way between the city and Ouchy, her port, and not far from "Christ Church" Square.

Voltaire is so forgotten by the general at Lausanne that even an educational professor ignored his "philosophical exile" in Switzerland. He left Vaud after a dispute with the ecclesiastical authorities. Yet there are still three places that belonged to him: Monrepos, a villa to the north-east, where tradition says the *première* of "Zaïre" was acted; Maison Gaulis, in the Grand Chêne Street; and Maison Mont-Riond (Round Hill) Dapples (Gibbon's "D'Apples"). The latter rises east of the historic hillock, crowned with two trees, described in every guide-book. The house, whilom infamous for damp, was drained dry by the Funicular Railway, and is now let to Dr. Niven, whom we last met at Mathuran (Bombay). The chief room in the two-storied block is traditionally the theatre. A few yards to the north-west there is also the half of a cottage under an inordinate tile roof, capping clay walls with wooden beams, three stories high at the Lake front. *La Casquette*, as the artists call their favourite, is, or rather was, a kind of snuggery, whereto Voltaire retired for study in solitude; and yet it is mistermed by sundry of the folk *Laboratoire de Rousseau*. It is now occupied by a gardener, whose family of twelve, despite overcrowding and bad air, shows signs of exceptional health and strength. I only hope that the Municipality will buy it and rail it round and preserve it as a relic.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

N.B. to all who "undigest."—Avoid any but distilled water at Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux, and throughout the limestone regions of Switzerland.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

KUHLMANN, F. Der Zeichenunterricht in der Schweiz. Hannover: Helwing. 2 M. 25 Pf.

SCHIFF, P. Die deutschen Schriften d. Mittelalters in aesthetisch-litterarischer Beziehung. Leipzig: Wolf. 2 M.

SCHMIDT, R. Les nouvelles armes à feu portatives adoptées comme armes de guerre dans les états modernes. Basel: Georg. 20 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

CHRONIKEN, die, der deutschen Städte vom 14. bis ins 16. Jahrhundert. 21. Bd. Die Chroniken der westfäl. u. niederrhein. Städte. 2. Bd. Soest. Leipzig: Hirzel. 12 M.

CONRAT, M. Geschichte der Quellen u. Literatur d. römischen Rechts im früheren Mittelalter. 1. Bd. 1. Abtlg. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 5 M. 60 Pf.

DIPPE, O. Gefolgschaft u. Huldigung im Reiche der Merowinger. Kiel: Lipsius. 1 M. 20 Pf.

GERBERT, O. Geschichte der Strassburger Sectenbewegung zur Zeit der Reformation 1524-1534. Strassburg: Heitz. 3 M.

MEAUX, le Vicomte de. La réforme et la politique française en Europe jusqu'à la paix de Westphalie. Paris: Didier. 15 fr.

MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. Scriptorum tomi XV. pars II. Hannover: Hahn. 44 M.

MUHRBRECHT, O. Uebersicht der gesammten staats- u. rechtswissenschaftlichen Literatur d. J. 1883. Berlin: Puttkammer. 6 M.

ROEHRICHT, R. Deutsche Pilgerreisen nach d. Heiligen Lande. Gotha: Perthes. 6 M.

RÖNNEBERG, W. Das Erbrecht v. Gortyna. Rostock: Stiller. 1 M. 20 Pf.

SALINAS, Ant. Le Monete delle antiche città di Sicilia. Fasc. VII. Turin: Loescher. 5 fr.

VYRE, F. de. Marie-Antoinette: sa vie, sa mort. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BRASS, A. Die Zelle, das Element der organischen Welt. Leipzig: Thieme. 6 M.

HAMANN, O. Beiträge zur Histologie der Echinodermen. 4. Hft. Anatomie u. Histologie der Ophiuren u. Crinoiden. Jena: Fischer. 14 M.

MARÈS, H. Description des cépages principaux de la région méditerranéenne de la France. Paris: Masson. 60 fr.

MEMORIE per servire alla descrizione della Carta geologica d'Italia. Vol. III. parte II. Rome: Loescher. 15 fr.

MOYEN, J. Les Champignons: traité élémentaire et pratique de mycologie. Paris: Rothschild. 12 fr.

PICTET, A. Locustives nouveaux ou peu connus du musée de Genève. Basel: Georg. 5 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

IPOMEDON, in 3 engl. Bearbeitgn. hrsg. v. E. Kölbing. Breslau: Koebner. 17 M.

MOLLWAIDE, R. Ueber die Glossen zu Sallust. Strassburg: Trübner. 1 M. 20 Pf.

ROENSCH, H. Semasiologische Beiträge zum lateinischen Wörterbuch. 3. Hft. Verba. Leipzig: Fues. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF GRAY.

Trinity College, Cambridge: March 16, 1889.

Two points connected with the bibliography of the poet Gray may perhaps be worth recording in the columns of the ACADEMY.

1. The dispersion of the Mackenzie collection has given book-lovers an unusual opportunity of collating the first, second, and third of the original (1751) editions of the "Elegy." I am in consequence able to note what has never, I think, been hitherto observed, that it was in the last of these, "the third edition, corrected," that the Redbreast stanza was first inserted. The type of the second edition has, evidently, been left standing, and, in reprinting, the close of the poem has been crushed together to receive, in the third edition, after the words "yon aged thorn":

"There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the Year,
By Hands unseen, are show'rs of Violets found;
The Red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground."

2. It has hitherto been believed that "Jemmy Twitcher" was posthumously published for the first time in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1782. It was obvious that it must have been circulated, when it was written, in the summer of 1764, on the occasion that John, Earl of Sandwich, was a candidate for the office of Seneschal of the University of Cambridge; but it has been supposed that it was handed about in MS. There exists, however, uncatalogued, among the Webb Papers in the Cambridge University Library, a printed copy of it, which is certainly contemporaneous with the contest. It is a quarto leaflet headed:

"THE CANDIDATE.
By Mr. Gray";

and it contains a final couplet, not given in

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the form hitherto known—a couplet which I must be excused for not printing here. If Gray, as now seems certain, circulated this pleasing leaflet on the eve of the election, no wonder Lord Sandwich told Cradock afterwards that he had his "private reasons for knowing [Mr. Gray's] absolute inveteracy." I am indebted for this valuable discovery to my friend, Mr. Charles Whibley, lately of Jesus College, who was searching the Webb Papers for the materials of a volume to which many of us are eagerly looking forward.

EDMUND GOSSE.

CHAUCER'S "BOOK OF THE DUCHESSE."

Cambridge: March 19, 1889.

I beg leave to point out some errors as to *matters of fact* in the review of my edition of Chaucer's Minor Poems.

It is said that

"if we take the first three hundred lines of the 'Hous of Fame' for examination, the following instances of alteration against the authority of every MS. present themselves."

Eleven such instances are then quoted; but all the examples are taken from another poem, viz. the "Book of the Duchesse." Surely, these two poems should be kept quite distinct.

The expression, "against the authority of every MS.," is most misleading. There are only three MSS. extant; they are all late, and all copies from the same original. For all practical purposes, *there is but one MS., and that a bad one.* This puts a very different face upon my "emendations." Besides this, I believe it will be found that nearly all the "corrections" thus condemned are due to the careful essay on the poem by Max Lange, and are such as would occur to any one who studies the poem with sufficient care. We have to consider the sense as well as the metre, and to remember Chaucer's language in other poems.

We are told that "all the MSS." give us, in l. 87, the following reading:

"For him she loved, alas, alderbest";

and I am taken to task for omitting "alas." However, l. 87 does not exist either in the Bodley or the Tanner MS. Even if we count Thynne's original as a MS., we have but *two* authorities, and they are practically duplicates. The Fairfax MS. has:

"For him alas she loved alderbeste";

Thynne has the same, letter for letter, except that he omits the last *e*. Now this line, as it stands, is a perfect line of the "heroic" type, and might go into the "Canterbury Tales." But your readers are doubtless aware that the lines in the "Book of the Duchesse" are of a shorter type. It is evident, accordingly, that something must be omitted, and the needless word is obviously "alas," which seems to have been caught up from l. 90 below. I maintain that my correction is perfectly legitimate, and gives a far better line than the one supposed to be superior to it, which is equally against the authority of "all the MSS."

I feel that I am under the great disadvantage of having been compelled, by considerations of space, to omit the rules for the scansion of the four-accent verse, which would have enabled me to explain the reasons for some of my alterations. I may, however, refer the student to Max Lange's essay, above mentioned, and to Ten Brink's *Chaucer's Sprache und Verskunst.*

WALTER W. SKEAT.

A MANUSCRIPT IN TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY, DUBLIN, OF THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

London: March 18, 1889.

The MS. described by Mr. H. C. Hart is well known to musical antiquaries. It was examined by the late Mr. Chappell, and is mentioned in the fourth Report of the Historical MSS. Commission, though it has not previously been described at such length. Musically, its contents are far inferior in value to many similar collections of the period, and especially to the fine volume known as Ballet's Lute Book, which is also preserved at Trinity College, Dublin.

I am sorry that Mr. Hart should have repeated the old derivation of "Pavan" from "Pavo." Such fanciful etymologies die hard; but there can be little doubt that the word "Pavana" is derived from "Padovana," *i.e.*, the Paduan Dance. There is a curious passage in the preface to J. B. Besard's great collection of lute music (*Thesaurus Harmonicus*), published at Cologne in 1603, in which this is clearly stated. The passage also throws some light on the confusion of nomenclature, which makes it now so difficult to recognise the real forms of these early dances. The author has been complaining of this, and continues:

"Prout sunt illi Anglicani concentus, suavissimi quidem, ac elegantes, sed quos demiror pavanas a multis nominari, cum Pavana Italicum nomen nil aliud sit quam Paduana, id est Passemezzo, & plerique Galli non aliter suas passemezzas quam pavanas nominent."

The Spanish Pavan was a distinct variety of the dance, as may be seen by referring to Thoinot Arbeau's *Orchésographie* (Langres, 1588), the great authority on this subject, where both dances are described at length.

W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

London: March 18, 1889.

The four stanzas beginning

"In youthfull yeares when first . . ."

—printed in the ACADEMY of March 16, by Mr. H. C. Hart from a MS. in Trinity College Library, Dublin, form the first stanza of a poem by Richard Edwardes, entitled "Faire Woordes make Fooles Faine." It will be found on fol. 2 of the second in date among the Elizabethan anthologies, *The Paradise of Dayntie Devises*, reprinted from the first edition of 1576 by Sir E. Brydges in 1810.

Mr. Hart's text arranges the eight long 12-syllable lines of the original first stanza into four separate stanzas, changes the "blessing" and "haud" of ll. 3 and 4 (original text) into "blessings" and "hands"—an obvious disimprovement, and slightly modernises the spelling throughout. In other respects the two agree.

Edwards was the principal collector of the anthology, and contributed to it, among other pieces of merit, the beautiful "Lover's Quarrel" and "Renewal of Love."

"In going to my naked bed . . ."

which is familiar to that comparatively (and the more's the pity!) very small band of readers who know how to value our Elizabethan lyrics.

In the second poem quoted by Mr. Hart "As zele" seems to be meant for a South-west dialectal form of "As the eel"; "hipper" is doubtless for "hip her," grasp her (the eel, ungallantly used for Fortune) by the hip.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

ROWNEY'S "WILD TRIBES OF INDIA."

London: March 19, 1889.

In 1882, there was published, by Messrs. Thos. De la Rue & Co., a volume of some 200 pages, entitled *The Wild Tribes of India*, by Horatio Bickerstaffe Rowney. The author says nothing whatever about himself, nor does he condescend to quote authority for his statements. The book bears upon its face that it is merely a compilation from all sorts of sources, put together with not a little cleverness. It deals only with manners and customs, omitting altogether both language and accurate physical data. But it received at the time the honour of a long review in the *Athenaeum*; the *Graphic* said of it that it is "full of useful and trustworthy information"; the *Globe*, that it "would seem to be as valuable as it is readable." Only last week I have found it quoted as an authority by Mr. C. Staniland Wake, in his *Marriage and Kinship*, just published by Mr. George Redway.

Under these circumstances, it seems right to state (without any imputation upon author or publishers) that "Horatio Bickerstaffe Rowney is one of several pseudonyms adopted for his books published in England by Baboo Shoshee Chunder Dutt, for many years a clerk in the Bengal Secretariat. The story of his career may be read, as told by himself, in the preface to the second series of his *Collected Works* (6 [3?] volumes), issued by Messrs. Lovell Reeve & Co. in 1885. Another pseudonym, under which he published *Bengal* (1874), *The Ancient World* (1875), and *The Modern World* (1876), is "J. A. G. Barton." Having myself seen these books, I can testify to the erudition and the literary skill they display, which would be creditable to an Englishman, and are extraordinary in a Hindu. I am now only concerned to warn closet anthropologists—who are, I am afraid, particularly prone to accept second-hand information—against adopting any statements from *The Wild Tribes of India* on the mere authority of "Horatio Bickerstaffe Rowney." The ethnology of India still remains to be written.

JAS. S. COTTON.

A PALAEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Oxford: March 16, 1889.

Perhaps I may be allowed to correct one or two slight errors in Dr. Neubauer's letter in the ACADEMY of to-day—errors no doubt due to the illegibility of the pencil notes which I gave him. The Cædmon MS. cannot be placed further back than the eleventh century, and is, therefore, later than the tenth-century Barlow MS. (No. 35). Prof. Stoddard's article in the tenth volume of the *Anglia*, p. 159, which Dr. Neubauer mentions, refers to the Cædmon MS., not to the Vercelli Codex.

It may be worth while recording that in a tenth-century Latin MS. in the Library of Caius College, Cambridge (No. 144, containing Sedulius and Prudentius), I found several instances of this same sign—an x followed by a barred b; and Mr. W. M. Lindsay recently called my attention to its frequent occurrence in Digby MS. 63 in the Bodleian.

A. S. NAPIER.

Frenchay Rectory, Bristol: March 15, 1889.

Dr. Neubauer calls attention to the enigmatic letters *xb*, with a horizontal line—apparently a mark of abbreviation—drawn through the upper portion of the second letter.

In addition to the MSS. named by him as exhibiting this mark, I would add that it is not uncommon in Celtic MSS.—*e.g.*, it is found several times in the "Scottish Book of Deer"; twice in the "Irish Gospels of Moelbrigte Mac Durnan," a tenth-century MS. in Lambeth Palace (on ff. 79a, 124a); and once in a ninth-century MS. of (I think) Northumbrian execution in the Bodleian Library (Digby MS. 63). It is always written on the margin at irregular intervals of the MS.

I more than once pressed the late Mr. Bradshaw to express an opinion as to its meaning; but he would never commit himself to any assertion without proof, though he was willing enough to listen to the explanations suggested by other people.

F. E. WARREN.

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"GUILLAUME DE DEGUILLEVILLE."

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: March 16, 1889.

The question of the spelling of this name is certainly, as Mr. Aldis Wright remarks in to-day's ACADEMY, one of no great moment; and I am afraid I have given some trouble by raising it. The object of my letter to the ACADEMY, in which I touched on the subject, was primarily to correct Prof. Skeat's error in speaking of the *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine* as a "prose piece." I mentioned the matter of the spelling because there was some uncertainty about it, and the statement of M. Paulin Paris seemed decisive on the point. Mr. Wright, however, says that "M. Paulin Paris is not to be literally understood as implying that the French form of the name is given in the acrostics"; and he adds that, so far as he is aware, "it is always in Latin." M. Paulin Paris's words are:

"L'abbé Goujet . . . a eu parfaitement raison d'admettre avec les éditions imprimées et de soutenir plus tard contre les réclamations du Mercure de France, que le nom de l'auteur étoit *G. de Deguilleville* [*sic*]; toutes les lettres de ce nom forment les initiales de deux chansons farcies, placées dans le corps de l'ouvrage."

If this means anything it means that the printed editions give the name as "G. de Deguilleville," and that this same form of the name, letter for letter, also occurs in the initials of the two "chansons farcies." The statement in itself may be incorrect—Mr. Wright has not proved it so—but it is, at any rate, explicit enough; and I may be pardoned for understanding it quite literally, though Mr. Wright says this should not be done. Be that as it may, the form "G. de Deguilleville" is accepted not only by M. Paulin Paris, but also by MM. Gaston Paris and Paul Meyer. Perhaps we may be content to accept it also.

I observe that Mr. Wright speaks of MS. Brit. Mus. Add. 22,937 as containing the "second recension" of Deguilleville's poem. It is not quite clear what this means. Deguilleville apparently wrote the first two parts of his poem, viz., the *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*, and the *P. de l'âme*, between 1330 and 1335; about twenty years later (according to the Abbé Goujet in 1358) he revised these two parts and added a third, the *Pèlerinage de Jésus-Christ*. To the poem thus revised and expanded he prefixed a preamble, and in this form it appears in the printed editions; these, then, follow the second version. The first version has, I believe, never been printed. Perhaps by the second "recension" (which would imply three versions) Mr. Wright means the second version. But, even so, I venture to think he is mistaken about this particular MS., for it lacks the preamble, and its opening corresponds exactly with that quoted by M. Paulin Paris as "le début inédit du premier jet de la composition," viz. (I follow the MS):

"A ceulx de ceste region
Qui point n'y ont de mansion,
Ains y sont tous, com dit saint Pol,
Riche, povre, saige et fol,
Soient rois, ou soient roynes,
Pelerins ou pelerines,
Une vision vueil noncier
Qui en dormant m'avint l'autrier," &c.

But here, again, perhaps, I am rash in accepting the statement of M. Paulin Paris.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE HARVEST MOON.

Glasgow: March 16, 1889.

The most obvious answer to Mr. Sharp's note is a reference to the almanac. The harvest moon this year will rise on September 9, at 7.1 p.m.; on September 10 it will rise at 7.20 p.m.—an interval of nineteen minutes; on September 11, at 7.39 p.m.—another interval of nineteen minutes. Between the first and third rising there is, therefore, an interval of half-an-hour and eight minutes. Is Mr. Sharp justified in giving it as an "accurate statement" that "the harvest moon rises for three days . . . *at the same hour*"? And if so, why not four days, since on September 12 the moon will rise at 7.59 p.m., making the interval between its first and fourth rising one of fifty-eight minutes—still two minutes less than the hour?

In 1884, however, the harvest moon rose on October 4 at 5.20 p.m. On October 6 it rose at 6.24 p.m.—an interval between the first and third rising of sixty-four minutes. So that in that year the harvest moon did not rise thrice either "at the same hour" or within an hour. It did not even rise "for three days nearly at sunset," seeing that on the third day the sun had set one hour all but two minutes before the moon rose.

But Mr. Alfred Austin said nothing about the harvest moon rising "at the same hour," or within the same hour, or about the same hour. The verse was:

"Thrice thus it came, *nor later nor more soon*."

And what I wrote was—not, as Mr. Sharp puts it, that the verse "is permissible as a striking poetic license, but is in itself obviously inaccurate":

"The statement I have italicised is, of course, not absolutely accurate; but who in these matters would prefer the chronometer to the 'dandelion's clock'? What I wish to note is," &c.

Surely a comment so incidental and, I hope, so evidently innocent of provocation is somewhat hardly treated when it is described as "critical fault-finding."

May I be allowed to add—and I am sorry to contradict both Mr. Sharp and the *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* in a breath—that the moon does *not* rise "usually fifty-two minutes later each day than on the preceding one"? This year, for example, the moon rose on March 2, twenty-five minutes later than on March 1; on March 3, twenty-one minutes later than on March 2; on March 4, twenty minutes later than on March 3; on March 5, nineteen minutes later than on March 4. To-day, March 16, the moon rose one hour and fifteen minutes later than it did yesterday; to-morrow, March 17, it will rise one hour and sixteen minutes later than it rose to-day; and, on March 18, it will rise one hour and twenty minutes later than on March 17. (My figures, I should mention, are, for convenience' sake, taken from *Whitaker*).

The average retardation in the rising of the moon throughout the year may, in round numbers, be set down at fifty minutes; but that is a statement very different from Mr. Sharp's.

Finally, there is always a retardation in the moon's rising—this daring assertion is an astronomer's, not mine—and so, surely, Mr. Austin's phrase, "nor later nor more soon," may without offence be described as not "absolutely accurate." The moon does invariably rise "later"; it cannot by any possibility rise "more soon."

Mr. Sharp's note will be of service if it attracts attention to a natural phenomenon which apparently is not generally understood, and regarding which the statements in manuals of universal information, and even in books of popular science, are too often misleadingly loose.

WILLIAM CANTON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 25, 7 p.m. London Institution: "The Characters of the Great Composers and the Characteristics of their Works," by Prof. Ernst Pauer.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture. "Instruments for the Measurement of Radiant Heat," I., by Mr. C. V. Boys.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Part played by Aesthetic in the Growth of Modern Philosophy," by Mr. B. Bosanquet.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The further Exploration of the Caucasus."—(1) "The Ascent of Koshtantau," by Mr. A. F. Mummery; (2) "The Peaks of the Bezingi Glacier and Ushba," by Mr. H. W. Holder; (3) "Mr. W. F. Donkin's Last Journey and Photographs," by Mr. C. T. Dent.
TUESDAY, March 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," X., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Borneo," by Mr. R. Pritchett.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Australian Finance," by Mr. W. Westgarth.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Photographs of Megalithic Remains from Japan," by Mr. W. Gowland; "Photographs of Megalithic Remains from Syria," by Major C. R. Conder; "Rude Stone Monuments in the Country of the Carnutes" (Department Eure et Loir, France), by Mr. A. L. Lewis; "The Comparative Anthropometry of English Jews," by Messrs. Joseph Jacobs and Isidore Spielman.
WEDNESDAY, March 27, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Discussion. "The Objects and Methods of the Society of Arts' Motor Trials," by Prof. Kennedy.
THURSDAY, March 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Houses and their Decoration, from the Classical to the Mediæval Period," II., by Prof. J. H. Middleton.
8 p.m. Chemical: Anniversary Meeting; Election of Office-Bearers and Council.
FRIDAY, March 29, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Progress of Railways and Trade of India," by Sir Juland Danvers.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Yeast," by Mr. A. Gordon Salamon.
SATURDAY, March 30, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics—Polarisation, Wave Theory," VI., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

RECENT WORKS ON PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

"NATURE SERIES." — *Popular Lectures and Addresses*. By Sir W. Thomson. Vol. I.—"Constitution of Matter." (Macmillan.) This reprint of Sir William Thomson's lectures will be heartily welcomed by both the amateur and professional scientist. Re-reading these papers in a collected form, they seem, just as of old, to teem with suggestion for research and investigation of all kinds. Sir William is so full of enthusiasm that he carries us irresistibly along with him, even when he declares that the nearest analogy to the luminiferous ether which he can give us is a clear jelly with small wooden balls in it. The ultimate physical establishment by Hertz of the electro-magnetic theory of light, his theoretical demonstration (*Wiedemanns Annalen*, Jan. 1889) that Maxwell's equations of the electro-magnetic field will to a very great degree of accuracy explain the interference phenomena observed by him, go at least some way towards showing that other equations than those of an elastic solid may explain the laws of both electricity and optics. This, however, by the way; it is but a phantom wave of pressure which for an instant disturbs our reflections on Sir William's brilliant illustrations of the undulatory theory. Perhaps old friends like "The Size of Atoms" and "A Kinetic Theory of Matter" will be re-read with the most profit and pleasure. The latter, in particular, with its reduction of elasticity to a "mode of motion" is peculiarly exciting. We expect that more than one learned professor will be found spinning tops in secluded corners after the perusal of this lecture. How delightful it is to see that even a metaphysician like Malebranche had found one grain of truth in his husk-collecting *Recherche de la Vérité*! What if, after all, that worthy old Jesuit, Père Mazière, were not quite so foolish as a recent writer has depicted him? There is something very exhilarating to the scientific mind in the possibility of matter being an ether-vacuum, rather than the ether a matter-vacuum, the necessary surface energy being obtained by "irrotational circulation" round this vacancy! What a delightful field this ether-vacuum, this matter, through which

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neither heat, nor light, nor electricity can penetrate, leaves for the mystics and spiritualists to populate!—not that Sir William would allow them even the elbow-room to be found within $\frac{1}{100000}$th of a centimetre! He will suggest nothing which would favour that "wretched superstition of animal magnetism, and table-turning, and spiritualism, and mesmerism, and clairvoyance, and spirit-rapping, of which we have heard so much." This remark we trust Mr. Auberon Herbert will take to heart. The endeavour of our lecturer to replace the repulsive forces required to explain elasticity by a gyrostatic system ought, judging by recent reviews, to be helpful to Mr. Grant Allen in his pursuit of dynamic truth. Here, for instance, is a passage which may, if he reads it in his own fashion, comfort him:

"Here we have a most important idea. It would be a somewhat bold figure of speech to say the earth and moon are kept apart by a repulsive motion; and yet, after all, what is centrifugal force but a repulsive motion; and may it not be that there is no such thing as repulsion and that it is solely by inertia that what seems to be repulsion is produced? Two bodies fly together, and, accelerated by mutual attraction, if they do not precisely hit one another, they cannot but separate in virtue of the inertia of their masses" (p. 223).

Indeed, there could be no better book than this for the science "populariser" to study. Here he will find good scientific doctrine, which does not generate life from chemical action or glibly tell us the whole story of the universe; which never hesitates to confess ignorance and to qualify even the most brilliant suggestions by a warning of their present unprovenness. Indeed, Sir William seems to us to almost err occasionally on the other side. Thus, when he tells us that "the only contribution of dynamics to theoretical biology is absolute negation of automatic commencement or automatic maintenance of life," we may reasonably ask whether dynamics cannot tell us something of earth temperature, and so of the possibility that various organisms must have developed within so many round millions of years. But, further, this "absolute negation" of dynamics seems to us rather risky in our present absolute ignorance of what really constitutes life, of where it begins and where it ceases. Nor is it quite satisfactory to be told:

"It is also impossible to conceive either the beginning or continuance of life, without an overruling creative power; and, therefore, no conclusions of dynamical science regarding the future condition of the earth can be held to give dispiriting views as to the destiny of the race of intelligent beings by which it is at present inhabited."

This "impossible to conceive" seems to be like the logic of the captain's log, to which Sir William refers in "The Six Gateways of Knowledge." It is the one instance of a statement of which no proof is indicated in the course of the book, and one which, although it may give the "most probable position of our ship" in Sir William's own opinion, is surely best replaced at the present time by a confession of simple ignorance when scientists speak as scientists only. Turning from the papers which more directly concern the constitution of matter, we have two on electrical measurements, namely one read to the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1883—"Electrical Units of Measurement"—and a second entitled "Electrical Measurement," read at the conferences in connexion with the 1873 Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus. The former is up to Sir William's usual high level; the latter we venture to think might, except for the autobiographical details on pp. 448-50, have been omitted. Well for the world that Sir William gave up (Was it on what philologists term the "principle of inertia"?) his rifle for the electrometer, which weighed a pound less! In the treatment of electrical units we are again brought front to front with the remarkable and mysterious fact, the "perfectly good sense," that in absolute units the square of an angular velocity is the proper measure of density, and the fourth power of linear velocity is the proper measure of force. Most probably the fact of the ratio of the electric-magnetic to electro-static units being of the nature of a velocity was the germ of Clerk Maxwell's grand electro-magnetic theory of light. The germs of other great theories of matter and force must also lie in the fact that the absolute measure of mass is the product of a length into the square of velocity. The last paper to which we must refer is the first in the book, and, in some respects, the most suggestive one, on "Capillary Attraction." It is full of most valuable matter, and is supplemented by several appendices. The first of these is a reprint of James Thomson's paper explaining the phenomenon known as "tears of strong wine." The second is a reprint of a "Note on Gravity and Cohesion" published in the *Proceedings* of the Edinburgh Royal Society for 1862. By its reprint here we suppose that Sir William is still inclined to favour the gravitational origin of cohesion. Gravitational force, he shows, will explain cohesion, if matter be not continuous, but the space occupied by matter be small as compared with the space unoccupied by matter. The proof of this is deduced by giving the body a "fibrous" structure, and then extending this to any heterogeneous constitution of extended matter. This, of course, is practically the discontinuity supposed by Laplace himself (*Système du Monde*, iv., chap. 15). We think Sir William has probably not seen the arguments against the feasibility of explaining cohesion by gravitation on this hypothesis brought forward by G. Belli in a memoir of 1832. He therein shows that to explain the cohesion of iron we should have to suppose upwards of 20,000,000 times more empty space than matter in a mass of iron. Do Sir William's own researches on the ratio of intermolecular diameter to intermolecular distance in the case of *solid* bodies tend to confirm this hypothesis? We hardly think so. In concluding our notice of these *Lectures* with the expression of a hope that vols. ii. and iii. may not remain for long years "in the press," but satisfy within reasonable time our hunger for more, may we still be permitted to quote the work of two very distinguished scientists commonly cited as T+T, and place underneath it T only?

"Any such definite alteration of form or dimensions is called a *strain*" (§ 154).

"For instance—breaking *strains* of material are stated, accurately enough for engineering purposes, in terms of a ton weight per square centimetre" (*Popular Lectures*, 93).

But this is too unkind to the poor engineers, even if they have been unnecessarily abusing all "college men"!

Absolute Measurements in Electricity and Magnetism. By Andrew Gray. (Macmillan.) Prof. Gray's book will be useful in many respects, because, although it contains a good deal which is done better elsewhere, it contains other matter which, so far as we know, is nowhere so concisely and conveniently put. It is just the part which is properly included under the title which seems to us most satisfactory and efficient. The first two chapters are devoted respectively to electrostatic theory and the theory of electric flow. Besides references to a few recent papers, most of the matter in these pages will be found in ordinary treatises on the subject; and there seems no reason why the bulk of the book should have been increased by matter which the student will find in Thomson, Maxwell, or Mascart and Joubert. The student cannot too early be led to the chief sources of our electrical theory; and it is well that, as soon as possible, he should feel at home in the classics of his subject. Prof. Gray requires the reader to have some knowledge of integration and differential equations, and a student who could grasp his first two chapters would have no further difficulty in following the original papers on Green's theorem, electric images, and the flow in cables. Chap. iii. is devoted to "Units"; and here, again, it would have been better to cut the chapter down to the part which deals with electrical units. The student will certainly not be fit to deal with the theory of electricity, unless he is much above the need for information on dynamical units of the kind given in these pages. Chap. iv., on "General Physical Measurements," really starts the subject of work in the physical laboratory, or the contents which we expect from the title of the book. Most of the information here is to the point, although the very great difficulties which arise in the case of fine measurements depending on torsional vibrations are not perhaps sufficiently brought out. These difficulties associated with *elastische Nachwirkung* and with the aeolotropic character of most wires demanded surely a little more consideration. Further, it might be as well to warn the student that several good experimenters have found a considerable divergence between the elastic constants as determined by statical and by vibrational methods. On p. 231 the "torsional rigidity" is only defined for a wire of circular section; on p. 237 we are supposed to know what it means for a wire not of truly circular section. The remainder of Prof. Gray's book (p. 252 to the end) is the part which will render it of real service. There are excellent chapters on electrometers and the comparison of resistances, treated with a fulness which is hardly to be found in any other work; while the final chapter on "Comparison of Capacities," especially in the account of recent researches on "specific inductive capacity," is likely to prove exceedingly useful as a guide to students of this subject. We hope the book will reach a second edition, in which case we should suggest the excision of the purely theoretical parts and various modifications of chap. iv. We have only noted a few misprints, of which the following may perhaps be of service: P. 31, line 4 from bottom, for O B read O A; p. 33, on left-hand side of equation (33 *bis*), for F read E; p. 34, line 10 from bottom, for "righthand side of (34)," read "righthand side of lower line of (34)."

A Treatise on Hydrodynamics. By A. B. Basset. Vol. ii. (Deighton, Bell, & Co.) The speed with which Mr. Basset has followed up his first volume is highly to be commended. It has placed us within a reasonable time in the possession of a nearly complete account of the theory of hydrodynamics as it stood in the year of grace 1888. Both volumes are, as it were, contemporary—a not very common merit in important mathematical works! When shall we see vol. iii. of Lord Rayleigh's *Theory of Sound*? How long did we wait for vol. ii. of a certain treatise on *Natural Philosophy*, and were at last dismissed with the poor consolation of a divided first volume! It is difficult to exactly place Mr. Basset's book. It is written in the form of the Cambridge text-book with the customary collection of "examples" at the end of each chapter, but it is hardly the type of book which the student with examinations in front of him may be expected to study. Much of it—take, for example, some of the researches of J. J. Thomson and Hicks on vortices—is of a far too recondite a nature to be

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of real value as a training to the student; and, on the other hand, Mr. Basset does not excite our interest in these lengthy analytical calculations by explaining how they are related to great chemical and physical problems. We feel that the analysis for Mr. Basset is an end in itself, and not merely a means to "solving universe." That is the great gap which separates this work from a treatise like Lord Rayleigh's *Sound*. But if we have yet to wait for the Lord Rayleigh of hydrodynamics, we must still recognise the great services which Mr. Basset has performed by the examination, condensation, and verification of the results of all the principal papers dealing with hydrodynamics from the more theoretical side. We now for the first time can see within measurable compass what is known about vortices, of the motion of solids in perfect liquids and of liquid waves. We only regret that Mr. Basse thas seen fit to exclude gaseous motion from his treatise, as forming part rather of sound and thermodynamics than of hydrodynamics. The motion, however, of solids through gases, as well as gas vortices, seems logically to fall under his title; and we should be glad to know how much or little there is to be learnt of these matters. We should like to suggest to Mr. Basset a third volume, dealing with the motion, other than vibratory, of gases, and we make one of the chief arguments in favour of such a volume the publication of an index; for this all-important portion of a work of reference, such as the present essentially is, has been cruelly omitted. In conclusion, our criticism may be summed up in the words that, although we feel a certain want of physical interest in the volume, and a certain absence of practical application of theory (as in hydraulics), yet the book is undoubtedly the best extant treatise on hydrodynamics. For the use of students it will not displace Prof. Lamb's work with its greater clearness and more pleasant style; but it will (when indexed) remain for the present the standard treatise on the higher parts of the subject.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. BURGESS'S NEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROCK EDICTS OF ASOKA.

Wood Green, N.: March 12, 1889.

Pâli students are greatly indebted to Prof. Bühler for his valuable and interesting contribution to the Academy of March 9. I should, however, like him to reconsider his translation of *avatrapeyu* in the Shâhbâzgârhi inscription. Dr. Bühler evidently derives it from *trp* with *ava*, but there are difficulties in connecting it with this root. It should, I venture to think, be referred to *trap* "to be abashed," and be rendered "they shall shun (*or* eschew) evil deeds." Then the concluding clause, "and not be slain," is rendered more forcible than if the translation of the first clause were "they shall live contentedly." *Avatrap* does not, I believe, occur in Sanskrit; but we need it in order to explain (1) the Pâli verb *ottapati* (not in Childers, but see Majjhima Nikâya, vol. i., p. 356 ed. Trenckner) "to be fearful of sinning," which presupposes a form *avat'apati* = *avatrapati*, and (2) the noun *ottappa* = *avattappa* = *avatrâpya*, connected by Childers with a Sanskrit *auttâpya* from *uttâp*. In the *Journal* of the Pâli Text Society for 1887, I have called attention to the Northern Buddhist *apatrâpya* = Pâli *ottappa*, which occurs in Mahâvyutpatti (p. 32, ed. Minayef). This, of course, must be from *apa-trapati*, which in Pâli might become *avattapati* or *ottapati*; but I suspect that *apatrâpya* is an attempt of a Northern Buddhist translator to Sanskritise the Pâli *ottappa*. Not knowing *avatrapati*, he would naturally refer it to the more ordinary form *apatrapati*.

While on the subject of Northern Buddhist terms, I may mention that the Sanskrit *utsada*, in *saptotsada*, unexplained by the editors of the Divyâvadâna (see pp. 620-621) is the first element of the Pâli *sattussada*, discussed by the present writer in the *Journal* of the Pâli Text Society for 1887. Richard Morris.

"A CLASS-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY."

Oxford: March 14, 1889.

It is doubtless an offence to some persons that a new text-book on chemistry should be published, but this is not adequate reason for unfair charges being made against it; and I would ask leave to answer briefly the remarks on my book in the Academy of March 9.

The reviewer, without indicating any authority for his opinion, describes as an "old error reproduced" the statement made by me that the proportion of carbonic acid gas in air is "about ·04 parts per hundred . . . on an average." Now this value, deduced from the experiments of capable persons, has been accepted for many years, and will still be found in the last edition (1888) of the standard work of Roscoe and Schorlemmer; and although it may be hereafter shown that the lower figures obtained in recent years, by methods differing from those formerly used, are the more accurate, the matter is by no means beyond controversy at present. The mean value, for example, of a long series of observations at the Montsouris Observatory, near Paris, is very near 3 volumes per 10,000, or ·03 per cent.; while Prof. Carnelly and his colleagues (*Phil. Trans.*, 1887) have recently, but not by the same process, found that in open spaces in Dundee the value is just below, and in the courtyard of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster just above, 4 volumes in 10,000, or ·04 per cent. On what grounds, then, is my statement characterised as an old error?

The reviewer also appears to challenge the accuracy of my statement that tin crackles when bent; but the so called "cry of tin" is a property too well known to need any defence of the allusion made to it.

In complaining that no reference is made to the important supply of borax from California, the critic is himself in error, as he will discover by looking at p. 135.

The last charge I have to answer is somewhat confused in expression:

"Nothing is said as to the formation of graphitic acid from graphite—a distinguishing re-action of this form of carbon, and one that was made in the university in which Mr. Fisher teaches."

Some selection of details must be permitted in an elementary work. And I would point out that, as the discovery of the acid was made thirty years since, and the original specimens are actually under my care, I cannot fairly be charged with ignorance of the fact; while, if the remark is intended to suggest a want of loyalty to the memory and work of my former teacher and master, I think the account of his labours from my pen, which appeared in the Academy several years ago, may be taken as sufficient answer to so groundless an imputation.

W. W. Fisher.

The editor of the Academy has been good enough to let me see Mr. Fisher's letter. In one point, but in one only, I am glad to acknowledge an oversight on my part. I did not notice the reference to Californian borax on p. 135. I now proceed to justify the three criticisms which remain, passing over, as needing no answer, the "groundless imputation" with which Mr. Fisher concludes his letter.

(1) That ·04 per cent. has been "accepted for many years" as representing the average volume of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere is a perfectly fair statement of the facts. But, thanks to more accurate methods of analysis and more extended observations, the above figure has been revised. The new edition of *Watts's Dictionary* (i. p. 333) affirms that, "in fresh country air the amount is remarkably constant, and may be stated as about ·034 per cent." "Over the sea the amount of carbonic acid is about ·03 per cent." "At Rostock the mean of a large number of observations made from 1868 to 1871 was ·0292 per cent." Blochmann (*Annalen*, 237, pp. 39 to 90) has more recently discussed the whole question, and concludes that "the normal amount of carbonic anhydride in 10,000 volumes of air is 3, not 4 volumes." All the latest experiments point unmistakably to the same conclusion. I cannot think I was wrong in characterising as an old error this excess of nearly 25 per cent.

(2) I have the authority of Dr. Percy, the distinguished metallurgist, in support of my assertion as to the absence of "cry" in the case of *pure* tin. Commercial tin does crackle, owing to the presence of traces of impurity; but the chemical element tin does not.

(3) Mr. Fisher justifies his omission of the one characteristic and distinguishing purely chemical reaction of graphite by stating that "some selection of details must be permitted in an elementary book." I venture to think that three lines about graphitic acid might have claimed priority in a class-book of chemistry over those given to black-lead pencils, polishing stoves, and coating gunpowder, although room might have been made for these industrial details also.

The Reviewer.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

M. Victor Henry, professor of classical philology at Lille—whose Comparative Grammar of Greek and Latin was reviewed in the Academy of July 21, 1888—has shown his activity in another field by the translation into French of two Sanskrit dramas. One is the well-known "Mâlavikagnimitra," attributed to Kâlidâsa himself—an attribution which Prof. Henry inclines to support; the other is the no less interesting "Mudrârâkshasa" of Vishâkhadatta. It is noteworthy that, in both cases, he has followed the text as settled by native editors—Shankar P. Pandit and Kâshinâth Trimbak Telang—published recently in the "Bombay Sanskrit Series"; and in both cases he acknowledges his obligations to his teacher, the lamented Abel Bergaigne. The translations are readable in themselves; and the passages in verse are distinguished—in one case by a different typography, in the other by being rendered into rhymed French. The publishers of both are MM. Maisonneuve and Ch. Leclerc; but we prefer the *format* of the "Collection Orientale" to that of the reprint from the *Mémoires* of the Société des Sciences of Lille.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Cambridge Antiquarian Society.—(*Monday, March 4*)

Prof. A. Macalister, president, in the chair.—The president exhibited and described a collection of skulls and heads of Egyptians of the XXVIth Dynasty (about 750 B.C), some of them in a remarkable state of preservation. The features show a strong likeness to some of the wooden faces found in mummy-cases of the period.—Mr. Jenkinson, after a few prefatory remarks upon the origin of the early printers—they seem to have been sometimes goldsmiths, sometimes professional scribes—exhibited and described a manuscript copy of the *Scala* of Johannes Climacus, Abbot of Mount Sinai. The book, as we learn from the colophon, was written in January, 1473, by John

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de Paderborn de Westfalia, at and for the Augustinian House at Marpach (near Lucerne). It was in this very year that the scribe began his long career as a printer, first at Alost (in Flanders) and afterwards at Louvain.—Prof. G. F. Browne exhibited and described (1) a cross-head of stone, found at Fulbourn, resembling so closely that found in 1810 under the Norman works of Cambridge Castle that they must be of the same early date, and probably from the same stone-yard; where they differ, the Fulbourn cross is rather more ornamented: 2) a portion of the head of a cross, and the arm of another cross, found at Catterick in Yorkshire; the cross-head is unusual in having birds in the arms, and has also panels of ornamentation on the ends of the arms: (3) a small headstone from Aycliffe, near Darlington; this stone is of very unusual character, probably the only known example, and has on each side two persons arm-in-arm: (4) a cast of a shaft at Croft, near Richmond in Yorkshire, covered with unusually rich work.—Mr. Magnússon made the following remarks on a model of the stone of Jellinge in Denmark. It was characteristic of Scandinavian runic monuments that, generally speaking, they contributed practically nothing to our knowledge of the history of the North. The Jellinge group, especially the so-called smaller and larger Jellinge stones, formed a signal exception in this respect. These monuments not only commemorated the death of a famous king and queen of Denmark, whose historical existence was perfectly well ascertained, though a halo of legend had settled round certain events of their lives, but referred also to important events in the reign of their son, his conquest of Norway and the conversion of his people to Christianity. The larger Jellinge stone stood in a relation to the smaller one to which it might be of interest to allude. The inscription on the smaller stone ran to this effect, that "King Gorm made this *haw* (sepulchral mound) after Thyra his wife, the Daneboon." This stone, before its removal to its present site, had stood on one of the so-called kings' *haws* at Jellinge, the southernmost one. This *haw* had been thoroughly explored in 1861 under experienced archaeologists, and the exploration left no doubt that it had never served as a repository of any human remains. Queen Thyra's body, therefore, had never rested in the place to which the inscription on the stone had always been supposed to refer. There was another difficulty attaching to the inscription. According to the historical tradition, King Gorm died before his wife. That tradition, however, as much else concerning his life, might be a legend, seeing that apparently he was only once married, that he wedded Thyra as a young man, and was reputed to have ruled over Denmark for the incredibly long period of some ninety-five years. If Thyra's memorial stone had stood on Thyra's mound from the beginning, the supposition of some Danish antiquaries that the stone might have been raised in her lifetime, seeing that the mound itself was a cenotaph, seemed probable. But, whatever the true story of Thyra's memorial stone might be, the fact remained indisputable that King Harald Bluetooth had built the northern mound of Jellinge, and caused the stone monument now under consideration to be placed on it, in memory of his parents. The mound had been explored in 1821, and a spacious grave chamber had been found there; but, as was almost always the case with conspicuous grave-mounds, it had been broken into before, no one knew when or how, and only a few things of interest (a small cup and cross of silver) were found in it. The stone was about eight feet high, and in form as the model represented it. On one side was a human figure, probably meant for an image of Christ, on the other a crested leonine griffin entwined in the coils of a serpent. The inscription was perfectly plain. The only difficulty about it was a lacuna before the last word *kristna*. The three letters before the lacuna were *dan*. Prof. Wimmer had filled it up with "dan[a múg let]"; "dan[a her let]" was another possible conjecture, giving the same sense. But if the model was correct, there seemed hardly space enough with dividing stops for seven letters, four at the utmost: dan[i : lit :] or dan[i : fik :]? The lacuna thus filled up, the inscription ran: "King Harald bade be done this mound after Gorm his father and after Thyra his mother, that Harald who for himself won Denmark all and Norway and had the Dane-host Christianised."—Prof. G. F. Browne said he had long used this stone as an argument against the Danish origin of the sculpture on Anglian crosses. One monument known to be Danish had been found near St. Paul's in London, and it closely resembled the work on this stone, so that Danes in England put up a Danish monument; but no other stone in England was of this character. Mr. Browne remarked on the fact that one side of the stone has a Crucifixion without a cross, the Figure with arms extended standing among interlacing bands, and mentioned an example in England at Chester-le-Street. He called attention to the modification of the first *u* in the Queen's name, Türui; and mentioned that the modern representative of the name, Thyra, is still pronounced as if *y* were *ü*.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY, WEST END BRANCH.—(*Thursday, March 7.*)

MR. R. MENSCH read a paper on "The Ethical Development of *Wilhelm Meister*." When Goethe submitted the newly-completed *Apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister* to Schiller, the latter remarked that the hero of this book passes "from a vain and undefined idealism to a definite practical life without losing his idealising power"; and a careful study will show that, considered from the ethical standpoint, this is indeed the main idea that underlies the many coloured and shifting scenes of this work. It is true the embodiment of this idea in imaginative form, in so far as it deals with the conflict between the idealist and the realities of life, is not peculiar to Goethe; for as this conflict has at all times been a conspicuous element in actual human experience, it has been represented in literature in many guises, and its adjustment attempted in numerous ways. It is, indeed, only necessary to compare such a work as *Don Quixote*, in which Cervantes may be said to have placed the antagonism between the ideal and the real in the broadest possible light without any attempt at ultimate reconciliation, with the more fruitful method of Goethe, to comprehend the many differing ways in which such a theme may be handled. What constitutes the peculiarity of Goethe's treatment is that he has gone a step farther than Cervantes; and, after exhibiting in sharp contrast the aspirations of the idealist, and the imperfect realities by which he is surrounded, he endeavours to reconcile the two. And this reconciliation he seeks to effect, not by his hero's surrender of his ideals, nor by a mere compromise, but by an endeavour to show that the idealist may, by a careful and assiduous study of the actual world, and by an acquired experience of its nature and capacities, gain the power of moulding it into conformity with the ideals that are within him, and which he seeks for in vain outside himself. In Wilhelm Meister we see an idealist who, out of harmony with the world into which he has been born, vainly seeks to find his ideal in the varying scenes of life. Repeatedly disenchanted, he at length relinquishes his dream and all belief in the possibility of its realisation, and determines to devote himself entirely to those practical duties and activities which are embodied for us in the characters of Lothario and Therese. But Goethe was no mere realist and utilitarian; and, if he reprobates vague idealism, he was no less keenly alive to the defects of those who having grasped the fact never look beyond the fact, in whose most comprehensive view the world remains but a huge kitchen garden and bakehouse, and who would trace man's sense for beauty and goodness to the mere development of our instinct of self-preservation and prudence. It is therefore not in Therese but in Natalie that Goethe's hero finds his ideal—in her who, while conscious of what the world is, of its poverty and imperfection, is yet ever conscious also of what it may become, and who seeks so to modify and influence it that it may grow like the world of her aspiration. To Goethe, indeed, the true function of man does not consist in a continuous search for his ideal in outward circumstances and conditions; having a clear perception of his objects he should himself endeavour to create the good he has hitherto been seeking. For, as Goethe says, "All without us is but element—indeed, I may go farther, and say all connected with us too; but deep within us lies this creative power which is able to form what is to be, and which will not let us rest or slumber till we see it represented in or outside ourselves." Thus, according to Goethe, it is vain for man to close his eyes to the imperfect realities of existence, vain to see them as his imagination paints them, ignoring their real nature and meaning. For experience is evermore impressing man with the unbending sternness of facts, which he may close his eyes to and deny, but from which he cannot escape. Yet if he take to heart this lesson of life, he shall by patient study and recognition of the real nature of things obtain the power of moulding them into conformity with his ideals, and by a wise submission and obedience acquire the right of freedom and command.

NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(*Friday, March 8.*)

SIDNEY L. LEE, Esq., treasurer, in the chair.—Miss Beatrice Lamb read a paper on "Lady Macbeth." She said she had purposely read no commentaries on the play, but had drawn her conclusions solely from the text. These were that Lady Macbeth was of an unselfish and noble nature, who sank herself in her husband, always put him first, and did what she did only that he might be king. She was not wicked before the play; and though she believed in fate, she did not determine to murder Duncan till she saw her husband. She was not superstitious like him, but feared only her own womanliness. She at first tolerated the weakness of his nature; but when she found it would prevent his becoming king, she poured on him that sarcasm, satire, and ridicule which always rouses a weak nature. Her reference to her father showed her only weakness. Till the murder was done, she led her husband; after it, she dropped back and he came to the front. She took no interest in Banquo's death; and, though she tried to excuse to their guests Macbeth's superstitious fancies about Banquo's ghost, her scorn and ridicule of these fancies to her husband has none of its old integrity. The two have changed places. But neither can sleep peacefully; and the horror of Lady Macbeth's nights comes out in the sleep-walking scene, where, under the agony of remorse, she breaks down and soon dies. The difficulty is to reconcile her crime with the unselfishness and generosity of her nature.—An animated discussion followed, in which almost every one of Miss Lamb's points and conclusions were denied, and declared to be in direct contradiction to Shakspere's text, though a few speakers defended her. It was pointed out that Lady Macbeth had the treachery and ambition of her race; that she and Macbeth had discussed the way to the crown before the play opened, and that she knew "the shortest way"; that her husband recognised her ambition in his letter to her; that she joined herself with him in the sovereign sway that they—that is, she ruling him—were to exercise; that she treated his pleas of hospitality, gratitude, honesty to Duncan as absurd trifles, and drove him into murder; that to call her diabolical conduct "unselfish" was a mere abuse of language. She planned and made Macbeth commit a most base and treacherous murder for her own ambitious ends and her husband's, and this abominable crime rightly led to the misery and death of both. She was the fit precursor of the other fiendish Keltic women, Goneril, Regan, and Cymbeline's Queen. And as for her absorbing love for her husband, Ristori, who acted her, repudiated it; and the late successful actress of the character in Paris, Mdme. Segond Weber, has lately said of her: "Elle n'aime pas son mari; je suis cent fois en cela de l'avis de Mdme. Ristori" (*Revue de l'Art Dramatique*, Mars, 1889, p. 303).

MANCHESTER GOETHE SOCIETY.—(*Wednesday, March 13.*)

G. SCHILLING, Esq., in the chair.—The Rev. F. F. Cornish read a paper on "Goethe and the *Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeigen*." After pointing out that the journal in question for the year of Goethe's connexion with it (1772) was now generally accessible, having been republished by B. Seuffert in 2 vols. of 700 pp., small 8vo, with preface (xc.) by W. Scherer, and remarks by himself (xviii.) (Henninger: Heilbronn), Mr. Cornish gave a full account of the journal and of its staff for that year. It was started at the

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beginning of 1772 by Deinet of Frankfort, as an old paper with a new name, with Merck as editor, and a strong but hastily-arranged staff. The chief contributors, and many of their friends and foes, pass before us like magic-lantern pictures in Goethe's Pasquinade, "Das Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilen," *i.e.*, Frankfort. Merck, strong in literature and art, was editor; but Herder, "whose eagle flight betrayed the king of birds," was looked upon as the choirmaster by outsiders. The scholarly Schlosser, whose head Herder pronounced "the flattest outside and emptiest inside," became editor when Merck resigned in July. Goethe soon joined as an active collaborator. "In the journal," writes Herder to Merck, "you are always Socrates-Addison; Goethe, for the most part, is an overbearing young lord, with horridly scratching claws; and I, whenever I intervene, am the Irish dean [Swift] with the whip." Goethe was probably the real editor for the last three months of the year, after which, weary of the task, he seems to have written only one review for twenty years. The *Review*, price 4 guldens yearly, came out twice a week in 4 pages small 8vo, with one full review and several shorter notices. Its range covered popular works in the higher sciences (theology, law, medicine), the whole field of history, philosophy, and the fine arts and sciences. English books were to be noticed, the good for praise, and the bad as a warning for translators — also copper-plate engravings of importance. A new feature was the reviewing of the other German Reviews, which did not tend to commend the *F.G.A.* to its contemporaries. It is not easy to distinguish the work of the various reviewers; the notices were, as a matter of fact, as often as not the joint work of several, the outcome of conferences, after which one of the number, usually Goethe, was deputed to draft the review. Though wanting in knowledge of the continuous history of any subject, he could take up a point, a period, or the view of another, in a fresh, lively manner, full of intelligent interest and play of imagination; and he often introduced into the articles of others lighter touches of irony and badinage. In Goethe's collected works there appear thirty-six articles picked out by Eckermann at his request from the *F.G.A.*, but of these some were certainly not written by Goethe. As he says, however, "They give a complete idea of the then condition of our society and personality. There is observable an unbounded effort to burst through all limitations." As an index to Goethe's opinions at this, "the time of minority which cannot be skipped over," when he was so much under Herder's influence, the evidence of Goethe's work for the *Review* is not clear; but it was certainly, as Scherer says, "in matters of style his school of preparation for *Werther*." As samples of Goethe's reviews Mr. Cornish read translations of "The History of Consciousness," "Poems by a Polish Jew" (so full of autobiographical interest that we wonder not to find it quoted in every life of Goethe), "Idylls by Gessner," and "Hansen's Life of Klotz," with portions of the "History of Fraülein von Sternheim" and "Sulzer on the Fine Arts." In conclusion, Mr. Cornish referred to the attitude of the reviewers towards orthodox theology. As theological reviewer Deinet had secured K. F. Bahrdt, a rationalistic writer of inferior calibre, whose intemperate writings at once embroiled the journal with the Frankfort clergy, and caused it to be denounced from the pulpits. But the other reviewers had no sympathy with Bahrdt's crude rationalism; and though, after his dismissal, theological reviews were almost given up, Herder or Goethe (it is not certain which) soon took occasion to rebuke him for his tone and to maintain the value, regarded as natural growths merely, of scriptural ideas, such as that of the devil, which he would explain away. At the end of 1772 Goethe and his friends retired from the staff, with a comic epilogue from Goethe; and Bahrdt, in the words of Herder, "got it in his clutches."

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE present exhibition is distinctly miscellaneous. The principal places are occupied by fine paintings, many of them of large size, by the most notable members of the Institute, and there are few of the best known of the habitual exhibitors who have not sent some drawing which will uphold their credit; but there is little throughout the exhibition of any extraordinary worth, and there is a great deal of work of a second rate, or even of a lower grade. Nor, except for a number of pretty small drawings, mostly by ladies, is there any such signs of new talent as have been before given by previous exhibitions of the Institute. In short, as a whole, the collection in Piccadilly, if not disappointing, has very few pleasant surprises in store for the visitor. Much, however, that he expects he will find. The president, for instance, is *facile princeps* in his special domain. It would be difficult to find anything so good of its kind among the works of past or present water-colourists as his "Beppina" (323). It is only a "three-quarter" of a pretty girl charmingly dressed—a dress elaborate but neat and not over new; a face and figure sweet and fresh, a scheme of colour rich but quiet; and all painted with a combined force and delicacy which is only to be won from water-colour by rare skill. As in figure-painting, so in landscape we have examples of the best work by the best men: in Mr. Thomas Collier's grand breezy drawing of a heath in sunshine with moving sunlit clouds, called "Cutting Gorse" (327); and Mr. Hine's "Corfe Castle, Dorset" (472), with the castle on a hill among hills, with green slopes glowing in the evening sun, and softened with trembling mist and soft low drifting cloud. Of Mr. Collier there are but two examples; but Mr. Hine sends several smaller works, one at least of which, "Holywell, near Eastbourne" (388)—a coast scene—is of more than ordinary beauty. Nor are other of the well-known landscape painters of the Institute slack in giving us of their best. Mr. Orrock sends two noble drawings—one of "Naworth, on the Border" (527), and the other of "Hawback, on the Ure" (629)—large in design and bold in handling, with fine luminous skies. Mr. Wimperis, with his breezy "Ferry" (315) and sunny "Cornfield" (697), does, perhaps, somewhat more than sustain his reputation, and Mr. Hargitt has some good drawings; but no one of this group of landscape painters who follow the lead of Constable, De Wint, and Cox, rather than of Turner or Copley Fielding, shows to greater advantage than Mr. Weedon. His "Noon in the Hayfield" (143) is distinguished for brilliancy and purity, his "Rough Pasture" (563) is finer still, and that he might excel as much as a painter of the sea as of field and woodland is shown by the beautiful "Stormy Twilight" (134). On the whole, there is, perhaps, no landscape painter who shows to such special advantage in this exhibition as Mr. Weedon, though neither Mr. Thomas Collier nor Mr. Hine can be excelled in their own particular and very different lines. Amongst the best of the larger of the drawings here must not be forgotten the "Old Shoreham, Sussex" (706), by Mr. J. Aumonier, nor the "Mill at Clayton, Sussex" (766), by Mr. A. F. Grace. Mr. Aumonier also deserves a special word for his beautiful rendering of "Summer Moonlight" (445)—a drawing in which he has broken new ground. Mr. Frank Dillon's noble drawing of "The Colossal Pair, Thebes" (572), and Mr. Fulleylove's "High Street, Oxford" (337), are both works worthy of the Institute and of the painters. Fine also and welcome, as a sign of new strength to the Institute, is Mr. Bernard Evans's powerful view of "Knaresborough, Yorkshire, from the Bridge above Spittles Croft" (195), which is finely drawn and composed, and full of skilful execution, especially in the foreground. The merits of fresh observation and invention can scarcely be allowed to the larger drawings of Mr. Thomas Pyne, like "The Medina" (21); but the true accomplishment of this artist is well seen in other, of his drawings here, notably in two which hang close by, "The Valley of the Arun" (12) and "The Black Rabbit, near Arundel" (23). Of a more modern school are several poetical drawings by Mr. Alfred East, which never fail to charm by their fresh tenderness of sentiment, but sometimes vex by their smeariness in execution. His "Waking of the Day" (721), with its fine morning feeling and tender lemon sky would be quite delightful but for this. Of the newer school is also Mr. Robert Allan's "A Breezy Day in Arran" (128), full of sun and air, and pure, bright, and true in the colour of its blue water and pearly sands, which are admirably contrasted with the ruddy-sided boat reflected in the limpid ripples. New in another way are the delicate drawings of Mr. Edwin Bale, who in his last trip to Italy seems to have for the moment deserted the charms of Italian beauties for those of Italy herself. A view from Fiesole, called "Italy" (346), "Olives at Bordighera" (425), and other delicate drawings, attest his sympathy with Italian air and Italian colour, and are touched with unusual refinement. Not in any way new, but as fresh and pleasant as if they were the fruits of a new artistic talent, instead of one which has delighted us for many years, are the grey liquid moving waters of Mr. Edwin Hayes. And the landscapes of Mr. Claude Hayes, Mr. C. E. Holloway, Mr. Harry Hine, Mr. F. Cotsman, Mr. Frank Walton, and a few others, have special merits of their own, which are only passed over here from want of space.

Of living illustrators of the humour of Charles Dickens there is, surely, none to compare with Mr. Charles Green. Humour may be beneath the dignity of fine art; but if we have a fine artist with a special gift of humorous illustration, what is to be done? It is, at all events, well if nothing worse is done than "Mr. Mantalini and the Brokers—'What's the dem'd total?'" (409) Human talent may be pardoned for so exercising it; human nature, pardoned or not, will delight in such work. Mr. Mantalini is heroic in his way in dressing gown and slippers, astride on a chair with his handsome face and empty head completely unabashed at the situation which drives his wife into hysterics, and makes Kate Nickleby stand up by the mantlepiece like a gentle tragedy queen. It is farce, doubtless, but farce raised by sprightly fancy and refined humour to the level of comedy—or, at least, comedietta. It cannot be said that Mr. H. R. Steer has been so successful in illustrating the other—the pathetic—side of Dickens. His "Little Paul and Florence Dombey" (822) is a comparative failure; but this very skilful painter is seen to advantage in other drawings here, especially in his two fishermen taking their ease in their inn—"Brothers of the Rod and Line" (14), which, taken altogether, as a painting and a study of original character, is the best work of its kind here. Mr. Frank Dadd, however, with his two old gentlemen exchanging confidences—"Between Ourselves" (119)—runs it hard; and the same artist has achieved an undoubted success with a more important composition, called "Cornered" (477), in which we see a "villain," who looks rather of the Jonathan Wild than the Dick Turpin kind, run to earth in a village inn, and there, duly bound, exposed to the jeers of the country folk—all of which are depicted with admirable variety and just expression. Hackneyed, though tolerable, after such drawings as these, seems the humour of Mr.

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Dollman's "The Health of the Bride" (464); at once hackneyed and intolerable, Mr. Nash's "Morning" (152). It is difficult to say whether the same artist's "Banshee" (743) is meant in joke or earnest.

Of the drawings in which figures enter there is not very much to say. Mr. E. J. Gregory's green nook on the riverside, called "The Sound of Oars" (336), with a girl in a hammock surrounded by a leafy screen of willow and other trees, is dexterous to a degree, but nothing else. Mr. Lawrence Balleid, who, like Mr. Robert Allan, belongs to the other society, has a pretty drawing (22) of a little ancient Roman damsel taking her "first lesson" in playing the pipes, in which the scene is laid in a court of white marble daintily suggested. It is in all ways except cleverness a contrast to Mr. Grierson's clown giving "Compulsory Education" to two dogs (58), which is the very reverse of "aesthetic," but clever nevertheless. On the same wall, but "skied," is a vigorous and poetical picture from the "Tempest" (75), by Mr. Robert Fowler, whose compositions exhibited here last year and the year before gave signs of an imaginative power not yet completely under control, but evident enough. This drawing shows a marked step in advance of "The Death of Socrates" of last year. The scheme of colour is bold, and the figures vigorous and well conceived. Prospero has an air imperial, Miranda grace, and Caliban, "the scrawled initial of the great word man," is a monster far above the average. The artist has suggested rather than realised his conception, but it is the conception of an artist and a poet. On either side of the large landscape below Mr. Fowler's drawing—"A Moorland Road" (74), a broad and effective, but somewhat smooth and monotonous, work by Mr. Joseph Knight—hangs one of Mr. Weatherhead's clever and pleasant single figures of fishermaidens; but there is nothing to be said about these or the drawings of Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Staniland, and other well-known artists which has not been said a hundred times already. Nor does Mr. Walter Langley, though he has two large drawings here of the sorrows and anxieties of the lives of fisher folk, add anything to his well-won laurels. Bright, elegant, and fresh are Mr. Caffieri's small figures of girls by the sea, and Miss Freeman's "Shop on the Quay," is a strong and clever piece; but of all the many painters who choose their subjects from fisher and cottage life there is none more pleasing than Mr. Hugh Carter, whose "Music hath Charms" (771) is thoroughly charming and natural. Many other pretty and clever figure-drawings are here, by Mr. Lionel Smythe, Mr. Gotch, Mr. Hobden, and others; for some of the prettiest one has to search in corners. There is quite a little nest of them in the West Gallery, nearly all by the gentler sex, Miss Florence Hawker, Miss M. E. Kindon, Miss M. J. Sherbrook, among them; and in the East Gallery there is a still richer corner containing Miss Linnie Watts's "Lost" (798), and Miss Eleanor E. Marly's "Two's Company, Three's None" (797)—both clever and delightful drawings, the position of which, surrounded as they are by better hung and inferior work, says little for the taste or judgment of the hangers.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

ARRIVAL OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCULPTURES FROM THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BUBASTIS.

THE long-expected sculptures from the great Temple of Bubastis, granted to the Egypt Exploration Fund by the Egyptian Government, were, after innumerable and vexatious delays, embarked at Alexandria about a month ago on board the steamship *Mareotis*, and safely landed at Liverpool on Tuesday, March 13.

The consignment consisted of some thirty-four huge cases, containing the upper halves of two archaic colossal statues, possibly of the date of the Ancient Empire; a black granite seated statue of Rameses II. of heroic size, in two pieces; two colossal red granite portrait-heads of the same Pharaoh; two fine red granite slabs from the Festival Hall* of Osorkon II. (XXIInd Dynasty), carved in low relief, one representing Osorkon II. and his wife, Queen Karoama; a huge capital, and part of the shaft of a red granite column of the clustered lotus order, from the Hypostyle Hall of the Temple†; an inscribed column with palm-capital, in five pieces, of polished red granite; two red granite Hathor-head capitals (one of enormous size, and quite perfect); three large fragments of an exquisitely-carved shrine of Nekhthorheb (Nectanebo I.) of the XXXth Dynasty; a black granite sitting statue (headless), nearly life-size, of a scribe who lived during the reign of Amenhotep III. (XVIIIth Dynasty); some more or less imperfect black granite statues of Ptah, Sekhet, and other personages, divine and human, including a beautiful white marble fragment of a youthful male figure, probably a Narcissus, of Greek or Graeco-Roman work; and seven cases of very pleasing specimens of basrelief sculptures of the Ptolemaic period, discovered last year by Mr. F. Ll. Griffith in the ruins of a temple dedicated to Hathor by Ptolemy Soter, at Teraneh, the Terenuthis of antiquity. Last, and chief among this array of treasures, comes a colossal black granite statue (in four pieces, but nearly perfect) of the Hyksos King Apepi, one of two found by M. Naville last season. Of the head of this splendid specimen of one of the most obscure and interesting periods of Egyptian art it is not too much to say that for intensity of expression, as well as for power and freedom of treatment, it is not inferior to the best portrait-sculptures of the best periods of the Greek or Roman schools, as it is undoubtedly the finest known relic of the Hyksos period.

M. Naville, meanwhile, is still at work in the ruins of the Great Temple which has rewarded his labours with such valuable results. Accompanied, as last year, by the Rev. W. Macgregor, local hon. secretary for Tamworth and special delegate of the Fund, and by Count d'Hulst, he returned to his task early in February for the purpose of completing the exploration, and literally leaving no stone unturned within its huge area. His last report, dated March 10, records the discovery of a colossal group of two statues, and the finding of two inscriptions: one the so-called "standard" name of Apepi, and the other that of no less important and unexpected a personage than Khufu (Cheops), the builder of the Great Pyramid. "Thus," remarks M. Naville, "the temple dates back to the IVth Dynasty." M. Naville is about to wind up the season by at least partially excavating the Temple of Thoth at Bubastis—that temple described by Herodotus as the Temple of Hermes, at the end of the street of Hermes. The mound which represents this temple, and the long line of the *dromos*, or "street," which connected it with the Great Temple of Bast, are clearly traceable.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Hon. Sec., Egypt Exploration Fund.

* See "The Excavation of the Great Temple of Bubastis," by E. Naville: THE ACADEMY, April 14, 1888.

† Ibid.

ART SALES IN EDINBURGH.

Two unusually important collections of the work of two of the most able and sensitive of the Scottish landscape-painters have recently been on view in Edinburgh. That of works in oil by Mr. J. Lawton Wingate, R.S.A., was sold on Saturday last in Mr. Dowell's auction-rooms, and realised — even in the present depressed condition of the northern picture-market—very fair prices indeed. The other, a collection of water-colours by Mr. W. M'Taggart, R.S.A., has been on view in the same place during the present week, and is to be brought to the hammer to-day (Saturday, March 23).

Both of these painters are eminently distinguished by the vigour and freedom of their brush-work, and by their admirable power of seizing the last refinements of tone and quality; but neither is especially remarkable for power of composition, and Mr. Wingate, in particular, has seldom succeeded in building up a thoroughly satisfying work of large size and of complex component parts. Mr. Wingate is a landscapist pure and simple; all his finest work has been produced in this direction, and all his most successful figures are the figures of the landscape-painter—figures treated in severest subordination to their surroundings. It should, however, be added that he has shown himself, upon occasion, a refined and delicate painter of flowers. Mr. M'Taggart, again, is somewhat more of a figure-painter. His figures—especially in his earlier work — have more independent importance than those of Mr. Wingate. He sometimes even condescends to tell a story pictorially, to interest us in what his figures are doing. But always his main care—always in the work of his maturity—is the relations of the human figures, and of all other objects that he portrays, to the totality of nature, to the related whole of his subject. He is pre-eminent among Scottish landscapists as a painter of sea, and here he may challenge comparison with even a man so accomplished as Hook. Indeed, there are certain Scottish critics—certain Scottish painters as well—who hold that these two artists have power enough and individuality enough to enable their works to teach some needed lessons to the most accomplished members of the present-day school of English landscape. The opinion may be a mere provincial prejudice of the "wild Scots"; though we cannot but wish that the works of Mr. Wingate and of Mr. M'Taggart were made better known in London, and thus an opportunity afforded for bringing to the test the accuracy of the belief to which we have referred.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE exhibitions to open next week include the Society of Lady Artists (professional), at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and a collection of water-colour drawings of the Thames, by F. G. Coleridge, at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street.

WE may also mention that Mr. H. J. Draper's fresco of "Spring," painted on the wall of the nurses' refectory, Guy's Hospital, may be seen next week on any day between 1.30 and 4.30 p.m. This important work—which contains seventeen life-size figures—was commissioned by the president and council of the Royal Academy, in order that Mr. Draper might carry out on a large scale the design with which he won a students' prize for a water-colour drawing in 1886.

WE understand that the exhibition of the late Mr. W. F. Donkin's photographs of mountain scenery—now on view in the Gainsborough

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Gallery, New Bond Street—cannot be kept open beyond the end of next week. Regarded merely for its own sake, the collection ought to be seen by all who love the Alps, as well as by those who can appreciate the unrivalled skill shown in this long series of photographs from situations which might well be thought inaccessible to the camera. But to many the visit will be clouded by the reflection that this is all now left to us of the bright and enthusiastic personality so faithfully outlined in the "in memoriam" notice prefixed to the Catalogue.

Among the attractions of the Paris Exhibition will be a series of "Concours et auditions de musiques pittoresques des provinces de la France et de l'étranger"; and a collection of portraits of deceased architects.

A curious explanation has been given of the delay that has occurred in the execution by M. Meissonier of his allotted share in the decoration of the Pantheon. His picture should be the pendant to that of M. J.-P. Laurens, which has long been finished. Nearly all the rest are complete, but M. Meissonier's space is still blank. The delay is said to arise from the failure of M. Meissonier to submit a sketch that shall be in conformity with the general scheme of the decoration. At first he sent in several sketches, all fine, but the subjects were unsuitable. A few years passed and he again sent in a proposal; this time the subject chosen was "The History of the Siege of Paris, 1870-71," one altogether inadmissible. Since then the matter has dropped; and there seems to be every chance that the whole of the other pictures will be finished before M. Meissonier has started.

If now and then of late years the etchings in *L'Art* have scarcely reached that standard which we expect, there can be no such question about the etching published with the current number (March 15). M. Henner's beautiful "Naiade," at the Luxemburg, has found most accomplished and sympathetic interpretation from the needle of M. Eug. Fornet. The figure is exquisitely drawn, the modelling tender and true, and the force of M. Henner's chiaroscuro completely preserved. In its literature also the number is a notable one. It contains one of those affectionate and yet not uncritical records of a deceased artist, by a friend, which are a specialty, and a charming one, of *L'Art*, the most human and generous of art periodicals. The artist is the late sculptor Léon Longepied, and the recorder M. Maurice Albert. The article is illustrated by the "Danton," the Fishermen with the head of Orpheus, two charming basreliefs of Spring and Summer from the Hotel de Ville, and the group of Immortality at the Luxembourg. M. Eugène Müntz commences in the same number a study of the celebrated competition of cartoons between Michael Angelo and Lionardo da Vinci, illustrated by facsimiles of sketches by both artists.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

The first concert of the Philharmonic Society took place last Thursday week at St. James's Hall. The performance of Grieg's orchestral Suite, "Peer Gynt" (Op. 46), was remarkable for delicacy and charm. A composer is not, as a rule, the best interpreter of his works, but Herr Greig is a notable exception. He knows what he wants, he knows how to communicate his ideas and feelings to the players; and, with a fine orchestra like that of the Philharmonic, the clever and characteristic "Peer Gynt" tone-pictures proved wonderfully effective. Of course the applause was immense; but Herr Grieg, who has so sternly refused encores for himself at the Popular Concerts, ought not to have repeated the "Dance of the Imps." Mdme. Grieg sang some of her husband's most charming songs in her usual graceful and unaffected manner. Fräulein Geisler played Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, and after her successful "Schubert" recital it must be confessed that her rendering of this work was somewhat of a disappointment. Her reading of the first movement was not sufficiently pensive and poetical, and some of the passages in the last movement were rendered in a slovenly manner. Afterwards the lady gave, as solo, Schubert's Impromptu in F minor (No. 4) with all possible neatness and finish, so that it will, perhaps, be charitable to set down the wrong notes in the Concerto to nervousness. The programme included Bennett's "Parisina" Overture, Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, and Dr. Mackenzie's Scotch Rhapsody (No. 2). Mr. F. H. Cowen not having returned from Australia, Dr. Mackenzie kindly took his place as conductor.

Mons. Ernest Gillet appeared last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, and played Raff's Concerto for violoncello in D (Op. 193). Raff, as may be seen from the opus number, was a prolific composer, and his music is always cleverly put together. In this Concerto he has given the solo performer a showy part, but the work is certainly lacking in originality. M. Gillet gave an excellent interpretation of his part. The programme included the Pastoral Symphony. Mr. E. Lloyd was the vocalist. The band, under Mr. Manns's direction, was at its best.

Mdme. de Pachmann played for the second time at the Popular Concerts on Monday evening. She gave three of Chopin's "Etudes"—fugitive pieces, which are more suitable for a recital than for a classical concert. And, further, why does Mdme. Pachmann, who is an excellent pianist, select pieces in which her husband has proved himself unrivalled? She thus forces comparison. She played them extremely well; but, especially in the difficult one in G sharp minor, the mechanism of the music was too prominent. The lady was encored, and added Henselt's "Si oiseau j'étais." She afterwards played, with Herr Joachim, Schumann's Sonata for piano and violin in A minor, in which she was heard to great advantage. The performance of Mozart's Quintet in G minor, by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Gibson, and Piatti, was, in all respects, admirable. Herr Joachim's solo was "Il Trillo del Diavolo." Mr. Santley, who was in excellent voice, sang songs by Sullivan and Semon.

A novelty was introduced at the Novello concert on Tuesday evening. This was Mr. Dudley Buck's Oratorio "The Light of Asia." The composer is an American, who studied in Germany under Hauptmann and Richter. Returning to the United States in 1862, he has since been actively engaged in writing, teaching, playing, and conducting. His "Scenes from the Golden Legend" gained a prize at Cincinnati in 1880. He has composed a great quantity of church music, also Sonatas and pieces for the pianoforte. Arnold's "Light of Asia" may well tempt musicians, but it needs a genius of a high order to do justice to it. Mr. Dudley Buck possesses considerable talent, he has evidently sat at the feet of good masters; but, in spite of much that is clever, much that is attractive in his work, it is not a complete success. The composer, first of all, attempts the unwise experiment of mixing old and new. In the use of representative themes, and in the almost total avoidance of the repetition of words, we have what we may venture to term Wagnerian slips, which are grafted on to the old solid polyphonic style in vogue some fifty years ago. One good feature of the composer's work is the store of melody; at times it may be of the ordinary type, but now and again there is elegance and charm about it. Yet in his desire to be always tuneful, Mr. Buck does not obtain sufficient contrast. Then there is another weakness about the work: the interest does not grow, the best unfortunately does not come last. And now let us single out a few portions which appear to us the most deserving of praise. In the first part there is a pleasing semi-chorus for female voices; the bass solo, "The King addressing his Ministers," is interesting, as is also "The Recognition," a duet for soprano and tenor. There are some very effective passages in the scenes of the Renunciation. The chorus, "Softly the Indian Night," has a good deal of character. The "Temptation" chorus contains some excellent writing; and the epilogue has many good points. Mr. Buck knows how to write for the orchestra, though at times the scoring is heavy. Mdme. Nordica, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Andrew Black all made the most of their parts. The Novello choir sang remarkably well, and Dr. Mackenzie conducted most carefully. The audience was neither very large nor very enthusiastic.

Herr Grieg and his wife gave a recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The composer's Sonata in C minor (Op. 45) for pianoforte and violin is almost a novelty. It was heard for the first time at one of Mr. Dannreuther's musical evenings last season. The middle movement is charming, and there is some taking national music in the finale; but the opening Allegro is sombre in character and less easy to grasp. The work was well given by the composer and M. Johannes Wolff. The delightful Norwegian dances (Op. 35) for four hands, were performed by Herr and Mdme. Grieg with all possible refinement and perfect *ensemble*. The lady plays as she sings—as if she felt every note of the music. She gave besides some of her husband's songs, and Herr Grieg added solos—a Berceuse, the Humoreske (No. 2), and the popular "Norwegian Bridal Procession." There was a large audience, and the concert was a great success.

J. S. Shedlock.

MUSIC NOTES.

Messrs. Novello have just published Mr. Hermann Klein's third series of *Musical Notes*, an annual critical record of important events. Mr. Klein has a sharp, yet not severe pen, and a pleasant style; so the record is not, as one might imagine, by any means a dull one. The author, indeed, has so decked out his little book with critical and descriptive remarks that it is quite readable even by the general public. To the professional musician it will prove of immense service. No facts of importance are omitted; and there is a most valuable index, arranged so as to enable one, at a glance, to find either the name of an artist or that of a work.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

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LITERATURE.

History of the Corps of Royal Engineers. By Major-General Whitworth Porter, Royal Engineers. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

BY these two bulky volumes, forming the result of literary labour extending over several years, the military records of Great Britain have been much enriched. In these days of knowledge and progress the scientific branches of the national service necessarily stand in the van of public opinion; and the issue for the first time of a history of that corps which, though among the most ancient in foundation, is yet in point of warlike methods the most modern of all its contemporaries will doubtless be hailed with satisfaction by all classes of the community.

The scope of Gen. Porter's clear, terse, and well-written work is of considerable extent. Commencing with the Norman Conquest, he carries the reader through three chapters bristling with antiquarian details to the end of the seventeenth century. Thenceforward, by a series of succinct but graphic descriptions, strengthened by numerous extracts from original MSS., letters, and journals, he narrates the principal British engineering operations that occurred during the repeated European wars of the eighteenth century, arriving in 1808 at the great Peninsular campaigns of Wellington. The sieges, defences, and other scientific deeds of war pervading that momentous struggle in Spain, which concluded in 1814, are brought before us with much accuracy; and this portion of the work, which is elucidated by several good plans, and constitutes a chronicle of many gallant exploits, is probably the most valuable in the whole history. Proceeding to the American war of 1812-15, the expedition to Holland in 1814, and the battle of Waterloo in the ensuing year, the author then notices the various changes in the administration of the corps that took place during the long peace, and subsequently presents a very interesting account of the Crimean struggle of 1854-5, in which he himself gained distinction. The remaining conflicts depicted by Gen. Porter, consisting of the Indian Mutiny and the comparatively petty wars in China, Abyssinia, Ashanti, South Africa, Egypt, and the Soudan, involving much notice of living officers, are necessarily, from a historical point of view, of less weight and importance. The chapters which follow are devoted to organisation, civil work, and biographical sketches.

Having thus briefly surveyed the general structure of the work, it behoves us to deal more critically with a few points of a special nature. Gen. Porter states (p. 13) that in the year 1300 the term "Ingeniator," by which till then the King's Engineers had usually been designated, gave place to that of "Attillator," basing his opinion as to the identity of the two appellations on the authority of Topham and Grose; and, with regard to the latter word, he goes on to say: "There can be no doubt that from it was derived the term 'artillery.'" Shortly afterwards (p. 14) he returns to the subject: "In 1332 we again find the title of 'Attillator' appearing"; and he then proceeds to quote (from Rymer's *Foedera*) the king's warrant for the employment of that functionary in the repair of the castles, commencing:

"Quia datum est nobis intelligi quod in Domibus nostris pro officio Attiliatoris deputatis in diversis Castris nostris per defectus hujusmodi in immensum deteriorantur," &c.

But in this extract it will be seen that the word in question is spelt differently from Gen. Porter's version, and it would be interesting to know which is the right expression of the two—"Attillator" or "Attiliator." That the term "Ingeniator," however, had not fallen into disuse is shown by the author himself on the very next page; for, in allusion to the payment of the king's army before Calais in 1346, he quotes the following entry from the Dodsworth MSS. in the Bodleian:

"Cementarii, Carpentarii, Fabri, *Ingeniatores*, Pavilonarii, Minarii, Armatores, Gunnatores et *Artillarii* 314 aliqui ad 12d., 10d., 6d. et 3d. per diem."

Here, moreover, we for the first time meet the term "Artillarii" (or artillery), of which Gen. Porter asserts "Attillator," or "Attiliator," to be the precursor. But surely it is somewhat unlikely that in the space of fourteen, or indeed of any number of years, either of these two last-mentioned Latin words would have generated the first; nor, so far as can be judged from the author's own authorities, do the duties of the two offices in question seem to have been at all similar. Further on (p. 18), in connexion with the siege of Harfleur in 1415, Gen Porter again refers to the "Ingeniatores," and says: "The name, in fact, had become all but obsolete; that of Attillator having, to a great extent, superseded it." But how does this tally with the above-quoted entry of 1346; in which year, according to his own theory, the term "Attillator" must itself have been merged in that of "Artillarius"? Indeed, he adduces no evidence whatever to show that the title "Attillator," or "Attiliator," was in use later than 1332.* That the Latinity of the old chronicles has not formed one of Gen. Porter's special studies is clearly shown by the extraordinary mistake he has made (p. 69) in reference to the inscription on the monument of Brigadier-Gen. Peter Durand in the King's Chapel at Gibraltar, where he is described as "Petrus Durand Armiger," &c., which the author translates as "Peter Durand, *Knight*."

In reference to the War of the Succession in Spain, it is stated (p. 63) that in 1704, on the surprise of the fortress by Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, "Gibraltar passed into the possession of Great Britain." But this is erroneous, for it was simply reduced to the obedience of Charles III., to whom Prince George was then generalissimo, and it did not become British territory till the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. In the account of the same war Col. Peter Carles, who in 1705 was chief engineer to Lord Galway in Portugal, is represented as probably having been present during that year (apparently as an amateur) at the siege of Barcelona by Prince George; but it is certain that Carles was never on that side of Spain at all. In 1716, not long after the conclusion of this war, the establishment of the King's Engineers was increased, the artillery being at the same time severed from their control and formed into an independent regiment, now known as the Royal Artillery; and this, says Gen. Porter, is the year in which "the engineer branch of the army blossomed into a distinct corps, with grades and a prospect of steady and continuous advancement." But to this opinion we can by no means assent, for ever since the Restoration in 1660 the King's Engineers had formed "a distinct corps" under their own chief, with clearly marked ranks and prospects; and the only radical change in their history that took place in 1716 was the separation (at their own instance) of the gunnery arm of the service from their immediate command and administration, though even to this day the general direction and disposition of the artillery in sieges and defences appertains to the Engineers. Hence the real birth-year of the corps is 1660; and in this respect it takes precedence of every regiment in the British army, except the Guards, who alone have an equally ancient origin. In regard to the deeds of the Engineers in the succeeding wars of the eighteenth century, the accounts of the ill-fated expedition to Cartagena in 1741, the two defences of Minorca in 1756 and 1782, the attack of Quebec in 1759, the great siege of Gibraltar in 1779-83, and the capture of Corsica in 1794, are all of much interest, and replete with original information. Similarly attractive are also the narratives of the Egyptian campaign of 1801, the operations in Sicily in 1806-8, the disastrous enterprises against Buenos Ayres and Montevideo in 1806-7, the ill-fated Walcheren expedition of 1809, the daring attempt on Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814, and Lord Exmouth's naval attack on Algiers in 1816, in all of which actions the officers of the corps (which in 1787 had for the first time been styled the Royal Engineers) worthily sustained its reputation.

Coming now to the more modern portion of the history, and to the author's account of the operations during the Indian Mutiny in 1857, we cannot quite understand why a copious account of the siege of Delhi, in which no single officer or soldier of the Royal Engineers took part, should have been inserted. It was not till 1860 that the East India Company's Engineers were amalgamated with the Royals, and the whole credit of the Delhi operations belongs to the former corps. The narrative of the China War of 1857-1860,

* We venture to think that the two forms "attillator" and "attiliator" are probably both misreadings. In Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary*, "artiller" is quoted (1360) as meaning a maker of artillery or implements of war, and especially of bows; while "artillour" seems to have had the special meaning of engineer, officer in charge of military engines (1483). The cognate words in French, Spanish and Italian all have *art-* for their first syllable, the derivation being from late Latin "articulare."—ED. ACADEMY.

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and of the ill-managed naval attack on the Peiho Forts, is of some value; but, as regards the more recent wars—all of a comparatively minor nature — in which this country has been engaged, we think that, with advantage, the text might have been greatly condensed, or even reserved for a future work; for to describe with justice the doings of persons still alive is a difficult, delicate, and even dangerous undertaking. The chapters on the organisation of the corps are very clear and comprehensive, though, perhaps, the laudatory allusions to the "Edisons" and other living military inventors, who very rightly have utilised their posts under government to develop the uses of scientific instruments and processes, might have been dispensed with. When, however, we arrive at that considerable portion of the second volume, headed "Departmental and Civil Work," there is, we think, ground for more decided comment; for when its contents are examined it will be found that, in reality, nearly the whole of the work described is altogether outside the regular sphere of the Royal Engineers. These chapters embrace the subjects of the design of the "National Defences," the Ordnance Survey, the North American Boundary Commission, the Palestine Surveys, Service in the Royal Household, Work in the Colonial, India, Irish, and Foreign Offices, Civil Railways and Telegraphy, International Exhibitions, Convict Prisons, Metropolitan Police, and Archaeological Explorations. But it should have been stated that all the appointments connected with these duties are of an exceptional character, and that most of them are dissociated from work either of a military or of a strictly engineering nature. On the other hand, Gen. Porter makes no mention of the chief departmental duties falling to the lot of nine-tenths of the officers of Engineers not employed in India or in the possession of special emoluments, which consist of tinkering and repairing barracks and other buildings occupied by the troops—and very subordinate and disagreeable duties they are, too, being such as are usually performed in civil life by persons known as clerks of the works.

The book ends with a series of short biographies of more or less eminent deceased members of the corps, an exception being made, however, in favour of Lord Napier of Magdála; but, since the fame of that officer as an engineer belongs exclusively to the Bengal regiment, we think his name should not have been thus introduced. For the same reason it would, probably, have been more appropriate to omit the names of Sir Archibald Campbell, Rennell, Sir John Cheape, Sir Henry Durand, Sir William Baker, Greathed, Ballard, and Sir John Champain; for as engineers their reputation appertains to the various Indian corps in which they served prior to the amalgamation. As regards Lord Heathfield, the gallant defender of Gibraltar, it is very doubtful whether, strictly speaking, he can be claimed as a Royal Engineer; while, perhaps, one or two other and more modern names might also have been judiciously left out. On the other hand, biographies of remarkable men like Sir Bernard De Gomme (who might almost be called the father of the corps), Michael Richards (Queen Anne's chief engineer), Sir Charles Felix Smith (of Peninsular renown), Sir William Gordon (of Crimean fame), Sir Henry James (head of the Ordnance Survey), and Sir Robert Laffan (governor of Bermuda) are conspicuous by their absence.

Arthur Parnell.

Letters of Thomas Carlyle, 1826-1836. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Prof. Norton has the best intentions, and one of the best cases, in the world; but it is evident that he runs a great risk of allowing his intentions to run away with his case. His mission is to put the public right as to those facts in the life of Carlyle which Mr. Froude has, owing to intellectual fanaticism or sheer carelessness, stated inaccurately, and to the detriment of the dead friend whom he has proclaimed *urbi et orbi* to be his master. Prof. Norton has already, to some extent, succeeded in that mission. By printing a number of the letters written by Carlyle to the friends of his ante-nuptial days, and by reprinting the *Reminiscences*, he has beyond a shadow of a doubt convicted Mr. Froude of a number of blunders, which, taken collectively, are of a very serious character. A biographer who takes four inches off poor Jeffrey's stature, represents Carlyle as having been married in church, and practically suppresses the fact that the now historic victim of dyspepsia and Doubt was perpetually making light of them to his relatives and fun, of them to his college companions, is emphatically "suspect" as regards his judgments on the more truly important of Carlyle's moral transactions. But, while Mr. Norton does well to give the Anglo-American public the anti-Froude, he is—if one may judge from his two latest volumes of letters—not going the right way about his task. He is either too voluminous or he is not voluminous enough. He should either have published a list of the inexcusable blunders Mr. Froude has committed when making extracts from the correspondence that was placed in his hands, with indications of the distorting effects of these on the popular conception of Carlyle's character; or he should have written a fresh biography, incorporating in it such letters as seemed worthy of publication, and as they were written, not as they have been printed by Mr. Froude. He has done neither. He has published a number of letters written by Carlyle, chiefly to his relatives, during the decade between 1826 and 1836, which includes his married life in Edinburgh and Craigenputtock and his start in London, with, as a rule, a footnote to the effect that this or that letter appears in a fragmentary, mutilated, or defaced condition in Mr. Froude's *Life*. Such a mode of dealing with the Carlyle letters almost compels the reader of Prof. Norton's edition of them to compare it, line by line, with Mr. Froude's. This is too irksome a task to be performed even by the most devoted Carlylian. Then Prof. Norton has made another and more general mistake, so far as the popularity of his new volumes is concerned, by including far too many letters in them. Some he might have contented himself with giving extracts from. Not infrequently, too, one stumbles upon a letter which need not have been printed at all, as it is merely a *replica* of a preceding one.

Yet Prof. Norton has done a special service to the memory of Carlyle by removing, although in too elaborate a fashion, several blots left on it by the pernicious handiwork of Mr. Froude. Here are two illustrations of the value of the work he has done in this way, which are none the less notable that no special research is required to find them. Readers of Mr. Froude's *Life* will remember, as one of their impressions from it, that Mrs. Carlyle regarded her removal from Edinburgh to her little Dumfriesshire estate of Craigenputtock as exile. "To his wife," Mr. Froude distinctly says, "he did recognise that the experiment would be unwelcome." The truth, as stated by himself in a letter to his father, is this (vol. i., p. 34):

"Both Jane and I are very fond of the project, and, if Alick dare venture going with us, I think the whole affair may be most *beautifully* adjusted. Jack we would set up as a doctor in Dumfries; the rest of us would farm and write, and labour each in his sphere; peaceable and well, and living almost in sight of one another, at least (allowing fleet horses) within half a day's riding of each other."

In other words, both Carlyle and his wife looked upon Craigenputtock, not as a Siberia, but as a domestic paradise. Again, it will be remembered, even more vividly, how Mr. Froude represents—and represents *ad nauseam*—Carlyle, as being, on the authority of his mother, "gey ill to live wi'." As a matter of fact, what old Mrs. Carlyle said of her son was, that he was "gey ill to deal wi'." Such a correction is of the first importance. It amounts to this, that, at times, Carlyle was intractable, capricious, and, in his passion for perfection, impatient of or even unjust to his environment. But it is notorious that hot-tempered or whimsical persons, although they may be exceptionally ill to deal with, are exceptionally agreeable to live with.

Justice will best be done both to Carlyle and to Prof. Norton by disregarding Mr. Froude's inaccuracies altogether, and reading the letters contained in these volumes without troubling oneself whether one has read them before, either in whole or in part. Such a reading confirms the belief that the life of the Carlyles in Edinburgh, Craigenputtock, and Cheyne Walk — at all events during their earlier years there—was by no means the purgatory of loneliness, dyspepsia, poverty, and discontent it is represented by Mr. Froude. The chief benefit that Prof. Norton has conferred upon the public by printing Carlyle's letters in full consists in his enabling one to take the good with the evil of these days of struggle in Scotland, the sunshine with the shadow, the laughter with the "billusness." What is of even greater consequence, these letters exhibit the reality, the almost daily pinch, of that struggle, in a manner and to an extent that have nowhere before been exhibited. Carlyle is here shown, as he has never yet been shown, acting both as the material and the moral mainstay of his family. His letters to his brother John are tedious; and they would be even more tedious than they are, if they did not demonstrate in a startling fashion, how, but for him, John would not only not have obtained, through Jeffrey, the post of travelling physician, which meant at least independence, but would probably have become

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a third-rate and thriftless man of letters. It was obviously Carlyle, too, that prevented his other brother Alexander (who failed as a farmer in Scotland, although he seems to have succeeded in America) from sinking into the position of a labourer, if not, indeed, into absolute poverty. At the time Carlyle was doing this, he himself was within an easily measurable distance of want, and had nothing to fall back upon but his faith in his own powers, all of which he had accurately appraised by the time he had reached thirty-five.

These volumes are studded with Carlylian characterisations and gems of "the Annandale vernacular," but give nothing—except perhaps an account of a journey from London to Dumfriesshire by way of Liverpool—better than those which have already been published. I content myself with quoting one or two sentences which have a biographical interest. It is surely to be regretted that Carlyle did not give effect to this half-resolution in regard to Edward Irving:

"There are moments when I determine on sweeping in upon all Tongue-work and Martindoms and accursed choking Cobwebberies, and snatching away my old best Friend to save him from Death and the Grave"!

When rewriting the portion of *The French Revolution* which was destroyed while in Mill's custody, he says:

"It is strangest thing I ever tried, that of rewriting my first Volume; one must vary his methods according to the task he has; take it gently, take it fiercely; you cannot tickle trouts in the way you spear whales."

He writes to John of his birthplace:

"That village of Ecclefechan which I passed through once or twice, gave me the strangest unearthly feeling; very sad, very ugly, yet not without a grandeur, even a sacredness, in the middle of such squalor."

Here is a sketch of Fonblanque of the *Examiner*:

"A long thin flail of a man with wintry zealous-looking eyes; lank, thin hair, wide small-chinned mouth, *baggy*, wrinkly, care-accustomed face; greatly the air of a Radical."

An old friend thus reappears—

"Wilson we expect to breakfast on Sunday; a thing made of starlight and burning brandy—Heaven and ——."

William Wallace.

A Biography of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. By William C. Beecher and Rev. Samuel Scoville, assisted by Mrs Henry Ward Beecher. (Sampson Low.)

The first noticeable feature about the present work is that it is uncommonly heavy, as indeed a volume of 713 pages, royal 8vo, is likely to be. The study of folios may have suited our forefathers; but in our day we try to make reading a pleasure, and it is not fair for author and publisher to obstruct this laudable ambition with inconvenient tomes. The biography of this famous preacher should command a popular circulation, but how can a book be popular which weighs four pounds? It does not deserve to be so. If the work had been produced in two handy volumes, which could be read without the aid of a table, its chances of success would have been greatly multiplied.

When at length the mechanical difficulties are overcome, the work proves to be, on the whole, well designed and well executed. Ordinarily, the popular preacher is not an edifying spectacle, either in the pulpit or in a biography. He is lacking in "sweet reasonableness," but not in vanity and self-assertion. There is an air of vulgarity, of clap-trap and sensationalism about him that draws attention to himself, but hardly benefits the cause he professes to have at heart. The popular preacher, like the actor, is always before the public; and his success depends to so great an extent upon applause that it is almost inevitable that he should pose for the sake of external effect. And, unlike the actor, he is not bound with any rigidness by the rules or the spirit of art. Unless he be remarkably strong and self-centred, and also something of a true humourist, an element of buffoonery enters into his performances. It is fair to Henry Ward Beecher to say that he was of the best type of popular preachers. He secured his popularity without too great a descent. He was a humourist, and not a buffoon. To be sure he does not compare altogether to advantage with such other preachers of his own country as Henry Ware, jun., and the two Channings; but they were cast in a different and altogether finer mould. They had not, and never could have, his popularity. He had not their grace, and it can hardly be hoped that he will have their abiding influence. For the popular preacher belongs to the hour, and any service he is to render must be rendered there and then. A certain admixture of coarse strength seems to be necessary for popularity. In Theodore Parker—a famous contemporary of Beecher—something of that coarse strength might, perhaps, be discovered. But in other ways the men were so singularly different that a brief comparison of them is worth making in order to bring into prominence some of the characteristics which were peculiar to Beecher.

Theodore Parker had a single eye for the truth as he understood it, and dared everything for its sake; while Beecher, although unquestionably an honest man, and courageous or even fearless, was never wholly unconscious of the public eye, and was never careless of the world's applause. The difference between the character of Parker and the character of Beecher is nowhere more clearly shown than in the private rules for conduct which each of them made on entering upon their public ministry. These are Parker's, which take the form of three questions, which he put to himself and answered:

"1. Can you seek for what is eternally true and not be blinded by the opinions of any sect, or of the Christian Church; and can you tell that truth you learn, even when it is unpopular and hated?

"2. Can you seek the eternal right, and not be blinded by the statutes and customs of men, ecclesiastical, political, and social; and can you declare that eternal right you discover, applying it to the actual life of man, individual and associated, though it bring you into painful relations with men?

"3. Can you represent in your life that truth of the intellect and that right of the conscience, and so not disgrace with your character what you preach with your lips?"

To the first and second questions he answered "I can," and to the third "I can try, and will." Henry Ward Beecher's "plans and devices for pastoral labour," which he noted in his journal a few weeks after receiving his first ministerial appointment (1837), are as follows:

"1. In different districts get men quietly to feel *themselves* responsible for progress of temperance or Sunday-schools.

"2. Quietly to visit from house to house and secure congregations.

"3. Secure a *large congregation*. Let this be the *first* thing. For this—(1) Preach well uniformly. (2) Visit widely and produce a personal attachment; also wife do same. (3) Get the young to love me. (4) See that the church have this presented as a *definite* thing, and set them to this work just as *directly* as I would to raising a fund, building, &c.

"4. Little girls' societies for benevolent purposes" (p. 158).

Parker's aim was to be faithful, Beecher's was to succeed; and the desire of each was fulfilled. Parker proved himself faithful "unto death"; and Beecher ranks with the most famous modern preachers. Yet, though we readily perceive that Beecher's aim was not a grand one, there was nothing in it discreditable; and assuredly he never stooped to an ignoble deed in order to achieve his purpose. His success was won honestly. He fought for unpopular causes when he deemed them just, and often against heavy odds. If he was not of the stuff of which saints and martyrs are made, at any rate he was of the stuff of which honest men are made. His success was achieved not by deferring to others but by winning others to assent to his ideas. He was yet a young man when he accepted the important charge at Brooklyn, which he retained for the remainder of his life. At the outset he explained his position to his congregation clearly and boldly:

"My first sermon, I think, was directed to the source of all true religion—the Lord Jesus Christ and His power. In my second sermon—on the evening of the first Sunday—I recollect that I lifted up the banner and blew the trumpet in application of Christianity to intemperance, to slavery, and to all other great national sins. I said to those who were present: 'If you come into this church and congregation I want you to understand distinctly that I will wear no fetters; that I will be bound by no precedent; that I will preach the Gospel as I apprehend it, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, and that I will apply it without stint and sharply and strongly to the overthrow of every evil and to the upbuilding of all that is good'" (p. 219).

A still stronger man would have set to work and done these things, and not talked about doing them at all. Beecher's self-consciousness never deserted him. But we may forgive him for his somewhat ostentatious blowing of trumpets, for the exercise was only the prelude to downright honest work in the direction he indicated.

That this man—honest, personally attractive, a fine orator, at the head of a leading religious society—could do much to mend the manners and morals of his fellow-creatures goes without saying. Such a position carries with it great power and great responsibility. Beecher was always keenly alive to whatever was passing in the world around him, and wherever a public abuse called for remedy he was ready to attack it. Good citizenship he

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ranked, not without reason, among the Christian virtues:

"It had always been Mr. Beecher's belief that a Christian gentleman should be a good citizen, and that being a good citizen involved some responsibility in securing and enforcing righteous laws, in electing honest men, and defeating the corrupt and unworthy" (p. 571).

Accordingly, modern politics formed the subject of many of his discourses. He had more to say about the morality of the laws of the United States than about the morality of those which Moses propounded for the guidance of the children of Israel; and assuredly at one time the name of Abraham Lincoln was much oftener on his lips than the name of Ahab or Jeroboam. As everyone knows, he was a strenuous abolitionist, and the services he rendered in that cause cannot easily be over-estimated. At a later time he spoke with equal boldness about the judicial corruption in New York, for he said—

"Bad laws and bad judges demoralise society, and not the exposure of them. Religion was in no danger when our Master denounced the priesthood of the temple, among whom, as with judges, there were many devout and pure men. He expressed, as I do, the opinion of society outside of the profession. The exposure was a step toward reformation" (p. 573).

In like manner other political and social questions as they arose received his attention both inside and outside his church. He did not merely claim that a preacher was entitled, like other men, to share in the public movements of his city and country, but he insisted that as a preacher he ought in these matters to strenuously exert himself on behalf of what he considered right.

Henry Ward Beecher will be remembered as a preacher, and not as a writer. He wrote much, but he was not in any measure a man of letters. Most of his pieces are fugitive; some at least would hardly have been printed if a less famous man had written them. His heart was in his ministerial work, especially in his preaching; for he does not appear to have been an ideal pastor. His powers were not very various, but he was too strong a man in his own place to need any excessive eulogy. Admitting his limitations, we cannot fail to recognise and to admire the excellent service he rendered within them. He was a parson of this world, concerned with this world's movements, and, at heart, more eager about fitting people for citizenship of the United States than for citizenship of the New Jerusalem. Doubtless he thought that, unless men and women made the best of this world, they could never make the best of another. Whether we think his ideal was of the highest kind or not, it was good so far as it went; and, being true to it and using in its service his great gifts, he did much to leave the world better than he found it.

I need hardly say that this estimate of mine does not accord with that of the writers of the present biography. A "Life" written by near relatives is not the place where we would look for a critical judgment, least of all when the subject is a man of strong and attractive personality like Henry Ward Beecher. But the book does give what we want most—a fair statement of facts and a record of Beecher's own thoughts and opinions; and thus it helps us in determining what manner of man he really was. We expect to find a little extravagance of praise, and are not disappointed; but no reasonable exception can be taken to the way in which, as a whole, these biographers have accomplished their task.

Walter Lewin.

The Wanderings of Oisin, and other Poems. By W. B. Yeats. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

This is a remarkable first volume; not merely full of promise in the aggregate, but containing a few poems of distinct achievement, which deserve a more than ephemeral recognition. Every poet must finally be judged by the quality of his verse; and Mr. Yeats's is not the fashionable verse of the day—smooth, cultured, elegant, not without a certain intellectual charm, but wanting in spontaneous music. A poem with the true breath of life in it is rhythmical with an incalculable and unexpected rhythm, following the natural ebb and flow of the emotion. It is not too self-conscious to dare some breach of the fashionable canon in its adventurous sallies after fuller expression. Mr. Yeats's verse is of this adventurous kind, and is not without its wood-notes wild of originality. The supercilious critic-of-all-work could, no doubt, in the natural exercise of his functions, easily quote from these poems lines and passages which, apart from their context, might be made to seem ridiculous. There are even real flaws of execution—slovenly lines, awkward and uncouth constructions, exuberances which are not beauties, concentrations of expression which are crude and stiff rather than powerful. But in the main, Mr. Yeats has the true poet's instinct for imaginative diction and musical verse, musical both in rhythm and sound. Many passages pleasantly haunt the ear and the imagination.

There is a good deal of variety in this little volume—narrative poems, short dramatic sketches, meditative and fanciful lyrics, ballads, songs, and quatrains. "The Wanderings of Oisin," which gives its title to the book, is a long narrative poem, founded on the old Irish tradition that the Fenian hero Oisin (the Ossian of Macpherson) was lured away by a fair enchantress to Tir-nan-oge, the Land of Youth; and that, having sojourned there for three hundred years, he longed for the old human life, and returned, to find the Fenians gone and the Christians in possession. His foot having accidentally touched mortal soil, the enchanted steed which had carried him back vanished, old age fell upon him, and he became the unwilling disciple of St. Patrick. Mr. Yeats makes him tell St. Patrick the story of his adventures in the three islands—of the Living, of Victories, and of Forgetfulness; and the narrative is agreeably varied by good bits of dramatic dialogue between the heathen and the saint. The poem is in three parts, each in a metre appropriate to the subject—the first in free octosyllabics, the second in Keatsian decasyllabic couplets, the third in quatrains of long-lined anapaestic and dactylic verse. The first and third of these metres are managed with considerable mastery, especially the third, which is distinctly original in its music. In the Keatsian verse Mr. Yeats is evidently much less at ease. There are good bits of imaginative description in all three sections, perhaps the finest being that of the enchanted heroes lying asleep in the Island of Forgetfulness with great owls sidling about their prostrate bodies and nestling in their beards and hair. Here the long, sleepy gallop of the heavy footed anapests is most effective. The whole poem is drenched in youthful fantasy, pleasant and winning; and the reader is borne easily along from vision to vision.

Mr. Yeats is seen at his best in his shorter pieces, which have that spontaneous singing quality so rare in our self-conscious modern verse. Here is the first stanza of "The Stolen Child," a charming little poem which has already found admirers in the collection of new *Young Ireland Ballads* published last year:

"Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats:
There we've hid our fairy vats,
Full of berries,
And of reddest, stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!
To the woods and waters wild,
With a fairy, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand."

This last beautiful line forms the refrain of all the stanzas. Here also is a dainty little song from the fantastic pastoral, "The Island of Statues," which ends the volume:

"What do you weave so fair and bright?
The cloak I weave of Sorrow.
Oh, lovely to see in all men's sight
Shall be the cloak of Sorrow,
In all men's sight.

What do you build with sails for flight?
A boat I build for Sorrow.
Oh, swift on the seas all day and night
Saileth the rover Sorrow,
All day and night.

What do you weave with wool so white?
The sandals these of Sorrow.
Soundless shall be the footfall light,
In each man's ears, of Sorrow,
Sudden and light."

The short group of Indian poems contains some of Mr. Yeats's most felicitous work. "Kanva on God" and "Kanva on Himself" are each admirable in its way; and the dramatic idyll "Jealousy" has caught something of the delicate spirit of the Śakuntala.

Of the other dramatic sketches "Mosada" is the most ambitious. Ebremor, the Grand Inquisitor, has condemned Mosada, a Moorish sorceress, to the stake. In an interview in her dungeon he discovers that she is the love of his youth; but she, having taken poison, dies, like Gretchen, delirious, dreaming of her lover but not recognising him. There are some touches of true pathos in this scene. In "Time and the Witch Vivien" Vivien stakes her life against Time's hour-glass. They play at dice and chess, she is beaten, and dies exclaiming: "Chance hath a skill." In "The Seeker" an aged knight comes at last into the presence of a phantom he has been all his life pursuing, and finds a bearded witch whose name is Infamy. In "The Island of Statues," a dramatic pastoral chiefly in rhymed verse, Naschina, an Arcadian maiden, rescues her lover and many other youths who had been transformed into statues by an enchantress. In all these

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poems an idea underlies the fantastic imagination—more is meant than meets the ear. "The Seeker," in particular, arrests the reader with the strange challenge of its symbolic meaning.

Many passages in these dramatic sketches show that Mr. Yeats can write graceful and delicate blank verse; and in the short idyllic poem, "Ephemera," he also handles it very skilfully. Here a pair of lovers, in an autumn wood, discourse of passion and its inevitable waning. The man pleads for new adventure in love, the woman for constancy. The poem ends thus:

"Then he: 'Let us not mourn
That we are tired, for other loves await us.
Hate on and love through unrepining hours.
Before us lies eternity; our souls
Are love, and a continual farewell.'
He spoke once more and fondled on his lips
That word of the soul's peace—'Eternity.'
The little waves that walked in evening whiteness,
Glimmering in her drooped eyes, saw her lips move
And whisper, 'The innumerable reeds
I know the word they cry, "Eternity!"
And sing from shore to shore, and every year
They pine away and yellow and wear out,
And ah, they know not, as they pine and cease,
Not they are the eternal—'tis the cry.'"

There is no immaturity in these lines. The sentiment finds its expression easily and perfectly. Another meditative poem, one of the most perfectly beautiful of the many beautiful things in the book, is "Miserrimus." It tells how "the man whom sorrow named his friend" sought for a sympathetic hearer of his "piteous story," and, finding none, breathed it into a shell, hoping to have comfort from hearing it re-worded in the hollows of the shell's heart.

"Then sang he softly nigh the pearly rim;
But the sad dweller by the seaways lone
Changed all his words to inarticulate moan
Within her wildering whirls—forgetting him."

Here, as a final sample of the contents of the volume, is one of the aphoristic quatrains:

"The ghosts went by me with their lips apart
From death's late languor as these lines I read
On Brahma's gateway, 'They within have fed
The soul upon the ashes of the heart.'"

"The Ballad of Moll Magee" is too long to give entire, and would be mutilated by quotation. It deserves special mention as a successful descent from the cloudlands of fantasy to the real world. It is a pathetic tale of an Irish woman turned out of house by her husband for overlaying her child, told us by herself in perfectly simple language.

That Mr. Yeats has a poetic gift which deserves recognition there can be no doubt: it remains to be seen what he will finally make of this gift.

J. Todhunter.

Commercial Geography. By Dr. Carl Zehden. Translated from the Fifth German Edition by Findlay Muirhead. (Blackie.)

In taking up this book there are two things that cannot fail to strike the observer: the one, that it should have to be translated at all; the other, that such a work, if it need to be undertaken, should be delayed until the fifth German edition has been issued. These facts in combination seem to betoken an almost wilful adherence to the ways of darkness on the part of the English geographical public. If we look at the facts more closely, the neglect appears even more incomprehensible. The first edition was published at Vienna in 1871, and last year there was not a copy of this work in the British Museum library. Thus some eighteen years have to elapse before the best work on commercial geography which has as yet appeared becomes known in the country which Dr. Zehden describes as "der erste Industrie-staat der Erde." For eighteen years our curious insularity has cut us off from the use of a book which, on the continent, has been introduced not only into the schools and academies but into many a merchant's office. Now, however, that it has been translated, it remains to be seen what use will be made of it in this country. Of one thing I am fully certain: that it will be of inestimable value to any genuine student of commercial geography. This is even truer of the book in the form in which Mr. Muirhead has set it before us than of the German edition; for, in addition to two admirable indexes, the translator has supplied some most useful information about the railway guides of the various countries, and a map infinitely superior to that in his original.

As to the work itself, there is little to be said which does not readily fall into the form of eulogy. In isolated cases, it is true, we might be tempted to quarrel with some of Dr. Zehden's statements; as, for instance, when on page 220 we read: "The chief Prussian minerals are coal and iron, which are found in a quantity and quality surpassed in no other European country except England"; while on page 328, "France," it is said, "produces more iron than any other European country except Great Britain." As the statistics are given with great accuracy, the reader is able to correct the statements for himself, undesirable though it is that such a correction should have to be made. The apparent confusion between "Great Britain" and "England" must be attributed, not to Dr. Zehden, but to his translator, as the original has the word "England" in both cases. The primary purpose of the book, however, is but little affected by such a mistake, since the student will learn in any case where iron is found, and where it is found in great quantities. But this is not the case when, as in some few instances, statements are made which show that the book is not always up to date.

The method adopted by the author is at once simple and satisfactory. After a short description, too short in most cases, of the constitution of the country and its physical conditions, he proceeds to discuss the trade position under the three main headings of natural productions, manufactures, and trade and commerce. Natural productions are treated of in three sections—food stuffs, textile raw materials, minerals—a division maintained in the part relating to manufactures; while under the heading of trade and commerce the means of communication and the commercial importance of the cities are described, and then attention is directed to the relative extent of the domestic and foreign trades. Further, there are two matters of great importance touched upon in such a manner as to indicate both to student and teacher lines of investigation which either can pursue in greater detail at his will. Dr. Zehden is very particular in giving the various densities of population, not only in the case of separate countries, but even for the districts into which those countries are divided; and thus the connexion is clearly shown between the respective industries and the populations they serve to maintain. This is of great service; and no less useful are those parts which show how improvements in communication and locomotion, while sometimes the consequence, are no less frequently the cause, of the industrial development of particular localities or, in some instances, of particular countries. To take an example ready to hand, the foreign trade of Austria has developed very rapidly since the opening of the Suez Canal.

I have said so much in praise of this work, and of the method on which it is constructed, that I think I can, without any injustice, add a few words as to what I conceive to be its chief shortcomings. In the first place, then, I think that a little more attention might well be given to the descriptive accounts of the constitutions, and, I would add, the commercial customs of the several countries. It would also not be amiss to include in such an account some few lines relating to the various systems of taxation. Again, it would be an advantage if a brief statistical abstract were given in a systematic form of the nature of the exports and imports. For this purpose an average based on the statistics of three years should be used. Lastly, the information with reference to the railways would be rendered much more valuable were it put in some such form as that adopted by Dr. Zehden when describing the mountain or river systems.

These then are the suggestions I would make to any editor of a future English edition, and that such will be needed ought not to be a matter of doubt; for few who are acquainted with Dr. Zehden's *Commercial Geography* will, I fancy, hesitate to support me in the statement that there are not many books of a similar size which contain so much valuable practical information.

E. C. K. Gonner.

NEW NOVELS.

Schwartz. By D. Christie Murray. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Country Cousin. By Frances M. Peard. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

The Dead Leman, &c. By Andrew Lang and Paul Sylvester. (Sonnenschein.)

The Marl-Pit Mystery. By Georges Ohnet. (Vizetelly.)

The Young Seigneur. By Wilfrid Châteauclair. (Montreal: Drysdale.)

Kisses of Fate. By Edward Heron-Allen. (New York: Belford Clarke & Co.)

In Australian Wilds: Colonial Tales. Edited by P. Mennell. (Hutchinson.)

Ulli. From the German of Emma Biller. By Miss Rost. (Trübner.)

"Schwartz" is the first of the four tales which Mr. Christie Murray has collected in these two volumes. The others—"Young Mr. Barter's Repentance," "Bulldog and

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Butterfly," and "Julia and her Romeo"—are longer; but presumably the author considered "Schwartz" to be the best—a view in which the present writer cannot concur. There is a delightful promise of something very "creepy" indeed in the opening pages; but ere long the visionary man, with the axe that is always impending but never falls, disappears, much to the chagrin of most readers probably, and returns no more. His place is taken by an amiable mongrel-terrier named Schwartz; and the remainder of the tale deals with this very sensitive dog's amour with a certain white-haired, black-eyed Lil, into which account is dove-tailed a somewhat prolix narrative of a Walloon ceremonial procession. Love is as much of a "cruel enigma" to Schwartz's as to the hero of M. Bourget's well-known book; and, ultimately, between jealousy and despair, he lays himself on the railway line, and is duly made oblivious of his misery by the wheels of the engine. It is a readable tale, and, no doubt, is not wholly fictitious; indeed, its sole genuine interest is its seeming veracity. For the reason suggested, it is probably the author's ewe-lamb among his short stories, and hence its present prominence. As a matter of fact, however, much the best of the four tales are the two longest—"Young Mr. Barter's Repentance" and "Julia and her Romeo." The former is an excellent story, told in Mr. Murray's best manner—that which affiliates him so unmistakeably to Dickens. The spider and the fly play their separate parts in interesting fashion; and, though both come to grief, the spider decidedly gets the worst of it, though master fly is left in dire trepidation against the day when his accomplice and foe shall be released from durance vile. There is a more original turn in the "Chronicle of Castle Barfield," as the other long story is sub-titled. The old ruse of which Shakspere made such a tragic byway of love is brought to bear upon the village heroine, whose circumstances justify the application of "Juliet" to her and of "Romeo" to her lover. A Mrs. Jenny visits a local wizard, and obtains a potion, which that individual procures from so unromantic a source as the chemist of the nearest town; and therewith she brings the tragi-comedy, in which she is the good fairy, to a happy close. "Bull-dog and Butterfly" is in the manner of Mr. Hardy, with, perhaps, a greater variety and picturesqueness of epithet and a more marked concision in narrative. Altogether, these two volumes afford as pleasant fiction as one could desire, and their contents gain rather than lose from the fact that they consist of four short tales instead of one overlong novel. Every nail in the coffin of the three-volume novel is welcome; but the more nails we have of the kind just bartered by Mr. Christie Murray, the better for both authors and readers. "When the liquor's out, why clink the cannikin"—a question asked by Mr. Murray *apropos* of his "Julia and her Romeo"—should be a motto for novelists. At present, alas, the litter of cannikins is so great that the overpowering clinking of empty vessels is to be heard on all sides!

In *The Country Cousin* Mrs. Peard has maintained a creditable level of interest. The book is well-written and the characterisation is good; but when that has been said—and it is no slight praise at a time when there is in these respects comparatively little rivalry of worth—there is not much else to add. The writer's skill is most evident in the second volume, where Joan and her husband first drift apart; and thenceforth the interest grows steadily and the conclusion is at once natural and pleasant. But with all its good qualities—and the novel is certainly equal if not superior to any of its predecessors from the same pen—it is much too long. The day has gone past for the family chronicle, and childhood-to-old-age style of novel. If *The Country Cousin* had been concentrated to one-third of its present dimensions, it would have lost nothing material and would have gained immensely in verisimilitude and general effect. Both Joan and Lancaster could stand the test of the Rembrandtesque method, whereby a strong and continuous light is thrown upon the central personages of an episodical romance; as it is, they are sometimes mere author's-puppets, sometimes deceptive phantasms, only occasionally real human beings. At the same time it is only fair to add that some of the episodes, more or less directly related to the main theme, are vividly touched, particularly that of Basil Gray and the woman whose love promised redemption even for such a weak featherbrain as the man who married her in pique.

The most suggestive and not the least interesting portion of the volume of translations by Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Paul Sylvester is the preface. It is a timely and exigent plea for the short story, and should be read by every romancist and student of fiction. Certainly much more might have been said upon the theme; and the present writer for one cannot agree with Mr. Lang in his assertion that the French can use motives and situations "which the British author must avoid"—that is to say, it is the "must" he finds a stumbling-block. Far too much is made by many critics of the supposed aversion of the reading public from short stories; of late years, the contrary would seem to me to be the case. Sheridan Le Fanu's *In a Glass Darkly*, Mr. O'Brien's *The Diamond Lens, and other Tales*, R. L. Stevenson's *Merry Men*—to mention but three instances of collections of tales which have had a marked and, apparently, no transitory success—are among the books of short stories which go to refute Mr. Lang's surmise that no "collection of *contes* has really prospered among English-speaking people except the stories of Poe." It is much easier to carp at the title given by Mr. Lang to his translation of Gautier's *La Morte Amoureuse* than to suggest an appropriate alternative; and after all, the English title, if it lack the poetry of the original, is genuinely indicative. As a matter of fact, the tale is even more untranslatable than the name. It is one of those felicitous fantasies that belong absolutely to the language in which they are born. Very little of Gautier's imaginative work can bear transplantation, and it is doubtful if the effort be desirable. It is, of course, the vogue to speak of all translations as inferior to the originals, but there are certainly instances where the former surpass the latter; and, among French authors, Balzac, for example, may perchance read as well in English as in French. But such writers as Flaubert and Gautier are not of them—and with these it is wisest not to interfere. If one cannot read Balzac or Georges Sand in the originals then by all means one should turn to good translations, which, for the majority of readers, will serve the sole end in view; but in such instances as *Madame Bovary* or *Mademoiselle de Maupin* there is nothing but harm to be gained from foreign renderings. To know either of the two last-named classics solely in their English dress is not to know them at all, and to be quite ignorant of the idiosyncratic charm of the authors. But if *La Morte Amoureuse* must appear in foreign guise, it is quite certain that no more dexterous and sympathetic translator than Mr. Lang could have undertaken the somewhat thankless task. It would be affectation to say that his rendering conveys in full the subtle charm of the original: it would be worse affectation to deny that he has nearly achieved the impossible. So excellent, indeed, is his version, that the present writer, paradoxically enough, wishes that the translator had given us renderings of some of the other "Nouvelles" of Gautier, "La Chaine d'Or," or "Le Roi Candaule," for instance, or, still better, "Le Nid de Rossignols," or "Une Nuit de Cléopatre." Of course Mr. Lang is too genuine an artist to attempt absolute exactitude. As an example of true literary translation a single short sentence may be quoted:

"At night I struggled against sleep, holding mine eyelids open, standing erect against walls; but mine eyes were filled with the sand of sleep, and the wave carried me even where it would, down to the siren shores"—

which may be compared, and perhaps gain by comparison, with Gautier's

"mais le sable de l'assoupissement me roulait bientôt dans les yeux, et, voyant que toute lutte était inutile, je laissais tomber les bras de découragement et de lassitude, et le courant me rentraînait vers les rives perfides."

As for the other stories in the volume, there is nothing particular to be said. They are not representative in any sense, but are excellent reading — a saving merit indeed. "The Capture of the Redoubt" and "The Etruscan Vase" are from Mérimée; "A Conversion" is a rendering after "Th. Bentzon"; "These Lots to be Sold" is a translation of a bright story by Edmond About; and "The Doctor's Story" is the name given to the version of Balzac's well-known "La Grande Brétèche." "The Taper" is not French at all, and Count Tolstoi seems out of place in the company of Théophile Gautier and Edmond About.

M. Georges Ohnet is not the most enthralling of novelists even when he describes the adventures of Prince Serge Panine or the Comtesse Sarah, and he can be very dull indeed. *The Marl-Pit Mystery* certainly does not deserve to be ranked with the three early novels which brought their author into such immense repute; but it is more interesting than its immediate predecessors, *Volonté* and *Noir et Rose*. The mystery is not of a very remote kind; and the story, which is exceedingly prolix, is quite suitable to give away, unread, to the young person.

The Young Seigneur is an ambitious book, for the author's aim is nothing less than "to

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map out a future for the Canadian nation, which has hitherto been drifting without any plan." At the same time, it is not a political work—for which the muse of fiction be thanked. As for Mr. Wilfrid Châteauclair's qualification for his task there can be little doubt. He is obviously an ardent patriot, and a careful and discriminating observer. His romance is, not less obviously, the production of a man of wide culture, refined taste, and exceptional literary faculty; and as a picture of the most vital and characteristic aspects of French-Canadian life it is without rival. While everyone interested in Canada should read *The Young Seigneur*, it deserves attention on its own merits as a romance.

Despite its unattractive title, and notwithstanding several slips both in style and good taste, Mr. E. Heron-Allen's *Kisses of Fate* is a volume of considerable promise. It consists of three tales, of which the first and most suggestive is "The Suicide of Sylvester Gray." Each is somewhat morbid in tone, and in all three there is a crudeness which makes their extremely pessimistic atmosphere seem a little artificial, but none is without the qualities necessary for fiction of the kind to which they belong. They afford a curious commentary upon Mr. Lang's remarks, already alluded to, as to the inevitable distinction between the French and English methods of work and choice of subjects; though Mr. Heron-Allen is more obviously a disciple of Mr. Edgar Saltus than of Guy de Maupassant or M. Paul Bourget, "Gyp" or Théo Critt. The fundamental idea of Sylvester Gray is a fine one—that of the spiritual nemesis of sin; but there is something repellent, almost brutal, in the fictitious motive of the story. If Mr. Heron-Allen will prune his style of Gallicisms, avoid a superfluity of catch-phrases and New York cant, and give his literary faculty honest play, he will doubtless achieve good and even distinguished work.

Australian literature will soon require a chronicler. Every month one or two new books appear by more or less eminent writers, who are either Australians or have spent many years in the island-continent. Our Australian fiction—and none better has since been written, by the way—used to come from the pens of authors who had never seen Australia, notably the authors of *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *It's Never too Late to Mend*; but with Mr. Marcus Clarke, Mr. B. L. Farjeon, Mrs. Campbell-Praed, Mr. Edward Jenkins, Mr. Marriott Wilson, and Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, and one or two others, a native school may be said to have come into existence The collection of tales which Mr. Philip Mennell has edited comprises nine stories—as good a shillingsworth as could be found on Messrs. Smith & Sons' railway bookstalls. The most dramatic is Mr. Marriott Wilson's "Hand of God," though Mr. Farjeon's long tale presses it close in this respect. Not the least exciting is the only one which has nothing to do with Australia, Mr. Chambers's "Underground Tragedy," the story of a mysterious murder on the Metropolitan Railway In literary quality "Monsieur Caloche" by "Tasma" (Mdme. Couvreur) is, perhaps, the best of the nine tales—though the Dickensonian conclusion is, as they say overseas, rather too large an order.

Ulli: the Story of a Neglected Girl, is estimable in sentiment, and will, no doubt, be appreciated by young and very unsophisticated damsels. William Sharp.

OLD TESTAMENT AND HEBREW LITERATURE.

Biblical Commentary on the Psalms. By Franz Delitzsch. Translated by Rev. David Eaton. Vol. ii. (Hodder & Stoughton.) We must make up for the brevity of our notice of this book by the warmth of our recommendation. The translator has been faithful to the ideas as well as to the language of the original. Only here and there (as at lx. 11) an amendment would be desirable. The supplementary Corrigenda have been incorporated in the text, so that the English reader has probably the best existing commentary on the Psalms in a perfectly reliable form. This volume carries us to the end of the third book—*i.e.*, to the end of Ps. lxxxix.

Le Prophète Joël. Introduction Critique, Traduction et Commentaire, avec un Index Bibliographique. Publié d'après les notes de Eugène Le Savoureux. (Paris: Fischbacher.) The interest of Le Savoureux to a student of religious progress is great. M. Astié has traced in pages full of light and sympathy the passage of an earnest mind from the pietism of the *Réveil* to the free and manly religion of a critical searcher of the Scriptures. A volume of essays on preliminary Old Testament subjects has already proved Le Savoureux's zeal for these studies; and now this exegetical work on Joël, with print, paper, and margin to delight the eyes, furnishes another worthy monument of a simple pastor's zeal for learning. What is the precise value of the book to non-French students? That is clearly the question to ask. We have books of much the same class in English, and there is nothing to mark out the present volume as superior. It will save trouble to those who have but limited time; and M. Baumgartner, a Geneva professor, has supplemented the work with a list of all publications on Joël of any importance which have appeared since 1800. The theological colour of the commentary is liberal; notes on revelation and on sacrifice have specially struck us.

Aboda Zara. Der Mischnatraktat "Götzendienst" hrsgeg. u. erklärt. Von Prof. D. Hermann L. Strack. (Berlin: Reuter.) Dr. Strack, author of many works on Biblical and later Hebrew, has followed up his edition of the Mishna-treatise on the Day of Atonement by a similar one of that on "Idolatry." (For this rendering of the title, *cf.* Isa. xliii. 12, Deut. xxxii. 16.) The text has been critically corrected, and the notes and glossary will be useful even to advanced students. We can but wish the continuation of this excellent series, the cheapness of which is a marvel.

De zeventig jaarweken van Daniel (Hoofd. ix. 24-27). Exegetisch-chronologische Studie. Door J. W. Van Lennep. (Utrecht.) Too long has this excellent doctoral dissertation waited for a notice. It is a very complete commentary on this "puzzled passage" (to use a phrase of Kennicott's), followed by a discussion of the "seventy weeks." The author gives up the requirement of historical precision in reckoning the weeks, especially the period of sixty-two weeks. Strictly speaking, between Cyrus (536) and Antiochus Epiphanes (170) there were but 366 years, instead of 434; the number 62 must therefore be explained as that which remains after deducting 7+1 weeks from the *symbolical* 70 weeks. The book well deserves attention. To criticise it would require unlimited space; but thus much may safely be said—that it is an accurate repertory of the conflicting views through which the author has worked his way to a satisfactory personal result. The "freest church" and almost the youngest university in Europe have no occasion to be ashamed of this rising theologian.

Elements of Hebrew Syntax by an Inductive Method. By William Rainey Harper. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) The want of text-books of Hebrew Syntax will be generally conceded. Driver's monograph on the use of the tenses pointed the way in England. The translations of Ewald's and of Aug. Müller's syntaxes are, for different reasons, ill-adapted for ordinary use. Prof. Harper, therefore, deserves thanks for this reasonably complete and eminently practical handbook, the object of which is not so much to produce fresh results of independent study as to classify and arrange what we have already reached. The plan of presentation is, at any rate, the author's own. First he gives the facts; then the principles, carefully tabulated; additional details, comparisons, and exceptions are given as "Remarks"; these are followed by references to Biblical passages for the further study of the application of the principles. Certainly, one great weakness of commentaries is the inadequate tracing of the connexion of thought and the delicate shades of meaning, and this weakness indicates an imperfect training of Hebraists in syntax. Prof. Harper's work, though it lacks the charm of Driver's broad and philosophical handling, may do much to promote a thorough study of the application of syntactic principles.

Die Genesis mit äusserer Unterscheidung der Quellenschriften übersetzt. Von E. Kautzsch and A. Socin. (Freiburg-i.-B.) This invaluable and very cheap edition, in which eight different types are employed to represent the several strata of composition, may be recommended, not merely to students of critical analysis, but to all who would learn how to translate with due regard to syntax and to intelligibility. Yet, perhaps, the mean between the Authorised Version, with its complete innocence of scientific grammatical views, and the thorough academical accuracy of Messrs. Kautzsch and Socin is a desideratum for English Bible-students. For, as Dr. Briggs himself says, the Hebraisms of the Authorised Old Testament have permanently enriched our language.

Einleitung in das Alte Testament. Von Hermann L. Strack. (Nördlingen.) The third edition of this work is so much improved that a notice of it should be welcome to English students, who often inquire for a handy summary of the best results of critical researches in the Old Testament, and a survey of the present position of those researches. Dr. Strack's orthodoxy is beyond question, but his concessiveness has reached a point far beyond the attainments of all but the most cultured English orthodoxy. All the more important is it that a work like this, which conscientiously records English and American contributions to study, should not be neglected in England.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus will shortly publish a romance, entitled *The Knights of the Lion*, which purports to have been "edited" by the Marquis of Lorne.

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. will shortly publish an illustrated edition of Lord Beaconsfield's *Coningsby*, with elucidatory notes by Mr. F. Hitchman.

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Mr. Joseph Thomson's account of his travels last summer in the Atlas and Southern Morocco will be published next month by Messrs. George Philip & Son. It will be illustrated with upwards of seventy views of life and scenery from photographs taken by the author, and it will also have five maps and plans.

The Hibbert Lectures for 1889, by Prof. Upton, on "The Philosophic Basis of Belief," will not be delivered orally this year, but will be published as a volume in the autumn. The publication of the Lectures for 1888 has been delayed owing to Dr. Hatch's indisposition, but they are now nearly ready.

The authorised translation of Garibaldi's Autobiography, the original of which was brought out last year, will be published by Messrs. Walter Smith & Innes about the end of April. A copious supplement, to meet the requirements of English readers, has been added by Signora Jessie White Mario, which includes facsimiles of some of Garibaldi's letters.

Mr. T. F. Henderson has in the press a volume on *The Casket Letters and Mary Queen of Scots*. It will give some account of recent German theories; but its argument is chiefly founded on important documents not previously utilized by historians on either side of the controversy. The volume will be published immediately by Messrs. A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh.

Col. Malleson has undertaken to write a life of the Marquis of Wellesley for the "Statesmen" series.

The illustrated articles on "Dartmoor and its Antiquities," by Mr. J. Ll. W. Page, which have recently been appearing in the *Portfolio*, will be published in a volume, in the course of April, by Messrs. Seeley & Co.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Morris is about to make a thorough revision of his well-known *Historical Accidence of the English Language*, so as to bring it in all points up to date. He has secured the assistance of Dr. Leon Kellner, of Vienna, one of the Early English Text Society's editors, who will also contribute to the work the long-needed concise History of English Syntax. Dr. Kellner has for sometime had in MS. a history of Elizabethan syntax. He has done Caxton's syntax for his edition of *Blanchardyn and Eglantyne*, and has notes for both the earlier and later periods, so that the revised *Accidence* may be hoped for in the autumn.

Dr. Furnivall has at press some "More Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems," including another copy of the quasi-continuation of the "Pity," hitherto thought unique, which Prof. Skeat and Mr. Pollard incline to treat as a genuine work of Chaucer's. This fresh copy has the final stanza which has been torn off Shirley's MS.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin announces: *Caroline Schlegel and Her Friends*, by Mr. Alfred Sidgwick; *Essays towards a Critical Method*, by John M. Robertson; *Joseph Rodgers, M.D.*: Reminiscences of a Workhouse Medical Official, edited, with preface, by Prof. Thorold Rogers; *Sylvan Folk*, by John Watson, author of "A Year in the Fields." In the "Nation" series: *The Hanse Towns*, by Miss Zimmern; *Early Britain*, by Prof. A. J. Church; *Russia*, by Mr. W. R. Morfill.

Mr. George Redway will issue early in April a new book by the author of "Rabbi Jeshua" (1881) and on the same lines as that work. The author's identity will, perhaps, be revealed in this book, which will be entitled *Paul of Tarsus*.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have in the press a series of papers on vivisection by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, under the title of *The Modern Rack*.

The same publishers have nearly ready *City Slums and the London Unemployed*, by Mr. J. A. Ingham. The author advocates state interference as alone able to grapple with the evil.

A new volume of essays by Mr. Worsley Benison, entitled *Haunts of Nature*, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

Mr. Michael Barstow has in the press a novel, entitled *Fate's a Fiddler—Life's a Dance*, by Mr. Richard Russell. The same publisher will also shortly bring out a cheap edition of standard English novelists to be called "The Fielding Library," the first volume of which will be *Joseph Andrews*.

The next volume of the "Camelot" series will be *The Vicar of Wakefield*, with an introduction by Mr. Ernest Rhys.

Mrs. Alexander Ireland, who has just been delivering in Manchester and Southport a course of lectures on "Robert Browning," will give another course next autumn in the latter town in connexion with the Cambridge University Extension Scheme. It will consist of six lectures, and the subjects will be Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Shakspere's "Tempest." The subsequent examination of the students will be conducted by Mr. James Ashcroft Noble.

The annual meeting of the University College Literary Society will be held on Thursday next, April 4, when Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers will read a paper on "Hallucinations and Apparitions."

Messrs. Sotheby will sell, on Monday next, April 1, and the two following days, the library of Mr. Alexander E. Burnett, of Edinburgh, which—like that of his fellow-townsman, Mr. W. M. Mackenzie, recently dispersed in the same rooms—is particularly rich in the literature of the drama, in works illustrated by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and later caricaturists, and in first editions of Dickens and Thackeray.

Messrs. Trübner have just issued the first volume of a new series of cheap reprints of standard works of literature, to be called the "Lotos" series. The book selected to open the series is *The Travels of Baron Munchausen*, with the original woodcut illustrations of Alfred Crowquill. It is matter for regret that no introduction has been prefixed; for the bibliography of *Munchausen* is a very perplexing subject, nor can everybody be expected to know that "Alfred Crowquill" was the pseudonym of A. H. Forrester, author as well as artist. For the *format* of the series we have nothing but praise. Paper and type are both excellent; and the public may have their choice of two bindings, each tasteful and artistic, though neither suggests the true "lotos" pattern. Those who dwell in London will do well to resist the attractions of the "half-parchment, uncut." There is also, we understand, a large-paper edition.

The twenty-third volume of the *Deutsche Nationallitteratur* (edited by Joseph Kürschner) should prove interesting reading to students of English literature. It bears the title "Die Schauspiele der englischen Komödianten"; and in it Prof. Wilhelm Creizenach, of Cracow, publishes the following five plays from the repertoire of the "English comedians" of the seventeen century: "Titus Andronicus," "Tugend- und Liebes-Streit" ("Twelfth Night"), "Der bestrafte Brudermord oder Prinz Hamlet aus Dänemark," "Tragikomödie," and "Unzeitiger Vorwitz." There is a general Introduction of 118 pages, and each of the plays is preceded by literary and critical remarks.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

A forthcoming literary and scientific magazine, to be entitled *Revista de Portugal*, is looked forward to in intellectual circles in Lisbon with considerable interest. It will probably represent the more advanced critical views of modern Portugal, the editor being Senhor Eça de Queiroz, a novelist of the ultra-realistic school and distinctly a man of genius.

Mr. Michael Bastow will issue in April a new monthly, to be called *Michael's Magazine*. It is, however, certainly not—as he claims—"the first threepenny magazine ever published." Each number will contain, besides a serial, two or three complete stories.

The April number of the *Library* will open with a paper on "Signatures in Books," by Mr. William Blades, and will also contain an article on "Borrowing and Rating Powers under the Public Libraries Acts."

Mrs. Leith-Adams has written a novel dealing with the supernatural, called "Under what Leading?" which will first appear in the new Australian illustrated magazine, the *Centennial*.

Mr. J. Stanley Little will contribute to the April number of the *Pioneer* an article entitled "The Diplomat-Painter," in which he brings charges against certain contemporary artists.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A FUNERAL IN SPRING.

Old age, by nigh a hundred winters worn,
Brightened with bird songs nigh a hundred Mays,
Sad, wearied, withered, with life's flick'ring rays
Burning slow, slower—here at length is borne
Old age, and laid 'neath red-tipped twigs that morn,
To wait life's glorious harvest, when earth's days
Shall end, and this poor body that decays
Shall rise, we trust, Christ's kingdom to adorn.
See, gloom and sunshine dance in breezy mirth
From Graig o'er purpled woods and frost-nipped sward,
To Grosmont's Church, and gleeful Spring's sweet birth
O'er the grey Castle floods of light has poured;
O body, rest here in this holy earth!
Sleep, patient soul, in peace till comes the Lord!

M. G. Watkins.

OBITUARY.

SAMUEL CARTER HALL, F.S.A.

The Academy ought not pass altogether unrecorded the death, which occurred on Saturday, March 16, of Samuel Carter Hall, one of the last links binding us with the literary epoch of Byron and Shelley and Scott.

Mr. Hall was the fourth son of Col. Robert Hall (who died in 1836), and was born at Geneva Barracks, co. Waterford, on May 9, 1800. Coming to London in 1822, he first obtained employment as a reporter on the *New Times* in the House of Commons. In 1824 he was married to Anna Maria Fielding—also from Ireland—who for more than fifty years was his partner and fellow-worker. Mr. Hall was then editing the *Amulet*—one of the many annuals once so popular. In 1830, on the resignation of the poet Campbell, he undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly*—a post he resigned a few years later into the hands of Theodore Hook. In 1839, with a view to popularising art in this country, he started the *Art Journal*, of which he remained editor for more than forty years. On his retirement in 1880, he received a pension of £300 from Messrs. Virtue. Incident-

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ally, it may be mentioned that he was one of the founders of the Crystal Palace Art Union; and that in 1851 he published, in connexion with the *Art Journal*, the best illustrated record of the great exhibition.

Mr. Hall was a prolific writer. In one of his letters to me he stated that he and his wife had produced no less than 545 books. The best known of these are: *The Book of the Thames; Ireland: Its Scenery, Character, &c.*, *The Book of British Ballads; The Book of Gems;* and *Baronial Halls*—the last written in conjunction with the late Llewellyn Jewitt. During his long connexion with art and literature, Mr. Hall was on terms of friendship with nearly every celebrity of his day, recollections of whom were embodied in two of his latest works—*A Book of Memories* (1871) and *Retrospect of a Long Life* (2 vols., 1883). On September 20, 1874, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, surrounded by their friends, celebrated their golden wedding. On this occasion Mr. Hall wrote some pathetic lines, entitled "After Fifty Years"—a copy of which, with his well-known autograph, lies before me now. In 1881 he had the misfortune to lose his wife. From that time he lived quietly, spending most of his time in reading, but ever willing to help in any charitable work. Many there are who can bear testimony to his generous heart and kindly feelings.

Mr. Hall was buried on Saturday last, at Addleston, Surrey, in the same grave with her he so dearly loved. E. E. P.

COMMENDATORE CECCHETTI.

COMMENDATORE BARTOLOMEO CECCHETTI, Director of the State Archives in Venice, died, after a short illness, on Saturday, March 16. The loss to students who make use of the Archives at the Frari is almost irreparable. For Cecchetti knew the archives under his care as no one else is likely to know them for a long time to come; and his knowledge was always at the service of students. Though shy and reserved to an unusual degree, he was invariably courteous and unfailingly helpful. I have known him cheerfully dedicate a whole morning to assist a scholar in the elucidation of some obscure point in his work. Now that he is gone it seems almost as though the catalogue of state papers were lost.

Cecchetti published various works. Among the best known are *La Republica di Venezia e la Corte di Roma* and *Il Doge di Venezia*. Both of these books, though wanting in form and literary grace, are rich in information of great value to the student of Venetian history. Besides these books, he also published, from time to time, in the *Archivio Veneto* the results of his researches; and these communications form a precious mine of Venetian lore. He was a most devoted student, and, indeed, his death may be attributed in part to his irrepressible enthusiasm for work; for, in spite of entreaty and warning, he insisted upon presenting himself daily at his post with the fever high upon him. Thinking of Cecchetti we are reminded of Mr. Browning's Grammarian: we admire the indomitable persistence of the man, and we mourn the master "famous, calm, and dead."

H. F. B.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BERTIN, E. Etudes sur la société française: littérature et mœurs. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

MEYNNÉS D'ESTREY, H. La Souveraineté du Peuple: étude historique et critique. Paris: Durand. 3 fr. 50 c.

REINACH, Joseph. Etudes de littérature et d'histoire. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY.

SCHOLZ, A. Commentar zum Buche Tobias. Würzburg: Woerl. 4 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

AUMALE, le Duc d'. Histoire des Princes de Condé pendant les 16e et 17e siècles. T. 5. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

DELARC, O. Saint Grégoire VII., et la réforme de l'église au XIe siècle. Paris: Retaux-Bray. 21 fr.

FABRE, P. Le liber censuum de l'église romaine. Fasc. 1. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr. 80 c.

FRIEDRICH, J. Die Constantinische Schenkung. Nördlingen: Beck. 4 M.

JARRY, E. La Vie politique de Louis de France, Duc d'Orléans (1372-1407). Paris: Picard. 10 fr.

PERKENS, F. T. Histoire de Florence depuis la domination des Médicis jusqu'à la chûte de la république (1434-1531). T. 2. Paris: Quantin. 7 fr. 50 c.

SCHLESINGER, M. H. La Duchesse de Polignac et son temps. Paris: Ghio. 3 fr. 50 c.

SCHMITT, J. Die Chronik v. Morea. Eine Untersuchung üb. das Verhältniss ihrer Handschriften u. Versionen. München: Buchholz. 2 M. 40 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

HANSEN, A. Die Farbstoffe d. Chlorophyles. Darmstadt: Bergsträsser. 2 M. 40 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

BEHAGHEL, D. Ueb. reciproke Metathese im Romanischen. Greifswald: Abel. 3 M.

BUCH, das, v. der Erkenntniss der Wahrheit od. der Ursache der Ursachen. Nach den syr. Handschriften zu Berlin, Rom, Paris u. Oxford hrsg. v. C. Kayser. Leipsig: Hinrichs. 25 M.

CORPUS inscriptionum semiticarum ab academia inscriptionum conditum atque digestum. Pars IV., Inscriptiones Himyariticas et Sabaeas continens. Tom I. fasc. 1. Paris: Klincksieck. 37 fr. 50 c.

FISCHER, H. Zur Geschichte d. Mittelhochdeutschen. Tübingen: Fues. 2 M.

JEZIERSKI, A. S. De universis P. Ovidii Nasonis epistolis heroidum et singillatim de Sapphus ad Phaonem epistula. Leipzig: Fock. 3 M.

PESCATORE, G. Die Glossen d. Irnerius. Greifswald: Abel. 4 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FACSIMILE OF THE OLDEST SWEDISH MS.

Chespinghaven, Denmark: March 14, 1889.

Nothing is more remarkable than the comparative modernness of Scandinavian (non-Latin) vellums. They all, in fact, date from the middle age. Hence Scandinavian philology has made great mistakes. It is as if we were to base our study of Old-English upon the language of Hendyng's Proverbs or Chaucer's Tales. The oldest Swedish MS. is about 1290-1300, the oldest Danish about 1350, the oldest Icelandic about 1200 (with a bit or two some years farther back). Hence the immense linguistic value of the non-vellum Runic inscriptions in Scandinavia, in which we can examine the manifold local dialects in the longer (older) and shorter (later) alphabets, up to the first Christian century.

Armed with rune-writings we see how the earliest Scandinavian shire-talks coincided in essentials with all the other oldest Scando-Gothic, of which the most antique vellum materials in the mother tongue are English. The great changes which took place in Scandinavia were merely the result—as in Northumbria—of rapid revolutionary slurring (especially of *n*) on the one hand, and of late curious independent developments (as of the article from prefix to suffix, the gradual creation of a kind of passive in *s*, &c.) on the other. But all this renders the far-back Scandian codices of excessive value. They abound in archaisms and local peculiarities of words and sounds and meanings, as well as in modern things quite contrary to the rules of the schools. And in all such cases the last appeal is to the undoctored originals. Of late years photography has rendered possible the trustworthy reproduction of several northern skin-books, and now the turn has come to Sweden.

Oldest in date (1290-1300) in Sweden is that treasure the Provincial Law of West-Gotland. It was admirably edited with all necessary variants, and with helps and glossary in Swedish and Latin, by Collin and Schlyter (4to, Stockholm, 1827). But still the cry was for the skin-book itself. It has come at last in an admirable facsimile. For this great gift to Scando-Anglian science we have to thank the untiring zeal and energy of the learned Swedish bibliographer G. E. Klemming, head of the National Library at Stockholm. After twenty years of preparatory effort he has now, assisted by A. Börtzell and H. Wieselgren, published all the oldest section of this codex in its natural small quarto size, delicately bound in middle-age style, and tied with leathern strings. Appended to the text are various useful pages in common Latin type.

Of this charming book only one hundred copies have been printed, at the price of twenty-five Swedish crowns each. A Post Office order for that small amount, addressed to the under librarian, Harald Wieselgren, Esq., National Library, Stockholm, will enable any happy student or public library to obtain a copy.

I am sure that some of your readers will—with thanks—lift their hats to me for this information. GEORGE STEPHENS.

IRISH ITEMS.

London: March 12, 1889.

There would seem to be neither difficulty nor diverging opinions about the meaning of the verb *atóibim*; but in the matter of its accidents and construction some good powder has been burnt. May one having a distaste for villainous saltpetre crave leave to simply throw a little stone (nor at any head but Priscian's), and then to run away as hard as he can?

In the British Museum is a fifteenth-century vellum MS. (Eg. 91), written by Uilliam Mac an Legha [W. "Leigh"], which at f. 30b, col. 2, exhibits a homily on the life of S. Gregory. The text is Matt. xxv. 34 (Tunc dicet rex etc.), which being given in Latin and in Irish, the homilist proceeds:

"Matha mac Alphei in shui [=in tsui] forburach di eabraib in cétna fer atcuaid ferta ocus mírbuili mic dé hi talmain. is é ro sgríbh na briatrasa hi corp shoscéla do incosc ocus do fhoillsiugud in teásta spirtálta fil do na naemaibh i talmain ic frithállemh a thochuirthi illó brátha ó mac indathar neamdha a flaith a athar ocus co nabuir benedicti [etc.] ticid a bennachtna."

"Is é is let atáibe indaisnéissea la matha co dú inderbairt reime . . . et separabit eos ab inuicem sicut pa[s]tor segregat oues ab hedis ocus scéraid [etc.]."

In this second sentence the scribe has inadvertently recopied a considerable portion of the first, which is quite out of place here, and may consequently be omitted. The meaning of the remainder, as closely as possible, is:

"Matthew, son of Alpheus, a foremost sage of the Hebrews, [and] the first man that related the wonders and miracles of God's Son upon Earth: he it is that in his Gospel hath incorporated these words, for the teaching and for the showing forth of the spiritual reward in store for the Saints on Earth, when they shall respond to the summons which in the day of judgment will proceed from the Heavenly Father's Son, to enter into His Father's Kingdom, when he saith: 'Come ye blessed [etc. v. 34].'

"The direction in which this enunciation of Matthew's adheres [or, towards which it leans] is towards the place in which he had previously said . . . 'and he shall separate them [etc. v. 32].'"

Grammatically, *atóibe* is 3rd p. sing. pres. ind., used relatively; and its subject is the n.f. *aisnéis*, not the n.n. *leth* (rendered above by "direction"). In the *Tripartite Life of S. Patrick*, p. 4, l. 4, translate: "Now the direction in which this enunciation of the prophet's adheres, is to the place where he had said [etc]." At p. 430, l. 1, render in the same way: to bear out the printed version, it is necessary to make *aisnéis* m. instead of f., and, instead of nom., a gen. dependent on *leth*, besides violating the idiom of the language. The appended *-sea*, *-si* in these texts is the demonstrative pron. indec. *so*, frequently thus written and spoken.

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It must be admitted that the above translation of the second sentence from Eg. 91 is not "English"; the object being to reproduce the locution accurately, at the expense of style. It means, however, that of two passages the later belongs to, is connected with (not materially, but in logical sequence), the earlier.

Such too is the meaning of *atóibad*, nomen actionis of *atóibim*, in: "ocus is airi atá atóibad inna cilli frialaili" (*Vit. Pat.*, p. 90, l. 11), *i.e.*, "and that is why there [still] subsists a mutual interdependence of the one church upon the other."

What the construction is which I venture to assign to the above passage may perhaps be best shown by an example couched in more modern language, in which the collocation shall be that of the MS., and the word *leth* be preserved; while, for the clearer illustration of its particular meaning here, the verb shall be one of motion.

"Is í leth do chuaidh sé ané go Bristó, is í leth raghaidh sé amáireach go Lonndain" is a relative clause, relative suppressed *i.e.* "The side he went yesterday was to Bristol, the side he'll go to-morrow is to London."

"Is í leth a ndechaidh sé . . . is í leth a rachus sé . . .," relative expressed *i.e.* "The side to which he went . . . the side to which he will go . . ."

The people would in English express themselves thus: "'t is the side he went yesterday was to Bristol, 't is the side he'll go to-morrow is to London." Here "side" has nothing to do with "the side of a country," but simply indicates of two courses one. Note that *leth*, like so many old neuters, is now feminine.

STANDISH H. O'GRADY.

"CHOUSE."

In reply to a correspondent who sent the references in Col. Yule's *Anglo-Indian Glossary*, Dr. Murray writes:

Oxford: March 23, 1889.

"My request was not for suggestions as to the etymology of *chouse*, or for further materials for the word, unless these are earlier than what we actually have. We have already six times as much as we can print. As I saw Col. Yule's book in the sheets, as it passed through the press, I hardly need to be referred to it for Gifford's story. What we want to know is, Can any external confirmation be found of Gifford's story of the Turkish *chaush*, who is alleged to have defrauded the Turkey merchants in London? Our efforts have as yet entirely failed in discovering "our annalists" from whom Gifford claims to give the account, or indeed in discovering any single fact that supports or points towards the incident. Then, although the story fairly fitted the facts of the history of the word as conceived by Gifford, they no longer fit them as known to us; the story is no longer an adequate explanation. For, even if it were true, we have to find out why the seventeenth-century meaning of *chouse* was not 'impostor, cheat,' but 'gull, dupe,' or, as Dr. Johnson put it, 'a bubble, a tool, a man fit to be cheated.' Of course, a verb *chouse* could arise from either sense: 'to cheat, to gull, to dupe,' are the same thing, though 'a cheat' is not 'a gull or dupe.' But evidence of the truth of Gifford's story is the first thing wanted; next to it, examples of the English verb *chouse* before 1654, and the sb. before 1671—exclusive, of course, of the passage in Ben Jonson's 'Alchemist,' I. ii., where (primarily, at least) *chiause* is explained as 'the Turk (that) was here,' and the passage in Ford's 'Lady's Trial,' II. i. 256, where he is still the foreigner, classed with 'mogul,' 'hoogen-moogen,' 'van-den,' and other foreign titles. Of the simple literal Turkish *chaush* or *chiaoush* there is no lack. He appears in Hakluyt before 1600, and under the forms *chaus, chiaus, chiause, chiaouse, chiaush, chiauss, chiaouz, choush*, is everywhere down to the present year. We have probably fifty examples of him of all ages, and shall print twelve typical ones under the articles *chiaus* and *choush*. But (unless in the Ford passage) he never appears as *chouse*.

"J. A. H. MURRAY."

A MANUSCRIPT IN TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY, DUBLIN, OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

London: March 25, 1889.

Mr. W. Barclay Squire's letter in defence of the Paduan origin of Pavan induces me to add a word as to the derivation of Passa-mezzo. Though the form "Passy-measure," quoted by Mr. Hart, has been still further anglicised into "Passing Measures," there can be no reasonable doubt that the word is really derived from *passo e mezzo*, as the name is given in precisely the same form in a sixteenth-century MS. in the British Museum (Royal Appendix, 59). Giacomo Gorzani, the author of several of those compositions in the Dublin collection, is known as a writer of lute-music. Those unacquainted with mediaeval contractions may possibly fail to recognise under the form "In none" (more properly "In nōne"), given by Mr. Hart, one of those compositions known as "In nomine," many of which are contained in Additional MS. 32,377, among the authors being the very Nicholas Strogers and Robert Parsons whose works occur in the MS. in question. The same collection at the British Museum also contains a composition by — Bruster (= Brewster), who is probably identical with Mr. Hart's Breunsher (?).

A. HUGHES-HUGHES.

THE SOURCES OF CHAUCER'S "SECOND NUN'S TALE."

Cambridge: March 23, 1889.

When I pointed out a fact about the sources of Chaucer's "Second Nun's Tale," which happened to be new to me (in the ACADEMY of February 23, 1889), I was unaware that it was an old discovery. Prof. Kölbing kindly refers me to his paper on the subject in the *Englische Studien*, vol. i., p. 215, published in 1877, where the matter is fully treated. Prof. Kölbing arrived at the result that the poet had before his eyes a Latin version of the legend, which represented a mixture between the text of the "Legenda Aurea," and that of the "Acta Sanctorum." See also Ten Brink, *Geschichte der Englischen Literatur*, vol. ii., p. 60.

I beg leave to apologise. Unfortunately for me, some one has long since walked off with my copy of the first volume of the *Englische Studien*, though I possess all the rest of that valuable publication.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

GUILLAUME DE DEGUILEVILLE.

Trinity College, Cambridge: March 25, 1889.

The British Museum MS. (Add. 22,937) of *Les trois pèlerinages* belongs to the *first* recension, and is so described correctly in my preface to "The Pilgrimage of the Lyf of the Manhode," p. v. In writing from memory I inadvertently classed it with those of the second recension; but this does not invalidate my statement that there are eight MSS. in which the author's name appears in the acrostics as "Guillermus de Deguilevilla" with one *l*, against only two in which it appears as "Guillermus de Deguillevilla" with two *l*'s. Of these eight, five belong to the first and three to the second recension.

It was very natural for Mr. Toynbee to understand M. Paulin Paris's words as implying that the very letters of the name which he writes "G. de Deguilleville" appear in the acrostics which are to be found in the poem. My reason for doubting whether his words, however precise, are to be interpreted literally is that in the very MS. he is describing (No. 376, old No. 6988) the name in the acrostics is given in the Latin form "Guillermus de Deguillevilla," and not in the French "G. de Deguilleville." And, as I pointed out in my last letter, although the Latin form varies in the acrostics, there is no instance of the occurrence of the French form, and the Christian name is always at full length. I do not know that this amounts to "proof"; but it at least raises a strong presumption that M. Paulin Paris, when he said that all the letters of the name "G. de Deguilleville" were to be found in the two acrostics which occur in the poem, was thinking rather of the longer form of the name, for which the Abbé Goujet contended, than of the actual letters of which the name is composed. His reference to the printed editions also confirms this, for in that of *Le romant des trois Pelerinages*, printed without date by Rembolt at Paris, the name of the author is given in full in the title and in the first stanza as "guillaume d' deguileville," and in the acrostics as "Guillermus de Deguilevilla," in both cases with one *l*. In the edition of *Le pelerinage de l'homme* printed by Antoine Vérard, in 1511, the name appears in the first stanza as Guillaume de Guileville (not Guilleville, as in Brunet), the form which Paulin Paris condemns, while in the acrostic it is Guillermus de Deguilevilla.

To conclude—the longer form of the name is supported by the evidence of the acrostics in ten MSS., as against two in which it is given in the shorter form. And the spelling with one *l* is supported by the evidence of the acrostics in eight MSS., as against two in which the name is spelt with two *l*'s. While it is incorrect, therefore, to use the shorter form of the name, it is a matter of indifference whether it be written "Guillaume de Deguileville" or Guillaume de Deguilleville," although the evidence from Rembolt's edition and from the acrostics is in favour of the former. In any case, the question is not settled by an appeal to M. Paulin Paris.

W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

CHAUCER'S MINOR POEMS.

London: March 25, 1889.

The occasion to quote a couplet from the "Hous of Fame," in my review of Prof. Skeat's book, betrayed me five lines lower down into repeating the title of that poem where I should have written "Book of the Duchesse." In quoting l. 87, I misplaced the word "alas." For these two slips in transcription—or, as Prof. Skeat prefers to italicise them, *errors of fact*—I make whatever apology their gravity requires.

The words "all the MSS.," which Prof. Skeat twice quotes in inverted commas, do not occur in my review; still less, as his letter suggests, are they especially applied to the case of l. 87. I quoted eleven "instances of alteration against the authority of every MS." Of these the line in question is the third; and the fact that for this line Thynne's edition and the Fairfax MS. are our sole authorities invalidates neither the literal nor the substantial accuracy of its inclusion in my list.

As regards Prof. Skeat's contention that our MSS. for the "Book of the Duchesse" may be reduced to "one, and that a bad one," pp. lviii. and lix. of his edition, in which he prints the conclusion of Koch and Lange, seem to me to give a different result. Thynne's edition and the Tanner MS. are the grandchildren of Chaucer's own copy; Fairfax and Bodley the great-grandchildren, but descended, not through Tanner, but through Tanner's father. If Prof. Skeat confines himself to the second line of descent we have thus two MSS. represented—viz., Tanner and the immediate original of Fairfax and Bodley; if to the first, we have still two—viz., the originals of Thynne's edition and of Tanner and his nephews. The MSS. are thus only reduced to one, when we reach "the lost original" itself.

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Of the eleven examples of his treatment of the text upon which I remarked, Prof. Skeat selects for defence only one, the line (87):

For him, alas, she loved alderbest

as to which he says in his note: "*Both* Th. *and* F. *wrongly insert* alas *after* him." Of the line as it is given by both his authorities, Prof. Skeat truly says that it is a good enough decasyllabic to appear in the "Canterbury Tales." So it is, read in one way; but Prof. Skeat does not explain why Thynne and the Fairfax MS. suddenly mistook Chaucer's metre. By allowing the common license of an extra syllable at the caesura, and remembering that "loved" before "alderbest" may be pronounced as "lov'd," Prof. Skeat's decasyllabic is reduced to a good verse of four accents, in which, moreover, the word "alas" seems to me to have a distinct poetic value.

That Prof. Skeat was prevented by considerations of space from explaining his metrical views at length, I join with him in regretting. But until they appear I must stand by my—I hope modestly expressed—conviction that in abandoning such manuscript and early printed authority as we possess, in order to fit Chaucer's verse to a bed of Procrustes, he has committed an error of judgment. My admiration for his edition, as a whole, I have already fully expressed.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

THE OLD NORTHUMBRIAN WORD "CURSUMBOR."

Berkeley, California: Feb. 26, 1889.

Can any Arabic or Late-Latin scholar throw light upon the Northumbrian word *cursumbor*, which occurs Matt. ii. 11, with the meaning of *thus*? Bouterwek (*Die Vier Evangelien in Alt-Northumbrischer Sprache*) refers to Du Cange, who, under "Cozumber," quotes from Boniface's Epistles, 148 and 149, and from Odo, "De Varia Fortuna Ernesti Ducis Bavariae." Prof. Mayor, in Mayor and Lumby's edition of Bede, books iii. and iv. ("Pitt Press" series), p. 406, quotes the passages from the Epistles of Boniface, both of which he states to have been written by Gemmulus, the Roman deacon, to Boniface. The actual forms quoted are the genitive *cozumbri* (Du Cange), *cozumbri* (Mayor), and the accusatives *cozumbrem* (Boniface), *cozambrum* (Odo).

Du Cange's contribution to the etymology of the word is as follows:

"Serrarius putat vocem effictam a voce *cocha*, quae Arabibus suffimentum est, et *zumbri*, cortex odoratus. Nullum est *zumbri* quod notum sit, teste D. Falconet; est *zerumbet*, *zurumbet*, *zaruban*, *zeruban*, species zedoariae, quae rotunda est radix aromatica."

Bouterwek suggests a connexion with *cortum*, by which he probably means *costum*. This is rendered unlikely, however, by the occurrence of the latter word side by side with *cozumber* in Boniface, Epistle, 148: "costum, uncias 4, piper lib. 2, cozumbrem lib. 1."

ALBERT S. COOK.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF GRAY.

Bury, Lancashire: March 23, 1889.

I think Mr. Gosse rather over-estimates the importance and accuracy of his newly discovered bibliographical fact, when he says that the stanza, "There scatter'd oft," &c., was first introduced into the text of "The Elegy" in the *third* of the "original editions" (or, to be more precise, the editions dating from February 16, 1757, on which day Dodsley issued the celebrated quarto pamphlet, price sixpence.)

I myself have seen a copy of the *second* of these 1757 editions with the stanza in question introduced, which copy is in the possession of Mr. James Findley (of this town), to whose kindness I am indebted for permission to communicate the above.

SIDNEY CROMPTON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, April 1, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Instruments for the Measurement of Radiant Heat," II., by Mr. C. V. Boys.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute.

TUESDAY, April 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," XI., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Argentine Republic," by Mr. F. K. Smythies.
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The District Distribution of Steam in the United States," by Dr. C. E. Emery.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "*Steatornis caripensis*," by Mr. W. K. Parker; "The Characters and Synonymy of the different Species of Otter," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas; "The History of Eocene Siluroid Fishes," by Mr. E. T. Newton; "*Bucklandium diluvii*, Konig, a Siluroid Fish from the London Clay of Sheppey," by Mr. A. Smith-Woodward.

WEDNESDAY, April 3, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Fruit Growing for Profit in the Open-air in England," by Mr. W. Paul.
8 p.m. Geological: "The Elvans and Volcanic Rocks of Dartmoor," by Mr. R. N. Worth; "Some Polyzoa from the Inferior Oolite of Shipton Gorge, Dorset," by Mr. E. A. Walford; "The Basals of Eugeniacrinidae," by Mr. F. A. Bather.
8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Miracle and Mystery Plays," by Mr. W. H. Cowham.

THURSDAY, April 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Houses and their Decoration, from the Classical to the Mediaeval Period," III., by Prof. J. H. Middleton.
4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "A Silver Chalice and Paten, and Gold Ring, lately found in the Tomb of Bishop Sutton at Lincoln," by Precentor Venables; "Fougères and its Lords, a Reminiscence of Feudal Brittany," by Mr. Joseph Bain; "A Coat of Mail of a peculiar Character," by Mr. A. Hartshorne.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Myxomycetes," by Mr. A. Lister; "Helcion pellucidum," by Mr. R. J. Harvey Gibson; "The Deep-Water Fauna of the Forth of Clyde," by Mr. W. E. Hoyle.
8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "The Public Records relating to Wales," by Mr. R. A. Roberts.
8 p.m. University College Literary Society: Annual Public Meeting, "Hallucinations and Apparitions," by Mr. F. W. H. Myers.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, April 5, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Moulding and Casting Cylinders for Marine Engines," by Mr. R. J. Durley.
8 p.m. Philological: "An Attempt to explain some Peculiarities of Modern Russian by Comparison with its Earlier Forms and with other Slavonic Languages," by Mr. W. R. Morfill.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "A Visit to the Volcanoes of Italy," by Prof. J. F. Blake.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "True and False Humour in Literature," by Canon Ainger.

SATURDAY, April 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics—Polarisation, Wave Theory," VII., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

GREEK TOMB-INSCRIPTIONS.

Königsberger Studien, Heft i., p. 85-144, Hirschfeld, "Über die griech. Grabschriften, welche Geldstrafen anordnen."

IN the first part of the *Königsberger Studien* (a new periodical for historical and philological research), Dr. Hirschfeld discusses very fully a question which had so far received hardly any notice—viz., the Greek tomb-inscriptions, in which a tomb-owner fixes a fine to be paid for opening the tomb and burying in it some one who was not entitled to burial there, inscriptions of which Canon Hicks truly says (*Journ. of Hell. Stud.*, viii., p. 115), that "they read like extracts from wills, and have more to say about rights of property than about the merits of the departed."

Dr. Hirschfeld enumerates 339 inscriptions of this class, arranged geographically from east to west. At one glance the reader sees where the inscription was found, whether it is dated or not, the amount of the fine and to whom it was to be paid, where the inscription is published, &c. In Italy and Greece proper few such inscriptions have been discovered, and those of a late date (five Athenian inscriptions—*C. I. A.* iii. 2, No. 1429 ff.—are not given in the list) those from Macedonia and Thrace are more numerous; but the great majority of them belong to the west coast of Asia Minor, especially to Lycia. Lycia alone supplies more than one-fifth of the total; to Lycia belong the oldest; and Dr. Hirschfeld can scarcely be wrong in supposing that it was in Lycia, preeminently the land of tombs, that this custom arose. He considers the inscription of Pinara (*C. I. G.* 4259) to be the oldest, and assigns it to the third century B.C. This alone disposes of the view commonly held that the custom took its rise with the Romans, for no such inscriptions of the time of the Republic are known to exist. In the Pinara inscription we find all the characteristic points of such inscriptions. He who opens a tomb, or orders another person to do so, is accursed, has to pay a fine (a silver talent), and anyone who cares may bring an action against him. The amount of fine in Lycian inscriptions varies from 250 to (in one instance) 20,000 *denarii*; in non-Lycian inscriptions some higher amounts occur. The fine is usually paid in Lycia to the δῆμος or the πόλις; everywhere else usually to the fiscus (φίσκος, ταμιεῖον), sometimes to deities—Isis at Thebes, μήτηρ θεῶν Σιτυληνή in Smyrna, &c. In isolated cases the money goes to the brothers or the heirs of the grave-owner. A Jewess directs the fine to be paid to her people, a physician to his colleagues, a slave to his mistress and her heirs. The informer received a share of the fine, sometimes one-third, sometimes one-half. Besides the payment of a fine, an action might be brought for sacrilege, and this action was called ἔγκλημα τυμβωρυχίας (*C. I. G.* 4325 k; 4366l, &c.). Pollux (vi. 151) mentions τυμβωρύχος in a long list of ὀνόματα ἐξ ἀδικημάτων ἐφ' οἷς εἰσὶ δίκαι καὶ γραφαί. It is evident from the information supplied by the inscriptions that the word need not necessarily mean one who opens a tomb to rob the dead (*Att. Process.* ed. Lipsius, p. 456); although we have no instance of this action at Athens, yet it is very probable that it existed there (*cf.* Cic. *de Legg.* ii. 26, 64, "de sepulcris autem nihil est apud Solonem amplius quam 'ne quis ea deleat neve alienum inferat,'" &c.). Since the publication of this most interesting and learned essay, several new inscriptions of the same class have been found—viz., one at Salonica (published in *Journ. of Hell. Studies*, viii., p. 374; see also p. 431); four at Heraclea in the Propontis (*Berl. Philol. Wochenschr.*, 1888, No. 14); two at Smyrna (*Mittheil. d. Archäol. Inst.*, xii., p. 248); and, indeed, we may expect an almost unlimited number of additions, as new cities are explored and excavated.

There are yet other questions connected with burial and burial rites among the Greek which have not been fully cleared up. For instance, in the law (*Dig.*, xlvii. 22, 4)—Gaius calls it Solonian—among the associations for various purposes we find mention of ὁμόταφοι; were they a burial society? We know, on the one hand, that there were family vaults (πατρῷα μνήματα) common to all the members of a family, including those descended in the female line; thus Thucydides was buried ἐν τοῖς Κιμωνείοις μνήμασιν (Marcell., *vit. Thuc.*). All the descendants of Buselus had a κοινὸν μνῆμα (Demosth. 43, § 79); [Plutarch] in his life of Isocrates (p. 838 B f.) gives a list of those buried in the family vaults near Cynosarges on the ridge to the left: Isocrates, his parents, his mother's sister and her son, his adopted son, his brother, his grandsons, his wife. Thalheim (*Griech. Rechtsalt.*, p. 96. 2) can scarcely be right in inferring from Demosth. 57, § 28 that the members of a γένος had a common vault, for in § 67 the γεννῆται are clearly distinguished from οἷς ἠρία—*i.e.*, τάφοι Harpocr.—ταὐτά. We learn, on the other hand, from inscriptions that the eranists paid

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for the burial of their fellow members; Koumanoudes has published an inscription from Attica Ἀρτεμίδωρος Σελευκεύς· ἐρανισταί (Ἐπιγρ. ἐπιτύμβ. 2362); in *C. I. A.*, ii., No. 621, we read that a member gave freely towards the burial of some deceased members, the treasury of the club having no funds; and from a Rhodian inscription we learn that a piece of land was given as a present to certain eranists εἰς ταφία (J. Martha, *Bull. de Corr. Hellen.* 1880, p. 139 ff). which may either mean that a burial ground was granted to certain eranists (Sir C. T. Newton, *Inscr. Brit. Mus.*, ii. 360), or (less likely) that a piece of land was given to certain eranists with the stipulation that the revenue from it should be devoted to paying for the burial of members (J. Martha, *l. c.*). What is the relation then of the ὁμόταφοι to the ἐρανισταί? The Rhodian inscription referred to above, ἀκοτάφων ταφῶν (*Inscr. Brit. Mus.*, ii. 360), presents some difficulty; as Sir Charles Newton suggests, the vase on which these words were engraved is broken off from a small pillar which marked the boundary of a burial ground; but what is the meaning of ἀκόταφοι? Sir Charles Newton quotes the two explanations given by Suidas and Hesychius, *s. v.* resp.—

"It would seem from a comparison of these two passages that the word ἀκόταφος was applied to those who were deprived of the right of burial in the tombs of their forefathers, and that slaves who had earned their liberty were also called ἀκόταφοι, because they had the privilege of a separate place of burial";

and then gives as his own opinion that the inscription marked the boundary of a burial ground of eranists, such as described above. Hesychius's explanation refers in all probability to such a special occasion as the one given by Pausanias (i. 32 3), whence we learn that, after the battle of Marathon, the slaves who had fought bravely together with the freemen (τοῖς ἐλευθέροις instead of τὴν ἐλευθερίαν MS.), and fallen in battle were buried separately (see also i. 29,7), *cf. Etym. M.* 131, 43. Yet it is not likely that either for this class of slaves or for freemen who were deprived of burial in the tombs of their forefathers, perhaps in consequence of ἀποκήρυξις, a special burial ground should have been provided. It seems more probable that the burial ground in question was *commune sepulcrum*, *i.e.*, for all who had no vault of their own, ἀκο- being used in the sense of *a privativum*.

HERMAN HAGER.

SOME BOOKS ON POPULAR SCIENCE.

The Folk-Lore of Plants. By T. F. Thiselton Dyer. (Chatto & Windus.) The legends and superstitions attaching to plants have been collected in recent years by the late Mr. King in a well-known essay in the *Quarterly Review*, and also by Folkard, Friend, Conway, and others. There was room, however, for a volume which should sum up their researches under convenient heads for general use, and give a few examples under each of the wealth of associations which has entwined itself around most of the best loved flowers and trees of our woodlands. Mr. Thiselton Dyer, who has long been a careful student of folklore, has done this very successfully in the twenty-three chapters which form this book. The richness and interest of the legends and popular beliefs here collected will surprise those who have never looked into the subject; while the many points at which these touch religion, psychology, and the past history of medicine are full of reflection to a philosophical mind. Sometimes Mr. Dyer has found it difficult to discriminate between his divisions of the subject, and we should have been inclined to merge mystic and sacred plants in one heading as well as plants of witchcraft and demonology; but this is mere matter of detail. His examples are carefully chosen, and there is very little repetition—a point which all who have tried to write on folklore are aware of the difficulty of attaining. The chapters on plant proverbs and plant names are extremely good. De Brosse's derivation of the word "kirk" from *quercus* an oak, mentioned by Mr. Dyer, is sufficiently amusing, and decidedly of the "bow wow" method of etymology. Among the plants associated with the evil one, Mr. Dyer might add the wild convolvulus or bindweed, which is appropriately named in Lincolnshire "devil's entrails," only in a more vulgarised form. A subject of great complexity has been here simplified and rendered interesting, and much credit is due to Mr. Dyer. Should any one desire to put together a popular lecture, the plan and illustrations are ready to his hand in *The Folk-Lore of Plants*.

The Naturalist in Siluria. By Captain Mayne Reid. (Sonnenschein.) Siluria, as here understood, is the district near Ross, on the extreme eastern border of the ancient Silures, where Captain Mayne Reid lived. He was an enthusiastic, but unscientific, lover of nature, in the habit of making notes on the birds and quadrupeds common round his house and garden. These mostly consist of anecdotes, contain absolutely nothing new, and although pleasant reading, as the informal observations of an amateur naturalist, possess no scientific value. The book seems to have been put together without any attempt at revision; consequently, it is full of verbal repetitions, often within but two or three pages. It abounds, too, with mistakes. Gilbert White is said to have written of pigeons "in the darkness of a century and a half ago"; the letter containing the passage was put together in 1780. There are not two species of magpie in England, neither are there two martens, as the author states. The late Mr. Alston (*Zoological Transactions*, 1879) conclusively showed that *m. foina* "is not, and never was, a member of the British fauna." The common cat is certainly not descended from the wild cat, but from an Egyptian species. The dipper and the dabchick are not identical, but very different birds. Caterpillars which devour leaves are not called *photophagi*, but *phutophagi*, yet Captain Reid uses the former word not only in the body of the book, but in the index as well. The disappearance of crows and magpies, on which the author comments, as likely as not arose from partial migration rather than from pairing. But Captain Reid seems to have been entirely ignorant of the discoveries of the last ten years with respect to migration. The three so-called wild cats of which he treats, it is just possible, were true wild cats, but far more likely were sprung from domestic cats which had run wild. But it is ungracious to find fault with a writer who has so often amused the world in a different style of literature. It will be enough to say that the natural history of Siluria has yet to be written. These stray notes every here and there, however, show signs of careful observation. The chapters on moles are especially good, so is the chapter on the distribution of the nightingale. A lover of the country will find a good deal of pleasant miscellaneous reading in the book, but there is also much that is puerile. A great part of it should have been cut out, and what was left subjected to strict pruning and supervision. The very style of the book shows the nimble pen of the novelist rather than that of a careful, exact naturalist. As for the illustrations, many are well-worn cuts, and several, to add to the general faultiness of the book, are wrongly labelled. The nuthatch figured on p. 55 is really the nutcracker—a very different bird. Of the so-called herons on p. 233, one is a bittern. To Captain Mayne Reid belongs the distinction, along with three or four other Silurian naturalists, of having seen, as they assert, the *picus martius* (great black woodpecker), and, therefore, he writes: "There can be no doubt" of its being a visitor in Siluria "if it be not a permanent resident." The controversy concerning its appearance in Great Britian is still being hotly carried on; but as no undoubted British-killed specimen has yet been seen, as the three or four supposed appearances of the bird resulted in its never again being heard of, as years have elapsed since these birds were supposed to have been seen without any fresh tidings of the black woodpecker, and as the best English ornithologists (including Prof. Newton) entirely refuse to admit the bird to our English fauna, we may well be excused from believing in its existence in Great Britain. So we close what, on the whole, is a disappointing book.

Animal Memoirs. By Samuel Lockwood. Parts & I. and II. (New York: Ivison Blateman.) These two volumes form part of a series of readings in natural history. The first part deals with mammals, the second with birds. Dr. Lockwood can lay claim to have written a work of a trustworthy character for young readers. He is an American, and many of his expressions savour of exaggeration; but the facts are interesting and may be relied upon. We cannot praise the opening chapters, entitled "Animal Humour," as either very amusing or original. We have ourselves known dogs with more "cunnings" and "cranks" than those of which Dr. Lockwood writes. But the chapters that follow are excellent. The author's chapter on musical mice is truly admirable, and is written in the strain of an animal Plutarch. Dr. Lockwood is, perhaps, at his best with birds, whose memoirs he tells n his second volume. A bird's power of vision is thus graphically described (p. 11):

"The giant condor, whose home is in the Andes, has been seen circling in air so far above the very highest peak that the elevation could be determined at 25,500 feet! At such a point water in the air would be impossible, except in a frozen mist. And yet this immense creature, with its naked, wrinkly head and neck, can sail in this region of intense cold, prospecting its carrion or living prey, which discerned, it will on the instant descend to the torrid plain. It is easy enough to state these amazing figures, but not so to understand the phenomena involved—such respiratory adjustments properly firing the furnace of the blood for these thermal extremes—and such its nice adaptation of the optic lenses to distance and temperature, all conspire to make of the bird a marvellous machine."

To those who do not know their White's *Selborne*, the chapter on the nest building of birds will be interesting, but the American adds little to what our great Hampshire naturalist has told us. However, we have no wish to make ungracious comparisons, as the volumes before us are very readable and can be highly recommended.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KHAMMURABI AND BURNABURIASH.

London: March 20, 1889.

The February number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (p. 63) contains a note by the director, in which he points out that "Dungi was the son of Urbau, who according to Nabonidus, lived 700 years before Hammurabi." I cannot agree with this statement, (1) because the name of "Urbau," in the inscription of Nabonidus to which the author seems to allude (K. 1688, of the British Museum), is merely a restoration, which was based on an ingenious guess by the late George Smith, in the *Transactions* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology (vol. i., p. 61); and (2) because, in a recently-

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discovered cylinder of Nabonidus, in quite the same connexion as in the one referred to, there appears in place of the expected Urbau the name of Burnaburiash. Therefore, not Urbau, but Burnaburiash "lived, according to Nabonidus, 700 years *after* (not before) Khammurabi." I have pointed out this new date in the January number of the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology. *See* also Prof. Oppert, in *Le Temps* (Févr. 24, No. 10,156).

The identification of *Sapardu* with the Hebrew ספרד, proposed on p. 34 of the *Record* by Mr. Hagen, was discussed as early as 1851, by Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his "Memoir on the Babylonian and Assyrian Inscriptions," in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society (vol. xiv., pt. 1, p. xix., note 3).

M. Delattre, in his interesting paper on the "Oracles given in favour of Esarhaddon" (*ibidem*, p. 25 ff.), has justly remarked that the attempted translation of *W. A. I.* iv. 68, in the "Records of the Past," vol. xi., has not been mentioned in my *Literature*, p. 170. But why did my esteemed critic himself make no use of Dr. Halévy's transliteration of that document in his *Documents Religieux* (1883, p. 197 ff.), and of Prof. Sayce's translation of it in the *Hibbert Lectures* (1887, p. 274 f.)?

C. BEZOLD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

AT the annual general meeting of the Chemical Society, held on Thursday, March 28, the president (Mr. William Crookes) delivered an address on "Recent Researches on the Rare Earths as interpreted by the Spectroscope"; in which he expounded anew his theory of "meta-elements."

THE Easter excursion of the Geologists' Association will be to Lyme Regis and Weymouth, under the direction of Messrs. W. H. Hudleston and Horace B. Woodward. April 19 and 20 will be devoted to the former place—notable for its blue lias fossils; and April 22 and 23 to the latter, where the chief attractions are the corallian rocks and Kimeridge clay. The long excursion of the association in August will be to North Cumberland.

IT appears that mining for rubellite is extensively carried on in parts of Burma, especially near the Meobychoung River, about fifteen miles south of Mogok, which is situated in the heart of the great ruby tract. Mr. Barrington Brown recently visited and reported upon these mines. Rubellite is a pink variety of tourmaline, not much known in this country, but highly prized in China, where it is said to be used for the buttons of the caps of mandarins of a particular rank.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHEIN will publish shortly a translation of Prof. H. Rosenbusch's *Petrographical Tables:* an Aid to the Microscopical Physiography of the Rock-making Minerals, edited for English students by Dr. F. H. Hatch, of the Royal School of Mines.

IN the last number of the *Mineralogical Magazine* the most interesting paper is one by Mr. L. Fletcher, of the British Museum, on "The Renaissance of British Mineralogy," being the discourse which he delivered on retiring last autumn from the presidency of the Mineralogical Society. Mr. Fletcher, in analysing the causes to which the unpopularity of mineralogy may be attributed, points to the refinements introduced of late years in the chemical and crystallographic departments of the science, and especially to the fact that mineralogy has been almost completely excluded from our educational system. The cheering signs of a renaissance are to be found in the growing popularity of microscopic petrography, for the proper study of which a knowledge of mineralogy is essential. Mr. Fletcher argues in favour of the introduction of crystallography into the training of every chemist and physicist.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have in preparation for early publication an Intermediate Greek-English Dictionary, abridged from the seventh edition of Liddell & Scott. It differs from the present school abridgment in that the matter contained is greatly increased by fuller explanations of the words, by inserting more largely the irregular forms of moods and tenses, by citing the leading authorities for the different usages, and by adding characteristic phrases. Care has been taken to include all words usually found, from Homer downward to the close of Attic Greek.

MR. GAVIN HAMILTON has nearly completed a work entitled *The Moods in the English Bible the same as in Latin and Greek, contrasted with those of Priscian's German Followers*, which has received in advance the support of academical authorities in Scotland and elsewhere. It will be published by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, of Edinburgh.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(*Friday, March 15*)

THE Rev. Dr. R. Morris, president, in the chair.—Mr. E. L. Brandreth gave an account of some of his work as one of the sub-editors of the Society's Dictionary in relation to words beginning with H. Of the term "heartsease," now one of the names of the pansy (*viola tricolor*), he said that in the sixteenth century both this flower and the wallflower, originally called the "wall-gilly-flower," were classed as violets; but the name "heartsease" was alone given to the wallflower by our earliest botanist, Turner (1548), and by Bullein (1562); and though the "heartsease" is said to be "an herbe—menue pensée" by Palsgrave (1530), yet, independently of there being some reasons for supposing that this was a mistake on Palsgrave's part, it seemed probable that the name was first given to the wallflower, and subsequently included among the forty-two other popular names by which this favourite among flowers was honoured. The wallflower was considered a wonderful cure for diseases of the heart. We are told this by Tabaernœmontanus (1590) and by Brunschwygh in his work *De Arte Distillandi*. Of another gillyflower, the clove, we are told by Gerarde that a conserve of it "is exceeding cordial, and wonderfully above measure doth comfort the heart." On the other hand, the pansy, so far from being a heartsease, is said by Bullein "to offend the heart because of its great coldness." Our gillyflower, is, of course, the French *giroflée*; this, again, is from *girofle*, a clove, in consequence of its clove-like odour. The clove was also considered a cure for heart-disease (see Cotgrave sub *garioflé*). The old notion of the wallflower being a violet is preserved in its French name of *violier*; its other name, to distinguish it from the clove gillyflower, being *giroflée jaune*. Of "heald," apparently a later form of "heddle"—meaning the perpendicular threads in a loom by which a way is made for the passage of the shuttle, he said "heald" was from "heddle," by metathesis; "heddle" he would like to connect with the M. E. *helde*, *i.e.*, a woof or filling of the web, by means of the suffix *-el* denoting perhaps the short threads as compared with the long ones. "Helde," however, was clearly the O. E. *hefeld*—a thread for weaving, which might be from heave (O. E. *hefian*) with the suffix *-ld*. "Hefeld," again, which in composition is *hefelhræd*, further appears dialectally (see Halliwell) as *hevel* in the sense of fine twine. The word "helioid," given in Johnson's Dictionary in conjunction with parabola, he pointed out was clearly a misprint for "helicoid," as he had further proved by turning up the quotation given by Johnson from Harris's *Lex. Tech.*; yet several subsequent dictionaries — as Todd, Worcester, the Enc. Perthensis — had preserved intact this very obvious misprint. "Heel-makers" were referred to as not being in any trades' directory of the present day; but they were frequently mentioned in the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. Looking to the costumes of that period, he concluded they were the makers of those wood-heels of every variety of colour which were then the fashion. He read a skit of Swift's, or Steele's, quoted in Fairholt, which contained the following mandate issued by the censor of Great Britain: "The Censor, having observed that there are fine wrought ladies' shoes put out to view at a great shoemaker's shop towards St. James's end of Pall Mall, which create irregular thoughts and desires in the youth of this realm; the said shopkeeper is required to take in these eyesores, or show cause the next court-day, why he continues to expose the same; and he is required to be prepared particularly to answer to the slippers with green lace and blue heels." "Heel-ropes" was a term used in shipbuilding in iron and steel, of which he could not understand the meaning; but he was informed by the chief constructor of the navy that it merely meant "ropes temporarily attached to the heel of a rudder for moving or securing it." Some quotations from American books contained such expressions as "*heeled* citizens" and "so and so *heeled* himself," which he was informed meant "carrying a revolver"—this was, no doubt, the verb "hele," to cover, protect O. E. *helan*. "Hedge buck," mentioned in Lovell's *History of Animals* (1660) he concluded was the buck of the common rabbit. The word spelt "helloway" in Purchas's *Pilgrims*, and given with various other spellings in later books of travel, was the Arabic *halwa*—a kind of sweetmeat, from *halw* being sweet, and probably sold under that name in every village from Constantinople to Calcutta. In conclusion, Mr. Brandreth made some remarks about the published parts of the Dictionary. He yielded to none in his admiration of that colossal work; but that feeling was not inconsistent with his thinking it capable of improvement in some respects. Especially he thought that too many purely scientific words had been introduced. They were not numerous enough to meet the requirements of students of each separate science, but were far too numerous to be consistent with the aim of the Dictionary, as very properly stated in the preface, to be that of giving an account of all words "in general use." As regards the number of words that are now, or have been, "in general use," he considered the list was as complete as could possibly have been expected. It was in the nature of things that many words must escape being found, and having a note made of them. In fact, the Dictionary, when complete, was in itself a sort of index for finding out the words that were not there. He added a few instances of words he had recently noted as not being there, as "alleviator," the great machine for transplanting trees; "box-spur"; "bunch," vb. US. word; "boss," a very common game; "brut-wine"; "battleworthy," a very important word in naval reports, the exact meaning of which was a subject of debate in the House of Commons a little while ago; "brassil," to put a *brassil* upon a man, appearing to be an Irish term for boycotting; "baby-lace," once a staple manufacture in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. No one could doubt, again, that infinite pains had been taken to explain the meanings of words, yet it could not be but that some mistakes should be committed. He mentioned a few trifling ones that he had chanced to notice, as "broadshare," which is not an adjective, but a part of a certain kind of plough, and is used not merely attributively, but as a self-standing substantive, in agricultural reports; "flahing-brogues," which are not waterproof leggings, but the brogue-shoe worn over the leggings; "brougham," which is not "a one-horse closed carriage, with two or four wheels," but just the contrary, a four-wheeled carriage with one or two horses.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(*Monday, March 18*)

SIR MONIER-MONIER WILLIAMS in the chair.—Mr. J. F. Hewitt read a paper in continuation and amplification of one read by him last year, and published in the *Journal* of the society. In the present paper, he gave further proof of the

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Dravidian and Kolarian tribes being the ruling races of India long before the Aryans entered the country. The leading tribes mentioned in the Rig Veda and the Mahābbārata were, with few exceptions, descended from Dravidian and Kolarian ancestors; and the history of each of these tribes was traceable in the Greek and Latin authors who wrote about India, and in early Sanskrit and Buddhist literature. Mr Hewitt showed how they were descended from the races described in the Matsya Purāna as the seven snake kings of Nishadha, and in the Mahābbārata as the five snake races of the Vasuki, Takshaka, Irāvata, Kauravya, and Dhritarāshta, to which must be added the Sivas or Bhojus (the cattle-herding tribes) and the Asvaka (or horse-rearing tribes) of Gandhara, the modern Kabul. He brought forward evidence to prove that the trade carried on with India by the early Akkadian and Semitic peoples of Assyria, and also by the Egyptians and Jews, was probably no less varied and extensive, some thousands of years before the Christian era, than it was when the Greeks first visited India. And he showed that this trade implied the existence in India of a civilised and well-governed population, who on the west coast spoke, long before the advent of the Aryans, a language allied to the Tamil. He also showed, by the history of the different methods of measuring time recorded in the Rig Veda and the Mahābbārata, the successive introduction of the old lunar calendar of the earlier Akkadians and of the solar-lunar calendar of the Semitic Akkadians, and proved that the thirty-three gods of Hindu mythology are the original lunar gods of the Akkadians represented by the twenty-seven Nakshatras (or Rudras, the fortnightly stations of the moon), together with the six snake gods, representing the moon and the five planets who rule the seasons. He further traced the progress of the Aryan conquest, and showed that, after the Aryans had established their supremacy in the great war recorded in the Rig Veda, ending in the battle of the ten kings, they gradually made themselves supreme rulers, chiefly by the missionary propaganda instituted and maintained by the Brahmans. He also traced the eastward progress of the Ikshvākas, the united trading and warrior tribes of the west, and showed how they gained possession of Bengal, and of the routes leading to the great eastern port of Tāmralipti.

Folklore Society.—(*Monday, March 20.*)

Edward Clodd, Esq., treasurer, in the chair.—Dr. Richard Morris read a paper on "Death's Messengers." He said Grimm's story of "Death's Messengers," known in Europe as early as the thirteenth century, has a great likeness to the Latin fable in the *Æsop* of Joach. Camerarius, entitled "De Mortis nuntiis" (Lug. 1571). Another variant is found in the *Æsop* of Abstemius (Venice, 1519), entitled "De sene mortem differre volente," with which may be compared (1) the old French version by G. Haudent, 1547, "D'un Vieil Homme & de la Mort"; (2) La Fontaine's fable of "La Mort et le Mourant" (Bk. viii., fab. i.); (3) a metrical Latin fable entitled "Senex et Mors," in the *Fabulæ Æsopiæ* of Desbillons (Mannheim, 1768). An English rendering of Abstemius's version occurs in L'Estrange's *Fables*, No. CCCL. (London, 1694), entitled "An old Man that was willing to put off Death." A metrical version of this occurs in Arwaker's *Select Fables* (London, 1708), entitled "The Old Man loth to Die; or, Consider your Latter End." Then we have a variant (based to some extent on La Fontaine's fable) in Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale's) Autobiography, with the title of "The Three Warnings," which are lameness, deafness, and blindness, arising from old age. The source of all these variants may be traced to one of Buddha's sermons contained in the *Anguttara Nikâya* (iii. 35, ed. Morris). In this story the messengers of death are three—(1) old age, (2) sickness, disease, (3) mortality. These messengers are called in Pâli Deva-dûtâ—*i.e.*, messengers of Yama (the god of the lower regions) or Maccu-dûtâ, messengers of death. Dr. Percival uses this fable to point a moral in one of his sermons (1880), little thinking he was using an old Buddhist parable. There is also a very striking parallel in Dr. Jessop's sermon (1864, p. 169) to a phrase in the Jâtaka, bk. i. p. 173, and in the Anwâri-Suhailî, where "grey hairs" are called "Death's Messenger."—Mr. Elmslie also read a paper on "The Folklore of Middlesex."

Historical Society.—(*Thursday, March 21.*)

Mr. G. Bertin read a paper on "Babylonian History and Chronology." By means of the chronological tablets now in the British Museum, he has been able to reconstruct the series of dynasties which ruled at Babylon. An interesting fact is that the Babylonians themselves placed the beginning of the historical period at the time of the first Kassite invasion under Hammurabi I. (about 6200 B.C.); before that time there was a series of Semitic and Akkadian kings, but though their names are known their dates are not certain. Until the time of Sargon of Agade, the names only of the kings are known; a few events, however, are given by omen tablets which refer to this period. The monuments again come to our help after the second Kassite dynasty. This was followed by a Semitic period (4000 to 2371 B.C.), to which we must assign the successive supremacy of Ur, Lagash, &c., the remains of which have been explored. It is at this period that Berosus placed his first dynasty of eighty-six kings; for this historian, having for his object the history of Babylon and not that of all Babylonia, neglected the previous dynasties. But from this time his statements agree remarkably well with the inscriptions. From the first dynasty of Babylon (2371 B.C.), the sixth king of which was Hammurabi II., we possess the names and dates of all the kings, and in some cases many details of their wars and buildings, besides contract tablets giving interesting particulars about the life of the people. At the time of the third Kassite dynasty (1709-1132 B.C.), Niniveh began to make its influence felt; in fact, it may be said that when Babylon is powerful it is because Niniveh is weak and decayed. After the final destruction of Niniveh, Babylon remained the most influential city; but this was only due to the fact that Niniveh was no more, and that Elam had been destroyed. When the Persians rose to power and appeared before Babylon, the great city of Nebuchadnezzar offered no resistance. Under the Persian dynasty Babylon remained the principal city; but under the Seleucidæ, the foundation of Seleucia gave it a mortal blow. It is to be noticed that, under the Greek rulers, Greek science was introduced, and the documents show a more accurate knowledge of astronomy.

English Goethe Society, North London Branch. (*Friday, March 22.*)

A paper was read by Mr. W. D. Scull on *The Elective Affinities*. The reader said his reason for discussing the book was that, being by Goethe, it might unduly influence such as had not a rigidly settled basis of ethics, and bring them to doubt certain necessary conventions. Genius, though usually beneficent, was occasionally malign, as here, and might potently influence those everyday habits on which ethics are founded. The *Elective Affinities* was nearly allied to the malignant realistic school, and had a share in bringing the said school into existence—a development which has considerably complicated modern ideas of duty and honour. The reader quoted the incident from Goethe's *Life* which suggested to him the idea of writing *Wahlverwandtschaften*, and commented on the right of an author to thus free himself from painful memories. After the chemical analogy, by which Goethe commences his catastrophe, came a criticism on the fascination of the idea of Necessity both for Goethe and Victor Hugo—two entirely opposite natures in literature. Yet the idea was a purely artistic one, not settled as a law of nature. Religion and the lives of great men teach that circumstances exist as stepping-stones, not as prison walls, whereas the Necessity idea would impress one with the belief that man can only yield to circumstances, and that his passions are the best guide. Goethe left one with the impression that Charlotte and the Captain, by behaving virtuously, tried to turn omnipotent destiny from her course. Against these "ethics of passion" the reader set the "ethics of reason and self-mastery," as shown by Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus*, and by the passage from Wordsworth's "Laodamia," "The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul." The ethics of passion had many advocates, yet produced only confusion and misery, hence Goethe, in his manysidedness, was a dangerous guide to such as had not the strength and positive nature of Carlyle, to whose leadership the reader paid a warm acknowledgment.—Exception was taken to Mr. Scull's view by Mr. Muirhead, Mr. Coupland, Miss Hogemann, while Miss Carey severely criticised the work on its aesthetic side. In summing up the discussion, Dr. Oswald urged the necessity of judging the work in accordance with the social morality of Goethe's day.

FINE ART.

Ecclesia Hagustaldensis. The Abbey Church of St. Andrew, Hexham. A Monograph. By Charles Clement Hodges, architect, author of "Illustrations of the Priory of St. Mary, Blyth, Nottinghamshire"; and of "The Sepulchral Slabs, &c., of the Middle Ages now remaining in the County of Durham." Folio, pp. 1-62; and plates, 1-60. (Privately printed for the Author.)

This noble folio, at the first glance, seems to take us back to the days of Surtees and Whitaker, and other famous county historians whose works we know in the same goodly form. In the handsome appearance, however, of its beautiful and substantial binding, its admirable typography and paper, and the remarkable excellency and accuracy of the plates it is as far in advance of the folios of former days as with modern resources it can be. This only edition is, indeed, an *edition de luxe*, worthy of a place of honour in any library, if only as an example of what collectors call a *fine* book. And when we come to look into it, the contents are by no means unworthy of the form in which it is issued. A long residence in Hexham has given Mr. Hodges every opportunity of studying, so far as possible, what is left of Hexham Abbey; and no one is better qualified to understand and expound the antiquities and history of the place.

Following, as is right in a work of this kind, the scientific rather than the artistic method, the author first gives us an account of the antiquities of Hexham from the earliest times of which any relics have been found; namely, those which preceded the age of bronze. Of this period abundant remains have been found, as well as a single object of the early iron or late Celtic age. Although Hexham has never been identified as the site of any known Roman settlement, it contains many Roman antiquities, which have, probably, travelled some three and a half miles from Corstopitum or "Colchester," close to Corbridge. The ruins of this town have, doubtless, served as a quarry for the builders of the first church at Hexham, as Binchester served for the "Saxon" church of Escombe. The crypt at Hexham, the sole surviving portion of its earliest church, is built of Roman stones, some of which bear inscriptions of great interest. Altar and inscribed stones have been found in the town; but the greatest Roman "find" is the noble sculptured monument to Flavinus, which was found buried under the floor of the church, in 1881, while Mr. Hodges was exploring in search of a vault said to exist in the south transept. It was lying in a foundation of ancient date. These stones form the connecting link between Roman and Christian times. In his second chapter Mr. Hodges

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traces the history of Hexham, which really begins with the founding of churches there by St. Wilfrid, down to the transference of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction to the see of Newcastle, in 1884. The three remaining chapters are devoted respectively to St. Wilfrid's Church, the mediaeval church and conventual buildings, and the sepulchral monuments. Wilfrid's Church of St. Andrew, judging from the accounts given by his contemporary and chaplain, Eddius, as well as by Prior Richard and Symeon of Durham, in the twelfth century, must have been quite one of the finest of its kind, and similar in character to that which he built at Ripon, and to that of St. Peter, at York, which he "restored." It seems almost certain that the crypts at Hexham and Ripon are imitations of the *cubicula* and galleries of the catacombs which Wilfrid had seen at Rome, designed to contain the relics of saints and martyrs which he brought. And so the *cubiculum* of the catacombs and the *confessio* of Christian basilicas were the germs of such large and well-lighted crypts or undercrofts as we have at Canterbury and elsewhere. Some few sculptured fragments which have been preserved illustrate, to some extent, the contemporary descriptions of Wilfrid's Church. It is tantalising to think that the nave at least of this most interesting building was standing and in use till burnt by the Scots in 1296. It was afterwards pulled down with the intention of rebuilding—an intention never carried out—so that the existing choir and transept of the church are not to be regarded as surviving portions of a once complete thirteenth-century church, but as additions to a primitive Romanesque western limb. There are other instances of Romanesque naves having been pulled down and never rebuilt, or not rebuilt until our day, as in the case of Bristol; but there is no case, in England, at any rate, in which so early a nave stood so long. Very interesting relics of this church of Wilfrid are the stone seat known as the Frith stool, similar to one at Beverley, and probably the true "bishop's stool," or *cathedra*, in which Wilfrid sat as Bishop of Hexham; and the fine sculptured crosses now preserved in the library at Durham Cathedral and elsewhere.

Mr. Hodges's account of the mediaeval church which still remains, and of the remaining portions of the conventual buildings, is plainly the work of one who is an accomplished architect as well as a painstaking antiquary. It forms considerably over half of the entire letterpress, which, indeed, might be expected in dealing with a building so great and so beautiful as is the church of Hexham. This is undoubtedly in the first class of thirteenth-century churches, as may be seen at a glance on looking at the plates. There was once an eastern chapel of five altars, known in later times as the "Old School." This was a building of the fourteenth century, lighted by square-headed windows with flowing tracery. It wholly disappeared at the "restoration" of 1858, when so many of the ancient fittings of the church were destroyed or moved, and the choir closely packed with paltry "sittings." Among other things then lost to the church was a fine three-panelled *retabulum*, having the Resurrection depicted in the centre, on the right hand of this the Blessed Virgin, and on the left St. John. According to the contract, this became the property of the joiner, from whom it was purchased by a gentleman in whose hands it has since remained. After all, however, Hexham is still rich in paintings on panel. The finest of these are in one of the side-screens of the choir, no longer *in situ*, but happily not destroyed or "restored." It consists of a row of richly canopied niches containing paintings instead of statues, and each having a projecting bracket, on which the painted figure is supposed to be standing. The figures represent SS. Alcmund, Eata, Wilfrid, John of Beverley, Acca, Fredbert, and Cuthbert—all in rich pontifical vestments and with richly diapered backgrounds. The whole composition is beautifully represented in pl. 51. Mr. Hodges says, "All carry the crozier: the bishops the crook form, the archbishops the cross form." This use of the term "crozier" as including an archbishop's cross is new to us; by a common error the term has often been applied to an archbishop's cross, as if it belonged to it and not to the "pastoral staff" (*crocia*). Does not Mr. Hodges seem to be labouring under this mistake in a modified form? The cross is quite a distinct thing from the crozier. An archbishop has both, but is often represented with the cross as being more distinctive. He uses the crozier *qua* bishop, and has the cross borne before him *qua* archbishop. The rood-screen, which is of wood, was the finest of its kind in any monastic church in England, being richly ornamented and painted. A few of its painted panels remain; and twenty-four more, from different parts of the church, have been fixed on the west side of the loft above the niches. The subjects are Gospel scenes, scenes from the "Dance of Death," and figures of bishops and saints.

But we must now pass on to the plates, of which there are sixty, as well as some woodcuts in the body of the work. The first two reproduce artistic drawings of the exterior, done by Mr. Knowles under Mr. Hodges's direction, from photographs taken about 1858. Then follow two fine perspective views of the interior from drawings by Mr. Hodges himself. The rest of the subjects are for the most part strictly architectural, consisting of elevations, sections, &c., admirably done. But the artistic eye will be delighted by the beautiful illustrations of woodwork in the rood-screen, and in Prior Letchman's "shrine," and of stone sculpture in capitals, sepulchral stones, &c. Indeed, the plates are so extremely good that, to have had two or three more, so as to have included the crosses at Durham, we could have spared the heraldic title-page and the figure of St. Wilfrid blocked in gold on the cover, beautiful as these are in their way. The latter is copied from that on the painted screen, in which, by a late mediaeval error which need not have been perpetuated, except of course in what professed to be a copy of the original, the saint is represented as an archbishop. The heraldic title again, while adding greatly to the cost of the work, does not add materially to its scientific value. It is, however, a most beautiful example of what can be done by chromolithography. The arms of the see of York, now that Hexham has been disconnected from it, would have been better in their ancient form. These, however, are but slight matters; and, on the whole, Mr. Hodges's *opus magnum* will not fail to give the highest satisfaction to all who care for works of this kind.

J. T. Fowler.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUCCIO OF SIENA.

Florence: March 15, 1889.

The *Century Magazine* for December, 1888, concludes an article, written by Mr. W. J. Stillman, on the great work of the above painter by saying

"that its removal from the cathedral, where a satisfactory sight of it was impossible, to the museum of the Opera del Duomo, was owing to the efforts of the English connoisseur Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray."

This statement scarcely needs contradiction to those acquainted with the intense conservatism of every authority exercising control over the cathedral of Siena.

Having lent my aid five or six years ago to procure the necessary permission for the placing of a ladder to enable Mr. Goodall (nephew of the Royal Academician) to copy more effectively several of the scenes from this Duccio panel (ordered by an English Art Society under the advice of Mr. Palgrave), I, with a vivid recollection of the strict formalities and guarantees required, stand aghast at the crude assertion that a stranger-artist could thus jauntily prompt the disposal, at his own sweet will, of a gem of art, above all others dear and precious in the eyes of every native of Siena for more than five centuries.

The truth is that when, two or three years ago, it entered into the minds of the secular authorities to devise a scheme for throwing a better light on the great frescoes which surround the apse, they wisely determined to open out the brick and stone work that had long blocked up the lower part of a window close to Duccio's masterpiece—suspended on the contiguous wall ever since the high altar, which it formerly adorned, was moved away from under the dome to its present position. Accordingly, the painting was removed for safety, without consulting or considering any objections likely to be made by the ecclesiastical functionaries of the cathedral. An angry controversy ensued, and the Siena people and press loudly and indignantly condemned the sacrilege. To appease their wrath, it was promised that the removal was only temporary, and that restitution would follow the completion of the stonemasons' improvements.

How matters stand now, an absence of seventeen months disables me from saying. But whoever can read of the touchingly pious ceremony and combined artistic triumph which history records to have glorified the installation of Duccio's Madonna, and the various scenes of the life of Christ painted on the *reverse* side (originally back to back) of the same marvellous panel-picture in Siena Cathedral, and then dwell with complacency on its changed abode, amid dreary fragments of broken marble, mingled with dusty plans and designs of church architects, is indeed well fitted by nature to level art and religion at one blow to the depressing influences of an antiquary's shop.

William Mercer.

Florence: March 25, 1889.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have heard from Siena, in answer to my enquiries, that Duccio's panel-picture will probably remain permanently in the Opera del Duomo.

W. M.

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NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

It is announced that the next winter's exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery will be "Field Sports illustrated by Art," held under the auspices of a committee comprising leading sportsmen and collectors. No difficulty will be found in more than filling the gallery. The range of pictorial art alone is very large, from Snyders, Rubens, Velasquez, to Herring, Stubbs, and Landseer, to say nothing of the minor lights; there is also a wealth of goldsmiths' work to draw upon—cups, horns, bugles, embossed and ornamented weapons, &c.

Prof. Maspero's important work, entitled *Les Momies Royales de Deir el-Bahari*, with translations of inscriptions and papyri, anatomical measurements, and a mass of new and interesting historical and archaeological details, is in the press, and will shortly be published.

Messrs. Macmillan announce a book by Miss Jane Harrison and Mrs. A. W. Verrall, entitled *Cults and Monuments of Ancient Greece*, with numerous illustrations.

The exhibitions to open next week comprise—the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street; a loan exhibition of selected works of the leading French and Dutch romanticists, in the Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street; and the usual spring exhibition of paintings by Messrs. Hollender & Cremetti, at the Hanover Gallery, also in New Bond Street. In addition, Messrs. Vicars Brothers will have on view a large picture by M. Bukovac, entitled "Forbid them not"; and Mr. I. P. Mendoza "A Sale of Yearlings, Newmarket," by Mr. Isaac Callin.

Of the many exhibitions now open at Paris that of the Société d'Aquarellistes is excellent, that of the works of the late Feyen-Perrin somewhat of a failure, and that of the "femmes peintres et sculpteurs" is distinguished by the number rather than the value of its items; while none of them excel in interest a collection of portraits of actors, playwrights, &c., which has been opened by M. Bodinier at the Théâtre d'Application. It goes back to the earliest days of the French Theatre, and it reaches to the present day. The "Théâtre Français" is represented from Molière to Talma from Talma to Got, and the other theatres are not neglected. There are Rachael and Samary, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Mdme. Baretta-Worms, Augustine Brohan, and Mdme. Pasca, Déjazet, and Mdlle. Georges, Molé, and M. Coquelin. Altogether a collection of singular interest, which might be echoed on this side of the Channel with advantage.

The December number of the *American Journal of Archaeology*—which has just arrived in this country (Trübner)—concludes the fourth volume, and the fourth year of the life of this enterprising quarterly. Among the contents are—an article on "Inedited Terracottas from Myrina in the Museum of Tchinli-Kiosk," by M. Salomon Reinach, who naturally feels the interest of a discoverer in these pretty objects. The American editor should not have allowed him to talk of the "divided skirt, recently commended by Lady *Warburton*"; nor to use, in the next line, the objectionable word "objectional." The editor, himself, Prof. A. S. Frothingham, of Princeton, discusses "The Early Bronzes recently found on Mount Ida in Krete," which throw so much light upon the influence of Assyria, Phoenicia, and Egypt on primitive Greek art. Both these articles are illustrated with plates. Mr. A. A. Caruana describes, with a plan, the remains of an ancient Greek building discovered in Malta; and two members of the American school at Athens comment upon inscriptions from Ikaria and Sikyon. Henceforth, the *Journal* will be the official organ of this School, and will publish early reports of excavations, &c. It is also announced that more attention will, in the future, be devoted to reviews of books—a doubtful gain, especially if the amount of space now given to original articles, and to the two special departments of "new discoveries" and "summaries of periodicals," should thereby be diminished.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

The programme of last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert commenced with an Overture (in E) to Sir Walter Scott's "Rokeby," by Mr. E. Prout. The poem inspired the composer, and he has recorded his impressions in music. But he gives no programme, so that it must be judged as abstract music. This is not difficult, for in form it is perfectly clear. The themes have character, and contrast well with one another; and the orchestration is effective. This work, in fact, represents Mr. Prout at his best. It was well performed and well received, and the composer bowed from the gallery. Herr Stavenhagen made his first appearance this season and played, with the orchestra, Liszt's Concerto (No. 2) in A. It is quite natural that so clever a pupil of the late virtuoso of Weimar should wish to show that he has conquered the difficulties of this terrible piece. Having done this we hope for the future that he will select works with fewer difficulties but more charm. In tone and technique his playing was remarkable. The programme included Raff's "Lenore" Symphony, which had not been heard here since 1881. The Finale with its realistic effects—its horse-tramp and spectre apparitions—has become famous among tone-pictures. The whole Symphony is well-scored, and Mr. Mann's band can do full justice to it.

Brahms's Sextet in B flat (Op. 18) was performed on Monday evening at the Popular Concert, under the leadership of Herr Joachim. This fine work has been given sixteen times since its introduction in 1867, and the lively Scherzo is alone sufficient to explain its popularity. This movement, by the way, was repeated on Monday evening in answer to loud applause. That we disapprove of encores in any shape must by this time be well known to our readers; but certainly they are particularly inartistic in a work of several sections, such as a sonata, quartet, or sextet. A good composer arranges the various parts of a work so that they shall be well balanced, and offer proper contrast. This order ought not to be disturbed. The performance of the Sextet was magnificent. Miss Fanny Davies gave, as pianoforte solo, Mendelssohn's Andante, with variations in E flat (Op. 82), and her reading of it was singularly neat and refined. Moreover, she played the music with an enthusiasm which she has evidently inherited from her revered teacher. So short a piece naturally led to an encore—Mendelssohn's Caprice in E minor (Op. 16, No. 2). The concert ended with the Kreutzer Sonata, which has in no way lost its hold on the public. Miss Davies and Herr Joachim proved, of course, satisfactory interpreters. The violinist broke a string near the close of the slow movement, but cleverly avoided a stop. Miss Marguerite Hall was successful in songs by Maud White and Kjerulf.

Miss Dora Bright gave her third and last pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall on Wednesday afternoon. There was some very good playing in Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 31, No. 2), and of the three movements the first was the best. Miss Bright gave the last four of Mr. W. Macfarren's excellent studies with much spirit and intelligence. She was also heard to advantage in a short graceful Berceuse by Mr. G. J. Bennett, in Dr. Mackenzie's "On the Heather," and in her own clever variations for two pianofortes on an original theme by the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, in which Miss Ethel Boyce also took part. Miss Bright was much applauded for her rendering of Grieg's Ballad (Op. 24), and deservedly so: she seemed to have well entered into the spirit of the composition. Miss Eleanor Rees sang songs by Dr. Parry and Mr. Macpherson.

J. S. Shedlock.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

From Messrs. Novello we have received:

The Organist's Quarterly Journal (Part 81), which opens with a Voluntary by the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley—a fresh, vigorous, and learned piece of writing. Dr. Bradford's Andante is smooth and flowing. The part concludes with Two Postludes—a March and Fugato, by F. W. Hird. The March is pleasing, especially the Trio; the Fugato is a solidly written movement. An editorial footnote says "probably this esteemed composer's last work."

Roland's Horn. By F. W. Markull. This is the vocal score of a Cantata, for male voices, dedicated to the Arion Choral Society at Leipzig. The composer is an accomplished musician, and the author of many works, Operas, Oratorios, Symphonies, &c. The music is quite straightforward, following old rather than new lines. The writing for the voices is good and effective.

Introduction and Variations on a Ground Bass. By B. Haynes. These organ variations show much skill. There is great variety of rhythm, and the piece is worked up to an excellent climax.

Three Sacred Songs. By G. F. Cobb. The first, "The Angel's Song," contains some flowing melody and pleasing harmonies, but the accompaniment strikes us as monotonous. "Not now, my Child," again, has good points, but lacks unity. "Blow, Golden Trumpets," is simple, but effective. The progression of chords to the words, "To Christ does Victory belong," is bold, but, when heard through three verses without any change, loses point.

From the London Music Publishing Company:

Five Songs. By Lancelot Martley. The words are Moore's. The melodies are, for the most part, smooth, but they have no special character. The accompaniments run too much in the ordinary groove.

How have I thought of Thee, by R. E. Bryson, is a sentimental ballad, with words and music to match.

Rustic Suite, for Pianoforte. By E. Allon. The first number has a pleasing Andantino, followed by a lively and effective Allegro. No. 2 is a graceful Mazurka. The Tempo di Gavotta is perhaps a little spoilt by the passage in octaves, which makes it heavy. The last number is a pleasing Saltarelle, but somewhat long.

From Reid Brothers:

Marguerite, Mazurka Caprice pour Piano. By C. Fasoli. An extremely light piece, but well-written. There is, however, little of the Mazurka rhythm about it.

La Reine. By C. Melville. A Gavotte for pianoforte; quaint, and in its way, effective.

The Valiant Knight and *Elysian Dreams.* By C. Melville. Two ordinary ballads. We prefer the second.

The Heart ever Faithful. By G. F. Cobb (Weekes.) A set of four songs. The first has a smooth flowing melody with an elegant accompaniment. No. 2 is not so refined. No. 3, "The Last Farewell," is simple and taking, and likely to prove a success. No. 4 has equal simplicity, but less charm.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889.

No. 883, *New Series.*

The Editor *cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.*

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the Publisher, *and not to the* Editor.

LITERATURE.

Wordsworthiana: a Selection from Papers read to the Wordsworth Society. Edited by William Knight. (Macmillan.)

One misses in this volume the gallant folly and the heroic ventures of faith which it is part of the function of literary *Schwärmerei* to foster. Not one of the writers has demonstrated that "The Idiot Boy" is a spiritual allegory; that Betty Foy may be identified with the Understanding unilluminated by the Reason; that Johnny symbolises the Genius of Poetry in its adventures through the night of this world. No one has instituted a comparison between Goody Blake and Helen of Troy. No one has traced the development of the story of "Simon Lee," with his "long blue livery coat" through its various forms in Indo-European folklore. No one has established the fact that the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" was written by Wordsworth in collaboration with Theodore Hook and William Cobbett. The Wordsworth Society almost wholly failed to act as a relieving sluice or conduit for nonsense, and after six years of limited and rational discourse it fell silent. "Who can withhold himself from speaking?" asked Eliphaz, the Temanite; but the Wordsworth Society resolved to hold its peace even from good.

Prof. Knight's paper on "The Portraits of Wordsworth" is a valuable series of notes on no fewer than forty-two paintings, sketches, statues, and busts. He holds that the best likenesses are two by Haydon—one the portrait of Wordsworth on Helvellyn, from which the drooped head was admirably engraved by Lupton; the other, that introduced into Haydon's painting of "Christ's entry into Jerusalem," which now hangs in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Cincinnati. There Hazlitt looks at Christ as an investigator; Keats stands in the background; Wordsworth bows in reverence and awe.

"Three conflicts," wrote Wordsworth, "are before the progressive nations, between Christianity and Infidelity; between Popery and Protestantism; and between the spirit of the old Feudal and Monarchical Governments and the representative and republican system as established in America."

It would be curious to see what effect several years of residence in a cathedral—American and Roman Catholic—has produced on Wordsworth's countenance. Is his head still bowed in reverence and awe? or has he sidled over towards Voltaire in Haydon's picture, with an apology for having once called him "dull"? Should the present number of the Academy fall into the hands of any literary ecclesiastic of the Cincinnati Cathedral, let him know that he would confer a favour on the writer of this article, if he would describe the condition of the painting and state whether it would be possible to obtain photographic reproductions of the portraits of Wordsworth, Keats, and Hazlitt?

Prof. Knight does not quote from a very interesting and valuable criticism on the portraits of Wordsworth which forms part of the *Recollections of Wordsworth and the Lake Country*, a lecture by the Rev. R. P. Graves. The Pickersgill portrait, of which the original is at St. John's College, Cambridge, and which suggested a beautiful sonnet to the poet, Mr. Graves condemns as failing to impart Wordsworth's characteristic expression of strength, and as giving instead "an attempt at the sentimental which suggests the epithet of 'maudlin.'" The bust by Chantrey "is a work of thought and elevation, but not a striking likeness"; that by Angus Fletcher is "truer both to the form and bearing of the head." A miniature by Miss Gillies is weak, but "gives a pleasing aspect of the poet in his less earnest, conversational, and domestic mood." Another portrait by Miss Gillies, which represents Wordsworth dictating and his wife recording the newly completed verses, is truer in its motive than Thrupp's statue in the baptistery of Westminster Abbey, where the poet sits pencil in hand engaged at once in composing and committing his lines to writing. But it is of Haydon's Wordsworth on Helvellyn that the critic—well-qualified to judge by acquaintance with Wordsworth—speaks with almost unqualified approval.

"Nothing can be truer to the original," he says, "than the droop of the head weighed down by the thoughts and feelings over which the active imagination is pleasurably brooding; and if there be some want of finish and refinement in the modelling of the features, there is a grandeur, at the same time poetical and truthful, in the fine development of the temple and crown—in the visionary look, and in the hanging under-lip, quivering with the coming verse."

In her sonnet on Haydon's picture Mrs. Browning has expressed her admiration of its imaginative fidelity:

"This is the Poet and his Poetry."

And there are words of Mrs. Hemans which undesignedly serve to confirm the justice of Mr. Graves's criticism.

"There is," she says, "an almost patriarchal simplicity about Wordsworth—an absence of all pretension. All is free, unstudied—

"'The river winding at its own sweet will'—

in his manner and conversation. There is more of impulse about them than I had expected; but in other respects I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life: *frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought.*"

Prof. Knight omits to note the sketch of Wordsworth from memory, by Miss Jane Pasley, of the year 1845. It was etched by John Bull, and copies of the etching were given to some of Miss Pasley's friends, but I believe that the print was not published. It represents Wordsworth seated, in a full-length side-view. The face has little character, and the figure is impoverished in outline; but the lounging attitude of Wordsworth as seated at careless ease is not unfaithfully represented. *Sic sedebat* might be inscribed under it; and, apart from this *sic sedebat*, it cannot be said to possess any value.*

Mr. R. H. Hutton's paper on "Wordsworth's Two Styles" is a comment on Matthew Arnold's remark that, properly speaking, Wordsworth has "no assured poetic style of his own." However true this may be of his blank verse, says Mr. Hutton, in his rhymed verse we can recognise two styles—the style of his youth and the style of his age: "the elastic style of fresh energy, born of his long devotion to Nature's own rhythms; and the style of gracious and stately feeling, born of his benignity, of his deep-set, calm sympathy with human feeling—the style of "The Solitary Reaper" and the style of "Devotional Incitements."

In the earlier style objective fact plays a larger part than in the later; it has "a pure elasticity, a passionless buoyancy" rare in literature; and in the most admirable of the earlier pieces emotion is suggested rather than expressed. In the later style "bald moralities take the place of bald realities"; emotion is expressed more frankly and more tenderly; the workmanship is more refined and is free from "the blots, the baldness, the dead-wood" of Wordsworth's earlier poems.

In an interesting paper on "Poets who helped to form Wordsworth's Style" Canon Ainger, who has a gift for making happy literary discoveries and for making them known with a graceful modesty, points out in some detail Wordsworth's obligation to the poems of the Countess of Winchelsea; and, passing from the Countess of Winchelsea to Thomson, he makes it clear that Wordsworth's singer—

"with modest looks
And clad in homely russet brown"—

in the "Poet's Epitaph" is so arrayed because the bard in the "Castle of Indolence," like the nightingale, bard of birds, is "in russet brown bedight." But has Mr. Ainger a much more interesting discovery in store for us? "We remember," he says, "how Wordsworth chose to write one poem in imitation of [Thomson]—the lines 'written in a copy of *The Castle of Indolence*' when he describes Coleridge and Tom Poole." I confess that I cannot find a resemblance to Tom Poole in either of Wordsworth's inhabitants of the happy valley. No one, it seems to me, can be less like the energetic and benevolent tanner of Nether Stowey than Wordsworth's "withered flower," wedded to verse—

"And his own mind did like a tempest strong
Come to him thus, and drove the weary Wight along"—

unless it be the pale-faced, noticeable man, with large grey eyes—

"Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,
Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy."

And yet it is true that Tom Poole was pre-eminently a man of mind, that he was not without an interest in science—

"Glasses he had that little things display";

and that when Wordsworth wrote the line—

"Yet some did think that he had little business here,"

he implied that it was a matter of surprise to

* The pen-and-ink sketch by "Alfred Croquis" which Prof. Knight mentions is of course that by Maclise, and I suppose that the date could be easily ascertained by a reference to *Fraser's Magazine.*

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find such a man in a place so little suited to him as the Castle of Indolence. Perhaps, after all, Canon Ainger, with his new suggestion, will solve for us this tantalising and delightful riddle?

In Mr. Morley's introduction to the recently published edition of Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*, he points out as the poet's true distinction, and as that which really places him on an eminence above his contemporaries, his "direct appeal to will and conduct." Matthew Arnold, in his presidential address to the Wordsworth Society, published in the present volume, having mentioned Leopardi, "the saddest of poets," goes on to indicate as Wordsworth's most distinctive virtue of all—"his power of happiness and hope, his 'deep power of joy.'" The truth is that Wordsworth's distinction is neither of these apart from the other, but the two together, and something higher, which includes both one and the other. I have long had in my own mind a thought about Wordsworth which is well brought out by Mr. Aubrey de Vere in a paper here printed on "The Personal Character of Wordsworth's Poetry." Sense and spirit, emotion and intellect, imagination and reflection, the mood of wise passiveness, and the mood of creative energy, were for Wordsworth more than harmonised; each lived in the other, and, in their consentaneous action, all formed a vital unity. "The forces of Wordsworth's nature"—I may express my thought in words of my own written many years ago—

"like the forces of the physical universe, were correlated by a marvellous law, according to which one could pass and be transformed into another, what was at this moment a sensuous affection becoming forthwith a spiritual presence, what was contemplation appearing presently as passion, or what was now a state of passive, brooding receptivity, transforming itself into the rapturous advance and controlling mastery of the imagination."

And in the same sense Mr. de Vere writes as follows:

"It is easier to feel the strong personality of Wordsworth's poetry than to define critically in what it consists. I have suggested an approximate answer to this question—viz., that it consists first, in the unusually large number of qualities, intellectual and moral—qualities often not only remote from each other, but apparently opposed to each other—which are represented by his higher poetry; secondly, in the absolute unity in which these various qualities are blended; and thirdly, in the masterful moral strength which results from their *united* expression."

When Mr. Morley speaks of Wordsworth's "search from the wide regions of the imagination and feeling for elements of composure deep and pure, and of self-government in a far higher sense than the merely prudential," he describes admirably one side of Wordsworth's distinctive work. But the composure had a rapture at its heart which Mr. Morley seems to me to recognise imperfectly. Necessarily so indeed; for to Mr. Morley Nature, apart from that "portion of nature," which Mr. Morley describes as "poor man," is a blind and remorseless monster, red in tooth and claw. And so he finds a weak optimism and shallow complacency in Wordsworth's "deep sense of joy"—a joy which had its sources in a living faith or rather a living experience, which to Mr. Morley necessarily appears no better than a delusion or an obsolete superstition. It is interesting to ascertain how far a voice will carry, how many of its words will remain intelligible when heard across a gulf; this it is which chiefly interests me in Mr. Morley's essay on Wordsworth, and one is well pleased to find that many profound words have reached him from the distant singer. But we learn more and learn it more happily from one who has grasped the true sequence of the song. The golden age, to which Mr. Morley looks forward—an age of elevated and triumphant worldliness, when "temporal interests would quietly assume a position which would obscure religious aspiration"—has not yet arrived, and therefore some of us can still find in our spirits a response to such complacent and optimistic lines of the great poet as these:

"Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.
One song they sang, and it was audible,
Most audible, then when the fleshly ear,
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,
Forgot her function."

It is not Wordsworth the preacher who speaks in these lines but Wordsworth the poet who utters himself in the peculiar rapture of his song.

Edward Dowden.

A History of Charles the Great. By J. I. Mombert, D.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

It is matter for surprise that the career of Charles the Great (Charlemagne) should have been passed over by all historians worthy of the name. Few of the themes they have chosen can be thought more inspiring than the life-work of the man who, endowed with a combination of qualities separately rare—military genius, the sagacity of a born statesman, immense force of character, wide knowledge of men and things, enthusiasm for learning in an unlearned age, an active sympathy with the several arts of peace, and last, but not least, an accessibility to new ideas without any lack of due reverence for the past—created one of the largest empires on record, organised a comprehensive political system, promoted civilisation in every way, and, while in a position to assume absolute sovereignty, conceded civil rights to, and respected the opinions of, his subjects. He was primarily a conqueror; but no conqueror has been animated by loftier motives, has added more to the sum of human happiness, or has so little to answer for at the bar of history. In the reconstruction of European society after the fall of Rome he had the chief share. Yet the task of doing justice to his memory has been left to inferior writers. He is not enshrined in the pages of a Carlyle or a Macaulay. Indeed, the only separate book about him in modern times is that by the late lamented G. P. R. James, who, though a painstaking student of mediaeval annals, was unable to grasp anything but the superficial features of the epochs which he undertook to illustrate.

In these circumstances, of course, the announcement of an elaborate history of Charles the Great could not fail to excite some interest. Dr. Mombert's volume scarcely supplies the want we have indicated. It is not for him to paint a vivid and enduring portrait of the "Father of the Universe." On the other hand, he must be thanked for the most valuable contribution yet made to the literature of the subject. In every chapter there are signs of careful research. He has explored for himself the contemporary sources of information — chronicles, biography, correspondence, diplomas, laws, poetry, and so forth; and he is right in believing that the greater portion of what he sets down appears for the first time in English. In the arrangement of his materials he dispenses with chronological order, which, however, is shown in a table at the outset. The sequence of events is not radically opposed to this mode of treatment; and the criticism of Gibbon upon Voltaire's brilliant *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*—that a picture which should have impressed us as a whole is unwisely broken up into fragments—is not applicable here. In an appendix, among other things, are a list of the capitularies, the heads of Alcuin's letters to Charles, and literary notes upon the authorities cited. In a frontispiece we have the sketch representing Charles in his imperial robes, kneeling, with the basilica of St. Mary the Virgin at Aix-la-Chapelle in his hands. Dr. Mombert's attitude towards his hero is one of earnest but qualified admiration. He frankly acknowledges Charles's moral shortcomings, and is unsparing in condemnation of the massacre of Verdun. It is a comparatively novel experience for a reviewer to find himself defending an historical personage against his biographer; but we must remark that on the second point, revolting as the butchery unquestionably was, Dr. Mombert has not sufficiently borne in mind the character of the age in which Charles lived. What was done in the eighth century ought not to be judged exclusively by the standards of the nineteenth.

Dr. Mombert must be reproached with one or two sins of omission. He makes less use than is permissible and expedient of the poems relating to Charles's achievements. Many of the Chansons de geste doubtless belong to a later period, but the interval is not so long as to deprive them of all reasons to be quoted in a sober history. Some of them rest upon mere legend, but those parts which are open to corroboration might easily be distinguished from those which are not. Even in the description of the disaster at Roncesvalles, when we hear the blast of the horn

That told imperial Charlemagne
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall,

there is no reference to the Chanson de Roland.

On one matter of interest Dr. Mombert is entirely silent. Early in Charles's reign, it will be remembered, *urbanae cantilenae*, or dialogues suggested by the Acts of the Saints, were given in Paris and other cities under his sway by the strolling Histrions, who thought fit to intersperse them with coarse buffoonery, feats of legerdemain, and dances. George Henry Lewes has well pointed out that in the infancy of nations, as of men, the sense of the incongruous is dull. Now these dialogues are of importance for three reasons:

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first, as lending support to the theory that in those dark times following the destruction of the Roman empire the tradition of the drama was never wholly lost; then, as being the germ of the religious play that appeared a century or more afterwards; and, finally, as being the chief item in the programme of the first mediaeval company of players whose existence is known to us. Charles, alive to the injury that might be done to religion by this curious mixture of reverence and obscenity, put an end to such entertainments by the capitulary of 789—a proof that in his sense of the fitness of things he was much in advance of his time, especially as, with the assent of the clergy, the churches were periodically given up to the lewd revelries of the Fête des Foux. Nor was the decree allowed to become a dead letter. *Urbanae cantilenae*, indeed, continued to be written, but the Histrions are never heard of again. The incident has a distinct biographical value; and Dr. Mombert is to be blamed for allowing it to escape his notice. His oversights, however, detract but little from the general completeness of the work, which is likely to be the standard authority as to Charles the Great for some years to come.

Frederick Hawkins.

The First Ascent of the Kasai: being some Records of Service under the Lone Star. By Charles Somerville Latrobe Bateman. (Philip.)

Of the numerous men of action who have already found in the Congo Free State a fair field for the display of their political and administrative qualities, none have perhaps shown greater intelligence and courage in the discharge of their multifarious duties than the author of this work. After the cession to France of the Kwilo province, which he had organised and partly surveyed, Capt. Bateman was appointed second in command under Dr. Wolf, to escort back to their homes in the Upper Kasai basin the Bashilangé natives, who had volunteered under their king Calemba to accompany Lieut. Wissmann on his famous journey down that great tributary of the Congo. The expedition was also charged with the foundation of a new station at the confluence of the Lulua and Luebo headstreams of the Kasai, to serve as a support and outlet for Luluaburg, which had already been established by Wissmann higher up the Lulua in the heart of the Bashilangé territory. The flotilla, consisting of the two steamers *Stanley* and *En Avant*, together with a large whaleboat, sailed from Leopoldville, below Stanley Pool, in September, 1885, and Capt. Bateman returned to the same place in December, 1886, having in the interval been mainly instrumental in bringing both projects to a successful issue. In these pages he gives a detailed account of the chief incidents connected with the expedition, the work, as he aptly remarks, being consequently "less a record of discovery than of life in a newly discovered land, and a fair illustration of the *raison d'être* and practical working of the Congo State."

Like the few other travellers that have come in contact with them, Capt. Bateman has been much struck by the remarkable qualities of the Bashilangé people—"a nation of thinkers," as Wissmann calls them, with the interrogative "Why?" constantly on their lips. Although naturally cruel and untruthful, they are here described as

"thoroughly and unimpeachably honest, brave to foolhardiness, and faithful to each other and to their superiors, in whom, especially if Europeans, they place the most complete, absolutely unquestioning reliance. They are prejudiced in favour of foreign customs rather than otherwise, and spontaneously copy the usages of civilisation. They are warm-hearted and affectionate towards their friends, and they are the only African tribe among whom, in their primitive state, I have observed anything like a becoming conjugal affection and regard. To say nothing of such recommendations as their emancipation from fetishism, their ancient abandonment of cannibalism, their heretofore most happy experience of Europeans, and their national unity under the sway of a really princely prince [Calemba], I believe them to be the most open to the best influences of civilisation of any African tribe whatsoever."

This picture is, perhaps, a little coloured, but may be taken as substantially correct. Less satisfactory is the somewhat meagre account given of their origin and relations to the neighbouring peoples, and of some of their remarkable social institutions. Engaged in the active service of the state, and busy with the new settlement of Luebo in a region seldom before visited by Europeans, Capt. Bateman had doubtless little time for investigating these questions, while he appears to be unaware of the reports already published by Wissmann, Pogge, and Wolf, in various German periodicals. Hence, doubtless, the confused and even misguiding statements in dealing with such matters as did not come under his immediate notice. He rightly says that the Bashilangé are a distinct branch of the Baluba people dwelling more to the east, and that they have reached their present domain between the Sankoro and the Kasai in comparatively recent times. But, so far from being confined "between the seventh and eighth parallels of south latitude," these Balubas are one of the most widespread nations in Central Africa. Under the name of Basonge and Basange (different from the northern Basenge of the Lukenye Valley) they occupy all the headwaters of the Sankoro, and stretch away for unknown distances in the direction of lakes Moero and Bangweolo. They were first visited in 1881 by Wissmann and Pogge, who speak of them as one of the finest negro, or rather negroid, races, remarkably intelligent and industrious, and surprisingly skilful workers in iron and copper.

Some misapprehension also prevails respecting the strange society of hemp smokers, which is here described under the name of Lubuku—that is, "friendship"—and which in one place is stated to have crept in some years ago, after the abolition of fetishism by Calemba; in another to have been introduced by the Matchioko traders for fraudulent purposes.

"Its initiatory rites are a profound and unfathomable mystery, and whether to describe Lubuku as a secret brotherhood, a religion, or a society for the propagation of licentiousness, I am uncertain. So far as the smoking of lhiamba [hemp] itself it concerned, there can be no reasonable doubt but that the Matchioko introduced it primarily for purposes of fraud, since persons under the influence of that poisonous narcotic are temporarily insane, and therefore at the mercy of the first cruel and crafty trader that came across them."

But it may well be doubted whether the Matchioko people had anything to do with the establishment of this new cult, the proper name of whose votaries would appear to be, not Lubuku, but Bena-Riamba*—that is, "Sons of Hemp." Lubuku is the term applied to the territory, where all members of the brotherhood call themselves "friends," and are in fact bound to each other by the mutual ties of hospitality. The institution seems to have grown out of a general political and social revolution, which took place about the year 1870, when a large section of the Bashilangé people became divided into two hostile factions on the question of admitting foreign traders (Angolan Portuguese from the west, Zanzibar Swahili from the east) into their territory. The king, having sided with the young, or progressive, party, the old people, here as elsewhere "Conservatives," were defeated with great slaughter and driven eastwards beyond the Lulua. Then the barriers of seclusion were broken down, commercial relations were entered into with foreigners, and the custom of bhang-smoking, already prevalent under the very name *bhang* on the Zanzibar coast, was introduced with many other innovations. Such appears to have been the origin of a practice which soon became associated with strange rites, rapidly degenerating into one of the most baneful institutions in Central Africa.

Although disfigured here and there by some faulty sentences, due to haste or literary inexperience, the book is on the whole written in a bright, animated style, and contains not a few passages showing considerable descriptive power. The truth of the local colouring in the following description of a sunset on the Kasai will be appreciated by travellers in tropical Africa:

"Just before reaching our camp we witnessed a glorious sunset. The sun went down behind the wooded hills and lofty red cliffs on the other side of the Kasai, casting for a short time a deep shadow on the farthest portion of the river spreading out before us. From behind the darkened hills the light streamed up with intense brilliance, illumining, as against an opalescent sky, a multitude of cloudlets, dyeing them with the most gorgeous hue of orange and scarlet that could be imagined. But the glory was soon past, and by the time we regained our camp the cool greys and neutral tints of evening were already deepening round us into night."

And here is a vivid picture of an African forest, usually so still by day, so full of strange sounds by night:

"When we began our watch the myriad-voiced cicadas and the croaking bull-frogs were in wildest chorus. Soon as the darkness deepened into night, the frequent hoot of owls was heard on all sides, followed by the plaintive whistle of the night-plover, the prolonged birr of the goat-sucker, so weird in its ventriloquial effect, and the booming of the bittern beside the stretches of still water underneath the fern-fringed hollowed banks. As we watched and

* Riamba, Liamba, Diamba, according to the usual interchange of consonants in the Bantu dialects, is the *bhang* (Cannabis Indica, or sativa), the use of which is so prevalent in India.

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waited for the buffalo, great bats came flitting overhead, the smart snapping of their teeth and their shrill mouse-like cries betraying what the noiseless movement of their wings concealed —their presence. Suddenly a wild scream strikes through the many voices of the night; it is repeated again and again as it comes nearer —the cry of the fierce mbaku swinging himself from branch to branch in search of prey. And now just overhead once more that hideous shriek rings out triumphantly above the frantic clatter of a luckless colony of apes; for the mbaku is upon them, and their only safety lies in flight."

Capt. Bateman, who handles the pencil perhaps even more skilfully than the pen, has enriched this pleasant record of African travel with quite a profusion of beautiful illustrations—full-page and smaller engravings, etchings (by Mr. S. Myers), and chromo-lithographs, reproduced from his original sketches in pencil, water-colour, pen and ink and sepia, made on the spot or finished from rapidly drawn outlines. There are also maps of the Kasai-Sankoro basin and of the new station of Luebo, and a good index.

A. H. Keane.

Death's Disguises, and other Sonnets. By Frank T. Marzials. (Walter Scott.)

As some of the contents of this volume have appeared in the columns of the Academy, readers of the present review do not need to be told that Mr. Frank Marzials has a very pretty gift in sonnet-carving. To publish a volume composed entirely of sonnets is, however, an experiment not unattended with risk; for though, as I have said elsewhere, I do not think that the sonnet can fairly be classed among artificial forms of verse, the fact that its rigid laws of structure are always in evidence does undoubtedly give it a certain appearance of artificiality, and therefore when a number of sonnets are brought together they are more apt to leave an impression of monotony than a similar collection of poems in some freer form. Much of Mr. Marzials's work is so beautiful that one would like to speak of it in the mass without any of the cold reserves of criticism, but it can hardly be said that we altogether escape this feeling of monotony. He seems to feel the danger, and endeavours to avoid it by seeking variety of theme; but such variety avails little when allied with the more impressive uniformity of tone and treatment. Here the prevailing tone is pensive, the prevailing treatment pictorial; and the general effect of sombre picturesqueness which may be, and often is, very fascinating in a single sonnet, can hardly fail to become cloying in a score. There is plenty of the material of enjoyment in this volume, but such material can only be made available by a method of reading which the reviewer alone is not free to adopt—the method of making the acquaintance of the book gradually, sonnet by sonnet, in happy sympathetic moments.

The poems in the book may be roughly divided into pictures and meditations, though there are many sonnets which might be ranged under either of these heads, a meditative theme being cast in a pictorial mould. Of the pure types I give two examples. The first is a picture which appears in the title-group—"Death as the little Love-god."

"Sunset and moonrise mingling in the sky
Made dreamlight, and beside the village well
The maidens sat, singing the songs that tell
Of love; and then a troop of knights went by.
And with them rode a boy, right roguishly,
A little archer wight, who in his selle
Turned as they passed, and shot a shaft that fell
Full in a maiden's budding breast; her cry
Rose sharp and sudden, and at the sound outrung
Her light companion's laughter; and he, too,
The sweet boy-bowman, smiled, as marksmen do,
Though bitterly, methought, for one so young.
But she the shaft had struck still sighed and sighed
As one in pain, and not long after died."

The concluding couplet here is perhaps a little weaker than it ought to be, and the word "fell" at the end of the seventh verse renders somewhat inadequately the sharp, forceful puncture of the flying shaft; but the fine pictorial quality of the sonnet as a whole is unmistakeable. I choose the meditation from the miscellaneous sonnets. It is entitled "The Last Metamorphosis of Mephistopheles":

"Candid he is, and courteous therewithal,
Nor, as he once was wont, in the far prime,
Flashes his scorn to heaven; nor as the mime
Of after-days, with antics bestial
Convenes the ape in man to carnival:
Nor, as the cynic of a later time,
Jeers, that his laughter, like a jangled chime,
Rings through the abyss of our eternal fall.
But now, in courtliest tones of cultured grace,
He glories in the growth of good, his glance
Beaming benignant as he bids us trace
Good everywhere; till, as mere motes that dance
Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base
Glint golden in his genial tolerance."

Here, again, it can hardly be declared that Mr. Marzials's work is quite flawless, for there is in the octave some of that loose phrasing which is, in a sonnet, as the fly in the ointment; but the thought gains in the sestet a fine precision of rendering, and the use of the final image is specially happy.

These two selections will give a better idea than could be given by descriptive comment of the qualities and the defects of the sonnets in this volume. Mr. Marzials is very successful—and this is an important matter—in his choice of themes which are susceptible of adequate treatment in his chosen vehicle. His form is always graceful, and the details of expression, when not equally graceful, could easily be made so by a little careful rehandling. He can without strain translate a thought into a picture; and, if it would be too much to say that the picture never hides the thought, it is generally sufficiently beautiful in itself to stand alone. His principal weakness is a tendency to the use of strained and spasmodic phraseology such as is to be found in the sonnet on "Death as the Harlot," where we have

"the reveller throng
Flares out its vinous last of riot and song";

and

"his late leman shivered the waning night
With shrill sob-laughter."

Eccentricities like these, and some others that I might quote, are neither admirable in themselves nor worthy of Mr. Marzials. He is at his best when he is most simple, and his best is winning enough to make us resent any lapse from it.

James Ashcroft Noble.

DR. DEE AT THE POLISH COURT.

Czary, na dworze Batorego. Karta z dziejów mistycyzmu w xvi. wieku, jako przyczynek do charakterystyki Króla Stefana. Przez A. Kraushara. [Magic at the Court of Batory: a Page from the History of Mysticism in the Sixteenth Century, being a Contribution to the Study of the Character of King Stephen. By A. Kraushar.] (Cracow: Gebethuer.)

Most Englishmen are familiar with the career of the famous Dr. Dee and his hardly less famous coadjutor Kelly. His magic mirror can be seen in the British Museum; his MSS. are preserved at Oxford, and his diary was edited by the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps for the Camden Society in 1842. The portion of the life of this noted adventurer with which Englishmen are not so well acquainted is his connexion with the Polish palatine, Albert Laski, his visit to Cracow, where he was presented to Stephen Batory, and his intercourse with William of Rosenberg, the Bohemian magnate. It is with his Polish experiences that the present work especially has to do. The Poles have good reason to be proud of the Transylvanian prince whom they chose to be their king. His reign, which only lasted ten years (1576-1586), was a glorious one. He kept the cruel Ivan IV., of Russia, at bay and inflicted severe losses upon him; but, although a comparatively young man, his health, which had been weakened by continual campaigns, soon began to fail, and tidings of his decease were eagerly looked for by his enemies and rivals, especially the mean and superstitious German Emperor Rudolf. Stephen, sinking under disease—he seems to have had an abscess in one of his legs—was visited by his former opponent in the contest for the crown, Albert Laski, who, on that occasion, had supported the Archduke Ernest. He had now, however, identified himself with the policy of Batory; and, being seized with the notion that he could gain boundless wealth by means of the philosopher's stone, had sought the acquaintance of Dee in London and brought him and his companion, Kelly, with him to his native country to carry on there a series of magical experiments. The previous career of Laski and his adventures in various countries are told at considerable length by M. Kraushar. He found the king ill and in low spirits at the Castle Niepolomice, near Cracow. The latter seems to have had but little consolution in the society of his wife, Anna Jagiellonka, the sister of Sigismund Augustus, whom he had married when she was more than fifty years of age as one of the conditions of his being elected to the throne. We find her complaining "quod contempta et neglecta sit a Rege suo marito"; but, as Horsey tells us in his diary that she was a "hard favoured quen," she probably possessed little to enable her to gain the affections of her husband.

Those were the days of necromancers and magic, of diviners and horoscopes. There were men among the professors of the university of Cracow who occupied themselves with astrology; the city itself kept a public astrologer; and between 1577 and 1587 that office was discharged by a certain Peter Slovacius (probably in Polish Slowacki). Men

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of this sort were employed by both the Sigismunds; and all readers of Horsey's interesting diary will remember how Ivan the Terrible, on his death-bed, consulted witches who had been expresely sent for from Lapland.

The life of Dee is sketched at considerable length by M. Kraushar in his sixth chapter. He has worked up his materials very carefully, such as the diary previously alluded to, and the carefully written account in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (vol. xiv). According to the writer in the latter work, the magic mirror by which the wizard used to summon his spirits was a disc of highly polished cannel coal. Dee lived at Mortlake, and was much patronized by Queen Elizabeth; but as a necromancer he seems to have been hated by the people, who took advantage of his absence from England to plunder his house and destroy a great part of his library. Laski, accompanied by the English quacks, arrived on February 3, 1583-4 at his castle, near Cracow. But they did not remain there long. They were soon taken to Prague to be presented to the Emperor Rudolf, who is known to have been greatly addicted to alchemy and astrology. He seems, however, to have become disgusted with Dee, and refused to grant him a second interview, in spite of his summoning the angels, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel. The wizards and their dupe returned to Cracow in 1585. Stephen Batory had always evinced great fondness for soothsayers. He had consulted them on his first coming to Poland. In his present condition of health these superstitious proclivities came back to him. On April 17, 1585, Laski presented Dee and Kelly to Batory at Cracow. The conversation was conducted in Latin—a language with which the Polish king was quite familiar. Dee is said to have prophesied to Stephen that he would be German Emperor. Some other interviews took place at Niepolomice, and the king at last seems to have had his eyes opened to the imposture. On December 12, 1586, he died; and with him came to an end his great plans for driving the Turks out of Europe, which had formed the subject of the Embassy of Possevin. Our magicians now betook themselves to Trebona, the seat of William of Rosenberg, in Bohemia. This wealthy man had been a candidate for the throne of Poland when Batory was elected. His life has been told in the interesting narrative of Wenceslaus Brezan, written in the Bohemian language, who lived in the seventeenth century. Here Dee and Kelly remained for some time, being entertained sumptuously; and so great was their reputation that they received an invitation from the Tsar Feodore of Muscovy (son of Ivan IV.) to visit his court. He is even said to have promised Dee £2000 a year. In the Diary the offer of Feodore is mentioned, but it was not accepted. Perhaps, had they betaken themselves to Moscow, on some future occasion they might have furnished a spectacle to the citizens by being burnt alive in an iron cage, as was sometimes the case with wizards and Judaizers under Ivans III. and IV. Dee left Trebona on March 1, 1588; Kelly had previously quarrelled with him and gone to Prague. While in Bohemia the latter was imprisoned, and was killed in an attempt to escape, having fallen from a window of his dungeon as he was letting himself down by a rope. The quacks had obtained great influence over Rosenberg, prophesying, among other things, that he would be elected King of Poland on Batory's death; but the choice of the nation fell on the fanatical Sigismund Vasa.

These circumstances, however, only indirectly bear upon the chief objects of M. Kraushar's book, which is to give his Polish readers some fresh glimpses at the private life of one of their ablest kings—a man whose character has formed the subject of many recent historical studies in his own country by Zakrzewski, Pawinski and others. Stephen throughout his reign justified his election by the Poles. He was brave in war and showed great political insight; just and firm, as in his punishment of the powerful noble, Samuel Zborowski, for murder. He was also warm-hearted in his intercourse with his friends, and a great patron of learning, having, among other things, founded the university of Wilno. He seems, however, to have suffered from some hereditary disease; and the reports of the German emissaries on his bodily condition, which M. Kraushar gives in his appendix, curiously show how much his enemies longed for the death of this able man, who was a thorn in their sides. The sketch of Batory given us in this book is necessarily a sad one. He appears broken and dejected; he thus became, as Tacitus says of Libo Drusus, *facilis inanibus*. At the time of his death he was only fifty-five years of age.

The author of this little book has worked up his materials well. Besides the sources already mentioned he has used many other English books, among them the *Amenities of Literature* by the elder Disraeli. He has gathered something from all. A list of the writings of Dee is added. The wizard died poor and neglected by everybody, at Mortlake, in 1608. But he had his believers long after his death. The most important work on him is that by Meric Casaubon, published in 1659, now excessively scarce; but a copy exists at Oxford among the Ashmolean MSS. with Ashmole's own notes.

W. R. Morfill.

NEW NOVELS.

Dolly. By Justin H. McCarthy. (Chatto & Windus.)

St. Cuthbert's Tower. By Florence Warden. In 3 vols. (Cassell.)

A Dreamer of Dreams. By the Author of "Thoth." (Blackwood.)

A Fatal Affinity. By Stuart Cumberland. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Fatal House. By Alice Corkran. (Ward & Downey.)

For a King. By T. S. Sharwood. In 2 vols. (Burns & Oates.)

The Land of My Fathers. By T. Marchant Williams. (Longmans.)

Daphne's Daring. By Mrs. A. Phillips. (Joseph Hughes.)

The fiction offered for review this week betokens a dull season in the publishing world. It presents nothing remarkable as regards quality; and in point of quantity—that is to say, the quantity of matter contained in the books themselves—it is lamentably deficient. Apparently, the rage for novelettes and cheap rubbish in paper covers is on the increase. If we assign to Mr. Justin H. McCarthy the most important position on our list, it is not because *Dolly* is in any sense an important work, but because of the name the author inherits. This, his latest work, is a rather pathetic story of a quiet, dreamy student of seven and twenty, who sees another man take away from under his eyes the girl he might at any time have married, had his preoccupied imagination ever permitted him thoroughly to realise the fact of his passion for her. The tale is delicately and artistically told, so far as it goes, and is redolent of the roses that figure in its pages. But then, it is only about the length of a magazine story completed in three, or at most four, numbers.

The talented author of *The House on the Marsh* is sure to find a large and appreciative circle of readers, and her latest work scarcely stands in need of an elaborate notice. *St. Cuthbert's Tower*, like the rest of Miss Warden's novels, is of the straightforward, descriptive type which, though not characterised by much imaginativeness or free play of fancy, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of dramatic completeness. With fiction of this kind, mainly dependent for its effect upon action and incident, it is scarcely fair to disclose the plot; and it may be enough, therefore, to say that *St. Cuthbert's Tower* is the story of a heroic man's affectionate unselfishness and a loving woman's unshaken faith. We take leave to complain that the author occasionally displays rather exaggerated ideas of the licence and brutality commonly exhibited by men in their dealings with the weaker sex—but this may be a mere masculine protest against a libel which has nothing to justify it but its truth; and, possibly, Miss Warden may agree with Mr. Robert Buchanan in regarding the era of chivalry as at an end. At all events, her latest story is—of its kind—a capital one from beginning to end.

Of a different kind from the last-mentioned novel is *A Dreamer of Dreams*, by the author of "Thoth." Here we have the picture of a strong will and brilliant intellect temporarily enslaved to a self-indulgent instinct, until their possessor has half ruined his physical, and seriously impaired his moral, nature in the vain attempt—assisted by the use of opiates—to control the course of his midnight dreams, and create for himself a life of pleasure unconditioned by external circumstances. From this deplorable state he is rescued by a supreme effort of conscience, acting through the medium of a dreamy hallucination, at the moment when he has, in intention at all events, committed a crime that will place him in possession of a colossal fortune. This is in many respects a strong book, though short, and may be reckoned an acquisition to our stock of novels of the analytical and reflective type.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland's latest work claims to be "a weird story," and such it undoubtedly is. Nine mysterious murders have startled and horrified the London world; all the victims have been young women of un-

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blemished reputation, and are said to have resembled one another in personal appearance, though not in social position; further, each has been assassinated on her birthday, the deed has been committed with precisely the same sort of instrument in every case, and up to the present time not the slightest trace of the murderer has been discovered. Eventually it appears that the whole series of crimes has been perpetrated by diabolical agency, an emissary of the powers of darkness, residing in human shape in London, having been appointed to the task. It is scarcely possible to criticise seriously productions of this kind. When the story arrives at a point where an English cavalry officer of high rank dons a sorcerer's long flowing robe of white, and, drawing with an ebony rod a magic circle on the floor, succeeds in conjuring up a hideous apparition, the adult reader will at once appraise the value of the work before him, and compose his mind to the same sort of attitude he would assume before perusing the tale of the Second Calender, restored to man's shape by that king's daughter, whose enchantments, conducted in similar fashion, caused the appearance of "the genie, the son of the daughter of Eblis, in the shape of a very large and terrible lion." But to younger readers *A Fatal Affinity* may have the unwholesome effect of imparting hideous terrors in regard to the possibility of their being despatched on the occasion of their next birthday by the "astral body" of some reputedly inoffensive Hindu student at present located in suburban lodgings. It is difficult to see what other purpose can be achieved by the story. As for the scheme—half Brahministic, half Zoroastrian—of the government of the universe, the operation of which is outlined in the course of the narrative, it is needless to enquire whether it accords with any actually existing system of human belief.

Yet another shilling novel, and that one also of the "weird" order! All who are likely to find pleasure in reading the description of an ancient country mansion possessed by some demoniac influence, which converts all the successive masters of the establishment into gamblers, sots, and murderers, and hurries into premature graves most of the female portion, will obtain what they require in the pages of *The Fatal House*, together with some spiritual reappearances of wicked ancestors, and on one occasion a whole dining-roomful of ghosts into the bargain. Miss Corkran possesses a good deal of genuine descriptive power, and it is to be regretted that she should have made choice of so extravagant a subject; but, as it is, her novel must be summarily left to its fate. Appetite for the supernatural seems to be by no means extinct even at the latter end of "this so-called nineteenth century," and the book may, no doubt, find a sale.

For a King is a historical novel, the scene being laid in the times of the Great Civil War. The author, in choosing his period, has necessarily laid himself open to a comparison, which could hardly result in his favour, with other and better-known writers who have traversed the same ground. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that he has acquitted himself very creditably; and though his narrative is at times a little ponderous, it bears throughout the impress of carefully digested reading, and may be taken as a faithful representation of some of the most stirring events of that momentous crisis.

Those who are at the trouble of reading the introductory preface to *The Land of my Fathers* will find that one of the author's objects has been "to expose the mischievous effects of the application of the principle of payment by results to the teaching and training of the young," and also that he has endeavoured "to throw a little light on some of the aspects of the present social, religious, and political condition" of the Principality of Wales. They will be prepared, therefore, to encounter a political treatise in the form of a novel. Fiction of this sort, unless the debatable topics are treated with an exceedingly light hand, is almost sure to be an artistic failure; and the book under notice is no exception to the rule. About the questions discussed in its pages not a word need be said here. Many of them are subjects of burning controversy; and the author without doubt feels keenly upon the subject, and deserves all the credit due to a well-intentioned effort in the cause of the reforms he has at heart. It is in its manner rather than its matter that the weakness of the novel lies. Argumentative dialogues, the phraseology of which sometimes suspiciously calls to mind the compendious summaries of fundamental doctrine obtainable, in cheap pamphlet form, from our various propagandist societies, can hardly fail to be somewhat dull reading. And Mr. Williams would do well to recollect that not even "a little light" is likely to be thrown upon the "aspects" of any "social, religious, or political condition" by means of categorical details, such as he is constantly introducing, in regard to the personal appearance of administrative officials. The following description of a Government Inspector of schools certainly leaves the aspect of the question very much as it was:

"His eyes are small, and of a leaden tinge, and when at rest they wear the sly, though sleepy, expression of those of a half-bred cur enjoying a sunny doze in the immediate presence of conscious danger. His lips are long and straight, are kept closely together, and protrude considerably, as if they were stitched on the inside, the stitches being too far inward. His mouth is large, chin very broad, his nose thin and long. He was not without his good points; neither, for the matter of that, was the farmer's gibbeted pole-cat," &c., &c.

This is the schoolboy method of argument; and unfortunately it suggests the possession of nothing more than a mere schoolboy level of intelligence and judgment on the part of the author.

The most that can be said for *Daphne's Daring* is that it is a pretty little story, having no claim to originality either as regards incident or treatment, but sensibly and pleasantly written. The heroine, having received an offer of marriage from a man against whom her mother entertains a perhaps rather unreasonable prejudice, solves the difficulty by eloping with him, and is forthwith disowned by her angry parents. The family breach is satisfactorily healed after a time.

J. Barrow Allen.

SOME BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

Industrial Education. By Sir Philip Magnus. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) We have read Sir Philip Magnus's book with great interest. The excellent organisation of which he is one of the chief official representatives has set about reforming our educational institutions in a confessedly weak point, and what he has to say about our weaknesses is well worth consideration. Whether we are prepared to alter our educational diet so completely as he would have us, and accept his panacea with the boundless faith which he himself has, depends very much on our general attitude towards patent medicines. As a rule, we believe, patent medicines are not wholly deleterious; if used skilfully, no doubt they have some efficacy. But it is the way of vendors to overstate their case, and this is what our author does. Nor, able and sagacious as he is, is he quite consistent when he gets to details. We gather that he has most at heart the promotion of teaching by concrete examples to very concrete ends.

"Arithmetic," he writes, "should be taught in the first place as a useful art. The explanation of processes involves methods of reasoning with which a young child cannot expect to be familiar; and the object of the study is not to teach the theory of numbers, but to give the child the ability to reckon. As an exercise in reasoning, the explanation of processes is most valuable; but it belongs to a later period of the child's education. Facility and accuracy of work should first be aimed at."

This is all very well; and what the writer means by technical education is clear enough, though it is not quite what we mean. But there follows, and follows immediately, what very nearly contradicts the passage quoted, and is very much more to our mind.

"In teaching children to reckon, concrete examples—that is, examples dealing with measurements of actual things—should be preferred to calculations with abstract numbers." And again, "The realisation of abstract calculations is most important at all stages of the pupil's progress."

We cannot reconcile the author with himself. Yet this kind of thing is the more irritating because we agree with the writer in his fundamental requirement that all education should be made far more technical than it is at present. It is probable that he is not quite forgetful that the chief τέχνη of man is life; but it is certain that a reader of his book might rise from it with a feeling that he looked on the final cause of education as the extensive production of something between a German clerk out of a rather inferior book of Mr. Besant's, a foreman of a chemical manufactory, and an art designer. Well, let us by all means have technical education; but let us be quite sure that "value received" comes to the people educated, and not merely to those who may find it commercially profitable to have a class of highly qualified mechanics at command, which must certainly happen if the "humanities" are squeezed out of education, as the writer seems to wish. It is quite clear that we must revert to the old practice of making mental and manual education go to help each other; but it seems as if we are fated to do it with a pernicious difference. Under the old state of things, when it was less possible for capitalists to trade on all that part of a workman's energy and skill which was not engaged in providing mere existence, the apprentice was under the eye and teaching of his employer, who was responsible for his moral, mental, and physical well-doing. We, on the other hand, must needs get all these things done by the state on behalf of the stock exchange; and, meantime, the artisan's genuine interests remain uncared for, except as material for promoting party rancour. When Sir Philip

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Magnus eschews the dangerous dialectics of his subject and confines himself to the practical details on which he speaks with so much real weight, he is not to be gainsaid. He has had unique experience, and has contributed to the literature of the school with marked success. His evidence is expert evidence just so far as he can advise about industrial organisation and teaching. He is not always particularly accurate in the matter of style. "Modern prototype," for instance, looks odd; and when he carries his speculations outside industrial subjects, he is *ultra crepidam*. A last is not fit to employ for the forging of a suit of mail.

Teaching as a Career for University Men. J. J. Findlay. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Findlay's book has succeeded in pleasing us and irritating us in about equal proportions. It contains enough valuable hints on the subject of which it treats to enable it to fill a real gap in educational literature, but there is about it an omniscience or (as we should have said some years ago) a cock-sureness which is only to be forgiven because Mr. Findlay has a genuine and "catching" enthusiasm. We will dispose first of instances of our cause of quarrel with him, which are, however, generally details only, but such as would lead those not in sympathy with his general aim to deny his right to speak at all. For the purpose of seeing good teaching in mathematics he advises his tiro to visit "a good elementary school, where arithmetic and algebra are taught by masters whose income bears a direct proportion to their successes in 'results.'" It would puzzle Mr. Findlay to find a really good school in which this is the condition of things. It is true that it exists in many inferior schools still, and the recent Commission has formally condemned it; but it is not general enough or even common enough to allow us to pass Mr. Findlay's side-inference without protest. In another place he writes: " . . . some men may find a career in the inspection of elementary schools. There are few positions in the educational world which afford greater scope for influence and public benefit than those indicated by the letters H.M.I.S." The taste and tone of this extract do not commend themselves, and, unfortunately, they are typical. We protest a little, also, against the "unco' seriousness" of Mr. Findlay's attitude. What score, we wonder, would be made by the master who "will be eager enough about school games and will be glad if he himself is an athlete, and able to take his share in the cricket-field; *but all the while his thoughts will be running in a deeper groove*"? If Mr. Findlay has not misdescribed the mental condition of his model master, we prophesy his dismissal for a "duck." Again, we would rather not receive his admonition to teach well in the form of advice to "teach school-*boys*, not school-*books*." This is a poor use to make of the double accusative of our youth; the fact is, a teacher teaches the school-boys the school-books. We cannot, again, agree with him in recommending that the university extension system should trespass on the domain of schools. Valuable as its work is with adults who have no time or inclination for genuine application in real student-like thoroughness, it is liable to set up a false ideal of "university" or "higher" teaching. The evil is already felt in some training colleges, curiously enough, where students show a strong inclination to attend "extension" lectures, to the serious detriment of the work that requires persistent drudgery. We have felt bound to call Mr. Findlay to task over these and the like points, because in other matters he has right on his side so clearly that, supposing his little book to have the influence it deserves, the unconsidered suggestions of inexperience might be adopted together with those for which he can as evidently give chapter and verse in practice. He is certainly right in calling on the would-be teacher to keep a high aim before him for a definite purpose, to be obtained by the workmanlike use of the right tools. He very clearly and cleverly points out the services of the examination system in stamping out abuses, in abolishing incapacity; and he rightly adds his testimony to that of Dr. Dukes and Mr. Cotterill as to the necessity of providing with scrupulous care for boys' leisure. We agree with him (begging leave to mend his phraseology, however) in holding that a teacher, to be efficient, ought certainly to know something of psychology and the theory of education. Nothing could be added to his statement of the merit of science teaching. "Unquestionably science, if well-taught, affords an excellent mental training; however, it is usually ill-taught, and then it is the worst possible subject that a boy can touch." We can tell him more, however, about science teaching. He advises the knowledge-seeking teacher to go and observe the methods of good teachers in successful elementary schools, though he admits that there is much room for improvement in the work controlled by the Science and Art Department. The fact is that most of the text-books which have resulted from South Kensington syllabuses and examinations are among the very worst of their class; and science teaching in public elementary schools is often so grossly unsuccessful that complaints are widely made to the effect that pupil teachers (picked students, presumably) who go up to university colleges and training colleges are actually hampered by what they have learnt of science at school. The hints Mr. Findlay gives for the study of modern languages are very reasonable, and we agree generally with his recommendations on the teaching of English, though we can by no means entirely approve of his list of books. The best thing we can say of his book is that, though much marred and capable of much improvement, it is likely to be of real service to the university man who wants hints towards preparing for a teacher's career. He propounds, by the way, a tentative scheme for training young teachers at good public schools, which is no less feasible and reasonable than ingenious.

Educational Codes of Foreign Countries. By A. Sonnenschein. (Sonnenschein.) Hastily as this book has been compiled, and though it deals with only a fragment of the question, it is certainly one of the most valuable contributions made for a long time to the literature that concerns itself with the organisation of primary education. It is a really useful book, and is, therefore, not to be recommended to the controversialist; but the earnest teacher or school manager may learn many a valuable lesson from it. The codes set forth are not so remarkable as Mr. Sonnenschein's introduction and his comments on the late Mr. Matthew Arnold's "special report." He enumerates under six heads the chief causes of the conspicuous failure of so much of our elementary education. Of course, the first offender arraigned is "payment by results." We cannot help thinking, however, that teachers especially are much too apt to play the part of the "ill bird" of the proverb when this subject is under discussion. It is not true in any school that has a competent and honest head teacher that

"the work has been hurried, reasons have been kept out of sight as involving too great a waste of time to teach them, dexterity in manipulation has been exalted high above all processes of thought, and a thin veneer of instruction. . . ."

This is quoted by Mr. Sonnenschein from a leading article in *The Times*; and it is based, we should say, chiefly upon a general acquaintance with magazine articles setting forth the case against payment by results. As it stands, it is a monstrous accusation. Yet it is the kind of thing that teachers have been diligently saying about themselves for some years. And for all that, as our author insists, inspection of processes has a far higher value than our existing system of examination by results. A little thought shows that it is much more reasonable, in judging the value of work whose ultimate results it is impossible to foresee, to make an estimate of the intelligence shown in the process—the likelihood of its fruitfulness. An immediate result is almost always a false guide, and, indeed, it is just those results which can never be summarised that are the real title of the teacher to praise or blame. It is not easy to defend our bad "standards"; the layman as well as the expert is competent to judge of their extraordinary pedantry. We ourselves have a sneaking kindness for the pupil teacher system, for at present it is our only considerable method of recruiting. When there is more money to be spent on training teachers, perhaps we may see the time when the license to teach will be refused to any who have not the *Reifezeugniss*. To read of the six years' training of the German elementary teacher will surprise those who are satisfied with the two years placed at the disposal of the Englishman, but those only. Various most praiseworthy efforts are being made to give the best of our own teachers something better than any training college can provide for them in the beggarly two years allowed; but to strand imperfectly prepared "pupil teachers" at Oxford or elsewhere, where they cannot participate in the full life of the place, would be to show them a paradise which is for ever shut to them. There is surely no such great need for a reform in the inspectorate as Mr. Sonnenschein appears to think. When the inspectors have to deal invariably with teachers who possess diplomas as high in public estimation as their own, the very few who are unmistakeably bearish in the elementary schoolroom will be taught the real meaning of good manners. On the other hand, that education should be shuttle-cocked by party warriors is the worst evil that we have to endure. One has only to read the most respectable educational papers to see how party spirit destroys the scientific value of the best professional opinions. The rank and file are simply trades unionist organs.

The Elements of Mental and Moral Science as applied to Teaching. By W. C. Coupland. (Hughes.) "The design of this booklet," says Mr. Coupland, "is to familiarise teachers with the idea of the close relationship subsisting between Science of Mind in general and Science of Education in particular." We cannot very heartily congratulate him on his success, though we fully acknowledge his acumen and carefulness. The teachers for whom he writes must be men who are already tolerably familiar with the jargon of psychology; and if they are, they will probably appreciate Mr. Coupland's wisdom, although it may not always present them with matter for reflection entirely new. His persistent use of technical terms makes cumbrous even his untechnical deliverances. He uses "cognition" for instance, where the ordinary person (or teacher) would certainly expect "recognition," and be perplexed by finding something else. Mr. Coupland will certainly not arrest the attention of a large audience if he speaks thus:

"If the mind pulsates in the whole body, although with different energy and evidence according to local conditions, and the dominating centres are impotent without their internuncial connexions, qualitative difference being grounded on difference of relation, not of elements, how can we, except by a figure of speech, talk of a faculty of judgment, of reasoning, of remembering?"

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Well, it takes the ordinary person or reviewer some time to master the whole of Mr. Coupland's meaning, and when that is done we learn only that a faculty is merely a δύναμις. It is not that our author cannot write directly and simply. His words on play in teaching are excellent, but nothing is gained by substituting for a simpler admonition such a ponderous sentence as "The first education should represent a 'masterly inactivity' on the part of the instructor." "Masterly inactivity" means nothing except in politics, where meanings matter little. Having, however, said thus much in qualified dispraise of our author's efforts, let us freely admit that in his later chapters he becomes distinctly more human and somewhat less psychological. His chapter on the "Will," a chapter usually the very cloudiest in such books as his, is bold and clear. His statement of the theory of motives is really likely to be useful and fruitful. On the whole, the last twenty pages of Mr. Coupland's small book give it a value which the first eighty hardly will. We should own that there has clearly been a systematic effort on the author's part towards compression, which accounts for much of the difficulty we find; and the book is interleaved, so that students may add their own enlargements.

Manual Training. By A. Sluys. (New York Industrial Education Association.) This shilling pamphlet puts very clearly and forcibly the case for manual training in schools on the only ground tenable—the pedagogic necessity of it. It would be hard to find any monograph so useful. Mr. Sluys, who is the director of the Brussels Normal School, was sent by the Belgian Minister of Education to make a special study of the Swedish methods of teaching manual training; and this little work is the result of investigations so made. The great recommendation it carries with it is that it treats the question from the point of view of education, not that of economy. If we set about our technical education schemes with the purpose of producing artificers, we are foredoomed to failure, or at least to a success which can only be temporary. If we make a thorough pedagogic change in our educational practices with a view to a better education, we shall be laying up the kind of wealth which can be appropriated exclusively by no class of the community. It would be well to add that this book can be got in London at 26, King William Street, W.C.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS.

Letters on Literature. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) Fortunate were the readers of the *Independent* of New York, to whom it was permitted at stated intervals to read—probably in small, bad type—Mr. Lang's confidences about literature, ancient and modern. And yet we doubt whether any American, from Boston to Topeka, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend fully the lore and the wit here so abundantly and gracefully laid before him. A borderer by birth, an Oxonian by education, a scholar by instinct, and a Londoner by necessity—we claim Mr. Lang altogether for ourselves, and cannot help feeling some little grudge against the cousins to whom he offers his *primitiae*. For here, like his own favourite Montaigne, he writes in undress—not with the stiffness of his anthropological works, nor even with the formality of his *Books and Bookmen*. He tells us freely what he thinks about the poets of the Augustan and the Victorian eras, about Plotinus, Rochefoucauld, Fielding, and many more; and he tells it in a way which—*experto crede*—can stir the first pulse of literary enthusiasm within a young maiden just in her teens. Whatever critics may say, or the ungrateful students of St. Andrews may sing, those will not greatly err who learn to love letters at the feet of Mr. Lang, as their fathers learnt the history of British India from the essays of Macaulay. A liberal education may be acquired not only by browsing at will upon good old books, but by being brought under the personal influence of a booklover who can give reasons for his preferences. A full understanding of all the allusions and all the languages may be left to come later, or not at all.

The Brotherhood of Letters. By J. Rogers Rees. (Elliot Stock.) This is the third volume about books and authors which Mr. Rogers Rees has given us within the last few years. The former two—the *Diversions* and the *Pleasures of a Bookworm*—have each reached a second edition, so that Mr. Rees will probably be encouraged to continue the series. One of the characteristics of the present age is the extraordinary growth of what may be termed parasitical literature. The vast multiplication of readers has been accompanied by a positive deterioration in the supply. Apart from newspapers and reviews, the only department in which the present generation has any cause for boasting is that of books of reference—encyclopaedias and dictionaries. Imagination seems to be depressed by learning on the one hand, and by criticism on the other. The production of poetry has been superseded by chatter about poets and their wives, reminiscences have taken the place of serious biography, and history is written in a dozen series of manuals. Even fiction has at last caught the disease; and the trumpery shilling story is crowding out the genuine novel, such as it was formed under the hands of the great English school. In such a condition, it is natural that "books about books" should be in demand; nor can we greatly complain if gossip concerning the authors is thought likely to be more interesting than analysis of their works. Mr. Rogers Rees is not the least successful of the caterers to this popular taste. He is a sufficiently well-read man, who knows how to use a marginal pencil. Without the accuracy of a bibiographer, or the genius of a born essayist, he can write about great books and great authors in a style not altogether unworthy of the subject. He evidently enjoys the task he has undertaken of initiating proselytes into the outer court of the temple of letters; and if any are led on by the contagion of his enthusiasm to become true believers, he will obtain the reward which he would himself, doubtless, most desire.

The Early Writings of Thackeray. By Charles Plumptre Johnson. With Illustrations. (Elliot Stock.) We have delayed too long our notice of this interesting and handsome book, which consists, in the main, of a collection of articles contributed to the *Athenaeum*. Many of the illustrations, however, have never appeared before; the portraits are especially valuable. Mr. Johnson is not only an industrious and devoted collector of Thackerayana; but he is also a *persona grata* to the family, as may be inferred from the dedication. He is careful always to give his evidence for attributing fugitive pieces to his author, and he has not cumbered his own pages with unnecessary reprints. In short, he has treated one of the out-of-the-way corners of literature in the only way in which it ought to be treated, if it is to be touched at all.

History of the Linen Hall Library. By John Anderson. (Belfast: M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr.) In 1788, some eighteen inhabitants of Belfast met together to found a literary institution under the title of the Belfast Reading Society, which was enlarged in 1792 to the Belfast Society for Promoting Knowledge. In 1801, the books belonging to the society found a home in the Linen Hall, where they have ever since remained. Last year this institution celebrated its centenary; and the present volume, compiled by the hon. secretary, tells the story of its tentative beginnings and its present greatness, and also gives an account of its early office-bearers. It is illustrated with several portraits and views, and with maps of the town (now raised to the rank of a city) in 1685, 1757, 1791, and 1888. The whole forms a worthy record of the sturdy self-reliance and intellectual vigour of the race who have created the prosperity of Ulster—in the main, Scotch in blood and Presbyterian by religion. In 1792, with the Rev. James Bryson in the chair, the society unanimously adopted a resolution in favour of Catholic emancipation; two of its early secretaries were among the founders of the *Northern Star*, the organ of the United Irishmen; and its first librarian, Thomas Russell—"a great favourite for his literary taste, general deportment, and unbounded love of liberty"—was executed for treason in 1803. On the first organisation of the library, the following characteristic resolution was passed:

"That every future member of their committee shall upon his admission sign a declaration that while he is in office he will not consent to the choice or purchase of . . . . any common novel or farce or other book of trivial amusement."

In 1863, authority was given to obtain thirty volumes—presumably including fiction—from a London circulating library; and the amount set apart for this purpose quickly rose from £7 15s. to £84. But the rule against the purchase of fiction was not rescinded until 1873, in which year also the *Times* was first taken in. The total number of volumes in the Linen Hall Library now exceeds 25,000, including a special collection of locally printed books. It appears that the earliest Belfast-printed book dates from 1694.

The Elzevier Presses. By Edmund Goldsmid. In 3 vols. (Edinburgh: Privately printed.) Mr. Goldsmid, that indefatigable printer of curious things, has here presented to us—to quote his title-page in full—

"a Complete Catalogue of all the Publications of the Elzevier Presses at Leyden, Amsterdam, the Hague, and Utrecht, with Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix, containing a List of all Works, whether Forgeries or Anonymous Publications, generally attributed to these Presses."

For some reason that we fail to appreciate, the work is issued nominally in three volumes, with separate pagination, but bound up in one. Yet more strangely, our copy has no introduction, nor apparently any place for one, though Appendix II. refers to something in (non-existent) preliminary matter paged xxi. We are left, therefore, with a bald catalogue, arranged in alphabetical order of titles, with the collation of each piece, and occasional notes about bibliographical difficulties and comparative rarity. Such a work, it is clear, is intended only for the few, and stands at the opposite pole to the dainty things which Mr. Lang has written about "dear dumpy Twelves" in prose and verse. It may be regarded as a supplement to Pieter and Willems, brought down to date.

The Printer's Vocabulary. By Charles Thomas Jacobi. (The Chiswick Press.) The sub-title of this book is "a Collection of some 2500 Technical Terms, Phrases, Abbreviations, and other Expressions mostly relating to Letterpress Printing, many of which have been in Use since the Time of Caxton." Apart from the invocation of the much-abused name of Caxton, the promise of the title and sub-title are fairly well redeemed. The recognised terms of the art (including a good deal of modern slang) are recorded, with a minimum of explanation; but no attempt is made to trace the

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history of the words, or to give their (probable) etymology. It was a happy thought to mark with an asterisk the words still in use, which are also found in Moxon's *Mechanick Exercises* (1683); but this only carries us half-way back to Caxton. No reference is made to technical terms used on the continent.

The Directory of Secondhand Booksellers. Edited by James Clegg. (Elliot Stock.) This is a second and greatly enlarged edition of a useful little book, which first appeared in 1886. Considerable space is given to secondhand booksellers in America and the continent; and the catalogue of British and foreign libraries forms a valuable feature, though Australia is unaccountably omitted. The list of literary *noms de guerre* errs on the side of excess; for it includes the absurd blunders made in *Hazell's Annual Cyclopaedia* for 1888, which were corrected at the time in an evening newspaper. It may be as well to repeat that Grant Allen, Comyns Carr, and William Tirebuck are real names.

THE interesting monograph on *The Jesuit Mission Press in Japan, 1591-1610* (privately one printed), by Mr. Ernest Mason Satow, of our best Japanese scholars, will be useful for the history of printing in the East. The author formerly believed that the earliest book printed with movable types in Japan dated from 1596, and that the invention came from Corea, where it had been in use for more than 250 years. Later he found that Valignani returned to Japan from Europe on July 21, 1590, bringing with him a fount of European type, and that the first extant work produced at the new press was published the following year. Thus, Mr. Satow concludes rightly that the art of printing with movable type had been actually practised on Japanese soil by Jesuit missionaries for some years before its adoption by the people of the country. Mr. Satow gives facsimiles of title-pages of books printed in Japan from 1591 to 1595, which are very rare, and only to be found in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and in the libraries of Leyden and Rome, accompanying them with a minute bibliographical description. But why did Mr. Satow not make his monograph accessible to the world at large by a regular publication?

MR. CLAUDE DELAVAL COBHAM, Commissioner of Larnaca, has privately printed an enlarged edition of *An Attempt at a Bibliography of Cyprus*, which he issued in 1886. His method of arrangement is to give (1) books treating of the island generally, its history and people, beginning with the Cypriote chapter of Aeneas Silvio's History of Asia (Venice, 1477); (2) numismatics; (3) epigraphy and language; (4) parliamentary papers; (5) newspapers, of which it would seem that no less than eight are at present in existence, six in Greek and two in English, including the archaeological *Owl*, the youngest of all; and (6) the Cesnola controversy. Under each head, the works are placed in chronological order, except that all the writings of one author are collected together. Mr. Cobham has done well by including papers scattered through magazines and the transactions of learned societies; and the typography of the pamphlet does as much credit to the government printing office as its painstaking carefulness does to the compiler.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE University of Edinburgh will, on April 18, confer the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Whitley Stokes.

AT a meeting held recently, at the town house of Lord Carnarvon, a committee was appointed to collect subscriptions towards a testimonial to Sir Charles Newton, in recognition of his eminent services to the cause of classical archaeology in England. It has been decided that this testimonial shall take the form of a portrait bust in marble, by Mr. Boehm, to be set up in the British Museum. At the same time, it is hoped that a sufficient sum of money may be raised to admit of offering a substantial encouragement to archaeological research. The hon. secretary and treasurer of the committee is Mr. George A. Macmillan.

THE proposal to present a pecuniary testimonial to Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, under circumstances that were referred to in the ACADEMY of March 9, has already resulted in a subscription list of about £1100, towards which the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh each contribute £25. The hon. treasurers to the committee are Dr. William Smith, and Principal Wace, of King's College.

THE following special elections have been made by the committee of the Athenaeum Club: Mr. C. I. Elton, Prof. E. Ray Lankester, and Mr. H. C. Maxwell Lyte.

MR. J. A. FROUDE'S Irish romance of the last century, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, will be published by Messrs. Longmans next Monday.

THOSE who have read the series of papers from the Congo, by an English engineer on one of the river steamers, which have recently been appearing in *Blackwood*, will be glad to know that the writer, who has returned to this country, has collected them into a volume, with numerous illustrations, which will be published shortly under the title *With Stanley's Rear-Guard:* Major Barttelot's Camp on the Aruwhimi. The name of the author will also be given.

THE next volume in the series of "English Men of Action" will be *Lord Lawrence*, written by Sir Richard Temple, who — it may be remembered—was Lawrence's secretary in the Punjab, both before and after the outbreak of the Mutiny, and afterwards foreign minister under his viceroyalty.

THE Rev. John Owen has in the press a volume of verse, in which he has endeavoured to embody the varied aspirations which he regards as the emotional counterpart of the intellectual search or skeptical enquiry, which forms the root thought of his work on the skeptics. The book is entitled, *Verse Musings on Nature, Faith, and Freedom*, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

PROF. W. MINTO has written a "short story," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, under the title of *Was She Good or Bad?*

By Leafy Ways is the title of a volume of papers, by F. A. Knight, on West Country Scenes and Natural History, announced by Mr. Elliot Stock to appear directly.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in the press, as their own commemoration of the centenary of the inauguration of Washington, an edition, limited to 300 copies, of Irving's *Life of Washington*. It will be issued in five volumes, handsomely printed in large quarto form, and will contain 200 illustrations, comprising 100 steel plates and seventy woodcuts, printed on India paper and inlaid in the text. The plates include portraits of all the noteworthy generals and statesmen of the Revolution.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish immediately two books of travel: *Ten Years' Wild Sports in Foreign Lands*; or, Travels in the Eighties, by Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr; and *From Pekin to Calais by Land*, by Mr. H. de Windt, with numerous illustrations by Mr. C. E. Fripp from sketches by the author.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW announce two new American novels: *Passe-Rose*, by Prof. A. S. Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman"; and *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*, by the lady who still chooses to be known as Charles Egbert Craddock.

MESSRS. ROPER & DROWLEY announce the following one-volume novels: *Anstruther's Wife*, by Josephine Michell; *Angèle's Tempters*, by Isaac Teller; and *Skill wins Favour*, by Mrs. George Elliott Kent.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. have in the press a new edition of Haydn's *Book of Dignities*, revised and enlarged by Mr. Horace Ockerby.

MR. J. THICK is to edit Lydgate's *Temple of Glass* from the MSS. for the Early English Text Society; and Mr. H. R. Bramley, of Magdalen, will edit for the same society, from the Bodleian Vernon MS., the englishing of Ailred's *Rule of Nuns*, and some Lyrical Poems, all of the fourteenth century.

WE are informed that the strange story, entitled *A Mexican Mystery*, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of February 23, has now reached a seventh edition.

WE understand that Mr. W. Roberts, author of "The Earlier History of English Bookselling," is the writer of a series of articles on "Bookselling in Scotland," which commenced in the *Scotsman* of Monday last.

THE second volume of Sir Travers Twiss's work on the Law of Nations, entitled *Des Droits et des Devoirs des Nations en Temps de Guerre*, has recently been published by G. Pedone-Lauriel, Paris. M. Arthur Desjardins, Member of the Institute and Advocate-General at the Court of Cassation, in presenting a copy of the work to the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques in its public session of March 23, said that he had examined the volume, and found it of the greatest utility, as it explained the law of nations to those who were ignorant of it, whilst it presented to those who were acquainted with it the principal international problems in their true aspect.

HAVING finished the novels, Messrs. Macmillan have now added the poems to their cheap edition of Kingsley's works. We find, somewhat to our surprise, that the poems are hardly less popular than the novels, fourteen editions or reprints of them having been called for since they first appeared in a collected form in 1871. So far as we have noticed, the present edition differs from the "Eversley" edition (2 vols., 1884) only by including F. D. Maurice's preface to "The Saint's Tragedy," and by adding at the end "Martin Lightfoot's Song"—which, by the way, does not appear in *Hereward*. May we take this opportunity of asking for light upon a couplet of Kingsley's which has long perplexed us? In his "Invitation to Tom Hughes," in association with the storm of the Redan, the search for Franklin, and the exploits of Bishop Macdougall of Labuan—who died almost unnoticed last year—he adds:

> "Can't avenge poor Brereton
> Out in Sakarran."

Who was Brereton? And where is Sakarran? Perhaps His Honour Judge Hughes will himself explain.

M. JAMES DARMESTETER has just produced in the series of "Classiques Populaires" an able and interesting sketch of Shakspere's Life and Works in 240 octavo pages. After a short account of the poet's life, the author divides his works into four periods—a prologue, or period of apprenticeship, from "Titus" to "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Act I., or period of expansion, from "Romeo and Juliet" to "As You Like It"; Act II., or pessimist period, from "All's Well" to "Macbeth" and

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"Timon"; Act. III., or optimist period, from "Pericles" to the "Tempest" and "Winter's Tale." The book has many of M. Darmesteter's graceful touches, much of his penetrating intellect, and cannot fail to add to the knowledge of Shakspere in France.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

JOHN BRIGHT'S FUNERAL.

"*It is requested that no flowers be sent.*"

Request befitting him whose life was leal
To Truth austere, and stern simplicity,
Each symbol scorning which might ill agree
With manly life's first duty—to be real.

And Death is Death, whate'er be men's appeal
To Hopes that brighten the dark world to be,
And howsoe'er in earth's fair blooms they see
Warm-glowing emblems of the hopes they feel.

Yet can flowers serve but as a trim disguise
Of Death's real nature with its sequent woe,
Adorning with false splendour that o'erlies
And hides the fate no mortal may forego.
Whose life disdained each unreal guise or mask
From grim Death's wreathings freedom well may ask.

John Owen.

SPRING.

Thro' budding woods the fair young Spring
Laughing and softly carolling,
Trips hither on her wayward feet;
A primrose now she stoops to greet;
Now listens where the small birds sing.

Her eyes are bright with many a thing
Of fancy—wide with wondering;
Such visions fair she moves to meet
Thro' budding woods.

Linger not for the swallow's wing!
The world awaits thee—O, goddess, bring
Youth to its heart, and laughter sweet,
And joy of the blossoms when all hearts beat.
O loud and clear let thy glad voice ring
Thro' budding woods.

H. Courthope Bowen.

OBITUARY.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Though this is not the place to record the public career of John Bright, or even to estimate his character as a man, some mention may be expected in the Academy of the death of one whose speeches have become classical in his own lifetime. Those speeches, indeed, are profoundly affected by his political opinions on the one hand, and by his personal idiosyncrasy on the other. Yet if it be possible to regard them merely as literary performances—as we do those of the great orators of the past—it may be fearlessly affirmed that they constitute the high-water mark to which English eloquence has attained. Others may have excelled John Bright in the gladiatorial skill of debate, in the power of expounding complicated details, and in the tricks of mere rhetoric. If, however, the supreme gift of the orator is to communicate to his hearers the fire of his own enthusiasm, and to stir up feeling to action, then he stands unsurpassed both in his methods and in his success. Whether addressing a multitudinous meeting of his own constituents or hostile benches in the House of Commons, John Bright always appealed to the same motives and did not greatly vary his style. He was assisted by a dignified presence and a sonorous voice; but without these adjuncts his speeches will live as models—as the speaker himself was a model Englishman—by reason of the simplicity of their diction, the grace of their imaginative touches, and the transparent sincerity which inspired every word.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The April *Expositor* will attract the critical reader by the continuation of Prof. Ramsay's Phrygian article, containing a corrected copy of the now famous epitaph of Avircius, and by Delitzsch's critical notes on his noble Hebrew version of the New Testament, to which we may add some passages in Dr. Bruce's five articles on Hebrews, which comes as regularly as the month. Mr. Selbie adduces facts in illustration of the narrative of the Gadarene swine in reply to Prof. Huxley. The effect of this article is impaired, however, by the same writer's singular speculation on the meaning of Joshua's poetical cry to the sun to "stand still." He also explains the "going back of the sun ten degrees" in another narrative on the same theory, which is the occurrence of "second twilights," or "after-glows," like those of the autumn of 1883. Mr. J. J. Murphy writes upon "Two Parables," and Dr. Dods upon a few recent exegetical works.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Chamberun, le Comte de. Etudes politiques et littéraires. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
Leitschuh, F. F. Der Bilderkreis der karolingischen Malerei, seine Umgrenzung u. seine Quellen. 1. Thl. Bamberg: Buchner. 8 M.
Scherer, Edmond. Etudes sur la littérature contemporaine. 9e série. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
Stein, F. Lafontaines Einfluss auf die deutsche Fabeldichtung d. 18. Jahrhunderts. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
Uhde, C. Baudenkmäler in Spanien u. Portugal. 1. Lfg. Berlin: Wasmuth. 20 M.

THEOLOGY.

Berger, S. Le Palimpseste de Fleury: fragments du Nouveau Testament en Latin. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

Appleton, C. Histoire de la propriété prétorienne et de l'action publicienne. Paris: Thorin. 18 fr.
Jastrow, H. Rechtsgrundsätze der Entscheidungen d. Kammergerichts in Sachen der nichtstreitigen Gerichtsbarkeit. Berlin: Guttentag. 9 M.
Pfister, Ch. Le Comté de Horbourg et la seigneurie de Riquewihr sous la souveraineté française, 1680-1793. Paris: Fischbacher. 4 fr.
Toepke, G. Die Matrikel der Universität Heidelberg von 1386 bis 1662. 3. Thl. Register. 1. Hälfte. Heidelberg: Winter. 18 M.
Villeneuve, le Marquis de. Mémoires inédits; Charles X. et Louis XIX. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
Wissowa, F. Politische Beziehungen zwischen England u. Deutschland bis zum Untergange der Staufer. Breslau: Koebner. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Biedermann, G. Philosophie d. menschlichen Lebens. Das Systems der Philosophie 3. Thl. Leipzig: Freytag. 8 M.
Fatio, V., et Th. Studer. Catalogue des oiseaux de la Suisse. 1re livr. Rapaces diurnes. Basel: Georg. 4 M.
Graber, V. Vergleichende Studien üb. die Keimhüllen u. die Rückenbildung der Insecten. Leipzig: Freytag. 9 M. 60 Pf.
Greppin, E. Description des fossiles de la grande oolithe des environs de Bâle. Berlin: Friedländer. 12 M.
Loriol, P. D. Etudes sur les mollusques des couches coralligènes de Valfin (Jura). Berlin: Friedländer. 28 M. 80 Pf.
Luedecke, O. Ueber Datolith. Eine mineralog. Monographie. Halle: Tausch. 6 M.
Möbius, K. Bruchstücke e. Rhizopodenfauna der Kieler Bucht. Berlin: Reimer. 3 M.
Pleske, Th. Die Vogelfauna d. Russischen Reiches. 2. Bd 1. Lfg. Grasmücken (Sylvia). St. Petersburg: Eggers. 6 M.
Rebière, A. Mathématiques et mathématiciens: pensées et curiosités. Paris: Nony. 3 fr. 50 c.
Rosinski, A. Das Urteil u. die Lehre vom synthetischen Charakter desselben. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
Rütimeyer, L. Ueb. einige Beziehungen zwischen den Säugethierstämmen alter u. neuer Welt. Berlin: Friedländer. 4 M. 80 Pf.
Salomon, G. Giorgio Baglivi u. seine Zeit. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Medicin im 17. Jahrh. Berlin: Hirschwald. 6 M.
Semper, C. Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen. 2. Thl. 2. Bd. 16. Hft. Nudibranchien vom Meere der Insel Mauritius. 2. Hälfte. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 15 M.
Spoerer, G. Ueb. die Periodicität der Sonnenflecken seit dem J. 1618. Leipzig: Engelmann. 2 M.
Toula, F. Geologische Untersuchungen im centralen Balkan. Leipzig: Freytag. 12 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

Gerstetner, A. Mafteach ha-Pijutim. Index zu Dr. Zunz' Literaturgeschichte der synagogalen Poesie. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Kauffmann. 2 M.
Koschwitz, E. Grammatik der neufranzösischen Schriftsprache (16.-19 Jahrh.). 1. Thl. Lautlehre. Oppeln: Franck. 1 M. 50 Pf.
Niederstadt, W. Alter u. Heimat der altfranzösischen Chanson de geste Doon de Maience. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH ITEMS.

London: March 30, 1889.

In noticing a pair of pamphlets by two of those German professors who have, within the last thirty-five years, done more for the knowledge of Irish than all the native scholars that have ever lived, a writer in the Academy for November 29, 1884, remarks that, in the present state of Celtic philology, every work dealing with that science is, or ought to be, followed by a list of corrigenda. Of the truth of this remark Mr. S. H. O'Grady's letter in to-day's Academy furnishes a good illustration. For here, in citing and translating eleven lines of Irish, the best living Irish scholar has made (*meo quidem iudicio*) four mistakes, which, with very sincere deference, I will now try to correct.

1. By a clerical error the scribe of Egerton 91 (an Irish MS. in the British Museum), fo. 30 b. 2, writes *in sui*, "the sage," with a mark of aspiration over the *s*. Mr. O'Grady equates this with *in tsui*, which is not Irish, for *suí* is the nom. sg. of a masculine noun beginning with *s*, and in declining such nouns with the article the *t* occurs only in the gen. and dat. sg. and the nom. pl.

2. In l. 9 of his quotation he prints *Isé is let*. This, again, is not Irish, and it is not even in the MS. which has, quite clearly, Isé *immorro* le*th*—the *immorro* being represented by the conventional sign for the Latin *autem*, flanked by full points, just as *ocus* is represented by the sign for *et*, and *no* by the contraction of *uel*.

3. The scribe calls S. Matthew *in suí forburach di Eabraib*. Mr. O'Grady renders this by "a foremost sage of the Hebrews." S. Matthew was a Jew, and is said by Origen to have been a tax-gatherer and to have written the first Gospel. But in no other sense can he be said to have been "foremost," *i.e.*, first in place or rank. O'Donovan (*Three Fragments*, p. 220, or *Four Masters*, A.D. 902) renders *forbharach* (the same word) by "prolific," which, as applied to this saint, would be still more inappropriate. In the *Four Masters*, A.D. 942, he renders it by "swelling." I have eight *belegstellen* of this obsolete adjective. It seems always to mean "excellent," and to be identical in meaning, prefix, and root with the ὑπερφερής of the Septuagint.

4. In l. 5 of Mr. O'Grady's quotation occur the words *sásta spirtálta*, which he renders by "of the spiritual reward." Surely *sásta* is the gen. sg. of *sásad*, which means, not "reward," but "satisfying," "sufficing." Compare the Würzburg gloss 9 c. 31, *fo chumactu nach sásta dib*. It is the verbal noun of *tásaim*, and seems cognate with Lat. *satiare*, Goth. *ga-sôthjan*, &c. Mr. O'Grady's "reward" is a bad guess, like his rendering (*Pursuit of Diarmuid and Gráinne*, p. 115) of *linn-fiaclach* by "of the rough pools,"* and his mistranslations of *erchoitmed*

* *Linn-fiaclach* is a standing epithet for the artisan Lén, after whom Loch Léin (now the lakes of Killarney) was named. See the *Book of Leinster*, p. 154 b., l. 43, the *Book of Ballimote*, p. 379 a. 5, and the *Book of Lismore*, fo. 96 b. 1, and O'Curry's *Manners and Customs*, iii. 202. The second element of the epithet means "toothed" (dentatus). What the *linn* means I do not know. Possibly it is the Celtic equivalent of the Old-Norse *linnr*. If so, translate the epithet by "serpent-toothed."

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by "complaint," and of *esnad* by "dearth," * in Rawl. B. 512, guesses which misled Mr. Macray, and, consequently, appear in the printed catalogue of the Rawlinson MSS., part v., fasc. 1, coll. 730, 731—Irish flies in English amber.

Having thus, I hope, shown that Mr. O'Grady (although, as I have said, the best Irish scholar now alive) is not infallible, and that I, therefore, am not guilty of *outrecuidance* in hesitating to accept the grammatical ruling hereinafter mentioned, I proceed to notice the part he has taken in the controversy about the phrase *leth atóibe inn* (or *ind*) *aisnéis*. Dr. MacCarthy alleged in this journal † that *atóibe* was a noun. I maintained that it was a verb; and I need hardly say that in this respect Mr. O'Grady agrees with me. But we differ both as to the parsing and the meaning of the phrase. Mr. O'Grady rules that the subject of the verb is *aisnéis*. I venture to think that the subject is *leth*, and that *aisnéis* is here an accusative,‡ governed by *atóibe*. Mr. O'Grady translates the phrase by "the direction (*leth*) in which this enunciation . . . adheres," which reminds one of the late Mr. O'Beirne Crowe's efforts in English. I render it by "the context § of this declaration," "the passage connected (or corresponding) with this declaration," or, more literally "(the) side (or part) that adheres to this declaration." The phrase is probably a technical expression once used in the Irish schools; and, as it has long since become obsolete, and is nowhere sufficiently glossed, the only way to ascertain its meaning is to collate and compare the passages in which it or the verb *atóibim* occurs. Of these passages, besides the three which Mr. O'Grady quotes or refers to, I can cite nine:

is e leath atoibe (.i. is aentadach) fri h-I'su co dú in-derbairt, etc. (*Lebar Brecc*, p. 44 a. 16).
is e leth atoibe (.i. is aentadach) ri Matha suis-cel*aigthe* co dú i nderna in Slániccid I'su tairchetul a chesta etc. (*ibid.* 49 a. 8).
is a leth atoibe la Matha co dú in-erbairt, etc. (*ibid.* 66 b. 18).
is e leth atóibe la Daniel co du in-debairt remi in a liubur, etc. (*ibid.* 72 a. 7).
is e leath atoibe (.i. as dluith) co dú i n-erb*airt* Eóin oc aisneis, etc. (*ibid.* 194 a. 30).
is e leth atóibe la Isu, co du in-ep*airt*, etc. (*ibid.* 248 a. 66).
is e d*idiu* leth atoibe inn-aisneis-sea lasin bhfaidh co du, etc. (*Book of Lismore*, fo. 1 a. 1).
is e *immorro* leth ataoibhi inn-aisneis-sea la h-Eoin co dú a ndebairt, etc. (*ibid.* fo. 11 a. 2).
cec*h* oen atoibe (.i. is oentadach) doib (*Lebar Brecc*, p. 174 b. 49).

As I understand these passages, Matth. vi. 1 corresponds with Matth. vi. 16; Matth. xxvi. 2 with Matth. xxvi. 17; Matth. vii. 11 with Matth. vii. 12; Daniel vii. 9 with Daniel vii. 10; John xx. 24 with John xx. 26; Matth. vi. 9 with Matth. vi. 6; Isaiah ix. 1 with Isaiah ix. 2; Apoc. xiv. 3 with Apoc. xiv. 4, and Matth. xxv. 32 with Matth. xxv. 34.

To these I may add the example of the gen. sg. of the verbal noun *atóibiud*, which occurs in the St. Gall Priscian, 29 b. 15, is as a gloss on the words Quasi ad aliquid dictum est: "is cuit atóibthe nammá, is airi asb*eir* quasi .i. similitudinis." Cognate with this is *atoebad* (*Tripartite Life*, p. 90, l. 11), which Mr. O'Grady renders by "a mutual interdependence"—a good guess, if we omit the tautologous "mutual."

It will be seen from the first six of the above examples that *leth* must be the subject of *atóibe*, for otherwise this verb, like a king in exile, has no subject at all. It seems, then, to follow that in the similar passages quoted or referred to by Mr. O'Grady, *ind-aisnéis* is, not as he supposes, a nominative, but a mere Middle-Irish corruption of the *inn-aisnéis* (acc. sg. of *aisnéis*) in the passages above cited from the *Book of Lismore*. Compare Mid. Ir. *firínde* = Old-Ir. *firinne*. But I feel the difficulty arising from the prep. *co*, and perhaps the phrase in question will never be explained until it is taken in hand by Prof. Windisch, Prof. Ascoli, or Prof. Thurneysen. In the meantime perhaps Mr. O'Grady will cite from some respectable MS. a clear instance of *leth* meaning "direction" when it is not used with a verb of motion.

Whitley Stokes.

P.S.—The new number of Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, pp. 555-61, contains an edition of the Old-Irish glosses which I lately found in the Vatican library. This edition requires the following corrections: p. 556, l. 7, for *bas*, read *bar*; p. 558, penultimate line, *for* barrow, *read* harrow; p. 559, l. 20, *for* pl., *read* sg. P. 560, l. 18, *dele the comma*; l. 27, *dele the words*, till it was at rest; l. 28, *for* grew up, *read* got rest and growth.

A MANUSCRIPT IN TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY, DUBLIN, OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Leyden, Holland: March 30, 1889.

The Dublin lute-book described by Mr. H. C. Hart in the Academy reminds me of a huge MS. of the same nature and age in the Thysius Library at Leyden, which forms the subject of a volume of music and commentaries just published by Messrs. Frederick Muller & Co., of Amsterdam.

It will be interesting to some of your readers to learn that among the 452 pieces of that collection are found a number of English song and dance tunes, and that the late Mr. W. Chappell, to whom these were submitted a few years ago, was not able to identify the whole series. With the items mentioned by Mr. Hart we may compare those entitled (in the book of Thysius) Rogier, Queen's Almand, Gaillarde Royne d'Escosse, Pavane Bataille, Gaillarde In Nomine, Lattarello, Anglesa, Passemezzo del Zorzi. Zorzi is Venetian for Giorgi; the name, like that of the Giacomo Gorzanis of the Dublin book, appears to belong to a Venetian lutenist of the name of Giac. Giorgione, to be looked for in records of the latter part of the sixteenth century.

A fine old book of Italian tablature, composed by one Vicenzo Capirola, of Brescia, which I examined for the late Mr. N. Trübner, and referred to about A.D. 1530, has older forms of dances than the passemezzi, pavans, gaillards, &c., in fashion half a century after that date.

The genuine pavan is not of Spanish origin, nor has the name anything to do with *pavo*, "a peacock." It is merely the local pronunciation of Padoaua, the dance of the peasants near the town of Padua. There was also a Spanish pavan, as there is now a Rhenish or Bavarian polka, a modification of the dance called polka in Bohemian. We learn from the *Orchésographie* of Tabourot (there is an imperfect but serviceable copy in the British Museum), how the dances in question were performed. A *pass' e mezzo* consisted of what were called *simples* in French: one foot to be carried past the other, then the latter to be brought forward, but put down beside its fellow; so the second movement was only half a pace, and the *simple* was really a *pass' e mezzo*, a pace and a half. I am glad to find that Mr. Hart agrees with me in considering the English term *passing-measures* (elsewhere abbreviated into *measures*) to be a corruption of the Italian term. Now in the pavan (or padoaua) the movement was slower, and, moreover, two *simples* were followed by a *double*, or three full paces and a half. Again, the Spanish pavan was a little more complicated, with little hops and liftings of the feet, as clearly explained in the treatise of Tabourot.

I might offer some more remarks in illustration of Mr. Hart's observations; but this time my chief object was to point out a Dutch source from which students of old English music may draw some useful information.

J. P. N. Land.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LOCAL EXAMINATIONS AND LECTURES.

Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge: April 2, 1889.

A paragraph on p. 220 of last week's Academy states that "in connexion with the Cambridge University Extension Scheme" a lady (named) will deliver six lectures next autumn in Southport, and a gentleman (named) will examined the students after the course. Will you allow me to say that there is not the slightest foundation for this statement, so far as the Cambridge Syndicate is concerned?

We set our faces resolutely against these "short courses" with examinations and certificates, as being—though no doubt valuable in their way—not the sort of work upon which the universities should expend their energies, and to which they should give the stamp of their certificates. Our normal courses are eleven or twelve weeks, according to the incidence of Christmas and Easter, with a lecture and a class in each week; and we do not give our certificates for a smaller educational effort than that. We fear that the high value attached to the certificate of the "University Local Lectures" runs a risk of being seriously lowered by the manner in which for the last year or two examinations have been held and certificates given for attendance at courses of six lectures, and even—as I am creditably informed—for attendance at two-thirds of such a course.

Thus, I am particularly anxious to dissociate the Cambridge Syndicate from action which we greatly regret.

G. F. Browne.

"HOSPITALITY" MYTHS.

Blackheath: March 30, 1889.

Readers of the Academy may possibly be able to furnish some folk-myths illustrative of the estimation in which the virtue of hospitality has been held in different Eastern countries, analogous to the two following, which belong respectively to Servia and to Greece (Thessaly).

The first, recorded in the *Hestia* as a Servian legend, narrates how a weary traveller calls at the hut of a very poor man, and asks for food and shelter. "The forest will give us wood to make a fire," said the wife, "but meat we have none." The husband, searching into all the corners, finds a dry crust which he offers. The traveller indignantly refuses the stale morsel. "Do you offer this to a traveller?" he cries. "I want tender meat." "Alas!" said the good man, "we have neither sheep nor goats. How can we give you meat?" "You have a child that will provide me with meat." The poor woman upon hearing this falls fainting to the ground. But the husband, horrorstruck though he is, could not fail in hospitality; and, after cutting his child's throat, he goes to bed with a

* *Brchoitmed* means "excuse," and *esnad* means some kind of music.

† See the Academy for September 17, 1887, p. 186, col. 1, and December 24, 1887, p. 425, col. 2.

‡ Compare *is é roscrib i curp soscela ind aisneis nosim-si*, "he it is that wrote this holy declaration in the body of a gospel" (*Book of Lismore*, fo. 40, a. 1).

§ See the Rolls edition of the *Tripartite Life*, pp. 641, 674.

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relieved mind, and sleeps soundly. The traveller, however, was Christ, so the child is not lost to them, and their hospitality is eventually rewarded by flocks and herds.

The editor of the Ἑβδομας gives a parallel legend from Thessaly, where a countryman returning from his vineyard finds an old man sitting outside his house in the drenching rain. He calls to his wife: "How can you let this old man sit here in the rain?" "Oh, dear!" she replies, "I had not seen him. Come in, father." She immediately lights a fire, and begs him to sit down before it. He declines, saying, "How can I sit among you with these hands?" And, showing them, the couple see that his hands are covered with scabs whence blood is dripping. "The only thing I want," he continues, "is something to cure me, if you will give it me." Both expressing their readiness, he tells them that he can be healed when a father and mother are found who will throw their only child into the furnace, and of his ashes make an ointment which smeared on his hands will restore them. Grieved although they are, they take their child from its bed, and casting it into the furnace go to rest. In the morning they find the old man gone, and, weeping bitterly, they venture to look into the furnace, when they see their child sitting inside reading the Gospels. The old man was Christ.

E. M. EDMONDS.

EADWINE'S CANTERBURY PSALTER.

Cheapinghaven, Denmark: March 20, 1889.

In this valuable but late Old-English Psalter, &c. (about 1150), just edited for the Early English Text Society by Fred. Harsley, we have a third fragment of the poetical version, whose last two-thirds are in Thorpe's Paris Codex. The bit in Eadwine begins p. 161 with Psalm 90, v. 16, and goes to p. 168, Psalm 95, first two half lines of v. 2. All the other Psalms are in prose.

A second copy of parts of this once complete Poetical Psalter, adding Psalms not known elsewhere, has been published by Thomson, Bouterwek, and others.

We have, therefore, now the transcript of some of these stave-rime verses, two copies of others, and of some even three. They naturally here and there correct each other. For instance, in the Paris MS. Thorpe prints Psalm 94, v. 11, beginning, as

Hi wegas mine
rihte ne oncneowan.

But both the Benedictine Office and Eadwine's Psalter read:

Hi wegas mine
wihte ne oncneowan.

This restores the sense, and gives us the stave-rime letter (*w*).

This little remark is doubtless known to the learned editor; but I thought it best to point it out to students, as it may be a couple of years before Mr. Harsley's second part appears.

GEORGE STEPHENS.

THE WORD "LITHER."

Oxford: March 30, 1889.

In the Bosworth-Toller Dictionary the O.E. form of this well-known Shaksperian word (1 Hen. VI., iv. 7) is written *lyðre* (with a short *y*). This cannot be correct, for on this hypothesis the word stands mysteriously isolated, and cannot be provided with cognates in any related language. But if the word is understood and written as *lȳðre*, the etymology of the word is perfectly plain. Then the *ȳ* can be taken as equivalent to *ie*, the *i*- umlaut of *ēo* = Germanic *iu*; and *lȳðre* can be equated with Ger. *lieder*- in *liederlich*, just as O.E. *flȳs* (or without umlaut *flēos*) is the phonetic equivalent of Ger. *vliess*, M.H.G. *vlius*, of the *eu*- ablaut series.

By the by, our *fleece* represents O.E. *flēos*; not *flȳs*, as we are told by Prof. Skeat in his *Concise Dict.*, ed. 1887, and by Prof. Earle in his *Philology of the English Tongue*, § 117.

A. L. MAYHEW.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "CLEVER."

Cambridge: March 25, 1889.

It does not seem that the following derivation of this word has received the attention it, in my opinion, deserves:

Dan. *klφver*, *klever*, "flink, dygtig, duelig" = clever, able, apt. "Det er en klφver Karl," that's a clever chap. "Han er klφver i Munden," he has got a clever tongue. A Jutish word ("Ribe," diocese)—Molbech.

East Fris. *klüfer*, "gewandt, geschicht, aufgeweckt, anstellig, lebhaft, munter, behende, &c." "Hê is so klüfer as de düfel un wêt sück mit allens to behelpen." *Cfr.* ten Doornkaat Koolman, *Wörterbuch der ostfriesischen Sprache*, ii. 283-84.

The North-Country verb *clever*, to climb (Engl. Dial. Soc. B, 1), Icel. *klifra* (*cf.* East Yorksh. *clavver*, to clamber, Dan. *klavre*) presumably points to the primitive sense (now lost?) of "clever" having been: good at climbing, agile, nimble, lithe, &c.

EIRÍKR MAGNU'SSON.

"GEOFFREY HAMLYN."

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: March 30, 1889.

In his notice of Mr. Mennell's *In Australian Wilds* (ACADEMY, March 30) Mr. Sharp speaks of *Geoffrey Hamlyn* as being the work of an author who had "notably never seen Australia." As a matter of fact, Henry Kingsley spent a considerable time in Australia; and *Geoffrey Hamlyn* was actually written, in part if not wholly, in that country, at a place some thirty miles from Ballaarat, called Langiwilli ("home of the parrots"—the place is a favourite haunt of the white cockatoo), belonging to the Hon. Philip Russell, the owner of the celebrated Carngham flock of merino sheep.

Mr. Russell told me, while on a recent visit to Carngham, that he well remembers Henry Kingsley arriving at his house with a party of "sundowners" from the neighbouring gold-diggings. It was evident from his appearance that Kingsley was very much "down on his luck" at the time. Mr. Russell soon recognised that he was of a different sort from his companions; and he kept him as his guest for several months at Langiwilli, where I was shown the room in which *Geoffrey Hamlyn* was chiefly written.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, April 8, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Instruments for the Measurement of Radiant Heat," III., by Mr. C. V. Boys.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Proclus and the Close of Greek Philosophy," by Mr. F. C. Conybeare.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "A Journey to the Glacier Regions of Alaska," by Mr. Harold W. Topham.

TUESDAY, April 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin—Evolution," XII., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Architecture in Relation to Landscape," by Mr. H. H. Statham.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Armour for Ships," by Sir Nathaniel Barnaby.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Canadian Lands and their Development," by Mr. H. F. Moore.
8 p.m. Metropolitan Scientific Association: "Household Electricity," by Mr. J. Oakeshott.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Skulls of Po Tok, a Burmese Dacoit-leader, and of Sze-Chuen, a Rebel Chinese Mandarin," by Capt. E. S. Hastings; "The Maoris of New Zealand," by Mr. Edward Tregear.

WEDNESDAY, April 10, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Sanitary Functions of the County Councils," by Sir Douglas Galton.
8 p.m. Microscopical: "Revision of the Trichiaceae," by Mr. G. Massee.

THURSDAY, April 11, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Houses and their Decoration, from the Classical to the Mediaeval Period," IV., by Prof. J. H. Middleton.
8 p.m. Chemical: Ballot for Election of Fellows; "The Rate of Dissolution of Metals in Acids," by Mr. F. H. Veley.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "Underground Conduits and Electrical Conductors," by Mr. J. B. Verity.
8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Free Vibrations of an Infinite Plate of Homogenous Isotropic Elastic Matter," by Lord Rayleigh; "The Constant Factors of the Theta-Series in the General Case $p = 3$," by Prof. F. Klein; "The Generalised Equations of Elasticity and their Application to the Theory of Light," by Prof. Karl Pearson.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "The Scandinavian Race in Britain," by Mr. J. Foster Palmer.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, April 12, 4 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: General Meeting.
8 p.m. New Shakspere: "Ophelia's 'Virgin Crants,'" by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; "A Logical View of the Shakspere-Bacon Controversy," by Mr. M. W. Dziewicki.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Iridescent Crystals," by Lord Rayleigh.

SATURDAY, April 13, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics—Polarisation, Wave Theory," VIII., by Lord Rayleigh.
3 p.m. Physical: "A Lecture Experiment illustrating the Effect of Heat on the Magnetic Susceptibility of Nickel," and "An Experiment showing an Effect of Light on Magnetism," by Mr. Shelford Bidwell; "The Dark Flash seen in some Lightning Photographs," by Mr. G. M. Whipple; "Quartz as an Insulator," by Mr. C. V. Boys; "A Refraction Goniometer," by Mr. A. P. Trotter; "Apparatus to illustrate Crystal Forms," by Prof. R. J. Anderson.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Native Flowers of New Zealand. Illustrated in Colours. By Mrs. Charles Hetley. In 3 parts. (Sampson Low.)

NEW ZEALAND has still some of the finest scenery in the world. The pink terraces were a separable accident, like the blue grotto of Capri; but Arthur's Pass, and the Otira Gorge, and the Butler River country, the drive through which kept Mrs. Hetley's heart in her mouth, will last, albeit the road (of which 130 miles cost £10,000 a year, and cheap at the price) does now and then slip over the cliff. Nor has Middle Island the monopoly of wild loveliness. Look at Mr. E. W. Payton's photogravures (*Round about New Zealand*), especially the gorge of the Upper Whanganui in the King Country—they are like fairyland.

But what of the flora? It has been an axiom since Dieffenbach's day that New Zealand is relatively flowerless; that her landscapes want the charm of colour; have not even the relief of our emerald green, the grass, where it can assert itself against the all-pervading fern, being of a dirty yellow. The glory of the forests no one has denied, nor the variety of tints—"from the silver-grey of the olearia to the rusty brown of the pepper tree." The *kauri* pine, sometimes 35 to 40 feet round, and rising 90 feet before it throws out a branch, is as grand as the cryptomeria of Japan (see Payton's *Ngauruhoe*, p. 280); and Mrs. Hetley goes into excusable raptures about the view at Taranaki: "superb, as if for miles and miles there was nothing but trees, and the sea beyond." The variety, too, in the New Zealand woodland is far greater than in the European; and there is scope for it, for New Zealand, with far less than a third as many kinds of flowers, has fully thrice as many kinds of trees as we have. Very rarely, too, is a forest homogeneous; and

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almost every tree in the mingled mass is of a different shade from its neighbour. And besides this rich variety of leafage, much of the New Zealand "bush" is in its season ablaze with blossom. Nature, as usual, justifies herself. The small number of flowering annuals, crowded out by the ferns which thrive in the damp climate, is compensated by an unusual number of flowering trees. Indeed, exception made of the West Indies, with their bougainvillias (see Kingsley's *At Last*), New Zealand is easily first in this respect. What can Europe, what can even India show at all comparable with whole forests of metrosideros (*rata*, iron bark)—a tree from 40 to 60 feet high, covered with tufts of glowing scarlet (the lucida, florida and tomentosa) or brilliant white (the albiflora—all four figured by Mrs. Hetley)? In late spring the bird-cherry fills some of our woods with snowy patches; but even more graceful is the lace bark tree (plagianthus, one of the Sterculiaceae, pl. 35) with its "exceedingly handsome large white flowers"; while the knightia (*rewa-rewa*), the New Zealand representative of the banksias, often reaching 100 feet, has dense racemes of handsome dark purple flowers; and the dysoxylium (Hetley, pl. 9), one of the Meliaceae, to which belong the satin-wood, mahogany, &c., has its heads 50 to 60 feet high, covered with fine panicles of bloom.

"Ah, but these are all a mere fringe; plunge into the *totara* pine bush or the vast stretches of *rimu* and *kahikatea* (dacrydiums, *i.e.* yews), and good-bye to flowers." Well, we don't expect many in a Scotch-fir wood; and as for undergrowth, those who remember how our fir-needles kill even the grassy carpet, will be thankful for the hosts of mosses and ferns, and for the "bush-lawyer" and supple-jack and loranthus which festoon every branch, not to speak of that climbing pandanus the freycinetia Banksii (pl. 36) with arum-like flowers, which specially favours the *kahikatea*. Some even of our deciduous trees will not allow much undergrowth. In autumn, under the beeches which clothe the long slope of the Quantocks up from Bishop's Lydiard, you will hardly find anything, except perhaps a tway-blade or a herb-paris. Even in that respect New Zealand is not worse off than we are; while as to relative flowerlessness, the axiom turns out to be but a half truth at best. New Zealand (*teste* Mr. Bradshaw's *New Zealand of To-day*) has plenty of flowers, if you look for them at the right time and place. You may miss the time, just as not one southcountryman in a thousand has ever seen the broad-patches of "mealy primrose" and clumps of globe flower and other blooms which in spring on our north country moors and fells make up for the non-appearance of the heather. You may look in the wrong place—on the swamp—where you will find little but "nigger-heads" and native flax (phormium), instead of on the tree-tops or the mountain sides. For the New Zealand herbaceous flowers are mostly more or less Alpine. In some parts of the world if you burn the forest the ground is straightway carpeted with flowers. In New Zealand (herein Dieffenbach was a true prophet) if you burn the *kauri* or other pine woods, there follows a luxuriant underwood; burn that, and you get not flowers but fern and flax; burn again, and then flax grown shorter is mingled with leptosperms, until at last the cold sour clay, which covers so great a part of North Island (and which Mr. Froude, remembering his Virgil, thought so fertile because he saw it so rank with fern) will grow nothing but club mosses. Flowers, then, are found on the trees, or else on the mountain slopes and on the edges of the glaciers. There, at a height of from four to six thousand feet, flourishes the white gentian (Hetley, pl. 24), the gnaphalium (helicrysum) grandiceps, the New Zealand edelweiss only differentiated from its Alpine brother by the brown spots on its disc (pl. 31). There are found other yet lovelier gnaphaliums and celmisias, one of which, the *monroi* (pl. 5), with its woolly leaves and strange aster-like blossoms, forms one of Mrs. Hetley's most characteristic drawings. She has left several still finer celmisias for future work — the holoserica, which Hooker calls "a magnificent plant," and the verbascifolia, "a splendid species." There are twenty-four species in the islands, one in Australia, and none in any other part of the world. Then there are almost everywhere the shrubby veronicas, a blaze of colour; and in South Island a tree fuchsia, though its flowers are small and rusty compared with the South American, even as the New Zealand passion-flower is poor, save in the rich orange colour of its fruit, compared with its Mexican congeners.*

But Arthur's Pass is a long way from most places, and New Zealanders themselves seem to have acquiesced in the idea that their islands are relatively flowerless. Possibly they stay at home at Christmas, when some of the blossoming trees are at their best. Anyhow, it was partly to teach the Aucklanders how many flowers are to be found at the right season within easy reach of them that Mrs. Hetley took up her pencil. She went to a lecture where Mr. Cheeseman showed a number of flowers from the mountains near Nelson. They were a revelation to her and to the Aucklanders generally; and when, a few years later, she saw them in the museum "reduced to a dirty brown colour," "What a pity," she said, "they are not painted!" "Why don't you do it?" suggested somebody; and having got government help to the extent of railway and steamboat passes from the Minister of Public Works, and the promise from Sir R. Stout that copies of her book should be taken for the public schools and libraries, she set to work. Waiwera (hot water, close to Auckland) gave her three kinds of metrosideros: the quintinia (pl. 33), a small tree with spiraea-like blossoms; the phebalium (pl. 32), whose flower-heads (very fragrant, she says) seem a cross between daphne and privet. Along with these were many which she has not yet painted, such as the *kowhai* (sophora, one of the three New Zealand Leguminosae—at first they were called edwardsia, and supposed to be a new species; but even a botanist's rage for species-making gets a check now and then) a grand tree loaded with yellow blossom; the tea tree, with its abundant white flowers; and the *puka puka* (brachyglottis, native lilac), also white. But she was not satisfied with the Thames and the Taranaki country. She went through a good deal of rough climbing and still rougher coaching. Fancy jolting sixteen times across the Waimakariri, a quarter of a mile wide and full of boulders; and being slung over in a box where the river was unfordable. Her preface is not the least interesting part of her book, the few errors in which—such as *uticularia*, p. 6; *exioides*, pl. 23—are, no doubt, due to the Portuguese post office keeping her proofs two months at Lisbon instead of forwarding them to Madeira. It is ungracious to find fault, when some of Messrs. Leightons' chromos are simply perfect; but I grieve there are not three more of them instead of the three plates of dissections. These—put in, I suppose, out of deference to the Education Minister—are too much and not enough. No one will try to use them; no one who tried could make much out of them. As Mrs. Hetley confesses, "they are of little use botanically." On the other hand, the omission of the natural orders is a serious hindrance to the value of the book, even to the least scientific. The absurdly repelling generic names make this all the more needful. Metrosideros tells us so little that one would have been grateful had it been labelled Myrtaceae. And surely, if you will nickname the pretty sub-alpine "Otago bluebell" wahlenbergia, you are bound to tell us to what family it belongs. The omission is most felt in the case of earina (pl. 28). Neither from its picture nor its description could you be certain that this is an orchid. It is, however, one of the three epiphyte species peculiar to New Zealand, of which the scarcely more characteristic dendrobium Cunninghamii (pl. 17) is another. One wonders why—the epiphytes being so insignificant—Mrs. Hetley should not have chosen instead the curious gastrodia, like a tall brown epipactis; or the beautiful purple-flowered corysanthes; or the fine blue thelymitra, of which Java also has species. But by omitting the clianthus and putting in the mean little epacris microphylla (pl. 3), which, confined to Manukau harbour, and possibly an immigrant, is sole representative of the Australian heaths, she proves that she has not gone in for the showiest blooms. This clianthus ("parrots' beak"), with its coral racemes, is only found (says Hooker) on the east coast of the North Island, growing exclusively where Banks and Solander found it so long ago, close to Maori dwellings. Did the Maoris bring it with them? The Australian "Sturt's pea" belongs to the same genus. Are any species found in Polynesia? The Tahitian and Norfolk Island "cabbage tree" (meryta, pl. 25), Mrs. Hetley tells us, does grow on the islets in Whungarei harbour. Was that imported? Who can tell? Even when Hooker visited New Zealand, it had already become doubtful whether avens (geum) and goose-grass (potentilla anserina) were or were not immigrants.

But discussions like these find scant favour with Mrs. Hetley. Her letterpress is always severely terse. Her European and American readers would sometimes enjoy a

* New Zealand has strangely few floral affinities with Australia. In the latter the Leguminosae abound, in the former they are very few. On the other hand, the fuchsia is confined to New Zealand and South America; and so is the calceolaria, of which New Zealand has one very insignificant example, the Sinclarii, named after Dr. Sinclair, who was drowned while botanising.

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little of what to New Zealand residents might seem like padding. When, for instance, she writes Cunninghamii, Sinclairii, Lyallii (this last is coupled with a very coarse-leaved ranunculus, pl. 11, which she does not hesitate to call "the finest-known species of buttercup," not including, I suppose, in that general name the every way finer "grass of Parnassus"), we should be so grateful for a word about men, some of whom may be called martyrs of science. Bidwill, again (who gives half its name to one of the three New Zealand forsteras), was the first to attempt the Southern Alps and to climb the volcanic Tongariro, in spite of the *tapu*, the disasters consequent on his breaking which were alleged as the reason for forbidding Dieffenbach to make the ascent. By the way, I am glad to have renewed my acquaintance with Dieffenbach. Hooker underrates his botany—says he "scamped" the Chatham isles; but he is much more than a mere botanist. It is good for Anglo-Saxon self-conceit to read his quiet account of how the employers of the whale-boatmen "make a hell upon earth by forcing the crews to truck for poisoned spirits, &c." He is certain that "a white may travel where he likes, and never be molested unless his own conduct gives rise to a quarrel." Without a comment, he gives the significant native division of whites into "missionaries, soldiers, slaves (artisans, sailors, &c.) and *devils* (merchants, ships' captains, &c.)." I am also thankful for the plunge Mrs. Hetley led me to make into Hooker. It is delightful to read his oft-repeated protest against the multiplying of species. Classification must have run mad when, of the forty species of veronica, this specialist *par excellence* says "one passes into another." The French books—Richard's record of Dumont d'Urville's voyage in 1827 and Dr. Raoul's *Choix de Plantes de la N. Z.* (1843)—I have not had an opportunity of looking at. It would be interesting to compare them with the work before us, which is, I trust, only an instalment. That, we are told, will depend on the encouragement received. Is it too much to expect that the Empress Queen to whom this portion is somewhat effusively dedicated will find funds for its completion? A complete pictorial flora of the Britain of the South would indeed be a graceful boon from a rich sovereign to a poor colony. I hope that somehow the work will be completed; and then, of course, all the species of each genus will be placed together. Now they are scattered. Thus, to compare the senecios, of which Mrs. Hetley gives six, we have to hunt through all the three parts. The same with that strictly Australasian genus, olearia, of which the insignis (mountain-daisy, pl. 35), a big, fleshy-leaved, dropsical plant, with flowers like colts' foot, and the ilicifolia (pl. 21), a small aromatic tree with compact heads of little waxy flowers, are as unlike in habit and appearance as two plants, both composite-flowered, can well be.

Mrs. Hetley has made a good beginning. She has shown herself a worthy rival of Miss North, of the Kew Gallery, and of Mrs. F. Sinclair, who not long ago did for the disappearing flora of the Sandwich group what this work does for New Zealand. May she be encouraged to go on and to give us—among such curiosities as the "vegetable sheep" (raoulia eximia, a gnaphalium) and the cushiony haastias—some species like the New Zealand drosera, and the myosotis (of every tint save turquoise), which it would be a pleasure to compare with their English representatives.

Henry Stuart Fagan.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. xi. Nos. 2, 3. (Baltimore.) No. 2 opens with the first instalment (pp. 99-138) of a Memoir by J. Perott, "remarque au sujet du théorème d'Euclide sur l'infinité du nombre des nombres premiers," a footnote to which supplies a concise bibliography of the subject. Mr. Kempe's "Memoir on the Theory of Mathematical Form" (*Phil. Trans.*, vol. 177) has recalled Prof. Cayley's attention to a method of graphical representation which he explained in vol. 1 of this journal; and on the lines of Mr. Kempe's paper he contributes a further paper on "The Theory of Groups" (pp. 139-157), accompanied by numerous tables and diagrams. Mr. A. E. H. Love writes on "Vortex Motion in Certain Triangles" (pp. 158-171). Attention has recently been drawn by M. Poincaré and Prof. G. H. Darwin to the problem of the figures of equilibrium of rotating masses of liquid; and Mr. Basset, in his paper on "The Steady Motion of an Annular Mass of Rotating Liquid" (pp. 172-181), considers the motion of such a mass, which is rotating as a rigid body, under the influence of its own attraction, about an axis through its centre of inertia, which is perpendicular to the plane of its central line. Sophus Lie contributes a short note, "Die begriffe Gruppe und invariante" (pp. 182-186), which has already been given elsewhere (see the *Berichte* of the K. Sächs. Ges. der Wissenschaften, August, 1887). The number closes with a note, "Sur les Formes quadratiques binaires à indéterminées conjuguées et les Functions fuchsiennes," by E. Picard (pp. 187-194). The method is that employed by M. Poincaré in his memoir "Sur les Fonctions fuchsiennes et l'Arithmétique (*Journal de Jordan*, 1887). In No. 3 we have a paper on "The Construction of Intransitive Groups," by Oskar Bolza (pp. 195-214) (*cf.* Memoirs by C. Jordan, Capelli, Netto, Cayley, and Dyck on the subject of Substitutions). Then follows a note by K. Heun—"Die Herstellung einer linearen Differentialgleichung aus einem gegebenen Element der Integral function (pp. 215-220). Prof. Koenigsberger contributes a long memoir—"Uber die Reduction von Integralen transcendenter Functionen" (pp. 221-281). Prof. Franklin closes the number (pp. 283-292) with a "Note on the double Periodicity of the Elliptic Functions," which appears to be the first of a series. It discusses some properties of bi-circular quartics treated elsewhere by Clifford, Crofton, Siebeck, and Greenhill.

Solutions of the Examples in a Treatise on Algebra. By C. Smith. (Macmillan.) Mr. Smith has been well-advised in bringing out this complement to his excellent treatise on Algebra. The selections of exercises is a very good one; and such a work as this, which will save mathematical teachers and students much valuable time, is likely to turn their choice, when in search of an Algebra, to the book under notice. A set of solutions such as this need not supersede honest effort upon the part of the student, while the concise and elegant solutions here supplied are well calculated to whet his appetite and lure him on to a higher order of questions than he would otherwise have the courage to attack. We have read a good part of the solutions, and so have made practical acquaintance with their clearness and elegance, and can certify that there are few clerical errors which the reader cannot detect on a careful perusal.

Key to Mr. J. B. Lock's Elementary Trigonometry. By Henry Carr.—*Key to Mr. Lock's Trigonometry for Beginners.* (Macmillan.) The solutions in the smaller work are adapted from the larger one. They are given with sufficient explanation in both works to meet the wants of those who are reading the subject without the aid of a teacher. In the case of the larger work the proofs have been carefully read by Mr. Lock, who has also supplied solutions of many of the questions. The result of an examination of numerous solutions in nearly all the chapters enables us to commend heartily the book to students and teachers. The advantage of giving the work in such detail is that the reader can easily detect, as we have remarked in the case of Mr. Smith's Algebra, such clerical errors as we have very occasionally noticed. A good feature is the number of figures which are supplied in addition to references made to the figures in the two textbooks.

Companion to Hamblin Smith's Algebra. By W. F. Pelton. (Rivingtons.) This work is made up of gleanings from a mass of notes accumulated by Mr. Pelton in the course of several years' teaching. It is not a text-book; and with suitable re-casting, and the omission or addition of articles, it might have been a Gemara to any other algebraical Mishna than Mr. Hamblin Smith's. The commentary follows Mr. Smith's order of subjects, and the articles are numbered in continuation of those in the text-book. The author pays great attention to the distinguishing function of symbolical algebra, introduces some useful devices in the solution of exercises in multiplication and division, gives much attention to the subject of factors, and makes use of factors in the solution of quadratic equations. There are many useful hints, familiar to practical teachers, which, nevertheless, they will be glad to find in print for the use of their pupils; and, in our opinion, the book is a capital manual, and can be specially recommended to students of the subject who have not the advantage of a private tutor.

A Course of Easy Arithmetical Examples for Beginners. By J. G. Bradshaw. (Macmillan.) A collection of carefully selected exercises in the subject drawn up for the use of Clifton boys, which will be found very serviceable for other juniors up to thirteen or fourteen years of age. The exercises are many hundreds in number, and the answers are given at the end.

School Arithmetic. By F. E. Marshall and J. W. Welsford. (Longmans.) This is a full work on the subject, and yet, perhaps, the explanations are not so full as in some other works which we have lately seen. This defect, if it be a defect, can be obviated by oral teaching, as possibly the authors intend, seeing much space is devoted to oral exercises. As is stated in the preface, it is obvious that the book is drawn up on the lines of the suggestions contained in the Arithmetic Committee Report of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching; and much stress is laid—following De Morgan's lead—on computation. We are glad to see that in the chapters devoted to fractions appeal is made to concrete instances, and that these, and also the chapters on mensuration and evolution, are largely illustrated by diagrams. The subject of recurring decimals is well-explained and illustrated: the "unitary method" is adopted, and some space, as is now expected in textbooks, is devoted to "Commercial Arithmetic." Under the heading of Problems, several pages are given to questions in averages, work and time, relative

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velocity, handicaps, &c. Pages 314-364 contain a great number of examination papers and miscellaneous exercises. The work can be got with or without answers to the exercises.

Elementary Mathematics. (Longmans.) There is no preface to this book. We will supply one: "The following work is an *olla podrida*, in the main dished up from the Arithmetic and Algebra of Colenso and the Euclid of Potts." At any rate, we can point to many pages which correspond word for word with the cited works. Other authors may have been laid under tribute also. We do not object to this. The matter has already received the approbation of students and teachers; but we think the true state of the case might have been indicated on the title-page or in a preface. The printing is very good and clear, and the matter well suited for the class aimed at, for it is said on the title-page to be "specially adapted to meet the requirements of the Science and Art Department."

SCIENCE NOTES.

The annual meeting of the British Association will be held this year at Newcastle-on-Tyne from September 11 to 18, under the presidency of Prof. Flower. The following have been chosen as presidents of sections: A—Mathematical and Physical Science, Capt. W. de W. Abney; B—Chemical Science, Sir I. Lowthian Bell; C—Geology, Prof. James Geikie; D—Biology, Prof. J. S. Burdon Sanderson; E—Geography, Sir Francis de Winton; F—Economic Science and Statistics, Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth; G—Mechanical Science, Mr. William Anderson; H—Anthropology, Sir W. Turner. One of the two popular evening discourses will be delivered by Prof. Roberts-Austen, who has taken for his subject "The Hardening and Tempering of Steel."

The Croonian Lecture of the Royal Society will be delivered by M. Roux, of the Pasteur Laboratory, on Thursday, May 23.

The Hopkins prize of the Cambridge Philosophical Society has been awarded to Sir William Thomson "for his mathematical researches upon the theory of the tides, and other important investigations in mathematical physics."

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

The forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Origin from Babylonia and Elam of the Early Chinese Civilisation," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "The Geography from the Nile to the Euphrates as known to the ancient Egyptians," by the Rev. Henry George Tomkins; Mr. Boscawen's Lectures on the Religions of Assyro-Babylonia.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Jules Oppert read a paper upon "The Date of Amenophis IV., King of Egypt, and of the two Chaldaean Kings, Purnapuriyas and Hammurabi." A tablet of the reign of Nabonidus (555-538 B.C.) records two monarchs who worked at the decoration of the temple of the sun at Sippara—Hammurabi, and Purnapuriyas, the latter of whom lived seven centuries after the former. Now, the tablets recently discovered at Tell Amarnah in Egypt mention a Purnapuriyas, King of Chaldaea, as a contemporary of Amenophis IV. It has been hitherto agreed that Amenophis IV. lived about 1450 B.C.; and it has therefore been inferred that the reign of Hammurabi must be assigned to about 2150 B.C. But M. Oppert brought forward arguments which seemed to him decisive for fixing the reign of Hammurabi between 2394 and 2339 B.C. It would thus become necessary, either to push back the date of Amenophis IV. by two centuries, or to assume the existence of two kings named Purnapuriyas at that interval of time from one another.

A Manual of Cursive Shorthand. By H. L. Callendar. (Clay & Sons.) This little book is in two parts. The first, "On the Principles of Shorthand," is of great interest to all students of shorthand, especially where the author gives an account of the chronographic experiments he made for determining automatically the time taken to form "any portion of any stroke in any kind of writing." Like most authors of new systems, Mr. Callendar devotes some space to exposing the misrepresentations and exaggerations to which Pitman's shorthand owes much of its popularity. Like many of his fellow-reformers, he advocates a script instead of a geometric basis; and, like them, he is unable wholly to shake off geometric traditions. His own system, which, he tells us, was suggested by the system of Upham, an American, is a compromise between the two bases. He has wisely discarded the impracticable distinction of thick and thin strokes; he allows only two sizes of each character instead of Pitman's ten or eleven; and he is strictly phonetic. But he has not solved the joined-vowel problem; his vowel-ticks are not happy; and he has to fall back on the old device of "mode," or expressing vowels by lifts of the pen. It is a pity that no English shorthander has tried the experiment of a purely script basis, in which the blunt angles and other defects of the geometric systems shall not merely be reduced to a minimum, but eliminated altogether. Cursive seems to be a better system than Pitman's in every respect; but it has so many rivals that it is doubtful whether it will displace phonography after Everett's system has failed to do so—not to speak of the many other excellent systems that have appeared of late years. The exposition of the system is, unfortunately, not at all clear and practical.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Aristotelian Society.—(*Monday, March 25.*) Shadworth H. Hodgson, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. B. Bosanquet read a paper on "The Part played by Aesthetic in the Development of Modern Philosophy." Having explained the purpose of the paper as an endeavour to show how aesthetic, as a striking embodiment of the organic or modern spirit, influenced at a critical point the development of post-Kantian philosophy, and also has operated effectually in England, though not through technical philosophy, the writer (1) stated the contradiction between the sensuous and supra-sensuous worlds as laid down by Kant in the *Kritik der Urtheilskraft*, pointing out that ultimately and practically the only reality contemplated by Kant was neither in nature nor in freedom, but in the knowledge and morality which combine the two. Practically, therefore, reality was for Kant concrete, rational and a subjective objectivity; though his views continued to be expressed in self-contradictory form, as in his account of beauty. This account, however, in substance formed a starting-point for a new theory of ideal reality. (2) Reviewing the influences under which Schelling and Hegel formed their views from 1790 to 1800 and after, he contended that the formal suggestion came from Kant (*Kritik d. U.*, 1790), the negative determination from Fichte (*Grundlage der gesammten Wissenschaftslehre*, 1794), but that the positive conception was due to the movement of a non-philosophical aesthetic, originated by Winckelmann, which touched Schelling and Hegel through Schiller's aesthetic letters (1795), and later through Goethe's "Winckelmann" (1805). In support of this suggestion Hegel's letters of 1795 were referred to, and the stress laid on Schiller in the introduction to the aesthetic was pointed out. The "absolute standpoint" ascribed by Hegel to Schelling might, it was shown, be fairly paraphrased as the "modern standpoint," or spirit of rational freedom; and the peculiarity of objective idealism in approaching the world of nature from the side of the world of art and morality was explained, defended, and connected with the influences of which aesthetic is a prominent example. In particular the inclusion of natural beauty within the beauty of fine art, for philosophical purposes, was explained to be inevitable. The subsequent vitality in Germany of the sciences dealing with civilisation was traced in part to the influence of aesthetic as peculiarly the science of objective subjectivity or philosophic thought. (3) In England during the present century it was plain that a certain dualism had prevailed, and that the work which in Germany had been done by philosophy had here been largely done by poets, historians, and critics, philosophy itself having been, for laudable reasons, in antagonism on the whole to traditional culture and institutions. The independent development of aesthetic by Mr. Ruskin and others in combination with the tendencies of the time had, however, created a profound historical sense and a sense of the ideal in nature which, though of indigenous development, now demand a fuller philosophy, not in the direction of ontology, but in the direction of a study of civilisation. In view of such a need, to which Mr. Spencer's researches bear witness, the recent work of Prof. T. H. Green and his sympathisers offered an element drawn from the analogous development of a kindred nation, which might aid in organising the material provided by the independent growth of the national life.

FINE ART.

INDIAN NUMISMATICS.

Mr. Vincent Arthur Smith, of the Bengal Civil Service—whose valuable Index to the twenty volumes of Reports of the Archaeological Survey of India was recently noticed in the Academy—has reprinted from the *Journal* of the Royal Asiastic Society a paper on "The Coinage of the Early or Imperial Gupta Dynasty of Northern India," which we venture to call the most important contribution to Indian numismatics since Prof. Percy Gardner's British Museum Catalogue of the Coins of the Greek and Scythic Kings of Bactria and India (1886). In form, it is an expansion of a paper on the gold coins of the Guptas which appeared in 1884 in the *Journal* of the Bengal Society. But Mr. Smith has now included the silver and copper coinage; and he has been able to revise his former opinions by an examination of the examples in the British Museum, in the Bodleian, and in Sir Alexander Cuningham's unrivalled private collection. He has also had the advantage of consulting the proof sheets of Mr. Fleet's forthcoming great work on the Gupta inscriptions, which definitely determines the dates of the several reigns. So far as we know, this is the first serious examination that has been made of the early Indian coins in the Bodleian collection, for Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's recent catalogue was confined to the Muhammadan coins. The present paper extends to 158 pages, of which a little more than one-half contain the catalogue proper, while the rest deal with such matters as types and devices, legends, find-spots, mints, &c. In opposition to the old view that Kanauj was the Gupta capital, he maintains that all the evidence points to Pataliputra, the modern Patna, while Ajodhya, or Oudh, was probably also a great city with a copper mint. The paper is illustrated with four autotype plates, and one photo-lithographed plate of monogrammatic emblems, the meaning of which remains unknown. Mr. Smith contents himself with stating that these monograms certainly do not indicate mint cities, but probably had some religious or mythological significance.

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THE annual address of the president of the Bengal Asiatic Society—Lieut.-Col. J. Waterhouse—contains an interesting section dealing with numismatics. During the past year about 2460 coins were forwarded from Northern India for examination by the philological secretary—Dr. A. F. Rudolf Hoernle—under the provisions of the Treasure Trove Act. Of these, 456 were gold, 83 mixed gold and silver, 786 silver, 1130 mixed silver and copper, and 5 copper. The last-mentioned were all early Indo-Scythian or Bactrian; among the others there were hardly any novelties beyond five unique Pathan gold mohurs. Another collection, made by a native officer of the Archaeological Survey, includes the following: Two Bactrian coins of impure silver, with a quadriga and the legend "LAEOA" on the reverse; a Huvishka copper coin of the NANA type, apparently an ancient forgery; and three copper coins, with two female figures and one figure on the reverse, resembling certain Gupta types. Among other coins that have passed through Dr. Hoernle's hands are mentioned: a silver hemidrachm of the Bactrian king, Strato I., which offers a new legend with *dhramikasa* instead of *prachachchasa*; and a new variety of the "king and queen type" of Chandra Gupta I. A large number of coins, chiefly copper, have also been acquired by the Lucknow Museum, of which 257 are vaguely described as "Buddhist, inscribed," 306 as Indo-Bactrian, and 72 as Indo-Scythian. Concerning the acquisitions of the Madras Museum, again, it would be interesting to know if they were all found in Southern India. They are described as including pieces of the following Northern kings: Lysias, Rajnabala, Spalirises and Azes, Abdagases, Orthagnes, Zeonises, Kadphises I., and Kadaphes, the bronze (? copper) coin of the last having on the obverse a head of the king diademed, closely resembling the head of Augustus on some of the coins of that emperor. Finally, there is a reference to the publications on Indian numismatics that have recently appeared in India and Europe.

WE may add that papers on coins appear not infrequently both in the *Proceedings* and in the *Journal* of the Bengal Asiatic Society, sometimes illustrated with woodcuts and plates. Those dealing with Muhammadan coins are mostly contributed by Mr. Charles J. Rodgers, of Amritsar, who collected for the Government a considerable number of Indo-Scythian coins from the ruins of Sonpat during the winter of 1887-1888. In the *Proceedings* for April, 1888, Dr. Hoernle describes some new Indo-Scythian and Gupta coins, with a photo-collotype plate; and in the *Proceedings* for August he discusses the question, Who was Yas'ovarman? whose name is not uncommon on certain early coins of a debased type. Hitherto, he has generally been identified with an historical king of Kanauj in the eighth century A.D.; but Dr. Hoernle brought forward grounds for believing that he was an otherwise unknown Scythian tribal chieftain of the third or fourth century A.D.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

A PLEASANT account of the painter colony at Newlyn is contributed to the *Art Journal* for April by Mrs. Alice Meynell, and is well illustrated with pictures by Messrs. Frank Bramley, Stanhope Forbes, Chevalier Tayler, F. Bourdillon, Harry Tuke, Miss E. Armstrong, and Fred Hall. Miss Rosamond Venning follows with a paper on the vigorous and original Russian sculptor, Autocolsky, best known in England by his noble seated figure of Ivan the Terrible, which, with his still finer "Christ bound," and other works, are represented by good "process" blocks. The illustrations to Mr. Loftie's article on the Tower of London, and to Mr. Claude Phillips's somewhat summary but clever review of "French Caricature in the Nineteenth Century," are not so satisfactory. The plate for the month is a photogravure, which successfully renders Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's well-known "Niobe."

FROM the stray numbers of many more or less artistic periodicals which reach us fitfully we notice that *Decoration* still supplies its readers with useful information and variety of original design; and that the *World of Fashion* still chronicles the last thing in "puffs" and the current height of the "waist-line." From America comes to us the *Studio*, which has lately added to its amusing text illustrations which are not often of great artistic value; but some of them, notably, a copy of a photograph of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his mother playing chess, and some reproductions of pictures from the Ehrich collection of old Dutch and Flemish pictures, are of interest. And we have pleasure in testifying, not for the first time, to the merit of the *Art Amateur*, which is certainly one of the cheapest and best of all popular art magazines.

Is it under literary or artistic magazines that the *Revue Universelle* deserves notice? It is a hard question, for it is full of both literary and artistic matter of equal value. On the whole, we think that Art may claim it, at least in the last part; for, while nearly every page is illustrated, several of the articles are devoted to artists and art. M. Eugène Véron considers the importance of art in civilisation in a paper which is clear and comprehensive. M. Philibert Andebrand gives pleasant reminiscenses of Gavarni, and the pathetic story of his beloved garden at Auteuil, the loss of which by the improvements of Paris is said to have hastened his death. The theatre, the Carnival at Rome (with illustrations by Callot), and Marie Antoinette, furnish subjects for other papers, the interest of which is to a great extent artistic. But then there is a translation from Tolstoi; a story by M. Albert Chaus; a sonnet by M. Pierre Gauthiez; and a song, with music, by M. Ferdinand Resasco, so that the title "Revue Universelle" is well earned.

The Bookbinder. No. XVIII. (Clowes.) This eighteenth number is a reminder that eighteen months have passed since the first was issued of a periodical which fulfils a want, if not a want of a very large number. It appeals on its title to bookbinders, librarians, and all lovers of books; and the priority in place assigned to bookbinders seems to show that it is for those practically employed in the art and trade of bookbinding that it is in the first place designed. But if that be so, it must be allowed, after eighteen months of experience, that the spirit in which it is conducted is learned, scholarly, and artistic in a degree often unattained by magazines that profess more regard for public interests. While in so many quarters we see the love of art used as a thin disguise for the love of money, till the art market has become as corrupt as the turf, it is a pleasure to draw attention to a work which, though professedly an organ and medium for advertisements of a special industry, is conducted not only with modesty, but with a desire to promote sound knowledge and good taste. It might be thought that an art so restricted as bookbinding would scarcely find sufficient material to keep a periodical going; but the promoters have had the wisdom to take a modest measure of their sources of supply, and issue but a slender number only once a month. Yet in the sixteen pages of the present one (which is a fair sample of the rest) there is room for some eight small articles, as well as for correspondence, &c. Some are parts of a series, like Mr. W. Salt Brassington's "Notes on English Stamped Bindings," Mr. W. H. James Weale's "Examples of Early Bindings," with twenty-four illustrations of interlaced stamps. Next come some specimens of Christmas book covers for cloth and paper, a paper on "Finishing," a review of M. Lefebure's *Embroidery and Lace*, with special regard to its cover, and those of its illustrations which contain designs applicable to bookbinding; and finally a note on the first instalment of Mr. Quaritch's magnificent new work with Mr. Griggs's fine chromo-lithographic facsimiles of fine old bindings. This luxurious work, as well as that we are promised of similar facsimiles of the treasures in the British Museum, are only for the rich; but the *Bookbinder* is full of excellent illustrations of old bindings, and is very cheap, and so full also of varied and sound information on all subjects connected with bookbinding past and present that it may be safely recommenned to "all lovers of books."

CORRESPONDENCE.

EARLY GRAVES AND WALLS IN SICILY AND ITALY.

Athens: March 24, 1889.

At the American Archaeological School here, on Thursday last, Mr. Stillman gave an interesting lecture on "Early Graves and Walls of Italy and Sicily."

He first described the "well" tombs of the Sicani, found in large numbers from Palermo westwards, many of which he had himself examined. No remains were ever discovered in the well itself; the bones, stripped of flesh and often still covered with red paint, being placed in a side-chamber less than 3 ft. in diameter, to which a small aperture gave access from the well. This aperture was closed with a slab so as to escape notice, even when the well was cleared. In all instances the contour of the side-chamber presented the same peculiar curves, conditioned, apparently, by the position of the worker in the well, there being no space for wielding any large implement. The tools used were simple stone wedges resting on the palm of the hand, of which several were found. No metal was discovered in these tombs, and only hand-made pottery.

Next came an allied class of tombs, those of the Siculi, in the eastern part of Sicily, where they settled, coming from Italy, according to Diodorus Siculus, Thucydides, and other ancient authors. Dionysius Halicarnassensis adds that the Siculi were expelled by the Umbri and Pelasgi, and, occupying the Aetnaean region, gradually drove the Sicani to the east of the Himera, the two races, according to Diodorus, occupying by agreement the respective sections of the island. These tombs were no longer formed by sinking wells in a horizontal surface of soft rock, but were cut with better tools in the face of a ledge of harder rock. To these burying-places, with narrow apertures in the wall of a cliff, the name "window" tombs was given. They exist in great numbers about Syracuse. These tomb-diggers built no walls. On the other hand, the Umbri and the Pelasgi had left us walls, but not a trace of tombs.

The lecturer gave an account of his investigations of the site on the Ombrone at Monte Leone, attributed by him to the Umbri, with its double wall, 10 ft. in heighth and breadth, and originally twelve miles long, the discovery of which by Mr. Pullan, as recorded in Dennis's *Etruria*, will be recollected by readers of the ACADEMY. Illustration was afforded of the growth of the walled city from the primitive protection of a cave-dwelling by a semicircle of large stones.

The lecturer concluded with an ingenious, if somewhat unorthodox, theory of the progress of Pelasgic civilisation from the west to the east, starting from Italy.

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I should have stated that the practice of stripping the flesh from the bones has been explained as an effort to avoid detection of the remains by wild beasts. For my own part I should be more inclined to look for its origin in cannibalism. The painting might destroy the smell, and so wild beasts would be less attracted to the tombs; or it might be in honour of the dead.

Talfourd Ely.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The completion of the new edition of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters* is at length within a measurable distance, the last batch of MS. of the concluding part being now at the printer's. The work, which has been a very laborious one, has been in hand for twelve years, and has cost little short of £2500.

A series of articles, entitled "The Royal Academy in the Last Century," will commence in the May number of the *Art Journal*, written by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, librarian, and Mr. Fred. A. Eaton, secretary to the Royal Academy, and illustrated with portraits of the Royal Academicians and examples of their works. The first article will give a narrative of the events which led to the formation of the Royal Academy, and will contain engravings of the old Royal Academy in St. Martin's Lane; the Life School at Hogarth's Academy (from the picture by Hogarth), and the Antique School at Somerset House. The second article will be devoted to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first president, and will be illustrated with many unpublished engravings from the archives of the Royal Academy.

The second ordinary general meeting of the members of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held on Friday next, April 12, at 4 p.m., in the hall of the Zoological Society, 11, Hanover Square, W. The chair will be taken by the president, Sir John Fowler; and, after adopting the reports of the treasurer and secretary, the special business will be to consider the distribution of antiquities brought from Egypt.

Mr. Barnett's ninth annual Easter exhibition of pictures will be opened at St. Jude's Schoolhouse, Commercial Street, on Tuesday next, April 9, at 8 p.m., with an address by Prof. Herkomer. The chief attraction will be Mr. Holman Hunt's great picture of "The Triumph of the Innocents"; and among the portraits will be Sir J. E. Millais's "Gladstone," Mr. E. Long's "Cardinal Manning," and Mr. Lowes Dickinson's "Gordon." Of the old English school there will be examples of Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner.

The annual Easter course of addresses to the workmen and pupils of the Guild and School of Handicraft will commence on April 9, at Toynbee Hall. The following are the lecturers and their subjects: "Gothic Architecture," by Mr. William Morris; "The Dignity of Handicraft," by Mr. W. B. Richmond; "A Talk on Art and Handicraft," by Mr. Lewis J. Day; "Armour," by the Hon. Harold A. Dillon; "The Beauty of Useful Things," by Mr. Ernest Radford; "Guilds," by Sir James Linton.

An exhibition of paintings will be opened next week in the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street.

We hear that the show of American Art in the Paris Exhibition will be far more extensive and more representative, too, than any which has yet taken place under a single roof, whether in Europe or the United States. The pictures will occupy five rooms, one of them eighty feet long and fifty broad. Mr. Eastman Johnson, the best portrait painter in New York, sends several things—in particular, a group of two men in conversation. This is reckoned a remarkable performance. Mr. G. P. A. Healey—who, as everybody knows, has worked chiefly in Paris for very many years, and has made forcible and agreeable presentments of half the celebrities of the day—will be represented by a portrait of Miss Stella Dyer, with the violin; a sympathetic "Study at the Harp," which is in reality a portrait of one of Mr. Healey's daughters; a portrait of Lord Lytton; a portrait of an American lady; a portrait of Stanley; and a finely-coloured and memorable portrait of the Archbishop of San Francisco, who was not long ago in Paris. Among the younger men, Mr. Bridgmann sends "The Pirate's Love"—a story told in three compartments; Mr. Sargent can hardly fail to be represented largely; Mr. Dannat, some of whose work shows a Whistlerian tendency, but without loss of individuality, sends "A Symphony in White" and "A Symphony in Red"; Mr. Melchers sends a Dutch Church Interior, in which the grouping and characterisation of the figures makes the chief interest; and, finally, as far so our own knowledge is concerned, Mr. Hitchcocks sends a noticeable canvas, "Tulips in Holland."

M. Henner has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux Arts in succession to the late M. Cabanel.

The extraordinary success of the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery will probably find its parallel in Paris when the Historical Exhibition of the French Revolution is opened in the Salle des Etats at the Louvre. The opening is fixed for April 10.

The public are again to be admitted to the Salon on "varnishing day." The price of admission is to be 10 francs, and the proceeds will be devoted to some charitable purpose.

There is now on view in Messrs. Hollender & Cremetti's Gallery, in New Bond Street, M. Meisonnier's famous picture entitled, "1814."

One of the most interesting features of the Paris Exhibition will be a collection of "Trésors des Eglises." Pieces of the greatest value and historical interest have already been promised from Reims, Sens, Limoges, Obazine, and Conques. Extraordinary precautions will be taken for their safety while at the Trocadéro.

THE STAGE.

"THE PANEL PICTURE" AND "THE DUKE'S BOAST."

The occurrence in the dialogue of several sentences which, while addressed, of course, to certain of the *dramatis personae*, seem, in view of a not very benevolent audience, to describe the defects of the play, is a cause of failure too trivial to be permanent; and "The Panel Picture" may yet weather the storm. There are several points about the piece which we do not personally like. It is, if anything, too desperately ingenious, and too many of its characters are stained with crime or involved in intrigues of politics or love. It is a queer world which we are introduced to—where little is what it seems to be; where an apparently amiable woman, one Mrs. Dashwood, does the bidding of a well-dressed villain, one Julian Dumaresq; where a certain Countess Sinbert has kept much from her husband; where a low-bred Italian is engaged in an enterprise of theft; where his son, who is the son of the Countess, is first a Communist and then, perforce, it seems, a parricide; where an *ingénue* turns out to be a bastard; where an English nobleman watches things in the interest of the Countess; where an Eastern servant plays deputy spy; where a highly-placed police officer and a member of the Society of Jesus contribute—always, be it said, with good intentions—their share to what is not precisely simplicity of action. All this does not sound very promising, except in opulence of intrigue and superabundance of sensational scenes. And there is very little beauty in the play; very little poetry; very little comedy. Yet is "The Panel Picture" by no means without its merits. There is originality in the entire subordination of the love interest. And, in the introduction of an imaginary ghost—in reality the Countess suitably arrayed—the author shows his perception of the increased capacity of well-bred people in our day to believe in the supernatural, provided only that the supernatural shall be duly furnished with a tinge of horror. And there is more to be said for the piece in other ways than has been said yet. Though from the pressing nature of the enterprises, good and evil, in which nearly all the *dramatis personae* are engaged, one would suppose that the dramatist would be too much pre-occupied with the action of the piece, and its mere machinery, to attend greatly to the development of character; yet, as a matter of fact, the characters are made fairly distinct—some of them even fairly novel—nor is this all due to the skill of the actors. To sum up, then, as regards the piece itself: Mr. Outram Tristram will probably write good plays in the future; and he has not even now written a dull one. But he must be entreated to provide us, in his next work, with more of comedy than is afforded by the ceremonious and Oriental form of his Mahmoud's objections to the east wind in Europe—ingenious though that is as a conception—and to permit us more of beauty and of charm than is vouchsafed by the scanty utterances of the *ingénue* of the present play.

Mrs. Beringer, at whose theatre "The Panel Picture" finds the hospitality that was to have been given to it at the St. James's, has clearly no idea of producing anything with an insufficient cast. The cast of "The Panel Picture" is really admirable. In characters like that of the Countess Sinbert—a French woman of the world, who is none the less a loving mother—Lady Monckton is quite distinctly at the top of the tree. Not a trace of the amateur attends the performance of this extremely capable actress She is nowhere inefficient; and in her narration of a legend in the third act—a legend whose circumstances the Countess has reason to fear are about to be repeated just now—Lady Monckton makes so fitting a display of genuine power that when it is over much the finest thing in the piece is felt to have been done. Miss Roche's bearing, voice, and enunciation are welcome as Mrs. Dashwood. Miss Cudmore cannot be very noticeable as Blanche. The men are excellent, with, at the most, but two or three exceptions. Mr. Cautley acts an unsympathetic, but a very telling, part with far more force and life-likeness than he showed in "The Love Story." Mr. Esmond, as Adrien, is a *jeune premier* who promises a good deal. Mr. Grahame is

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an agreeable Jack Best. But it is Mr. Nutcombe Gould and Mr. Beauchamp, as Lord Saltash and Father Ingram, who score the greatest successes next to Lady Monckton's. Mr. Beauchamp's is a perfectly well-considered character-study, quite acceptable and unforced. Mr Nutcombe Gould's is a most sympathetic presence His part could hardly be played with greater dignity and meaning.

On the first night of the performance of this play—which seeks, as we may see by the play-bill, to place some of its weirdness and mystery under the shadow of the protection of Balzac's name—I was in Balzac's birthplace. So was I on the occasion of the performance, for a single afternoon, at I forget what London theatre, of an adaptation of the elder Dumas's *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*; produced chiefly "that we might become aware of the possession by Miss Marion Lea of deeper gifts than any which her successes n pure comedy have permitted her to reveal." I am told by the trustworthy that, though it is doubtful whether any new adaptation was needed of a somewhat *démodé* play, by a somewhat *démodé* writer, the impression which Miss Lea produced was very distinctly favourable. It seems that there was quite a general recognition of the ability of this young artist to do strong things—things of feeling.

Frederick Wedmore.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Mr. F. H. Cowen conducted the second Philharmonic Concert last Thursday week, and met with a most cordial reception. He must have been pleased to find himself once more among old friends, and at the head of such an orchestra. The programme opened with Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor; and, except that the Andante was taken at too slow a pace, the performance of this wonderful work was excellent. One can never listen to the two movements without regretting that the composer only wrote nine bars of the Scherzo, and not a note of the Finale. Dr. Stanford's Suite for Violin, with orchestral accompaniment, was played by Herr Joachim, and conducted by the composer. This work, written last autumn during a holiday in Germany, was produced a short time ago at Berlin. Since then it has been given at Cambridge. The Suite form is not often used. As a rule, composers, we imagine, find that of the Concerto more compact, and consequently more effective. Dr. Stanford cannot help writing good sound music; but in the Overture, the Allemande, and the Finale, he appeals to the intellect rather than to the feelings. The Ballade is elegant and melodious; and, at a first hearing, we consider it decidedly the best number. The Tambourin, with its quaint measure and drum rhythm, is, however, a characteristic movement. The solo part had full justice done to it by the great artist, who, together with the composer, was recalled at the close. Mdme. Backer-Gröndahl gave a performance of Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, and astonished the audience by the charm and vividness of her touch, and the sympathetic rendering of the music. Her execution is of the first order; and, as an interpreter of Grieg's compositions, she seems to be unrivalled. The composer wielded the *bâton*, and exerted his usual magnetic influence over the orchestra. Mdme. Gröndahl, a native of Norway, was heard for the first time in London. At the close of the performance she was thrice re-called. The programme included a selection from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Mdlle. A. Trebelli was the vocalist.

Herr Stavenhagen gave his first Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall on Friday afternoon, March 29. Since he came over a few seasons ago with Liszt, this young artist has gained considerably in intelligence and power generally. His performances at this recital were of exceptional interest. Liszt's Sonata in B minor was played with insight into the composer's meaning, and with perfect command of the key-board. Herr Stavenhagen's fingers are sure, swift, and strong. This work contains a lovely Andante, but for the rest we care little. It was followed by Haydn's Variations in F minor, in which the pianist showed the proper delicacy and simplicity. From Liszt to Haydn was a strong, but not unpleasant, change. Schumann's early and characteristic work, Papillons (Op. 2), was interpreted with great effect. The Carnival Finale with the clock striking six was remarkable for its lights and shadows. The performance of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110) lacked neither intelligence nor earnestness; but towards the close there was too much storm and stress. In some show-pieces by Liszt, Herr Stavenhagen proved himself quite a phenomenal executant.

Herr Grieg and his wife appeared for the last time on Saturday at the Popular Concert. The composer played his charming Lyric Pieces (Op. 43) in his usual delicate and refined manner; and Mdme. Grieg again sang some of her husband's Lieder—including the popular "Margaret's Cradle Song"—to the perfect satisfaction of the audience. Both artists will carry away with them a pleasant remembrance of their visit to London. They have given much pleasure, and with how much success both the crowded audiences and the loud applause have abundantly testified. The concert on Monday evening deserves special mention on account of the magnificent performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor by Mdme. Neruda and Herr Joachim. This time, by way of encore, they repeated the last movement. Miss F. Davies gave a spirited rendering of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor.

Mr. Max Heinrich, an excellent artist, gave the first of three recitals at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening. There was an attractive programme, containing Lieder by Schumann, Bizet, and other composers. Schubert's interesting Cathedral Scene from "Faust," for soli voices and choir, was performed—we believe, for the first time. Mr. Heinrich was particularly successful in Schumann's "Sehnsucht," and Miss Lena Little in Goring Thomas's "Love Lullaby." Mr. J. H. Bonawitz played the "Waldstein" Sonata and some Chopin solos. There was a good attendance.

M. Pierre Bénoit, director of the Flemish School of Music, at Antwerp, is a prolific composer. He has written masses, oratorios, cantatas, &c. His oratorio, "Lucifer," produced last Wednesday by Mr. Barnby at the Albert Hall, is, apparently, not a new work, for M. Pougin mentions one of that name performed at Brussels in 1866. M. Hiel, the librettist has chosen a dramatic subject. Lucifer, surrounded by the Spirits of Night, announces his intention to incite man to rebellion. Earth, Water, and Fire (personified), undertake to aid him. Lucifer fails in his attempt, and Mankind offers up a song of gratitude and triumph. The first, or "Lucifer," section is abnormally wild and ugly. How far, from a realistic point of view, the composer intended this to be the case we know not. But music should always remain music. A very agreeable change takes place when Lucifer summons the spirits of Earth, Water, and Fire. The "Summons" motive, if we may so term the loud chords for brass, is bold; the spirit music is graceful, and the orchestral accompaniment is effective. The second section of the work opens with a smooth flowing chorus, in form and character not unlike a hymn-tune. Here, again, the orchestra, with its harp arpeggios and repeated notes for the wind, attracts notice. A short bass solo (The Earth) is a pleasing number. The following tenor solo (The Water) is soft and sensuous, and the scoring is quite in keeping with the melody. The two Fire Spirits (sopranos) have a duet, particularly noticeable for its orchestration *à la* Berlioz. The final chorus is broad and massive. M. Bénoit is, undoubtedly, an able musician, and his work evinces dramatic talent and a practised pen. His music, for the most part, belongs to the school of Berlioz and Wagner—two dangerous models. M. Bénoit's intentions are, for the most part, good; but for lack of strong musical ideas, and by reason of his apparent disdain for counterpoint, his writing is either simple even to commonplace or remarkable for singularity rather than individuality. We can only refer in the briefest manner to the performance. The choir, under Mr. Barnby's direction, sang splendidly, and they had at times no easy work. The soloists were M. Blauwaert (Lucifer); Fire Spirits, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, whose appearance after so many years' absence was the signal for prolonged applause, and Mdme. Patey; Water and Earth Spirits, M. de Bom and M. H. Fontaine. They all sang with remarkable energy, and evidently tried to do justice to their respective parts.

J. S. Shedlock.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Operatic Tales. By F. R. Chesney. (Ward & Downey.) The author is of opinion—and we fully agree with him—that many people come away from the opera "with a very hazy idea of what it has all been about." Apart from the occasional obscurity of the libretti, it is sometimes difficult to study a story at the time of its being told on the stage. So Mr. Chesney has conceived the happy idea of publishing a series of tales on which some well-known operas are founded. In all there are twenty-three—from Gluck's (not Glück) "Orfeo" to Bizet's "Carmen." By the way, our author tells us that the reproduction of "Orfeo" at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1859 was "culled from the many variations of the composer." This statement hardly agrees with Berlioz's account of the revival in his "A Travers Chants."

Parsifal. A Study. By A. Gurney. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) This is a study of the book of "Parsifal" rather than of the music. It is admirably written, though perhaps the writer sometimes finds more in the story than Wagner actually intended. Stress is laid throughout on the religious element in the music-drama.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1889.

No. 884, *New Series.*

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It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the Publisher, *and not to the* Editor.

LITERATURE.

Life of James Thomson ("B. V."). By H. S. Salt. (Reeves & Turner.)

In a letter to George Eliot, who had written to the author of "The City of Dreadful Night" to take courage and set himself to songs of amelioration, Thomson replied that while he sympathised with the meliorists he could not see that "all their efforts had availed much against the primal curse of our existence." Here, at once, we attain a standpoint from which we may survey the reach and breadth of the stream of Thomson's genius, though the sources whence it primarily issued may not so readily reveal themselves. A poet who can speak of "the primal curse of our existence" must, if he be in earnest, be subject to strange self-delusion, or else be most wretched among the sons of men. In the majority of instances there can be little doubt that extreme of pessimism betrays insincerity; for such slaves of our bodily selves are we that not even sickness, and sorrow, and all the common ills of humanity can numb our longing for, our inherent belief in, life. Even Heine, dreadful as were his sufferings, was not sincere—perhaps, however, he did not mean to be taken literally—when he spoke of this "cancer of life." No man ever clung more strenuously to life than Heine; and, if health could have been his, he would have been the last to forfeit the boon which in his agony he derided. Heine, Leopardi, Baudelaire were pessimists as much from physiological as from other causes; and perhaps "nerves" are at the bottom of despair just as much as a good digestion is the basis of optimism. Of course the physiological argument may be pushed too far; but no more striking instance of the physical basis of genius could be adduced than that of the author of "The City of Dreadful Night."

Notwithstanding all that has been written upon Thomson there still seems to be considerable uncertainty on one or two important points. Although Mr. Salt—an industrious and, in the main, an impartial biographer—does not allude to the circumstance, he must be aware of the floating rumour which attributes Thomson's paternity elsewhere than to the obscure sea-captain of whom we have such contradictory accounts. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the subject is hardly one which could be broached in a biographical work without a searching examination of the real or reputed facts. To the student of hereditary influences on genius, the question is one of great interest; but in the present instance it is so hedged about with complex difficulties that it must, meanwhile at any rate, remain unsolved. What is regrettable is the fact that all theories based upon certain tendencies inherited from the father's side must be merely tentative—and the matter is further complicated by the different versions concerning Thomson the elder. Mr. Bertram Dobell, in his Memoir of the poet, the author of the article upon him in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and other writers, have given currency to the report that Captain Thomson was, latterly at any rate, a confirmed drunkard, and that alcoholic poisoning was practically the cause of his breakdown and death. These assertions, however, are challenged by Mr. Salt, who declares that he can find no evidence to warrant their acceptance. On the other hand, it is on record that James Thomson himself told a friend that intemperance ran in the family, and that "nearly all the members of it who 'had brains,' especially a gifted aunt, fell victims to its power." There are instances among men of genius where immediate parental influences have been immaterial; but generally, no doubt, the transmission of direct or complex physical idiosyncrasies would be obvious enough if all the facts were known. Sometimes the question is valueless, occasionally it is of little import; but there are cases where the physiological data are of the utmost significance. Of the latter is the instance of James Thomson. His pessimism was at once so absolute and so deeply-rooted that its fundamental cause or causes must be sought elsewhere than in the circumstances of his early training or of his chequered life. There is said to be a plant which in successive exfoliations steadily degrades from an efflorescence of rare beauty to a final weed-like bloom of baneful aspect. The statement may or may not be true; but at any rate among the flowers of humanity we see species degenerate slowly till retrogression culminates in sterility and in a type at variance with its early progenitors in aspect though fundamentally akin. Heine, Baudelaire, Leopardi, James Thomson—are they not, in a sense, and in degree, the last unhealthily brilliant or sombre exfoliations of an exhausted, an impoverished, or at least a tainted stock? Prolonged insistence upon this physiological basis of genius may seem fanciful, but I am convinced that any true understanding of a man like Thomson and of his work (and neither can be apprehended aright apart from the other) can be gained only in this direction. It is a significant circumstance that, whether the rumour as to his paternity or the statements set forth by Mr. Salt and others be true, in any case there was an inherited bias towards undue indulgence in the use of stimulants or opiates. Laudanum and alcohol have probably as often generated the strain of excitation which, when sufficiently individual and potent, is called genius as parental "plain living and high thinking"; nor herein is there any derogation from the wonder and beauty of that which has been well called the fine flower of the human spirit.

What is certain in Thomson's case, apart from an accurate knowledge of facts, is that his heritage, whencesoever it came, was one which handicapped him terribly in the struggle of life. Of his mother we know little, save that Miss Sarah Kennedy lived in London, and at the time of her marriage with the poet's father was of the Irvingite persuasion, and, moreover, of a deeply religious, but at the same time a brooding and melancholy, nature. His boyhood, if not unhappy, was not a cheerful one. During his early years he was mentally dieted chiefly upon the Shorter Catechism and the hymns and tracts of the Irvingite sect; and for environment he had the murky atmosphere and depressing ugliness of East London. When he was in his seventh year his father was prostrated by an illness of a paralytic nature, and two years later the lad was admitted to the Royal Caledonian Asylum. Thenceforth Thomson was, more or less, a homeless individual, and the waif and sport of adversity. His mother died shortly after this event; and though his father lived some nine years longer, "Captain" Thomson was mentally and physically incapable of parental superintendence, or even of ordinary care for his offspring. In late life the poet wrote to a friend who had besought some biographical details: "Speaking generally, you know far more of my family than I do, who have been Ishmael in the desert from my childhood." Yet Thomson was no Ishmael in the sense that his hand was ever upraised against his kind, though the latter meted him scant sympathy or charity. He was Ishmael only in that terrible isolation which made doubly cruel the bitter draught of life. That Thomson was a supremely unhappy man is indubitable; yet Mr. Salt pleads against this view, and would have us look upon "the laureate of pessimism" as though in the main he had obtained a fair amount of enjoyment out of life, and was rather a cheerful personage than otherwise. This misapprehension of the real nature of the poet does not wholly arise from the biographer's never having known Thomson in the flesh, but, to a great extent at any rate, from his having fallen into the common error of supposing that a cheerful "company" manner is indicative of a natural optimism. No man of talent, particularly of literary talent with all it involves of mental alertness, dramatically swift susceptibility, and puzzling complexities of self-sophistication, but can as easily be as superficially blithe as saturnine. The present writer has heard Thomson speak as though he were solely the poet of "Sunday up the River" and "Sunday at Hampstead," and as though he had never written "Insomnia" or "The City of Dreadful Night," much less suffered the dire experiences which were the substantial basis of those poems. But he also remembers the brooding misery of the poet in one of his silent, hopeless moods; nor can he ever forget the look of profound despair in the eyes of the dying man in the ward at University College Hospital—the despair of what De Quincey calls "a blazing misery," though without relation to any future of possible weal or woe. In this connexion I may add that the "last words" of Thomson, as given by Mr. Salt, are a perhaps kindly, but otherwise scarcely justifiable, modification of those actually spoken. The matter is of no importance, except to demand a passing comment on what is the common bane of biographical writing. If an episode or a saying be considered worth repetition, it should be given with strictest literality, otherwise it should be left unrecorded.

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All the broad details of Thomson's life are faithfully narrated in this lengthy and most painstaking monograph, from his early military-schoolmaster experiences, and the pathetic story of his youthful love-passion, to his trip to Colorado, his service as newspaper correspondent during the Carlist war, and his dreary London life of poverty, ill-health, obscurity, and dominant wretchedness of mind. It is a sad story—perhaps there is none sadder in literature, for alongside of it the records of such lives as those of Heine and Dostoievsky, of Gérard de Nerval and Philip Marston, and even of Poe, seem cheerful by comparison. As I have already hinted, Mr. Salt's biography errs on the side of leniency. He omits shadow wherever he can, forgetful of or indifferent to the fact that a sombre theme painted in bright hues nowhere gains, but everywhere loses, by the omission. But even the most casual reader may likely enough see between the lines that which the author, with conscientious (if, as some will think, with mistaken) reticence, has preferred to ignore, or, at least, to indicate with some more or less remote hint. As a memoir it supersedes all that has been hitherto written upon its subject, and deserves praise for its lucid and well-arranged narrative, which, though in parts diffuse, is nowhere tiresome. It will be valued by many for the letters by and to Thomson, which include interesting correspondence with George Meredith, George Eliot, William Michael Rossetti, and others.

The critical portion of the book, invariably sympathetic and often able as it is, is less satisfactory. The author admires too indiscriminately, and there is a curious lack of proportion in some of his judgments. Still, Mr. Salt is a good guide, and those ignorant of Thomson's writings will not be led far astray by his comments. He has not, it seems to me, laid sufficient stress upon the poverty of Thomson's diction, nor acknowledged the extent of the faults both of style and taste which disfigure so much even of his most noteworthy work. In the main, however, the general estimate is probably as accurate as reasonable. Thomson is a true poet, and he occupies a pedestal quite by himself. In imaginative power, within a limited degree, he is unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries born within the last forty or fifty years, and he will probably be read when most of them are forgotten. As the present writer has said elsewhere:

"He holds so isolated a place that the effort at classification may be dispensed with. If he maintain his own lonely little height it will be as a distinct individuality. The merits of his work are obvious; his faults are a monotony of epithet, the not infrequent use of mere rhetoric and verbiage, and perhaps a prevailing lack of the sense of form—to which may be added an occasional vulgar recklessness of expression. Time will reduce his noteworthy work within a narrow compass, but within that limit it will be found as remarkable as it is unique."

In conclusion, I may remark that the book stands in need of some revision. Mr. Salt's style is seldom careless, but it is sometimes ungraceful; and in particular he is apt to misuse the hanging participle. It is, however, rare to find such unfortunate sentences as—"In 1842 we find the family residing at various addresses in the east of London, having now lost their former comfort and internal happiness"!

Not to leave an interesting and, in many respects, a valuable book with a word of censure, it may be added that this life of "B. V."—as Thomson was long known to his limited public—is a handsome volume, well printed and well bound. If it attain a sale commensurate with its deserts, it will no doubt ere long be in a second edition.

William Sharp.

Life and Times of Savonarola. By Prof. Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin)

Signor Villari's *La Storia di Girolamo Savonarola e de'suoi Tempi* has been before the world for more than twenty-five years, and has been generally recognised as, on the whole, the best authority upon the subject. But the interest in the life and in the character of the Dominican friar aroused by Signor Villari's book, and the active research among archives which has distinguished the last quarter of a century, have brought to light many new documents and rendered a rehandling of the original work advisable. Signor Villari tells us that these new documents, while leaving his conception of Savonarola's place and of his historical importance where it was, have added immensely to our knowledge of details. The new edition is in many respects a new book, and hence a new translation seemed desirable; the more so as Mr. Horner's translation of the original edition has long been out of print.

The figure of Savonarola must always remain one of the most striking in the whole gallery of Italian portraiture. His life presents the singular spectacle of a monk creating and governing from the pulpit a state composed of the most febrile, acute, irritable and turbulent citizens which Italy has to show. His fate is so tragic in its failure of aspirations, its desertion by followers, its despair. The problem of his inner life—his spiritual attitude, the question of his sincerity on the subject of his prophetic gifts—is so intricate and so fascinating from the psychological point of view. Such a fierce controversy has raged around his dogmatic opinions owing to the Protestant attempt to number him among the precursors of the Reformation. All these points are fully and admirably handled by Signor Villari with a genuine enthusiasm for his subject, but sometimes, we think, with a decided bias in favour of the Frate

The central point in Signor Villari's view of Savonarola is this—that he belonged essentially to the new age, that he was an innovator, a new man all along the line. One result of the new learning, or rather the revival of learning, which marked the early Renaissance was to throw men back to the ancients for their measure of life, for their ideal of conduct. The spirit of the times was active in Savonarola; but coming to him through his own earnest and ascetic temper, through his monastic training, the ancients to whom it threw him back were not Plato and his followers but the prophets of the Old Testament. The Apocalypse also had a strong attraction for him. It offered an outlet for the more imaginative and vaguer side of his nature. It was intimately connected with one of his earliest triumphs—his mission to Brescia; and the study of it helped, no doubt, to foster in him that shy and timid belief in his own prophetic calling which eventually contributed to his apparent failure.

Signor Villari displays his view of Savonarola as a man of the new age, as innovator and reformer—in philosophy, in politics, and in religion. The examination of Savonarola's philosophy is one of the chief merits of Signor Villari's work; and in the process of this examination he draws an interesting parallel between Savonarola and Campanella. In his bold empiricism, in his affirmation of the sensational basis of cognition, Savonarola certainly does appear as a thinker of the new order. He is a precursor of Locke, and would not have shrunk from the watchword of Locke's position—"Nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuerit in sensu." In his *Compendium totius Philosophiae* Savonarola says:

"We must start from the things best known to us to arrive at the unknown. Sensations are the things best known to us and nighest. Sensations are gathered and stored by the memory, and the mind erects many such sensations into an experience."

His philosophical opinions did not expose Savonarola to any peril. His enemies never attacked him on this ground; indeed, his philosophy appears to have attracted very little attention. Such, however, was not the case with his politics. Savonarola created and governed from the pulpit the Florentine Republic of 1494. The magistrates took their direction from his words in the pulpit as from an oracle. But how far Savonarola possessed a practical working conception of government is an open question. As Signor Villari justly remarks: "At the close of the fifteenth century Italian political science was little more than an analysis and a study of human passions."

Savonarola made the ideal of government which he proposed to himself perfectly clear: it was a government in which power should be as widely diffused as possible, a constitution which should give to every class in the state a share in the conduct of the state. The practical working model which he selected was the government of Venice, modified to suit the very different temper of Florence. The authority he had acquired by the fulfilment of his prophecy about the coming scourge enabled him to carry his intention into effect. But Savonarola was not interested first and foremost in politics, in state-making. He embarked upon this enterprise not quite willingly, and solely because he was convinced that a sound constitution was absolutely essential as a step towards his main object—reform in religion and in morals. As Mr. Symonds and Prof. Creighton both remark, Savonarola's chief shortcoming in practical politics was his belief that Italy could be reformed through foreign interposition and his committal of Florence to a French policy. For himself, by entering the sphere of politics, he came within the range of party passion, party violence, party instability, and thereby placed himself in a position diametrically opposed to his ideal. Savonarola dreamed of a state in which

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there should be no parties; but it was far beyond his power to construct such a state. By touching upon politics Savonarola brought himself within the dangerous circle of party. By attempting a reform of the church, and by attacking a dissolute priesthood, he come into collision with the Pope. History shows us that a collision with the Papacy can only have two issues—either submission or disobedience. Disobedience while remaining inside the Church is wellnigh impossible, and always disastrous. The only alternative is to pass outside the Church. But this step neither Savonarola nor, later on, Fra Paolo Sarpi, ever contemplated. Signor Villari clearly proves that Savonarola lived and died an unswerving Catholic. His statements in his *Regola del ben vivere Cristiano*, written when he was in prison, and face to face with death, can leave no doubt upon this point. The Protestant attempt to claim him as a forerunner and martyr of Protestant doctrine is the result of a complete misapprehension of Savonarola's mind; and the presence of his statue on the Luther monument at Worms is singularly inept. One other point—a point intimately connected with the tragedy of Savonarola's life—is the question of his sincerity upon the subject of his prophetic gift. If, when his enemies charge the Frate with insincerity, they mean that he consciously and deliberately declared himself possessed of prophecy in order to increase his power over Florence, knowing all the time that he had no such gift, that view appears to be untenable in the face of Savonarola's own vacillating statements on this point. But if they mean that Savonarola was insincere—*non sincero*, in the Venetian sense of being of two minds, not clear, not decided as to whether or not he were a prophet—the position may be maintained. He never quite knows himself what he thinks on this point. Sometimes he affirms his possession of the gift, at others he denies it; and doubtless he would have been glad to let the question lie in abeyance. But unfortunately for him this point, which was always doubtful and in many ways least important in Savonarola's own view, was all important in the eyes of the people. The Frate lashed and wrought the populace to a frenzy of ecstatic devotion, and their coarser fibre inevitably craved the strong meat of miracles on which to feed their feverish faith. Savonarola was caught, before he knew it, in a trap between his own utterances and his deepest conviction. Frequently in his sermons,

> "Like a seer in a trance,
> Seeing all his own mischance,"

he cries aloud to be saved from the inevitable consequences of a false position.

We have left ourselves no space to follow Signor Villari in his treatment of those much discussed occurrences—the death of Lorenzo and the burning of the Vanities, in which Savonarola played so striking and dramatic a part. The translation by Mdme. Villari is adequate, save for one or two small slips. In vol. i., pp. 96 and 103, the translator writes "scholiast" where she means "schoolman." On p. 102, l. 9, the Italian *fatalmente* is not rendered in the English, thereby ruining Savonarola's meaning, which is that we cannot plead fatalistically compulsion from any extraneous force. But, on the whole, English readers must be grateful to Mdme. Villari for the excellent way in which she has placed her husband's work within their reach.

Horatio F. Brown.

Geschichte der englischen Litteratur. Band II. Erste Hälfte. Von Bernhard ten Brink. (Berlin: Oppenheim.)

Twelve years have almost passed since the professor of English at Strassburg published the first volume of a work which was at once admitted by general consent to be not so much the best as the only adequate literary history of the period with which it dealt. No one except the general public—which has its own consolations—can justly complain of a delay to which we owe such pieces of scholarship as the treatise on Chaucer's Verskunst and the highly original volume on Beowulf. But it began to be doubtful whether the close of the history so tardily continued would not find the friendly throng of its first readers dissipated—"verklungen, ach, der erste Wiederklang"; and it is accordingly with especial pleasure that we note the announcement that the second half of the present volume, together with appendices and index, will appear at Easter—carrying on the narrative to the accession of Elizabeth.

The present half volume is occupied with the period, of about a century, from Wiclif to Pecocke. It is a period which plainly has little natural unity; indeed, the volume seems to have been arranged with a special desire to make the outer division between volume and volume non-coincident with the inner divisions of the subject. Thus, the thread dropped twelve years ago is taken up at an immediately contiguous point—we pass from Langland to the kindred figure of Wiclif; while the most decisive terminus in all Middle-English literature, the year 1400, occurs in the middle of the half volume, dividing it into two portions of sharply contrasted character. The many features which divide the fourteenth from the fifteenth century in English letters have their full value in Ten Brink's brilliant narrative. Their unlikeness, indeed, serves to throw into relief the variety of power which he brings to his task. And, perhaps, it is in the more barren rather than in the more brilliant and picturesque of the two that this is most felt. It did not need a Ten Brink to do adequate justice to the epoch in which the two vital elements of the national mind which have run side by side, interwoven but never blended, through all our later history were typified in figures of such imperishable freshness as Chaucer and Langland. But to be equally successful with a period which, like the fifteenth century in England, may be reduced with little injustice to dim prognostications and dull reminiscences required gifts of a different class. He has, in fact, contrived to invest its delineations with high value and interest, not by mere force of style, but by the delicate and sympathetic insight which discovers new ways of viewing the commonest dust or drift of literary fact. The chapter on the "Drama," particularly, stands out by its characteristic combination of critical acumen and literary refinement. Nowhere is the value of the philological organon more tellingly shown, the perfect command of which has from the first distinguished Ten Brink's from all other histories of English literature. In the drama of the fifteenth century, if anywhere, the criticism based upon discrimination of local characteristics of style and method is not only in place but absolutely indispensable. It is suggestively observed at the outset that the mysteries appear to have struck far deeper root in the originally Anglian territory—than in the Saxon regions of the south-west, the home of the "Legend." This luminous conception is worked out with great skill. The East-Anglian region has not given us any of the extant cycles of mysteries, but it has strong claims to be the original home of the Biblical drama. To it must be assigned the thirteenth-century "Harrowing of Hell"; the "Jacob and Esau" was, in place as in time, closely connected with the "Genesis" and "Exodus"; and the pathetic "Abraham and Isaac" of the Brome MS. is the earliest as it is the finest version of that most dramatic of Biblical legends. Justice is naturally done to the important York plays, the recent publication of which gives Ten Brink an advantage over all his predecessors which he has not failed to use to the full. The comparison of this series with the familiar Towneley plays is in reality far more instructive, through their local proximity, than with the Coventry or Chester series, where different dialects and in some degree different social conditions make it complex and inconclusive. Both have in common the realism, the humour, the sturdy vigour of the northern character; but in York these qualities were controlled and tempered by civic decorum and the neighbourhood of the ecclesiastical authorities, while at Widkirk they betrayed themselves unchecked in the well-known features of that series—in the diabolical Pilate and Cain, in the farcical Shepherd-scenes.

The chapters on Chaucer are for the most part a popular reproduction of the results already published in the author's *Chaucer-Studien*—a book which, as the first application of penetrating literary and historical analysis to the tangled facts of the life of the poet, made an epoch in English philology some years ago, and has since found a place on the handiest shelf of every student of Chaucer. The hard outlines of a scholarly treatise are here indeed somewhat softened by the drapery of a rich and flowing style, which regard for the larger public for whom he wrote, and also his own unmistakable instinct as a writer, compelled him to throw about them. One may no doubt wish that regard for this public had permitted more discussion of moot questions, though it is at least a matter for gratitude that he refers us for these to an Appendix, to appear in the second half of the volume at Easter, instead of to that visionary *Grundriss* which in the former volume *ostendit terris tantum nec ultra esse sivit*. But this concession has involved no real sacrifice of precision, no relaxation of the stringency of method which scarcely a page obtrudes but which all imply. This account of Chaucer is altogether unsurpassed, if it be anywhere equalled, for the refined skill with which it exhibits and makes articulate, so far as may be, throughout a

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long and many-sided career, the genesis of the poet's various work. And this without laborious and pedantic urgency, without painful straining of vision or reckless abuse of conjecture, but with the tact and sanity of a mind both clear and full, which goes at once to the mark, and for the rest gets its ideas too easily to let them die too hard. Whether, considered simply as a literary portrait of a man of genius, these chapters stand on an equal level of art, is less clear. In spite of the profusion of fine and suggestive touches lavished upon every portion, we are conscious of a certain want of evident unity, of inner nexus. It is as if we saw, not the one face, but countless facets representing minute portions of it, all perfectly finished, all harmonising, but detached, and only by an effort combined. This is, no doubt, a consequence of the analytic method, which necessarily proceeds by disintegration, and tends to impair the total effect by the microscopic illumination which it concentrates upon individual traits. Of the skill with which the method is applied, however, there can be no question. No one is freer than Ten Brink from the banality of the mere Quellenforscher, whose business is done when he has found his author's "source," and tabulated his most obvious deviations from it; in his hands all this, though altogether indispensable, is made to serve the purpose of a literary portraiture, which is often as subtle and far more fruitful than any merely "aesthetic" criticism can possibly be. We may refer to the whole discussion of "The House of Fame" (p. 107 f.)—substantially reproduced, it is true, from the *Studien*—as an instance of what this method can achieve in the hands of a refined critic. Ten Brink was, we believe, the first to see in it the fulfilment of the pious hope expressed at the close of "Troilus," his "little tragedy," that God would enable him "to make a comedy," and to connect it, as such, with the supreme example of what in the fourteenth century the word implied:

"'The House of Fame' is, according to the conception which underlies this passage, a comedy: and, as such, suggested by the Divine comedy, from an initial state of evil the guidance of higher powers evolves a good end. As various parallels and invocations show, Chaucer was conscious that he was producing a kind of counterpart to Dante's sublime poem. A work of wholly different character, it is true; by the side of a palace, a house designed, on the same plan, to a smaller scale, unostentatiously furnished to suit a modest ambition, slightly built, and decorated with playful fancy, offhand; the creation of a few weeks, not of a lifetime; a work holding to its model the same sort of relation as that between the capricious character of Lady Fame and the eternal justice of God.... So too it is explained why just in this poem Chaucer recurred to the form of verse which he had habitually employed in his pre-Italian period, but had ever since disused. The light flow of the short rimed-couplet accords excellently with the unassuming tone in which the poet at his ease, and apparently without the slightest effort, develops his fruitful theme in all its fulness, and with the utmost liveliness of effect."

From a purely literary point of view this volume is, like its predecessors, a remarkable achievement. German is with Ten Brink in some degree, we believe, an acquired tongue; but that fact betrays itself, at most, only in the singular and, at times, conscious virtuosity with which he handles it—in a certain taste for rare forms for their rarity, and curious terms for their curiosity. Often, it is true, Romance words, used without apparent reason for a more familiar native one, as "Respect" for *Achtung*. *Suggestiv*, on the other hand, looks like an attempt to give currency to a *Neubildung*, for which there is no very satisfactory Teutonic substitute. The use of *unverächtlich* for "considerable" ("eine unverächtliche Belesenheit") strikes one also as unfamiliar, though easily understood. And one solecism we have met with which, in a foreigner, would be called bad grammar—the use of *kehren an* with a dative. We must add one word of admiration for the graceful translations. In the case of "The Canterbury Tales," these are taken from Hertzberg's version—a high though well-merited compliment from so brilliant a translator as Ten Brink.

C. H. Herford.

"The Badminton Series."—*Driving*. By the Duke of Beaufort. (Longmans.)

Most persons fancy that driving is a haphazard branch of knowledge which comes by nature. A glance at these pages will show that, as Walton says of angling, it is "of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to." It is, indeed, a simple matter for any one brought up in the country to make a horse draw him in any ordinary vehicle to the station, and, perhaps, this is as much as most busy people care to attempt. But to drive a playful horse in a quiet but determined manner, so as to get as much out of him as can reasonably be expected with the least expenditure of the animal's strength; still more to drive a pair steadily and at good speed in crowded streets, are achievements only to be attained by long practice and diligent attention to many small particulars. To reach the crown of the art, and send four spirited horses galloping along a turnpike road in front of the coach, which has of late years once more become fashionable, is given to few. There were many more expert four-in-hand drivers in the days of the old coaches than there are now. Any lad with a taste for horses could generally induce a good-natured coachman to let him hold the reins for a short time as he occupied the box-seat on his journeys to school. After a few years, when he went up to the university, a very little persuasion enabled him to drive for part of a stage; and then, in frequently passing up and down the road, he easily perfected himself in the art. Even if a man does not care to learn the elegancies of the art of driving, or does not possess sufficient nerve for the task, he should, if he keeps horses, know theoretically not only how they ought to be driven so as to economise strength and keep up condition, but also he should be able to preside over his stables and coachhouse, his saddlery and feeding bills. As for purchasing horses, perhaps he had better not meddle with that, but leave it to some good-natured and skilful friend. But he ought certainly to know enough of harness and horses to enable him critically to survey his equipage when brought round, before he enters it.

The Duke of Beaufort has summoned many helpers to his aid in systematising the art of driving. He himself has written two excellent chapters on driving generally, while Col. H. S. Baillie and Lord Algernon St. Maur treat of driving a single horse, and the late Major Dixon of a coach and four. These form the most practical chapters in the volume. Then come directions on the coach-house, harness-room, and driving appliances, together with a useful chapter on the cost of a carriage by Mr. A. E. T. Watson. Coaches are not altogether luxuries for poor men. Mr. Watson, after setting down the original cost of one at £220, estimates (but on a very liberal scale) the annual cost of its maintenance, with horses, men and all, at £782. Lady Georgiana Curzon furnishes a chapter on tandem driving; and what may be called the didactic portion of the book is closed by an account of modern carriages contributed by Mr. Hooper. Several repetitions, however, here occur, in consequence of this divided liability; and in particular the story of broughams being named from the Lord Chancellor becomes literally a twice-told tale.

Most people, being persuaded that they can drive as well as Eniopeus and Kebriones, will turn with greater eagerness to the anecdotal chapters of this book. What may be called the Golden Age of driving, the reign of the old stage coaches, is still sufficiently near to enable men with good memories to recall quaint characters, scenes, and adventures on the road for the delight of a generation which strives to reproduce a pale reflection of its glories in meets of the coaching clubs. Lord A. St. Maur's good stories of the old coaching days are delightful, and will help the young, who cannot remember those times, to realise something of the business arrangements of the mail as well as of its fun. The editor follows with two more pleasant chapters on the different routes, stages, and the like in the West of England. Major-Gen. Sir C. Teesdale runs him hard with a chapter on tandem driving. We are indebted also to the editor for an excellent summary of posting in England, and a companion picture of the same system as it prevailed in France, with the *dormeuses*, *diligences*, and *malle-postes* of happy memory. Sleighing is not forgotten; there is even a bibliography of books on driving; and, to make the manual complete, an excellent index. In a word, this treatise fully maintains the character of the Badminton Library. Round what at first seems rather a limited and arid subject a fund of good sense and interesting narrative has been collected.

It would be wrong to conclude without a word of special praise for the numerous woodcuts which illustrate the text. Mr. Sturgess's horses are drawn with rare fidelity to nature, while some of his colleague's—Mr. G. D. Giles—drawings are full of spirit and animation. The "Butcher's Cart" (p. 71) and the "Excitable Leaders" (p. 119) deserve particular mention. For many a day to come this book will hold an honoured place in the library of every country house.

M. G. Watkins.

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The Roxburghe Ballads, mostly illustrating the Last Years of the Stuarts. Parts XVI.-XVII. Edited by J. W. Ebsworth. (Ballad Society.)

The two volumes which Mr. Ebsworth has edited with his usual felicitous skill are by no means the least important of the series in which they appear. Not only for historical students, but for students of literature, have they a special value. Of the group of early naval ballads, many are on the Spanish Armada, such as Delany's fine psalm-like paean, on "The happie obtaining of the great Galleazzo," beginning

"O noble England: fall doune vpon thy knee
And praise thy God with thankful hart: which still maintaineth thee.
The forraine forces: that seekes thy vtter spoile
Shall through his most especiall grace: be brought to shameful foile.
With mightie power: they come vnto our coast
To over runne our countrie quite: they make their brags and boast;
In strength of men: they set their onely stay,
But we vpon the Lord our God: will put our trust alway."

Another two are on the Tilsburie Hill Review, and might have inspired Macaulay. The Essex ballad, "Queen Elizabeth's Champion," is an excellent specimen of strect doggrel:

"With cannons hot and thundering shot: these two gallants fought on the main
And as it was young Essex lot the Emperor's son by him was ta'n.
'Give me my son,' the Emperor cryd: 'who you this day have taken from me
And I'll give to thee three keys of Gold, the one shall be of High Germany'"—

and so on, with the inevitable but delightful tag:

"They had not fought this famous battle: they had not fought it hours but three
But some lost arms and some lost legs: and some lay tumbling in the Sea."

The "George Aloe" and "Sweepstakes" fight, and the "Fight at Malago" and "The Attempt on Calais" (1627), with "Sir Walter Raleigh's Sweet Trinity" (the origin of the "Golden Vanity," Wilson's favourite), and "The Song of Danseker the Dutchman," and that of "Captain Ward" (his partner) and "The Rainbow," and the "Honour of Bristol," telling of the "fight of the Angel Gabriel, Capt. Netheway, with three Spaniards," with others, are here, all "solid songs" with good tunes, which should some day be cheaply printed, with the music added, as part of a British Seaman's Garland.

Among the love-songs are some of great beauty and exquisite rhythm. For example (p. 76), the one beginning—

"How bright art thou whose starry Eyes
Two cruel Tyrants prove!
And though I fall your sacrifice
Can no compassion move:
I dye I languish in Despair
And can no Pitty find
O hear at last, lov'd Nymph, my Prayer!
Sweet Phyllida be kind!

* * * * *

"Poor Corydon implores thy Love
No longer cruel be;
For if you still disdainful prove
And still will torture me,
Behold unto the shades I go,
For restless Love assign'd!
To hinder me from shades below,
Sweet Phyllida be kind!

"And on the Rock let me not lie
Of Doubt and sad Despair,
'Tis better far at once to die
Than wade through Seas of Care,
Where peevish Coyness and Disdain
Do tempest-toss the Mind.
To ease me of my wretched Pain,
Sweet Phyllida be kind!

"By all the Woods, the Hills, and Springs,
Where e'er our flocks have been,
And by the Bird that nightly sings,
And all the Stars I've seen,
My Passion shall for ever burn
Till I a Grave do find:
Then let me not thus sigh and mourn!
Sweet Phyllida, be kind!"

I do not know the author; but this song surely was not his first and last. It has a smack of Wither to my ear. It is clearly not a perfect copy of the original, and is spoiled in places.

The line-rhyme in several of these poems gives proof that the Irish were already, in the seventeenth century, beginning to write songs in English, for to them we owe the introduction of this ornament, which is so ancient a characteristic of their own poetry. The metre often affords exact indications of additions tacked on to popular songs. Thus (p. 62) it is to a different hand in different measure that we owe the second part of "The Mournful Shepherd."

The burden of "News for Young Men and Maids" (p. 8) is noteworthy, and looks old:

"For Love is dead and buried,
And with him all true joy is fled."

The genesis of popular songs is well illustrated by the history of "Farewell, fair Armida" (p. 36), so carefully traced by the editor. "True Love Exalted" (p. 93) must have been popular by reason of its quaint metre and moral. In J. P.'s "Love in the Blossom" (p. 110) there are a few words to be corrected: thus, verses 2 and 8 are out of metre; l. 21, for "prate" read "sigh"; l. 27, for "mine" read "my dish." So in "Fancy's Freedom" (p. 113), l. 21 should run, "To bring me in to Cupid's gin," and l. 36, for "bred" read "raise." In several places we should like to have the tunes, which we hope may yet be supplied in some volume of this society's series. It is needed for complete comprehension of the metre, which for many songs, as in "A Word in Season" (p. 140) is remarkable and uncommon; strange and good, too, is that of the "Tyrannical Beauty" (p. 145). "The Love-sick Serving Man" has this fine verse:

"A thousand thoughts ran in her head,
As many Cupids round her Bed,
Which did like armed angels stand,
With golden bows and shafts in hand,
Everyone was pleading for him,
And their silver shafts did show,
Saying, 'Receive him, do not grieve him,
For it must and shall be so!'"

Two poor spurious verses have been added to this song (p. 151).

There are some good lines in the "Love-sick Maid of Portsmouth" (p. 187). "The Lunatic Lover; or, Grim King of the Ghosts" (p. 222), which had a great success in its day, and was followed by several inferior imitations, has spirit in it, and "The Bird's Harmony" (p. 301) has a pleasant and pretty old-fashioned flavour.

There is, perhaps, none of the societies that should meet with greater encouragement, as producing good and interesting work, than the Ballad Society, for which Mr. Ebsworth, whose labour is assuredly "labour of love," has edited these two worthy successors of worthy predecessors. In them much of the true history of England is given, written small it may be, but written clearly.

F. York Powell.

NEW NOVELS.

Saved as by Fire. By Eleanor Mary Marsh. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Distracting Guest. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. In 2 vols. (White.)

Harvest. By John Strange Winter. (The "Hansom Cab" Publishing Company.)

Against the Grain. By Charles T. C. James. (Spencer Blackett.)

For England's Sake. By Robert Cromie. (F. Warne.)

More Sail than Ballast. By C. A. Montrésor. (W. H. Allen.)

The act of moral combustion referred to in the title of *Saved as by Fire* is the burning up of an old curse which Sir Bernard Maxwell had called down upon the wronger of his mother. The haughty spirit of this erratic English baronet is broken when he discovers that the supposed slayer of his mother is not so guilty as she seems, and she returns home to die upon the grave of her victim. This is the leading *motif* of Miss Marsh's story; but the evolution of it does not occupy much space, and the bulk of the three volumes is devoted to love rather than to Sir Bernard's revenge, remorse, and recantation. Phyllis Trevylian, the heroine, is the daughter of Gwendoline Trevylian, or De Maroie, the betrayer. She has three lovers. The first, a rough country squire of the name of Danby, sends Sir Bernard to woo for him, after the example of Miles Standish and John Alden; and as he is summarily rejected he imagines that his envoy has betrayed him. However, the squire's wounds are not very deep, for he confides to a friend immediately afterwards, "I daresay a bachelor's life is the best. I might get a wife who objected to my hunting four days a week. At any rate, horses are not so expensive, as far as I can judge." Suitor No. 2 fares no better. He is Jack Markham, the son of the fine old rector of the parish. While he is making impossible love to Phyllis, a frail, delicate girl who has loved him from childhood is dying of grief and consumption. "So runs the world away." Phyllis's third suitor, Sir Bernard himself, is more successful than his rivals, though he has to pass through a long apprenticeship of trial before he is suffered to win the prize. The best and most natural passages in the book are those concerned with Lord St. Maur and Dot Markham, everything else having the appearance of being constructed to order, even to the finding of a letter which is to clear up a painful misunderstanding. Geoffrey St. Maur, an artist by choice but a lord by birth, is really a very fine fellow, with a magnificent faith in humanity; and little Dot Markham, with whom he falls in love, is one of those bewitching little creatures capable of turning the heads of such men. St. Maur performs

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very heroic deeds, with the result, on one occasion, of temporarily losing his sight, which brings out all the sympathy and the deeper feelings of his faithful Dot. Although there is nothing striking in this novel, and it is not beyond the average in merit, it is impossible to say that it is not pleasant reading. It is, at any rate, a good and wholesome story—some readers, whose tastes have been vitiated by sensational pabulum, may even think that the third volume is too goody and religious in tone.

The dedication of *A Distracting Guest* is a creditable example of filial affection. Mrs. Jocelyn inscribes her novel to the memory of her father, the late Col. Soame G. Jenyns, C.B., who, we do not doubt, was a gallant and distinguished officer. But why a record of his services—which reads like a quotation from the Army List—should appear at the head of a work of fiction it is somewhat difficult to see. Yet the printer, or some other person, has been so struck with the account of Col. Jenyns that in the copy before us his very honourable record appears in both volumes. But, pleasantry apart, we fear that we cannot say as much for Mrs. Jocelyn's literary skill as might fairly be said for her father's military achievements. The novel is all about haunted houses, haunted benches, and mesmerism, and we have a quite impossible discovery of documents two centuries old. There is some piquancy in the delineation of female character, and one of the young ladies described is certainly a most unconventional personage; but beyond that little can be said for the work, which is remarkably thin and devoid of originality. What is the matter with the English language that it should not be sufficient for such a sentence as this: "The *plupart* of the society which she had collected around her," &c.

In *Harvest* John Strange Winter has written a much better story than some of those which have given her wide popularity. It is pleasant to find that the delineation of military trivialities is far from having exhausted her powers. The story of Rachel Power is a very touching one. Coming to England after her father's death in India, she is basely tempted by her lover, whom she scorns, while her heart is deeply torn, and she is cast off by her only relative, General Vandeleur. Though friendless, however, she is not utterly hopeless, and after a time she comes out as an artist upon the walls of the Royal Academy. Then those who have contemned her are only too eager to bask in the sunshine of her popularity, but with a Spartan-like nature she resists their wiles. There is only one thing that disappoints us. As this sketch is founded on the motto, "Every man's harvest hereafter shall be according to his seedtime here," the writer does not show us what becomes of the treacherous lover beyond the loss of his old love. The lesson, perhaps, is that the sense of that loss is quite sufficient; but a really base nature would scarcely feel that. Yet unquestionably *Harvest* is an excellent little story.

When the reader has got over the astounding meteorological information conveyed in the first sentence of *Against the Grain*—to the effect that "during November fogs sometimes envelop the British Isles"—he will thoroughly enjoy the little story. Mr. James is full of high animal spirits; and his sketches, if a little too "horsey," take a clean and an honest view of life, and are charged with *bonhomie*. The central figure is a proud old baronet, Kissingham, of Kissingham—creation *temp.* James I.—who lives upon his dignity and ancestry. He has two charming daughters; but, when one of them marries a curate with £100 a year, and the other elopes with her groom, his cup of bitterness seems to be full. Yet it is made to hold another drop, for he discovers that the £60,000 for which he has himself married a withered old widow, Lady Netherby, goes to the groom in question, who is her ladyship's illegitimate son. The changes of fortune in this short sketch are depicted with a ready pen, and the interest never flags. It is also not devoid of sundry touches of genuine feeling.

Mr. Cromie's *For England's Sake* is a military story of British India, and deals with the events which culminated in the grand march that raised the siege of Kandahar. This is the public side of the narrative; its more personal one traces the love passages between Captain Dudley Smooth and Nina, the daughter of General Lorraine. There are hairbreadth escapes and great sacrifices made for the sake of old England, of which it would not be fair to reveal the details. Suffice it to state that there is not a dull page in the story.

More Sail than Ballast, with its pathetic conclusion, shows the dangers of genius when its possessor is without the guidance of moral principle. The pictures of life at the ducal court of Ludwigsburg are very graphic, though it must not be forgotten—as, indeed, the author admits—that she is indebted to Körner's reminiscences of Ludwigsburg, and Vely's memoir of Francesca von Hohenheim. How the gay and frivolous court of Duke Charles Eugene was reformed the reader will be interested in discovering for himself. This study of German character in the middle of the eighteenth century forms extremely pleasant reading.

G. Barnett Smith.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

Gordon: an Our-Day Idyll. By Jeannie Morison. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) One closes this book, after scrupulously reading every line, with the feeling that if it tells the story of Gordon, one has somehow missed it. Nor does the blame of that failure rest with the reader. The author has attempted a rhapsody rather than a narrative; and a rhapsody extending through a whole volume of awkwardly-constructed verse is more than any reasonably intelligent reader can be expected to follow. Undoubtedly the intention of the book is good, and it is likely that the author had a fairly clear conception in her mind when she began to write it; but she has certainly failed to express with clearness whatever she may have wished to convey. Seventy-five pages out of 126 are occupied with Gordon's ride over the desert to Khartoum. That eventful progress might well form the subject of an "our-day idyll"; but the description of it here is so compounded of fact and fancy, of actual incident blended with what the author rightly calls "phantasmagoria," that the reader becomes utterly bewildered. He might perhaps bear with his bewilderment, if the clumsy breaks and entanglements in the verse did not so weary him that he gives up the pursuit of the sense in the endeavour to preserve some sort of rhythm to his ear. For when an author chooses to write in verse the reader must needs insist on the vehicle being apt and suitable. Otherwise, why verse—why not save the reader all trouble by adopting the plain medium of prose? Miss Morison begins well:

"Noiseless through grim At Moor's gorges toils a
camel's cushioned tread,
'Neath the fierce sun of the noontide, and the
great stars overhead,
—Hanging jewels of light suspended from the
heaven's deep-vaulted blue
O'er Arabia's thirsty deserts, unrefreshed by spring
or dew,—
Lone, as rides a silent traveller, through the
glare and through the gloom,
Speeding on his noiseless journey, burdened with
a people's doom.
* * * *
Silent as his camel's footfall, on and on across the
sand,
Holding high his country's honour, firm grasped
in his good right hand,
O'er the heads of dusky myriads, in their dark
eyes' eagle ken,
In his heart the blessed message, 'Peace on earth,
good-will to men';
—Britain's son, across the desert, bearing the
white flag of peace,
While the world stands still to listen till that
wondrous ride shall cease!"

Presently, however, the reader stumbles over such a passage as this:

"Dream visions changing ever.—Now, where the
white hill meets the blue,
Khartoum, with its flat-roofed mud huts,—as when
first it met his view,
Long years agone, when, then as now, taking at
his Lord's command,
For the sake of Afric's down-trod myriads his
life in's hand."

It is true that on the same page we are compensated by this excellent bit of natural and no doubt true description:

"Now the thickly wooded Nile-banks,—green with
tamarisk, blue with gum,
Where the mighty river-horses splash and blow to
see him come,
Basking crocodiles scarce lifting sleepy eyes from
out the mud,
While stork and pelican stand long-legged, on the
river's weed-wove sudd,
And the moonlight's stillness echoes with rude
laughter from the tree,
—Mocking birds that thus give vent to Nature's
scornful irony,
Of the puny mortal daring her great solitudes to
tread,
Where she's ruled, supremely monarch, through
uncounted ages fled."

To instance another of the passages which have tried the soul of the present writer, it is thus that a possible incident at the crisis of Gordon's fate is described:

"Now a passing gleam of gladness, as he finds
long stolen store,
A whole month's biscuits! Fierce firing up
stream now shows respite o'er,
Arabs fusilade Omdurman! Six hours' anxious
agony,
Watching from his roof-top outlook shells
striking the water by
His last poor steamers; all the rest to Metemma
sent to wait
The coming force. Thrice sees th' *Ismailia*
struck—little *Husseinyeh*
Fall back stern-foremost in terrific fire;—puts
his field-glass by,
And, sickened unto death, can look no more!"

There is a noble feeling in the poem—a feeling which, in spite of imperfect expression, makes it a poem; but this "our-day idyll" is not such a memorial of Gordon as the genius of poetry will yet award him.

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Songs of Adieu. By Lord Henry Somerset. (Chatto & Windus.) The lighter moods of sadness are prolific of "motives" for verse, and Lord Henry Somerset has evolved from them a very charming sequence of poems. Some of these "Songs of Adieu" might almost have been written by Miss Rossetti, so pathetic is their melancholy, and so suggestive at the same time of all that is thoughtful and tender and loving. This, for instance:

"One more glimpse of the sun,
One more breath from the sea,
One more kiss from my darling one—
Then, Death, come speedily!

"One more smile from my sweet,
One more clasp of a hand,
One more sound of returning feet—
Then come, that Better Land!

"One more passionate prayer
To Christ, that He shall be
My Guide as I climb the Golden Stair—
Then come, Eternity!"

Or this:

"Behold! a band of lovers clad
In garments rich and fair,
And loud their song rings out and glad
To all the summer air:
A song that sings of happiness,
Of long-forgotten tears,
Of death to pain and bitterness
And life of love-crowned years.

"The same procession comes again,
But clad in sombre hue,
Their hearts are damped with winter's rain,
Their songs are sad and few:
Their lily-crowns are smirched with mire
And bruised their weary feet,
But in their eyes there burns the fire
Of love that is so sweet.

"Yea, love, dear lord, in weal and woe
Our hearts still turn to thee,
'Neath summer suns and winter's snow
Thine ever we would be!
O give us measure of delight
And bloom of thy bright flowers,
Though day be swallowed up in night
And lost in death the hours."

We are not sure, indeed, that we ought to speak of these poems as having anything to do with the "lighter"—or imaginary—moods of sadness. They are so perfectly natural as to be suggestive of real experiences of sorrow, idealised perhaps by the imagination which always goes with love.

Glanlua, and Other Poems. By William Larminie. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) Of the four pieces in this volume, the longest and most important is "Glanlua." It is a story in verse founded on Irish legends of a time two thousand years ago. The picturesque bays and mountains of the coast of North Mayo, of which it treats, harmonise well with the traditions of a remote past, when the supernatural was the most familiar element in human life. Tradition, myth, and the old-world picturesque are the materials Mr. Larminie has used, and he has turned them to excellent account. His verse is strong, fluent, and imaginative, as the following passage will show:

"In the thick rain mist are the dim hills furl'd,
And the dawn gropes blindly her way o'er the world.
Night had called to the demon of tempest, for she
Was the mother of Morna, 'Oh! gather thou me
Thy clouds and thy rains from the farthest sea;
With the gloom that is thine be my darkness doubled,
That the paths of the coming of day may be troubled;
Roll thy mists o'er the floor of the earth: pile high
Cloud heaped upon cloud to the topmost sky;
Let there be not a chink in the dripping air
Unstuffed of thy blackness till day shall despair,
With the glimmer of watery glances vain,
Of shaking the twice-walled might of my reign.'
And the demon gave ear to the summons of night
And with widespread wings sprang swift to his flight,
And before the sweep of his pinions he drave
All the vapourish ghosts of the wandering wave;
And the lash of his wings and the tramp of his feet
To a cauldron of foam the abyss did beat:
And he drank of its waters insatiably;
And at every gulp he swallowed a sea,
That rose dilating his bulk tenfold;
Till by regions his darkness he measured, and rolled
With ravage of rain and of wind twin-souled,
And burst upon Irros; low bowed the woods
To the heavy scourge of the winds and the floods;
From the watery mantle of muffling rain
Heaved off and for ever renewed again
From the clouds, no breath for the drowning land."

A Handful of Pansies. By Bessie Craigmyle. (Aberdeen: John Adam.) It is Mdme. Darmesteter, we believe, who has taught our young men and maidens to gather their verses by *Handfuls*—an unwise rede. For not so are fair nosegays fashioned; but much grass, many weeds, and few flowers come of such haphazard gathering. A careful spirit of selection should preside over every volume of verses. They should not be cast down before us as we cast on the table the careless bunch of a morning's ramble, though it is much in that way that we find Miss Craigmyle's. One inevitably thinks of the concluding words of one of George Gascoigne's prefaces—"Flowers to please, herbes to cure, and weedes to be avoided." There is, indeed, a fragrance about this volume; but it is more of grass than of flowers—of clover it were perhaps better to say—but the veritable pansies are few. Here is one of the finest—"Across the Gulf":

"'Now life is done with, and sin sinned through,
And here in Hades I cry to you.'
'Cry on, with a cry unanswered.'

"'Have you neither pity nor pardon, Dear?
The primrose-path has led me here.'
'I follow hard in the path *you* led.'

"'Be not wroth for a broken vow:
I loved you alway, I love you now.'
'Your love was a lie: you lie to me yet.'

"'Of my sin to you am I never shriven?
Forget your wrong, let me pass forgiven.'
'Hell shall forget me when I forget.'"

This is very strong; and it were ungracious to mention the quite unimportant reminiscence in the last line, but that other of Miss Craigmyle's verses suggest an interesting "study of origins." Are her pansies all out of her own garden? Many of them seem "freaked" in a wonderful likeness to others familiar elsewhere. Indeed, we think Miss Craigmyle must admit that she is somewhat apt to be derivative. For instance, when one hears her asking Horace in a villanelle, "Hast thou forgotten Italy?" Surely it is impossible not to remember Mr. Oscar Wilde's question of Theocritus, "Dost thou remember Sicily?" "A Roundel of Rest" is a familiar title; and her

"Green old garden, full of pansies,
Wall-enclosed and trod of few,"

reminds one much of Philip Marston's

"O! my garden full of roses
Red as passion and as sweet";

while her *April* days and nights are unmistakeably like those of Mr. Henley's *Midsummer*. Had Miss Craigmyle not read her "Gleeson White" the inference might have been less doubtful; but she has evidently slept with that pleasant anthology under her pillow, and very many of her verses are in "the forms." Indeed, she has used them so much that, like a more notable employer thereof, she has begun to turn her back upon them, and, as if in mockery, demands in a ballade, which truly justifies the question, "Where is the ballade's sense?" besides indulging in a feeble parody of Mr. Swinburne's Ballad of François Villon. And, apropos of Villon, she has a rather better ballade of his love, Katherine de Vauselles, though surely the prince of all ballade-makers gives us no warrant for song so tender of her. "Vaucel's Kate, the cockatrice," was his phrase for her; and who does not know how, owing to her, he

"Was beaten as linen is that lies
In washers' tubs for bats to smite"?

Miss Craigmyle attempts too many styles. She will rhyme you as variously as the Merryman at the Savoy. Sometimes she tries blank verse, but her voice is not in the thunder. But "what care of that?" as she herself sings,

"Low lyric-murmurs none the less are sweet";

and these are certainly within her scope. Such verses as the following are always welcome—"Re-awakening":

"Great trees stretch their arms above us
As we pass,
Like a priestly benediction
After mass,
And the poppies drop their hoodlets
On the grass.
Such a sleepy, slumbrous silence
On the land,
As if some enchanter swayed it
With his wand!
On my arm, as on we wander,
Rests your hand.
And the holy quiet on us
Softly lies,
Over, around us, and between us,
Garment-wise.
While the tender light of evening
Slowly dies."

If Miss Craigmyle would but always write like that! With more wisdom in choice of subjects, more closeness of expression and carefulness of finish, her undoubted gift of song may someday make us very grateful.

Wanderers. Being a Collection of the Poems of William Winter. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.) We regret that we have not been able to form a very high estimate of the poetical effusions of the author of *Shakspere's England.* They contain too many references to "the sod," "the grassy mound," "the nameless grave"; and, turning the pages, we are beset with such phrases as "a ghastly gaunt despair," "lying silent in thy shroud," "Ah! the grave's a quite bed," "darkly mouldering in the tomb"—all suggestive of permanent failure and universal collapse. Some verse writers seem to be under the delusion that unless they are melancholy they are not poetical; but surely mauling the dead and grovelling among graves is employment befitting ghouls rather than poets. Is this poetry for instance?—

"Here she slumbers white and chill,
Put your hand upon her brow" (p. 72).

Or this from "Thoughts in a Churchyard"?—

"I watch the crickets leap and run
Upon a stranger's grave.
* * * * *

"Ah piteous, desolate and drear,
This nameless stranger's sleep,
O'er which the slowly dying year
Is all that seems to weep!
God help him in that bitter day,—
His heart, his reason save,—
Who hears the crickets chirp and play,
Upon his darling's grave" (pp. 77-78).

It is characteristic of these minstrels of things

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doleful that they delight in self-torture. It is a favourite device of theirs to harrow their feelings, and, so far as may be, the feelings of their readers, by fancying themselves dead. In one instance our present poet goes even further, and, changing his sex, announces that he actually is dead. Happily, as he stated in the preface, his poems are "absolutely impersonal." Then, when he is dead, reversing the established order of things, he requests some living person who has jilted him not to haunt him, although with malice, shocking alike in the living and the dead, he announces that he (or she) will not be equally forbearing:

"In from the night! the storm begins to stir:
I will be near and ghostly eyes shall see
How you will kiss her lips, and say to her,
'Thine always, love,' as once you said to me" (p. 74).

Yet dismal and unhealthy as all this is, a close examination of the volume seems to reveal if not higher achievements, at any rate higher possibilities. Here and there, indeed, a piece is to be found almost jovial in tone. That beginning, "Here's a health to the lass with the merry black eyes," is excellent throughout. In most of the pieces there is grace of form and some evidence of power. "Violet" is tender and even sad, without being morbid. The following, too, though not untainted with the prevailing false sentiment, has much to commend it:

"Ah, Lily, when my head lies low,
In yonder quiet woodland dell,—
Where the wild-flowers will sweetly blow,
Above the eyes that loved them well,—
How soon thy sorrow would depart,
If word of mine could soothe thy heart!

"Somewhere, some day, we meet again!
Think this—and be this thought relief!
In life I have not brought thee pain;
In death I must not bring thee grief.
Strew with the flowers of hope my pall,
And gently mourn, or not at all" (p. 27).

If Mr. William Winter will shun churchyards, take to the fields and mountains instead, and, in his walk and conversation, adopt the precept of Goethe—"Think on living"—we have little doubt we shall be able to give his next volume of poems a more cordial welcome than we can extend to the present one.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. Whitley Stokes is now engaged upon a supplement to his two big volumes of *Anglo-Indian Codes*—of which the second was issued only last year by the Clarendon Press—which will bring the legislation and judicial decisions, so far as they affect the Codes, down to March 31, 1889.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish about Easter the Life of William George Ward, author of "The Christian Ideal," written by his son, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, with especial reference to his father's share in the Oxford Movement. Lord Tennyson has prefixed some memorial lines addressed to his old friend.

Mr. Lang's well-known translation of the Idylls of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, is shortly to appear in the "Golden Treasury Series."

Messrs. Chatto & Windus have in the press a poem of considerable length, by Miss Mathilde Blind, entitled *The Ascent of Man*.

Messrs. Blackwood announce a book by the Marchioness of Stafford, entitled *How I Spent my Twentieth Year;* being a Short Record of a Tour round the World, 1886-87.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish a second part of Sir John Lubbock's *Pleasures of Life*, touching, among other subjects, upon Ambition, Love, Art, Poetry, Music, and Religion.

Messrs. Sampson Low will be the publishers of the English edition of the memoir of Emerson, by his son, Edward Waldo Emerson, "written from the social circle in Concord, Massachusetts." It will be illustrated with a portrait.

Messrs. Trübner & Co. will publish immediately Mr. S. Alexander's *Moral Order and Progress:* an Analysis of Ethical Conceptions, forming a new volume of their "English and Foreign Philosophical Library." This work is an account of the factors involved in the two central phenomena of order or equilibrium and progress, which are shown to be essential to morality. Its method is to group ethical facts under the main working conceptions of morality. It treats ethics independently of biology; but the result is to confirm the theory of evolution by showing that the characteristic differences of moral action are such as should be expected if that theory were true. In particular, book iii. aims at proving that moral ideals follow, in their origin and development, the same law as natural species.

Mr. W. Hastie, of Edinburgh, has undertaken to publish an English rendering of the *Philosophy* of Krause. The first part, which will be popular and introductory, will appear soon. In dealing with the difficult terminology of Krause and the metaphysics of the system, assistance will be given by Dr. Paul Hohlfeld, of Dresden, the principal editor of Krause's work, and Prof. Tiberghien, of Brussels, the most distinguished living representative of the Krausean philosophy.

The English Flower Garden, with over fourteen hundred engravings, will be published next week by Mr. John Murray. Many of our most beautiful gardens are illustrated, while nearly all the plants that will bear the free air in this country are figured.

The second volume of *Book Prices Current*, containing the prices of books sold at auction during 1888, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

By the kind permission of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Messrs. Cassell & Co. will be enabled to issue his *Legends of St. Patrick* as volume 175 of their "National Library," to be published on April 29. This is the fourth copyright volume issued in the "National Library," the previous ones being Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House* and *Victories of Love*, and Mr. Woolner's *My Beautiful Lady*.

The second volume of *The Scriptures for Young Readers*, which has been seriously delayed through the illness of the compilers, Edward Bartlett and John Peters, will shortly be issued by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. The third volume, containing the New Testament, will probably follow soon.

On Monday and Tuesday of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library of Sir Thomas Thornhill, Bart., of Riddlesworth, Norfolk, which is particularly rich in the more valuable county histories—such as Dallaway's *Sussex* (complete), Hodgson's *Northumberland*, Blomefield's *Norfolk* (extended to seven volumes), Ormerod's *Cheshire* (with the plates in three different states), &c., &c. Among the other rarities are the first quarto of *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608), the folio Ben Jonson (1616), two copies of the second folio of Shakspere (1632), the Marquis of Newcastle's *Methode Nouvelle et Invention Extraordinaire de dresser les Chevaux* (Antwerp, 1657-58), and the exceedingly scarce first edition of the *Compleat Angler* (1653), besides the two following ones (1655 and 1676).

The following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution after Easter: Dr. Jean Paul Richter, three lectures on "The Italian Renaissance Painters: their Associations, their Education, and their Employments" (with illustrations); Prof. E. Ray Lankester, four lectures on "Some Recent Biological Discoveries"; Mr. Eadweard Muybridge, of Pennsylvania, two lectures on "The Science of Animal Locomotion in its relation to Design in Art" (illustrated by the zoopraxiscope); Prof. Dewar, five experimental lectures on "Chemical Affinity"; Mr. Joseph Bennett, four lectures on "The Origin and Development of Opera in England" (with musical illustrations); Prof. W. Knight, of St. Andrews, three lectures on (1) "The Classification of the Sciences, Historical and Critical," (2) "Idealism and Experience, in Philosophy and Literature," (3) "Idealism and Experience, in Art and Life" (the Tyndall Lectures). The Friday evening meetings will be resumed on May 3, when a discourse will be given by Sir Henry Roscoe on "Aluminium"; succeeding discourses will probably be given by Prof. Dewar, Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson, the Rev. S. J. Perry, Prof. D. Mendeleef, Dr. A. Geikie, Mr. C. V. Boys, &c.

The publishers of the "Temple Library"—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.—have been fortunate in sustaining the character of their series, which began with the *Essays of Elia*. The second issue consists of the *Poems and Plays of Goldsmith*, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson, with etchings by Messrs. John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton. As might be expected, Mr. Dobson has taken pleasure in interpreting liberally his duties as editor. His general introduction, his bibliographical preface to each piece, and his frequent but not overloaded notes—all combine to add a permanent value to these volumes which mere daintiness could not give. The illustrations are not altogether satisfactory. Indeed, we doubt the wisdom of issuing etchings in the size known to binders by the dreadful name of pott octavo, especially when the artist attempts to include the characters of a crowded play. Nor can we profess to think Mr. Railton so successful with the needle as he is in black-and-white. His view of "Canonbury Tower" is by far the best thing in the two volumes, both in itself and for its associations. His representation of the "Deserted Village" seems to us nothing less than astounding.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards has accepted an invitation to visit America next winter; and in the course of her stay there she proposes to lecture on subjects with which her name will be familiar to readers of the Academy. An address of welcome to her has already been drawn up and signed by some two hundred representative men and women, beginning with the Vice-President of the United States, Dr. Holmes, Mr. J. R. Lowell, Mr. J. G. Whittier, &c. Her first engagement is to give a course of six lectures before the Peabody Institute, at Baltimore. Some difficulty has been raised with regard to her appearance at the Lowell Institute, at Boston, on the ground that no woman has hitherto been allowed to lecture from that platform. But invitations have been received from the directors of the Brooklyn Library, the Geographical Society of America, and from several historical societies and other learned and collegiate bodies.

The Century Company have issued a prospectus, with sample sheets, of the *Century Dictionary*, upon which Prof. W. D. Whitney has been engaged for some years past as editor-in-chief, with a strong staff of assistants. It is estimated that it will contain about 200,000 words, with nearly 6000 pictorial illustrations. It will consist of six volumes quarto, of which

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the first is to appear next month, and the last within two years.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's monograph on George Washington will be published in the "American Statesmen" series in time for the centenary of Washington's inauguration, April 30.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson—best known as the creator of the part of Rip Van Winkle—has written his autobiography, which will be published serially in the *Century Magazine*, probably extending over a twelvemonth. It will be abundantly illustrated.

We hear that *Robert Elsmere* is now being given away by dry goods houses to all purchasers of a twenty cent. cake of soap.

We quote the following from the *American Bookseller*:

"In compiling the 'Library Notes,' given in the present issue hundreds of catalogues were gone over; and it is a remarkable fact that, in most cases of public libraries, and more particularly in the Western States, a very considerable revenue is obtained by a tax on dogs. If dogs were taxed to support a conservatory of music the matter could be understood, for sometimes dogs have, under certain circumstances, been known to sing. But who ever knew or heard of a dog going to a public library to borrow a book? Why should they be taxed for educational purposes in which they have no share? Hath a dog money? Can a dog lend 3000 ducats? And yet, in some of the States, they are taxed more than 3000 dollars a year. The whole system is un-American; it's taxation without representation, and the community should look to it that the most faithful companion of man, except a horse, should be treated with a greater measure of justice. As things are now, it would make a horse laugh."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

DEAD LEAVES IN SPRING-TIME.

Worn watchers by the grave of Summer dead,
Soul-stricken at the rapturous birth of Spring,
That woefully your shattered mantles fling
Before him, for his fragrant feet to tread,
And all your faded golden tresses shed
Forlornly, while the echoing woodlands ring,
And, flashing emerald splendours, the new King
Leaps forth, with lily-and-violet-crowned head—

Wherefore, dead Shadows, are ye loth to die?
Know that to live is not to see the sun,
Nor do they best Death's garnering sickle shun
Who clasp the phantom of their Life gone by,
But they who, dying when their day is done,
Soar star-like up the heaven of Memory.

C. H. Herford.

OBITUARY.

DR. KENNEDY.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Benjamin Hall Kennedy, which occurred at Torquay on Saturday, April 6, at the great age of eighty-four. Headmaster of Shrewsbury for thirty years, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge for twenty years, author of the *Latin Primer*—his name is more closely connected than that of any other man with English scholarship for a full half century. A philologist he never pretended to be; nor did he attempt to edit an ancient text. But as a teacher of the classics—with the object of forming scholars, not winning scholarships—he stands unrivalled in the history of education. Dr. Arnold set before himself a different task—that of moulding character and giving a permanent intellectual bias; the modern headmaster is required to concentrate his energies on ruling an overgrown community and organising rival departments. It was Dr. Kennedy's good fortune to have in Shrewsbury (where he succeeded the scarcely less famous Dr. Butler) a school of manageable numbers, in which the entire sixth form were continually under the stimulus of his own personal instruction. So also in the kind of scholarship which Dr. Kennedy affected, he occupies a position midway between the old and the new. To him the classics were not dead subjects of linguistic or palaeographical research, but living models of literary style and the best field for training both in taste and accuracy. No doubt this point of view was more appropriate to the schoolmaster than to the professor. And it is characteristic of the man that, at the time of his death, he was engaged in preparing for the press a new edition of *Sabrinae Corolla*—the glory of Shrewsbury translation. In academical matters Dr. Kennedy was always an ardent Liberal, and in particular a strong supporter of the proposal to admit women to degrees.

LUDWIG NOIRÉ.

The name of Dr. Ludwig Noiré, who died on March 26, his sixtieth birthday, is perhaps in this country better known than that of any other recent German writer on philosophy. A native of Alzey, he studied at the University of Giessen, and in 1851 received an appointment at the gymnasium of Mainz, where he continued to teach until shortly before his death. During more than twenty years of his life at Mainz he published little in a separate form except a few pamphlets on subjects relating to Shakspere. It was in 1874 that he gave to the world the first systematic exposition of his philosophical views, under the title *Die Welt als Entwicklung des Geistes*. This work was followed by a rapid succession of volumes in which he developed and applied the conclusions therein enunciated. The thinkers by whom he was chiefly influenced were Kant, Schopenhauer, and especially Lazarus Geiger. His most important contribution to philosophical speculation is his theory of the origin of language, which has been made familiar to English readers as accepted and enforced by Prof. Max Müller. Briefly stated, this theory is that language had its rise in the instinctive sounds accompanying the exercise of volition in associated action. Hence, according to Noiré, the first words were symbols, not of sensible objects, nor of the feelings with which objects were regarded, but of modes of human activity. Although few thinkers have accepted Noiré's solution of the problem as adequate, there are many who acknowledge that it contains a valuable element of truth. After the publication of his essay on this subject, Noiré perceived that the conclusions of Prof. Max Müller were more nearly in harmony with his own views than he had supposed them to be, and he wrote in a German periodical an article on "Max Müller and the Philosophy of Language," an English translation of which was published separately in 1879. In 1880 Noiré contributed to Prof. Max Müller's English translation of Kant's *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft* an "Historical Introduction," which three years later he republished in German under the title *Die Entwickelung der Abendlandischen Philosophie bis zur Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*. Whatever may be the fate of Noiré's bold and comprehensive speculations, it is impossible not to recognise in him a thinker of singular acuteness and genuine love of truth.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The only notable article in the current number of the *Library* is the one on "Signatures in Books," by Mr. William Blades, in which he shows, with characteristic learning and perspicuity, how they developed out of signatures in MSS. His two fundamental positions are: (1) that the idea of books without signatures is a bibliographical delusion, though they may often have been cut away in the binding; and (2) that, all sizes being signed alike, the signatures cannot with early printed books be any guide as to size. Mr. Blades promises to explain in a future article the nature of watermarks, and their great use to bibliographers.

The April number of the *Archaeological Review* opens with the second of a series on "Recent Archaeological Research," in which Mr. Alfred Nutt deals with folklore in its widest signification, reviewing the several theories of Prof. Max Müller and Sir George Cox, Benfey, M. Cosquin, and Mr. W. A. Clouston, Dr. E. B. Tylor, and Mr. Andrew Lang, &c. We are not greatly taken with his term "revelationist" for the borrowing theory, nor do we suppose that opponents will admit the claim of the anthropological theory to be rightly styled "evolutionist." But, taken altogether, this article is a worthy successor to that of Mr. Joseph Jacobs on "Recent Research in Biblical Archaeology." Mr. T. W. Shore writes, with ample local knowledge and much ingenuity, on "Old Roads and Fords in Hampshire"; while Major C. R. Conder expounds, with the help of two plates, his bold hypothesis that the so-called "Hittite" hieroglyphs are earlier than either the Egyptian or the primitive cuneiform, and that all three have a common origin.

With the April number of the *Classical Review* is presented an elaborate index of some twenty pages to vol. ii., which has been compiled this time by Mr. H. D. Darbishire, of St. John's College, Cambridge. Apart from reviews, the principal articles are on "The Tendency to Personalisation in Greek," by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick; "Classical MSS. in the British Museum" (continued), by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson; a notice of certain Roman ingots of gold recently found in Transsylvania, apparently part of the spoil carried off by the Visigoths *circ.* 370; and an account of some painted terra-cotta slabs from Caere (Cervetri), probably of the seventh century, and showing manifest traces of Asiatic influence, which have recently been acquired by the British Museum.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Daudet, Alph. Les femmes d'artistes. Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50 c.

Ginisty, P. L'année littéraire 1888. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.

Grootr, Eugène de. Island. Ghent. 6 fr.

Imhoof-Blumer u. O. Keller. Tier- u. Pflanzenbilder auf Münzen u. Gemmen d. klassischen Altertums. Leipzig: Teubner. 24 M.

Mucks, J. R. Verkehr u. Verbrauch v. Getreide in Berlin. Dargelegt u. kritisch untersucht. Dresden: Baensch. 6 M.

Saint-Victor, Paul de. Le théâtre contemporain: Emile Augier, Alexandre Dumas fils. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50.

Stapfer, Paul. Rabelais: sa personne, son génie, son œuvre. Paris: Colin. 4 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

Beauregard, P. Ricardo: rente, salaires et profits. Paris: Guillaumin. 2 fr.

Delisle, L. Mémoire sur les opérations financières des Templiers. Paris: Champion. 10 fr.

Fay, Le Général. Marches des armées allemandes du 31 Juillet au 1er Septembre 1870. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 10 fr.

Reuss, R. La cathédrale de Strasbourg pendant la Révolution: études sur l'histoire politique et religieuse de l'Alsace (1789-1802). Paris: Fischbacher. 5 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Calm, A., u. K. Buchka. Die Chemie d. Pyridins u. seiner Derivate. 1. Lfg. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 8 M. 50 Pf.

Jerofeieff, M., u. P. Latschinoff. Der Meteorit v. Nowo-Urei. St. Petersburg: Kiggers. 6 M.

Miller-Hauenfels, A. v. Richtigstellung der in bisheriger Fassung unrichtigen mechanischen Wärmetheorie u. Grundzüge e. allgemeinen Theorie der Aetherbewegungen. Wien: Manz. 4 M. 80 Pf.

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PUBLICATIONEN der v. Kuffner'schen Sternwarte in Wien (Ottakring). Hrsg. v. N. Hertz. 1. Bd. Wien: Frick. 15 M.
STEINHAUSER, A. Die Lehre von der Aufstellung empirischer Formeln m. Hilfe der kleinsten Quadrate. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.
WIESNER, J. Elemente der wissenschaftlichen Botanik. 3. Bd. Biologie der Pflanzen. Wien: Hölder. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BOEHTLINGK, O. Sanskrit-Wörterbuch in kürzerer Fassung. 7. Tbl. 2. Lfg. St. Petersburg. 7 M. 20 Pf.
DERENBOURG, H. Kitab-Sibouya. Traité de grammaire arabe par Sibouya.
FRANKE, J. De Tib. Silii Italici Punicorum tropis. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
KLOZ, P. De Ciceronis librorum de officiis fontibus. Jena: Poble. 1 M.
KROENLEIN, J. G. Wortschatz der Khoi-Khoin (Namaqua-Hottentotten). Berlin: Heymann. 25 M.
MASPERO, G. Etudes égyptiennes. T. 2, Fasc. 1. Paris: Maisonneuve. 15 fr.
RADLOFF, W. Versuch e. Wörterbuches der Türk-Dialecte. 1. Lfg. St. Petersburg. 3 M. 60 Pf.
REINISCH, L. Die Saho-Sprache. 1. Bd. Texte der Saho-Sprache. Wien: Hölder. 8 M.
ROSNY, L. de. Le Hiao-King. Paris: Maisonneuve. 10 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DANTE AND ARNAUT DANIEL: A NOTE ON "PURG.," XXVI., 118.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: April 6, 1889.

In a well-known passage in the *Purgatorio*, where Dante gives his estimate of Arnaut Daniel, he says of him:

"Versi d'amore e prose di romanzi
Soverchiò tutti" (xxvi. 118),

which the large majority of translators and commentators—English, German, and Italian—render: "In verses of love and prose of romance he excelled all (*tutti*, i.e., *tutti gli altri fabbri del parlar materno*)"; thus making Dante imply that Arnaut was the author not only of "versi d'amore," but also of "prose di romanzi," which almost certainly is not what he intended to say. In fact, there is no ground (beyond this mistranslation and the inferences drawn from it) for supposing that Arnaut ever wrote a "romance" in prose or verse, or that Dante ever thought so. Whenever he mentions Arnaut in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia* it is with reference to his *Cantiones* only, without a hint at any other species of composition.

Further, if, as is implied in the above rendering, Dante intended to say that Arnaut surpassed all other writers in the composition of prose romances in his "parlar materno" (*i.e.*, in Provençal), he is involved in a strange contradiction, for he expressly states in the *De Vulg. Eloq.* (i. 10) that everything in the "vernacular prose," whether translated or original, was in the "Lingua Oil," *i.e.*, French:

"Allegat pro se Lingua *Oil*, quod propter sui faciliorem ac delectabiliorem vulgaritatem, quicquid redactum, sive inventum est ad vulgare prosaicum, suum est."

He then goes on to say:
"Pro se vero argumentatur alia, scilicet *Oc.*, quod vulgares eloquentes in ea primitus poetati sunt, tanquam in perfectiori, dulciorique loquela."

Not content with attributing to Arnaut the authorship of "romances," Raynouard and Diez, with a numerous following, go so far as to specify what these romances were—one of them being a "Lancelot," which they suppose to be the version alluded to in *Inf.* (v. 128) and *Par* (xvi. 15)*. This attribution is particularly unfortunate, since Dante makes special mention of the "Arturi Regis ambages pulcherrimae" as an example of the "vulgare prosaicum" in the "Lingua Oil" (*De Vulg. Eloq., ubi supra*). There is little doubt that the correct rendering of the passage in the *Purgatorio* is that suggested by the comment of Buti and adopted by Lombardi and Br. Bianchi: "He surpassed all (authors of) verses of love and prose of romance"—that is to say, having regard to the passages from the *De Vulg. Eloq.*, quoted above, "he was superior to all who have written either in Provençal (*versi d'amore*) or French (*prose di romanzi*)." This interpretation, which seems to have been first put forward by M. Gaston Paris several years ago in his "Etudes sur les Romans de la Table Ronde" (*Romania*, x., pp. 484 ff.), has been entirely ignored by recent translators and commentators of the *Divina Commedia*, in spite of the fact that it meets all the difficulties of the passage without in any way forcing the sense of the words.

The expression "prose di romanzi" itself has given rise to considerable difference of opinion. Diez, accepting without examination a dictum (unsupported by any evidence) of Biagioli that "nel provenzale e nell' italiano del secolo xiii *prosa* significa precisamente istoria o narrazione in versi," concludes that by "versi d'amore" and "prose di romanzi" Dante intended to describe simply two different styles of poetry, viz.—lyric and narrative—"wenn nun Dante unter *prose* den niedern poetischen Styl versteht, so bezeichnet er mit *versi* den höhern des Liedes" (*Poesie der Troub.*, p. 186). This conclusion has met with very general acceptance among Dante commentators; but seeing that Dante himself used *prosa* in its modern sense (cf. *Vita Nuova* § 25, where he distinguishes between *poeti* and *prosaici dicitori*), as did also Boccaccio (cf. *Decam. Giorn. iv., Prohem. ad. init.*: "le presenti novellette . . . in fiorentin volgare ed in prosa scritte per me sono"; and *Vita di Dante*: "fece ancora questo valoroso Poeta molte pistole prosaiche") and Petrarca (cf. *Canzone* 37: "Amor, come si legge in prosa e in versi"), and seeing, further, that there is no longer any need to credit Arnaut Daniel with the authorship of verse romances, as was done by Fauriel, Diez, and others, and that the modern sense of *prosa* satisfies the context in every respect, it seems hardly justifiable to wrest it from that sense in order to meet the exigencies of a theory based upon a series of misconceptions.

The exact sense of *romanzo* as here used by Dante has also been the subject of discussion. It is generally, and probably correctly, regarded as the equivalent of O. Fr. *romans*; but Canello, in his critical edition of Arnaut Daniel, holds, somewhat unnecessarily, that since Dante is speaking of a Provençal poet, the word must be taken in the sense of the Provençal *romans*: "cioè, di poesia didattico morale"; and he understands "versi d'amore e prose di romanzi" to mean: "versi o canzoni d'amore e poesie di metro meno artificioso, d'argomento morale e didattico"—thus adopting, strangely enough, the unnatural rendering of *prosa* mentioned above.

Those who are interested in the question may find it instructive to compare the whole myth of Arnaut Daniel's authorship of "romances," as faithfully set forth in Hueffer's *Troubadours* (pp. 45-48), with the critical examination and refutation by Canello (*op. cit.* pp. 29-38) of the arguments upon which that myth was founded.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

* I have already shown in the ACADEMY (January 9, 1886) and elsewhere that this hypothesis is altogether superfluous—see the Fifth Annual Report of the American Dante Society, pp. 41-74.

IRISH ITEMS.

London: April 9, 1889.

On March 12 I addressed to the ACADEMY a short communication (printed on March 30) having for its object not even things, much less men, but mere words, and only a few of them.

In the ACADEMY of April 6 a distinguished pen makes a rejoinder (written on March 30) which is best described negatively. It is not philological, since of logic it has absolutely no tincture; while the *philo* element is equally undiscoverable.

The numerous and utterly irrelevant side issues raised by my critic I decline to notice now; and the brevity with which I here dismiss my original thesis is owing to a conviction that lengthy discussions upon that which interests but very few of its readers are not suited to the ACADEMY. Now, where an exposition of words is made for the benefit of those in whom is wanting the very fundamental conception of the vocables concerned, the best intentioned expositor must be a little prolix; and for such prolixity another place must be found.

In the meantime, of that same article of mine I say, in the language of our intelligent fellow-workers—the compositors—*stet*: "let it stand," the little tautology and all.

Of myself, in relation to what I wrote, I say *sto*: I stand to every word of it, barring the misreading *isé is* instead of *isé imorro*, which no more affects the matter in hand than would such an error as *arma virumve cano* weigh in a regiminal controversy between A and B as to whether Virgil's famous words mean "Arms and the man I sing," or, "Arms and the man sing me." This, too, I will develop.

As to the phrase which I substituted for the true reading, and which my critic says "is not Irish," I deny his jurisdiction. He and all the continental scholars together are incompetent to judge the point. In such a collocation as mine (not in his) the words *are* good Irish; good they were for centuries before Eg. 91 or the *Book of Lismore* were written, and good they will be as long as the language lasts.

Touching the critic's point (1), I gave what the scribe actually wrote, and what he, using a common device, intended it to represent. There was no *clerical* error on his part, no "equating" or anything else on mine.

For the present, nothing more need be said than that my version of the passage concerning the two churches is no guess, and well he knows it to be no guess that writes it down as such. So far as the ACADEMY and I are concerned, the purely grammatical part of the business ends with these lines; but my method of translation has been impugned, and on this head I hope to make on another occasion some remarks which will be appreciable by the general reader.

The style and tone of the article to which this is a reply are neither here nor there—they concern the writer only, and *go mairidh sé a pheann!* say I heartily. The wish is a kindly one, like many another the same man has had from

STANDISH H. O'GRADY.

[*Corrections.*—In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter, entitled "Irish Items," in the ACADEMY of April 6, p. 239, col. 1, l. 1, for *esnad*, read *esnam*; l. 36, *for* collate, *read* collect; l. 45, *for* a, *read* e; l. 71, *omit* is; note 1, *after* "and," *insert* "*esnam* cognate with."]

"HOSPITALITY" MYTHS.

London: April 6, 1889.

In connexion with Mrs. Edmonds's note on "Hospitality Myths," it will scarcely be necessary to remind your readers of the oft-recurring tales in Buddhist legendary literature of the sacrifice of body or limbs as food for starving animals, or, indeed, for the sole gratification of an enemy. Many instances are mentioned in Benfey's *Pañcatantra*, i. 323, to which some more might now be added.

But there is a curious parallel to the end of the second story given by Mrs. Edmonds in the *Divyâvadâna*, ch. xxvi. (translated in

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Burnouf's Introduction). There the hangman of King Açoka tries in vain to boil a pious *bhikshu* in a kettle filled with ordure. The *bhikshu* instead is seen seated unscathed, with crossed legs, on a lotus, and at once begins preaching the law ("reading the gospel") to the king, whom the news of the miracle had called to the spot with a large following—like Nebuchadnezzar to the fiery furnace (*Divyâvadâna*, p. 378; Burnouf, Introduction, p. 369). The house where the executioner lives, and where he has the privilege to kill everyone entering, is clearly meant as an image of hell, in which, besides, boiling is one of the punishments (see, *e.g.*, "Friendly Epistle," *Journal* of the Pali Text Society, 1886, v. 77, 82, and the picture of the world in Georgi's *Alphabetum Tibetanum*).

H. Wenzel.

MR. LOWELL ON THE "ENGLISH POETS."

Bristol: April 4, 1889.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, in a paper entitled "Shakspere once more," quotes the following passage from the poet Warner as a specimen of a very faulty conceit:

"Hard was the hand that struck the blow,
Soft was the heart that bled."

But surely Mr. Lowell has misquoted these words. They occur in *Albion's England*, and refer to Queen Eleanor in the act of striking Fair Rosamond:

"With that she dashed her on the lips, so dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow; soft were those lips that bled."

If this latter be the correct reading, nothing but praise is due to Warner; his lines are simple and touching. Mr. Lowell's version makes the poet so ungallant as to apply the epithet "hard" to a lady's hand. Queen Eleanor, I am sure, would rather the epithet were applied to her heart.

Arthur L. Salmon.

"BRERETON IN SAKARRAN."

Tunbridge, Kent: April 9, 1889.

I see that, in the last number of the Academy, the question is asked (*apropos* of a couplet of Charles Kingsley's): "Where is Sakarran? and who was Brereton?" May I be permitted to remark that Sakarran (sometimes spelt Sakarang) is in Borneo, on the Batang Lupar river, not far from Sarawak. Mr. Brereton was an officer of Rajah Brooke's, stationed at Sakarran, where he died of dysentery in 1853. I cannot help suspecting that Kingsley has confused him with Mr. Lee, Brereton's colleague, who was brutally slaughtered by the Dyaks (in a fight with the pirate chief, Rentap) in the same year. The particulars will be found in *Ten Years in Sarawak*, by the Rajah's nephew, Charles Brooke.

A. Werner.

THE WORD "CURSUMBOR."

Sare, Basses Pyrénées: April 1, 1889.

Is it any help to remark that *zurumbet* has passed into Spanish from the Arabic (*vide* Dozy's and de Eguilaz's glossaries *sub voce*). Also, I find in Aizquibel's Basque-Spanish dictionary "Zurumbeta, árbol de la India Oriental." I do not find it at Matthew ii. 11 in the only Basque New Testament that I have at hand.

W. W.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, April 15, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Instruments for the Measurement of Radiant Heat." IV., by Mr. C. V. Boys.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Ethnology and Ancient Chronology of China," by Dr. Gordon.

Tuesday, April 16, 7.45 p.m. Statistical.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Armour for Ships," by Sir Nathaniel Barnaby.
8 p.m. Folklore: "The Survival of Totemism in Britain," by G. L. Gomme.
8 30 p.m. Zoological.

Wednesday, April 17, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Production of Secondary Minerals at Shear-zones in the Crystalline Rocks of the Malvern Hills," by Mr. Charles Callaway; "The Northern Slopes of Cader Idris," by Messrs. Grenville A. J. Cole and A. V. Jennings.

Thursday, April 18, 8 p.m. Linnean: "Coniferae," by Dr. Maxwell T. Masters; "Halcion pellucidum," by Mr. R. J. Harvey Gibson.
8 p.m. Chemical: "Naphthalene Derivatives," by Dr. Armstrong, and Messrs. Holding, Percival, Rossiter, and Wynne.

SCIENCE.

Microscopical Physiography of the Rock-making Minerals. By H. Rosenbusch. Translated and Abridged by Joseph P. Iddings. (Macmillan.)

If a geologist were asked to put his finger upon that branch of his science which had of late years undergone the most rapid development, he would unhesitatingly touch the young and vigorous shoot of microscopic petrography. Unrecognised a generation ago, it budded into being when Dr. Sorby, by the ingenuity of his manipulation, demonstrated the possibility of applying to the study of minerals and mineral-aggregates that method of research which had been of unspeakable service in the organic departments of natural history. From the day when it became possible to prepare slices of rock so translucent as to admit of examination by transmitted light, the geologist was raised to a level with his fellow-workers in biology. He was thenceforth able to employ systematically what he had previously neglected, or at least had used only occasionally and with uncertain result. He found, in fact, that he could summon to his service the most penetrating instrument of research which physical science ever presented to the naturalist. The introduction of microscopic methods of investigation soon changed the entire face of petrography; and it was held that problems which had previously baffled solution might henceforward receive their answer by the study of a delicate flake of rock so small as to be covered by a sixpence and as thin as the paper on which these words are printed.

The new petrography rapidly won its way to favour. It is true, there may still be found field-geologists who, with a strong faith in a trusty hammer and a pair of keen eyes, seek no chemical assistance save an appeal to the acid bottle, and no microscopic aid beyond what is feebly afforded by the pocket-lens. Such men are naturally suspicious of the mysteries of the optic tube, and turn a deaf ear to the new-fangled jargon of the younger school, who are apt to prate in the geological laboratory about such things as "axes of elasticity" and "angles of extinction." But year by year this type of geologist is becoming rarer. Almost every stratigrapher and physical geologist has come to realise the necessity of submitting the rocks which he describes, or about which he argues, to the examination of a specialist versed in the use of the microscope; while all the younger geologists feel it needful to familiarise themselves, in greater or less degree, with the recent methods of optical research.

In order to secure an acquaintance with this confessedly difficult branch of science, a good textbook is of the first importance. Of such works, several might be mentioned; but the one book which above all others has come to be regarded as authoritative is the well-known treatise of Prof. Rosenbusch, of Heidelberg. This treatise is in two volumes. The first volume—which was originally published some fifteen years ago, and reached a second edition in 1885—is complete in itself, being devoted to a comprehensive description of those minerals which enter into the composition of rocks, and treating these with special reference to their microscopic diagnosis. It is, indeed, a manual of mineralogy prepared for the use of the petrographer. As soon as the volume appeared, all who knew anything of the subject recognised its value, and it was at once said that it ought to be translated into English. Yet no one seemed disposed to undertake the task; and, in truth, the number of petrological students in this country was at that time so limited that if a translation had been published it is likely enough that both translator and publisher would have found their pockets the lighter for their pains. But since the appearance of the first edition a change has come over the spirit of our microscopic dream. General interest in the subject has been deepened; workers have been multiplied, and students are everywhere anxious to secure some trustworthy guide, such as is found by German readers in their familiar "Rosenbusch." It was whispered that arrangements were being made for a translation of the new edition in London, when suddenly the very thing appeared in New York, and was forthwith brought over to this country.

Perhaps, after all, it was meet that the translation should have been made by an American. The ancient university on the Neckar, which the author of this treatise has rendered as famous among geologists as Bunsen had already rendered it among chemists, exerts peculiar attraction on the United States; and year after year the most promising of their petrological students are drawn thither to sit at the feet of Prof. Rosenbusch. Throwing themselves into the work with characteristic New World vigour, they soon acquire a mastery over the modern methods, and, on their return to the States, act as so many mineralogical missionaries, diffusing a knowledge of these methods among the various educational centres of the Union. From these centres a cry has gone up for an English textbook, and Prof. Iddings has done well to satisfy the cry by his excellent translation of the master-work.

Although the translation does not profess to reproduce the treatise in its entirety, it yet presents all the essential features of the original. In the matter of abridgment Prof. Iddings has exercised in the main a very wise discretion, those parts being omitted which "seemed to be refinements beyond the need of the average student." Comparison with the original shows that in many cases the pages of the translation are not so freely bespattered with sines and tangents. The ordinary geologist, however, will raise no objection on this score, for he is only too apt to regard mathematical symbols as intruders, which disfigure the pages of his treatise, and which he would, if he could, sweep away with

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as little concern as he might brush off a few "blacks" that had accidentally settled upon the open page.

Expedience, no doubt, suggested that where space was valuable the elaborate description of the optical anomalies of certain minerals might be advantageously omitted. But, while assenting to this omission, we confess to some regret at the loss of many of the historical remarks which are to be found in the original; nor are we altogether reconciled to the loss of certain references to European localities. Against the latter loss, however, we have to set a decided gain, for the translator has added much valuable matter on the occurrence of certain minerals in American rocks. The work has thus acquired a local complexion; in fact, the student who trusts himself to this translation will find that he is taken in hand by a German guide in an English garb, with a slight American accent in his speech. And he might be in worse hands than that.

Some brief remark should be bestowed upon the illustrations. It is true we miss the gorgeous spectrum which illuminated the second German edition; but, for all that, we are indisposed to murmur, since we still retain the beautiful photographs which represent a series of more than 150 rock-forming minerals. These micro-photographs will come as a boon and a blessing to many a student who may be puzzled over the diagnosis of a particular mineral, especially if unaided by the personal superintendence of a teacher.

There can be no doubt that Prof. Iddings's translation will do much to help forward the study of microscopic petrography in English-speaking countries. It is only fair to remember that the preparation of a really sound textbook is, in its own way, quite as useful a piece of work as the more serious business of research; and the appearance of such a manual as that of Prof. Rosenbusch should be acknowledged as a distinct gain to science. It represents, in fact, another paving-stone laid down in the path of geological progress.

F. W. RUDLER.

SCHRADER'S CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS AND THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The Cuneiform Inscriptions and the Old Testament. By Eberhard Schrader. Translated from the second enlarged German edition, with an introductory preface, by Rev. Owen C. Whitehouse. Vol. i., with a map, 1885; vol. ii., with addenda and appendices. (Williams & Norgate.)

The second volume of this valuable text-book, which appeared a few months ago, completes the English edition. It corresponds to pp. 317 ff. of the second German edition, the pages of the latter being marked on the margin in order to facilitate the numerous references to the original in current Assyriological literature. After a continuation from 2 Kings, xviii. 14, down to the second Book of Maccabees, there follow an "Excursus on Chronology," and "Chronological Addenda," viz., a transliteration and translation of the "Assyrian Canon of Rulers" (for which, by the way, the fragments "81,2-4,187," and "82,5-22,526" of the British Museum, are also important), the "Eponym-Lists, with Addenda," the "Babylonian Canon" of Ptolemy, and the "Babylono-Assyrian Synchronisms." A full glossary, an English and a Hebrew index, additional notes by the author, and a series of footnotes and addenda by the translator, show how anxious both have been to render their work as complete as possible.

The Rev. Owen C. Whitehouse has done a real service to science by thus making one of the most important and reliable Assyriological Manuals available to English readers. And we may add that Assyrian scholars and Bible students are alike indebted once more to the *Altmeister* of German Assyriology for having carefully revised and brought up to date what could be improved in the original work. It is scarcely superfluous to mention that this has throughout been done *sine ira et studio* – a proceeding so seldom met with in recent cuneiform literature.

There are but very few statements in the work with which we are not able to agree, and almost all of those are interesting only to the little band of Assyriologists. But it seems a pity that fancies like that of "the Messianic idea" in the Assyrian inscriptions should have crept into so monumental a work (vol. ii., p. 313). The outlines of "Assyriological Literature," by Prof. Schrader (*ibidem*, p. 327 ff.), are not the less welcome because of Dr. Delitzsch's *litteratura* in his Assyrian grammar.

We hope that the work will have a wide circle of readers, and extend the limits of interest and sympathy for cuneiform researches so closely connected with Hebrew and other Semitic tongues.

C. B.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL JOTTINGS.

AT the next meeting of the Folklore Society—to be held at 22 Albemarle Street, on Tuesday next, April 16, at 8 p.m.—the director, Mr. G. L. Gomme, will read a paper on "The Survival of Totemism in Britain."

WE have received the prospectus of a new work based upon the travels of Messrs. Stübel and Reiss in South America during the years 1868-1877, supplementary to that on the Peruvian necropolis of Ancon, entitled *Kultur und Industrie Südamerikanischer Völker*. It will consist of two large folio volumes, of which the text has been written by Dr. Max Uhle, illustrated with fifty-five chromolithograph and phototype plates. The publishers are Messrs. Asher & Co., of Berlin and London.

WE may briefly mention here that the *New Atlas* just published by Messrs. Longmans devotes special attention to ethnology. Not only are there maps of the world showing races and religions, and of Europe showing languages, but there are also two plates containing no less than thirty-six types of mankind, classified under stocks, which have been specially prepared for the work under the supervision of Prof. A. H. Keane. Many will be surprised to learn, by ocular demonstration, of the wide spread of the negro stock outside Africa, and also that the Berbers and Somalis both belong to the Caucasic stock.

WE quote from the annual address of the president of the Bengal Asiatic Society—Lieut.-Col. J. Waterhouse—the following:

"The ethnographic survey of Bengal, which was started under Mr. H. H. Risley's supervision in 1885, has now been completed, and the extensive materials collected are being prepared for publication. The first two volumes of the work, containing the measurements (taken on the French anthropometric system) of nearly 6000 subjects, representing about eighty castes and tribes of Bengal and Northern India, are expected to appear shortly; while two other volumes, forming an ethnographic glossary of the castes, tribes, sects, occupations, and other subordinate groups of the people of these Provinces, will, it is hoped, be published within the year. Mr. Risley has been invited by the committee of the Paris Exhibition to take part in the anthropological section, and a series of life-size models of representative types of the races of Bengal are now being prepared at the School of Art for exhibition at Paris. This experiment is of special interest, as being an attempt to combine artistic effect with the accurate delineation of feature required for scientific purposes. A number of measurements of each subject are taken on the French system, and the model is worked up in strict accordance with these dimensions, a list of which will be attached to the final castings."

In the same address mention is also made of the chisel-shaped arrow-heads—similar to those found, still hafted and feathered, in ancient Egyptian tombs, and sporadically in several parts of Europe, including the British Isles—which have been discovered on neolithic sites near Ranchi, in Chutia Nagpur.

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN, late Agent to the Governor-General in Central India, contributes to the current number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* (Fisher Unwin) an article on "The Bhils and their Country." Our interest was aroused by one of the opening sentences, that the writer has "amassed a considerable store of information of social and philological interest, both in comparative vocabularies and in details of tribal custom"; but unfortunately he goes on to say that he reserves these for another occasion. Now, the authorities agree in stating that the Bhils possess no language of their own, but use broken dialects of Mahratti, Gujerati, or Hindi, as the case may be. If Sir Lepel, then, can prove otherwise, he will largely help to solve one of the most puzzling problems in Indian ethnology.

WE have received, as a supplement to the first volume of the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* (London: Trübner), a monograph on the Indians of Guatemala, by Dr. Otto Stoll, of Zürich. It consists of more than 100 large quarto pages, with two chromolithograph plates. The account of their superstitions and their astronomical calendars is particularly interesting.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE council of the Royal Geographical Society have resolved to recommend as president Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, in succession to General R. Strachey, who has held the post for the last two years. The medallists of the society for this year will be Mr. A. D. Carey, of the Indian Civil Service, who will receive the Founders' Medal for his remarkable journey through Central Asia; and Dr. G. Radde, Director of the Natural History Museum, Tiflis, who will receive the Patrons' Medal for a life devoted to the promotion of scientific geography, as traveller, observer, and author. The Murchison Grant is awarded to Mr. F. S. Arnot, to take out in presents to Chitambo, of Ilala, where Livingstone died; the Back Premium to Mr. F. C. Selous, the South African hunter; the Cuthbert Peek Grant to Mr. Arnot for his seven years' work in Central Africa; and the Gill Memorial to Mr. J. Ogle, of the Indian Survey.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. have in the press a translation of Prof. Victor Henry's *Grammaire comparé du Latin et du Grec*, by Mr. R. T. Elliott.

WE sincerely congratulate Dr. Böhtlingk on the completion of his shorter Sanskrit dictionary. This venerable scholar, who celebrated his *Doctor-jubiläum* in 1887, began his career fifty years ago with the publication of the first European edition of Panini, and crowned his labours in this field with a new edition and a translation of the great grammarian two years ago. Afterwards he devoted a quarter of a century, in collaboration with Prof. Roth, to the great Petersburg

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dictionary, to which the advancement of Sanskrit scholarship is more deeply indebted than to any other work. The smaller dictionary, which contains considerable additions and embodies the contributions of a number of leading Sanskritists, he undertook single-handed twelve years ago. He has, contrary to his own expectations, lived to see this work also completed. Rarely have the labours of any scholar been so well rounded off or deserved more admiration for their lifelong devotion. Dr. Böhtlingk has also, we need hardly say, made many other valuable contributions to Sanskrit scholarship besides those mentioned above.

Mr. J. Urban Jorník, of Prag, has just published (Heilbronn: Henniger) a complete Index to Diez's Etymological Dictionary of the Romance Languages and Scherer's Supplement to the fifth edition of it.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Browning Society.—(*Friday, March 29.*)

Dr. Furnivall, president, in the chair.—Mr. Joseph King read a paper on "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society." The writer pointed out that, while Browning evidently intended Napoleon III., the Emperor of the French, in the hero of his poem, still he was only to be identified to a certain extent, and we must not expect to find the historical Napoleon in all respects as his age understood him in this sketch. The poem belongs neither to the class of historical portrait, nor to that of poetical imagination. It is a poem of casuistry, laying bare certain mental processes regarding right and wrong. The early life of Louis Napoleon showed him to be a man of great patience, but lacking in moral principle, in ideality, in insight into character. The situation with which the poem opens indicates two of these points of character. He sits in a room in Leicester Square with a Lais of the town, to whom he reveals the law by which he lived. He has tried to carry on just what he has found, without attempting to create a new order. He claims to be the saviour of what he found. Although he lives for himself, he recognises the subjection of all lives to God's ruling, which is different for different lives. His notion of God is practical but mean, and his idea of right is necessarily mean also. Change is not his affair. Only inspired men can strike change into society, and his boast is that he kept the balance between change and conservatism for twenty years. He was not Hercules, but rather Atlas patiently sustaining the world. When he came to power, all men wanted was bread, "just to live," and to this he helped them. His tone of jaunty cynicism about lofty ideals differs from that of the true Louis Napoleon, who was given to vapouring, to grandiose promises and pretensions. He changes his plan of defence, giving an imaginary history of himself, still further removed from the actual facts, in which he presents his actions and their motives in a whitewashed condition, contrasting very boldly with their reality. The whole poem confuses our notion of the real Napoleon with the fictitious traits of the imaginary. Perhaps we may urge that Browning's psychological power has so outrun his artistic instinct that the poem is not valuable to us as a work of art, but it is certainly valuable in helping us to understand a fellow-creature better. If it teaches us, as political partizans, that our opponent may have some reason, some argument for his actions, it will have served the purpose of increasing the sum of human love, of lessening the sum of human bitterness.—Dr. Furnivall, in proposing the thanks of the society to Mr. King, said: This is the kind of paper we want greatly, going through the arguments of an involved poem and so helping all its future readers. The first view of the poem is alarming. A casuistic study of character, it has relation to "Mr. Sludge" and to "Bishop Blougram." We can understand how the Brownings, living in Italy, knowing the misery, the hopes, the disappointment of the Italians, and sympathising with them, felt admiration for Napoleon when they found that he had really freed Italy. Browning felt that something might be said for him, and chose certain aspects in which to put forward his character. Perhaps he has not succeeded in saying anything lasting. The moral value of the whitewashing is dubious. Every whitewasher of a blackguard is not a benefactor to humanity. Still, in Louis Napoleon there was good as well as evil; and Browning has led us to see what spark of the divine there was in him. The poem brings out his care for the poor, his preservation of peace, except at the last; his care for Italy, in which there was surely something ideal.—After a short discussion on the value of Browning's earlier studies of character as compared with the later, the meeting came to an end.

Aristotelian Society.—(*Monday, April 8.*)

Shadworth H. Hodgson, Esq., president, in the chair.—Rev. Hastings Rashdall was elected a member.—Mr. F. C. Conybeare read a paper on "Proclus and the Close of Greek Philosophy." The paper began with a sketch of the intellectual conditions of the fifth century, stress being laid on the intolerance of the already dominant Christianity. The old Pagan cults were being extinguished and ancient literature was becoming suspect. In this commencing era of scholasticism Proclus was the last considerable thinker of antiquity whose speculations were free and unconstrained. The results of his philosophy were then summarised, and attention was drawn to the barren abstract character of the principle of unity invoked by Proclus in explanation of the universe. Proclus's account of creation was based on the Platonic metaphor of the participance of the phenomenal particulars in the idea. But only that side of Platonic theory is developed in Proclus which Aristotle criticised adversely. Plato, in his zeal for the conceptual element in experience, sometimes wrote as if the ideas competed for reality with phenomena. This tendency of Plato to hypostatise the ideas is just what influenced Proclus, who insists on the oneness of ideas, to the exclusion of their manifoldness and complexity. The lecture pointed out that the religious counterpart of this theory, which renounces God as an object of thought, is ecstasy. Unable to apprehend God intellectually, the new Platonists proposed to be united instantly and without effort of thought. The close of Greek philosophy was then sketched nearly in the words of Gibbon, and mention made of the influence gained by Greek heathen thought in the far East, as is shown in the ancient Armenian and Georgian translations which remain of Plato, Proclus, Hermeias, and others.

FINE ART.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

The new number of the art quarterly known as *The Hobby Horse* is attractive and interesting. Mr. Horne has not only a charming design, but a pleasant continuation of his study of the great Scottish architect, James Gibbs, to whom London owes much. Mr. J. A. Symonds writes nicely of Pietro Longhi, who, like another Venetian, Tiepolo, was more or less a *genre* painter, at a strange time, in a strange place. And Mr. Dobson translates "the ballade of Bitter Fruit"—otherwise "The Orchard of the King"—from Théodore de Banville, which most of us know already through Mr. Besant's or Mr. Walter Pollock's translation in "The Ballad Monger," their very acceptable version of "Gringoire." *The Hobby Horse* gets along well, we are glad to say; but in a world wherein so much of healthy art and of art that is not archaic exists to gladden us, we could have done without another Rossetti, even though that Rossetti be the "Fazio's Mistress," belonging to Mr. G. P. Boyce.

We are glad to see that, in spite of the daily encroachment of "process" blocks, the *Magazine of Art* still keeps up the high quality of its wood engravings. Specially well illustrated is Mr. Wedmore's article on "Our Elder Art at the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. A. Blosse's "The Masters Gawler" is very successful in suggesting the colour of the original, and M. Jonnard's translations of Gainsborough and Romney are masterly in modeling and tone. The "processes" which reproduce some of the portraits in "The Kepplestone Portrait Gallery" are good of their kind; but their juxtaposition with woodcuts by M. Klinkicht is a trying ordeal, and one from which we hope they will not emerge unscathed in the opinion of the public. The worst thing in the Magazine is the photogravure, after Mr. Jacomb-Hood's "Triumph of Spring," which is an inky travesty of the picture. The "literature" of the part is varied, but not very notable. Mr. Ford Madox Brown's essay in word-painting, called "Self-painted Landscapes," is, however, at least interesting; and so are Mr. Telbin's reminiscenses of scene-painting, and Mr. W. W. Fenn's paper on "Shakespeare and the Art of Painting."

In the *Portfolio*, Mr. W. K. R. Bedford, under the title of "Queen Elizabeth in Caricature," gives some interesting notes on Sir Walter Scott's friend, Charles Sharpe, whose strong and somewhat savage vein of caricature is illustrated by reproductions of several of his burlesque representations of the "maiden" Queen. A pretty quiet picture of Collins, well etched by Mr. C. O. Murray, is the principal plate; but the most interesting of the pictures are those by Mr. Alfred Dawson to the concluding part of Mr. John Ll. W. Page's pleasant account of Dartmoor. Mr. Dawson has seized the character of the country with its sharp-sloped "Tors"; and the two little etchings (on one plate) are not only technically excellent, but charming in feeling.

The most notable thing in the April number of the *Scottish Art Review* is the sympathetic notice of "William Stott of Oldham," by Miss Alice Corkran, which is illustrated with a well-chosen selection from his work. We may also mention for commendation Mrs. Alfred Hunt's article on "The Turner Drawings at Burlington House," and the pleasantly written "Paris Art Causerie," by Mr. Cecil Nicholson. Altogether, this magazine has succeeded in preserving the special *cachet* which justifies its existence.

The interest of *L'Art* (April 1) is more scientific and musical than pictorial. Those who wish to learn something of the construction of the Eiffel Tower should read the paper by M. Camille de Roddaz; and the "Notes et Croqus sur la Musique," by M. Paul Viardot, are illustrated by some clever sketches by M. Mantelet-Goguet.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Mr. C. Drury Fortnum has been elected a trustee of the British Museum.

Next week the third exhibition of the New English Art Club—which has certainly succeeded in keeping up its reputation for getting itself talked about—will be opened in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. will have on view a collection of the works of M. Claude Monet, the impressionist, in the Goupil Gallery, New Bond-street.

The Society of Medallists has awarded its first prize of £25 to Mr. H. Fehr for a model of a medal commemorating the defeat of the Spanish Armada, having on the obverse a bust of Queen Elizabeth, and on the reverse St. George slaying a winged figure symbolical of the Armada, and surrounded by other figures representing Fame and Aeolus. The second prize of £10 was awarded to Mrs. Vereker Hamilton for a medal having on the obverse a

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portrait of Capt. J. Monteith Hamilton, and on the reverse a huntsman carrying stags' heads in basket. These medals, and a selection of others included in the competition, will be exhibited by kind permission of the directors at the New Gallery, Regent-street, during the Summer Exhibition.

The general meeting of the Hellenic Society, announced for April 15, has been postponed to Monday, April 29, when it will take place as usual at 22 Albemarle Street, at 5 p.m. Mr. A. S. Murray will read the following papers: (1) "Remains of the Archaic Temple of Artemis at Ephesos"; (2) "Archaic Etruscan Paintings from Caere."

The *Kindergarten Drawing Book*; a series of blackboard drawing exercises for infant classes, compiled by Mr. T. G. Rooper, has been so successful that Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. will issue a second series at once, which will consist entirely of patterns contained by curved lines.

During many years past the Museum of Science and Art in Edinburgh has gradually been accumulating a reference library of works relating to the fine and the industrial arts. Hitherto these have been accessible only to the officials of the museum; but, in the extensive additions recently made to the building, by the erection of a new wing, space has now been provided for the orderly arrangement of the library, and for a reading-room in which the books may be consulted by the public. A catalogue—a volume of 260 pages—has been prepared under the superintendence of Sir R. Murdoch Smith, the director; and before many weeks are over it is expected that the library will be open to the public, under regulations similar to those of the library of South Kensington Museum. It will doubtless be felt as a boon to literary workers in the north, for the Advocates Library, which the Faculty have so freely placed at the disposal of all engaged in research, is but poorly furnished with foreign works of a technical nature.

The first number of the new series of *Trübner's Record*, now edited by Dr. Rost, begins well—at least so far as oriental archaeology is concerned. First comes a preliminary report by Dr. E. Forchhammer—who has recently been appointed archaeological surveyor in Burma—upon the ruins of Pagan, which are probably the richest in all the province in remains of the early Buddhist and pre-Buddhist periods. Some of the inscriptions go back to the twelfth century. An interesting account is also given of the presentation, by two Burmese gentlemen, of a large collection of palm-leaf MSS., in Pali and Burmese, to the Bernard Free Library at Rangoon. The great attraction, however, of the number is a long letter by Mr. J. M. Campbell, of the Bombay Civil Service, describing in detail the opening of a Buddhist mound near the hill of Girnar, in Kathiawar, to which attention was first drawn by the late Pandit Bhagvanlal. At first, nothing was found on excavating the mound but a few fragments of carved stonework, which probably formed the support of a sacred umbrella, and some mutilated stone figures of a debased type. But the perseverance of the excavators was ultimately rewarded with the discovery of a stone chest. Within this was a stone bowl; within the bowl, a copper box; within the box, a silver casket; within the casket, a gold reliquary, containing precious stones, and also what may not impossibly be a relic of Gautama Buddha himself. Not a single coin or inscription was found to furnish a date; and it is evident that the original *dagoba* or relic-tomb had been destroyed and restored long ago. An amusing incident attended the excavation. The appearance of a cobra led to the spreading of a rumour that fifty boys were wanted for sacrifice, in order that the snake deity might reveal the hidden treasure, which was required by the state for the extension of railways; and for several days the schools in the neighbouring town of Junagadh were almost deserted.

THE STAGE.

"THE WEAKER SEX."

If I am called "indulgent," as I was in a contemporary, when I had declared of a play that it was "without beauty, without poetry, without comedy," what shall be said of me when I set forth to make an undisguised eulogium of "The Weaker Sex," in its writing and in its performance? Yet I cannot shrink from confessing that in Mr. Pinero's conception I find ingenuity, and in his literary treatment boldness and skill. And it is much upon my conscience to express, as unmistakeably as may be, what I should suppose to be the general sense of the high excellence of Mrs. Kendal's art. Let us, however, begin by fault-finding—have a turn at severity. And there is, indeed, one point in "The Weaker Sex" at which Mr. Pinero may fitly be reproved. In the midst of a frank and manly study of some of the most serious complications of life—those complications in which the dearest interests of the estimable are all of them found to be clashing—we are transported to an atmosphere of comedy. Well and good—that is a relief in its way; and it is time the lash of satire was brought to bear upon the backs of women who, because they are not entirely stupid, think they have a claim to be unsexed. Nobody begrudges Mr. Pinero's vigorous hits at a world of "gentlemanly ladies and zoological gentlemen"—an arid social world indeed, of the faddist, of the agitator, of those who are wanting in the most indispensable of all the virtues, charm—a dry and thirsty land where no water is. That is as it should be, and as long as the tone of comedy is maintained—and the severer the better—Mr. Pinero is to be thanked. But then the comedy becomes farce. Mr. Bargus, M.P.—a gentleman a little given to gallantries on the sly, yet seriously enamoured, it would seem, of the agitator's daughter, Rhoda—proposes to the agitator for that young woman, and is held to have proposed for the agitator herself. A heart beats indeed within this manly and political breast; and when it is made plain to the ultra Radical or Socialistic widow that it is Rhoda who has inspired the passion of Mr. Bargus, the widow behaves handsomely: remembers that she is a mother as well as a politician—that a certain dignity and reticence may be claimed, in private life, even from a platform speaker. The tone of comedy is resumed: there is resumed the real observation of human nature. But, in the interval, what a collapse! This misunderstanding should never have occurred, the quite farcical difficulty should never have been got into. There is Mr. Pinero's weak point—his concession to the audience that can be stirred only by exaggerated effects. In other respects, his comedy—as we have begun with it we will go on with it—is as good as his pathos. The creation of the aged Lord Gillingham, though slight, is quite admirable. He has married—sometime ago, no doubt—a woman half a century younger than himself. He is sleepy of an evening; does not know one person in twenty of those whom Lady Gillingham invites; hospitably trusts that people are "not going" when they have only this moment come; and has, at the most advanced age and in the most pronounced decrepitude, the immense cheeriness and the immense tolerance of the upper classes. A true social sketch. And it is carried out by the actor, Mr. Denison, with admirable skill. Mr. Righton is entertaining in the habitual fashion, jerky and genial as the Member for whom every political question "lies in a nutshell." Miss Coleman is excellent as the agitator. Mr. Aynesworth, as the Honourable George Liptrott—a delightful youth at bottom—is exquisitely rude, without knowing it, to the funny man who sings at "At Homes" everywhere. Thanks both to writer and to actors, we are here indeed in a world far from that of "the Adelphi guest."

With the serious interest four people are concerned. One of them is Sylvia, a delightful *ingénue*—played as only Miss Annie Hughes can play an *ingénue* (Miss Millett's is as good in its own fashion, but it is not the same thing; it is not so absolutely young; it is not so absolutely without social experience). Another is Lady Vivash, the *ingénue's* mother. A third is a gentleman who, having in his youth loved the mother, in his middle age loves the daughter. He is loved at the same time by both. The fourth is one Dudley Silchester, an old and faithful "watch dog," who is very genuinely, but perhaps not very passionately, attached to Lady Vivash. And the serious interest of the play is the clashing of the loves of the two women—of the woman and the girl, rather. In the lover of the girl—"Ira Lee," they call him, the "poet of the prairies"—Lady Vivash recognises her old friend who had banished himself eighteen years before to take up a different life. He has become a naturalised American. Very dexterously does Mr. Pinero lead Lady Vivash, step by step, to this discovery. When it is made it is to be hidden from her daughter. But the agitator's daughter, Rhoda—upon whose private nature something of the bitterness of political discussion seems to have descended—knows of it, and tells Sylvia. Lady Vivash had, after many heart-searchings, proposed to absent herself, not only from "felicity," but from her child. "Ira Lee" was to make Sylvia happy. But "Ira Lee," burdened with his memory of the past and his knowledge of the present, found this to be impossible. Let the two be absolutely reconciled, and let him go away. And, smiling at last upon what, if it is not rapture, is at all events peace, a perfect concord—mother and daughter crying in each other's arms—"Ira Lee" goes away, and publishes, let us trust, in Boston or New York, many more editions of his poems.

Mr. Vernon acts with discretion, with a measure of restrained sympathy, the very admirable "watch dog." You feel that Lady Vivash, to the end of things, will have a friend in him. To Miss Annie Hughes's well-bred youthfulness and engaging sincerity I have already paid tribute. She is sympathetic, and she is inventive, and she is without exaggerations. Mr. Kendal intends, perhaps, to indicate that, without quite knowing it, "Ira Lee" is not profoundly in love with Sylvia. He likes her, and he is quickly captured—the

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loss of her will not embitter, nor will it permanently sadden him. Mr. Kendal uses his opportunities well. But in "The Weaker Sex" the greater opportunities are for Mrs. Kendal; and, were it not that her part is, of necessity, but scantily provided with occasions of comedy—with occasions for the display of all her humourous observation, all her humourous instinct—I should say that it is almost the finest in which she has been seen. As usual, the mere words—though she never for a moment departs from the sense of them—the mere words are a skeleton which Mrs. Kendal clothes. All the play of a facial expression wonderfully varied, all the play of voice, and all the play of gesture, are, in Mrs. Kendal's case, at the service of an observation, of an analysis of human feeling, such as is within the range of only a very great artist. In other words, Mrs. Kendal has the temperament of a great artist, and a great artist's methods. Conventional means are almost entirely forsaken. Mere lessons have been properly learnt, and then have been wisely forgotten. Only in such performances as hers—and the best of hers—is the possible greatness of the art of acting made manifest. It displays things, now and then, like imaginative literature, like imaginative painting—it does not copy, it reveals. To do what Mrs. Kendal does in "The Weaker Sex"—crowding her performance with art—requires, let it be said plainly, not talent at all, but genius, and twenty years of work.

Frederick Wedmore.

STAGE NOTES.

The last performances of "Now-a-Days" and of "Good Old Times" are announced at the Princess's; and next week Mr. Wilson Barrett will appear in "The Silver King"—an old Princess's success, which will well bear revival. Later in the season "Claudian" will be presented, in which Mr. Barrett will take his farewell of a London audience for the present.

April 27 is apppinted for the first performance of Mr. Henry A. Jones's new play at the Haymarket. It was to have been called "Matthew Ruddock," after its principal character; but it is now to be called "Wealth." It is generally known that Mr. and Mrs. Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Miss Rose Norreys, and others will appear in it.

The report that Mr. Henry Irving, fired by the successes of Mr. Wyndham in Germany, was himself going to Germany with Mr. Wills's version of "Faust," is, we are happy to hear, without any foundation. The notion of Mr. Wills's version for an audience that knows the original as a village child knows the Ten Commandments would be sufficiently grotesque.

Mr. Toole—all the better for the Italian journey which he has been taking with Mr. Billington—will, we are glad to say, re-open in London on Easter Monday.

This week the season of French plays at the Royalty comes to an end. French plays are to be given, we understand, at the Gaiety later on, and probably with more success—in a better theatre, in a better situation. But this can only be when the Gaiety has discontinued its performances of the phenomenally successful "Faust up to Date."

Mr. J. Stanley Little, who, as a dramatist, is known as the joint author with Mr. C. Haddon Chambers of "Devil Caresfoot," is about to try at a *matinée* a stage version of his recent novel *Doubt*. Miss Alma Murray will play the part of Mary Crosley.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A Pianoforte Concerto in G minor and major by Mr. S. P. Waddington, student at the Royal College of Music, was performed at the college concert on Thursday, April 4. The work is modern in feeling, with plenty of energy and ambition about it; and, as a first step, it is one of considerable promise. The first movement is the best. The Andante leaves a somewhat vague impression on the listener, while in the Finale there is overplus of effort. The solo part, by no means easy, was played with great technical ability by Miss P. Fletcher. Mr. Waddington was called forward at the close, and heartily applauded by professors, students, and friends.

On the same day, Mr. Harvey Löhr gave his eighth annual concert at Prince's Hall. We were in time to hear him play Dvorák's "Silhouettes" (Op. 8)—a highly characteristic set of pieces for the pianoforte; and he deserves praise for his neat execution and refined style. Mr. Löhr afterwards took part in a pianoforte Quartet in E minor of his own composition. The writing throughout is excellent; the thematic material is attractive, and the workmanship thoroughly sound. The Menuetto with Trio is particularly graceful and effective.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Stavenhagen gave his second pianoforte recital—this time at St. James's Hall. Beethoven's Sonatas in E minor (Op. 90) and in C sharp minor (Op. 27, No. 2) gave one a good opportunity of judging him in classical music. The former was rendered with good taste and expression. The only fault that could be found with it was of a negative kind: sound predominated over soul. Mr. Stavenhagen seems to have studied rather than felt the music. The same may be said of the opening of the C sharp minor. It was played, however, with much refinement, and the gradations of tone were admirable. The rendering of the Allegretto showed character. Why did Mr. Stavenhagen spoil such a good beginning by interpreting the Finale in a wild manner? The coda especially was hard and confused. Worst of all was the attempt to improve the passage just before the double bars. Will not this young and gifted pianist learn before it is too late to respect the great masters? In the "Chopin Marche Funèbre," he likewise took liberties with the text. Pianists of renown have before now sinned in like manner, but they have never, so far as we are aware, ever attempted to justify their conduct. Mr. Stavenhagen's programme included pieces by Chopin and Liszt, in the latter of which he was able to show off his marvellous technique.

On Monday evening the Beethoven's Quartet in B flat (Op. 131) was given for the first time since 1880. It is indeed strange that of the five great Quartets composed by Beethoven in his ripest period, two (the one just mentioned and the one in A minor, Op. 132) have not been heard at these concerts for nine years. There was a time when these works, like the Choral Symphony, were considered incomprehensible. They are—in certain movements, at least—more difficult to follow than the earlier Quartets. All the more reason, then, for producing them oftener. The analysis of the one in B flat in the programme-book calls for a remark. Of the Andante only the opening theme is given. For the Finale "space will only allow of a single quotation." But could not space easily have been found by shortening considerably the analysis of so familiar a work as the "Sonata Appassionata." Everything should be done to help attentive listeners to understand and enjoy these masterpieces. And, perhaps, the analyst will one day explain the opus numbers which he affixes to the last Quartets instead of the usual ones. The performance of the Quartet by Messrs. Joachim, Ries Straus, and Piatti was magnificent. Mdme. Frickenhaus played the "Sonata Appasionata," and deserves praise for selecting a big work, for of late we have had only fugitive pieces of the romantic, and even virtuosic, schools. Every now and then an untidy passage was heard, but for the most part the performance was correct. Mdme. Frickenhaus interpreted this work with more grace than grandeur. She even seemed to be trying to tone down the asperities of the master. Herr Joachim played Bach's Chaconne and two movements from a Suite in masterly style. Mdlle. Janson was the vocalist.

Handel's "Saul" was performed at the Novello Concert on Tuesday evening. The effective additional accompaniments, written by Mr. E Prout for the Birmingham Festival last Autumn, were used; but Dr. Richter did not then follow exactly the new edition published by Messrs. Novello for concert use. Some numbers were omitted, and others, from the original score, introduced. On Tuesday, however, the new version was strictly followed. Having spoken about the Oratorio in our Birmingham notice, we need now only say a few words about Tuesday's performance. The choir, on the whole, sang well. They were perhaps heard at their best in the magnificent chorus which concludes the first part. The soprano music was sung by Miss A. Williams with much power. From a dramatic point of view it was a pity that she should have had to sing an air as Merab, and then immediately afterwards one as Michal. Mdme. Patey did full justice to the contralto music. Messrs. H. Piercy and Mr. Watkin Mills, the former as substitute for Mr. Lloyd, sang remarkably well. Dr. Mackenzie conducted.

Mr. Frederic Lamond gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. Three years ago he first attracted attention in London by his general talent and great technical powers. Since then he has made enormous progress as a musician. He gave an exceedingly good rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110). The fugue was especially well rendered: every point was brought out with great clearness. In the Tausig transcription of a Bach Prelude and Fugue he displayed fine tone and dexterous fingers. Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasie was interpreted in an unequal manner. Some passages were played with fine feeling, but others were dull. The rendering of Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp (Op. 15, No. 2) showed good taste and refinement. Mr. Lamond gave a number of short solos, including two short pieces of his own. The "Soirée de Vienne" (No. 6) of Liszt differed considerably from the printed version. We presume that the alterations and additions were made by the composer; if so, some notice to that effect might have been made on the programme.

J. S. Shedlock.

OBITUARY.

SIR F. GORE OUSELEY.

It is little more than a year since the University of Cambridge mourned the loss of her musical professor; and now, in an equally sudden manner, death has overtaken the Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, who has occupied the chair of music at Oxford since 1855, when he succeeded Sir Henry R. Bishop.

Sir Frederick, born in 1825, early displayed musical talent—at the age of eight he is said to have composed an opera. He graduated from Christ Church B.A. in 1846 and M.A. in 1849. He took the degree of Mus. Bac. in 1850, and in 1854 that of Mus. Doc. for which he wrote the oratorio "St. Polycarp."

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(This scholarly work was revived at Hereford only last year, when the late professor preached the "Charity" sermon.) In 1856 he became vicar of St. Michael's, Tenbury, and warden of the college there, where boys are educated in music and general knowledge.

As composer, Sir Frederick is principally known by his sacred works. More than seventy anthems from his pen have been published. He has written a number of preludes and fugues for the organ. It may here be mentioned that he was an excellent organist, and also pianist. His two treatises—the one on "Harmony," the other on "Counterpoint and Fugue"—are universally known.

At Oxford, Sir Frederick re-established the office of university choragus, which had fallen into disuse. It was first given to Dr. Corfe, whose successor was Dr. C. H. Parry.

No notice of the late professor would be complete without mention being made of his library, containing over 2000 volumes, among which are many rare scores of old French operas, likewise a large collection of MS. sacred music of the Italian school, copied from the library of the late Abbate Santini, of Rome. There is also an extremely valuable MS. of Handel's "Messiah," partly in the composer's handwriting and partly in that of J. C. Smith. It was from this copy that Handel conducted the work when it was produced at Dublin, and it contains various readings and curious marginal notes in the composer's handwriting. There are, besides, autographs of Orlando di Lasso, Mozart, Paganini, Mendelssohn, and others. A paper on the collection was read before the Musical Association, of which Sir Frederick was then president, in 1879.

It only remains for us to state that the learned professor was universally respected in private life, and that his courteous manner won him many friends.

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LITERATURE.

Alberuni's India. Translated into English by Dr. Edward C. Sachau. In 2 vols. (Trübner.)

In 1887 Dr. Sachau published the Arabic text of Abû-Raihân Muhammad Ibn Ahmad Alberuni. After some pause this work found an adequate notice in Dr. Sprenger's elaborate review in the *Allgemeinen Zeitung* of October 28, 1888. It is not my intention, and I have not the necessary qualifications, to re-enter on the ground which Dr Sprenger has so well occupied. But Dr. Sachau has now published an English translation of the Arabic text, and it may be useful to English fellow-workers in the field of Indian history to indicate the character of the new materials thus placed at their disposal.

A competent critic has expressed disappointment with the comparatively small results to be obtained from Alberuni for the construction of positive history—by that term is meant the frame-work of dates and events in which history has to be set. I think that a more careful scrutiny of the two volumes before us will modify, even if it does not remove, this sense of dissatisfaction. It is quite true that, until we get a clear chronological view of Indian events from the eighth to the eleventh century, our knowledge of Indian history will always exhibit a grievous blank. For it is in that blank of three hundred years that the vast revolution in the life and thought and religion of the people, represented by modern Hinduism, mainly took place The Chinese Pilgrim of the first half of the seventh century, Hiouen Thsang, exhibits to us an India in which Buddhism and Brahmanism were in active conflict. Alberuni, at the beginning of the eleventh century, discloses an India in which Buddhism had been vanquished, and in which the laws, customs, domestic institutions, and religious beliefs had shaped themselves almost into their modern Hindu forms, with many of the existing texts and Puranas as their scriptural basis. I do not underrate the subsequent modifications worked out by the later Puranas and the long line of Hindu Reformers; but the fact remains that the Chinese Pilgrim of the first half of the seventh century portrays the ancient Buddhist and Brahmanical India, while Alberuni shows us a Hindu India, not very dissimilar in law, custom, and belief, from the India of the present day.

It is perfectly true that Alberuni does little to enable us to fill in this blank of three hundred years. For that we must look forward to other materials, including the still unedited Chinese Pilgrim I-tsing (*circa* 635-713). This traveller did not arrive in India till 673. He was still absent from China in 690, for the most part of the time in the Southern Sea Countries. He has left an elaborate account of what he saw on his journeys; and the commencement of a translation or *précis* of this valuable record was made some time ago, under the impulse of Prof. Max Müller, by his Japanese pupils. When completed, it will lift the veil from an additional half-century of a dark period in Indian history. The early Arab geographers, from the merchant Sulaiman in A.D. 851 to Ibn Haukal who completed his work in 976, have already been made to tell their scanty stories by Sir Henry Elliot and Prof. Dowson. Alberuni, who immediately succeeds them (born 973, died A.D. 1048), deals with Indian history in an entirely different spirit.

Alberuni was a man of letters and science in the years which mark the first important invasions of N. India by Islam. He felt that the old deductive methods of dealing with the world's phenomena were pretty well exhausted, and that for long they had ceased to be fruitful of new results. He may, indeed, claim to be the first Muhammadan who applied the inductive method to Indian history. He collects from all available Indian sources the evidence from which to draw his conclusions. Hindus of learning and the Indian Texts are fully, if by no means exhaustively, cited as his materials. He thus reproduces a picture of Indian civilisation as painted by the Hindus themselves. Most of his chapters exhibit a regular system of construction. They first give a summary of their subject-matter, as Alberuni understands it; they then set forth the Hindu evidence, as gathered from the Indian Texts, or from Pandits, or from Alberuni's own personal observation during his Indian travels; they frequently conclude with analogies drawn from the philosophy of ancient Greece, with a view to supporting or illustrating the conclusions arrived at, or to render them more intelligible to the Muhammadan reader. In several of the metaphysical chapters, as in that on "The State of the Souls and their Migrations," this method is pursued with remarkable success.

We have, then, in Alberuni's treatise a clear and definite attempt to record Indian custom, law, philosophy, science, and belief, as they actually existed at the commencement of what may be called the mediaeval or Hindu period of Indian history. The striking use which the late Mr. Fergusson made of Alberuni to work back to the era of Vikramâditya from the battle of Korur may have raised expectations of chronological results from the complete translation of the Arabic text, which the present volumes now fail to satisfy. The geographical extracts based on Alberuni, and transcribed by Sir Henry Elliot from Rashídu-d Din, may on their side have led to hopes of physiographical results, which must also be disappointed. But, if we come to these volumes without preconceived ideas as to what we are to find in them, they prove themselves to be a treasure-house of unique value. For they present to us the *origines* of our existing Hindu India, collected by a truthful and competent witness, shortly after the revolution which mainly proudced Hindu India had accomplished itself.

The character of the historian stands forth in striking contrast to that of his sovereign. To the Sultan Mahmud, the Hindus were infidels to be destroyed; to Alberuni, they were philosophers to be studied. His account of them is conceived in a candid spirit; and, although he has occasionally to introduce orthodox reflections to indicate that he himself is a tolerably good Muhammadan, he evidently thinks that, alike in doctrine and in practice, there is much to be learned from the Hindus. This was an extraordinary attitude of mind for a Muhammadan in the most bigoted court of one of the most bigoted periods of Islam. During the very years when he was writing this book, his royal master swooped seventeen times down on Northern India with fire and sword. Alberuni succeeds to a quite marvellous extent in the project which he set before him of supplying a "sufficient" body of facts "for anyone who wants to converse with the Hindus and to discuss with them questions of religion, science, or literature, on the very basis of their own civilisation." The result, to quote one of the many admirable pieces of English with which the learned German translator adorns his work, "is like a magic island of quiet, impartial research in the midst of a world of clashing swords, burning towns, and plundered temples."

As regards the contemporary India of Alberuni—that is to say Northern India before the first real commencement of Muhammadan conquest—the book is full of interesting side-lights. The Pâla dynasty, once the over-lords of the Punjab and Kabulistan, had completely disappeared in the latter region and had just made their final struggle in the former. Sind was split up into minor states, under petty Muhammadan princes. All the rest of India known to Alberuni was Hindu. Pâla dynasties ruled from Kanauj to the delta of Bengal, and about A.D. 1026 endeavoured to reconsolidate an eastern Pâla empire. There are indications, from other sources, that some of these princes, at any rate, were still Buddhist. But Alberuni's Brahmanical pandits only permitted him to learn that Buddhism had been a former doctrine opposed to Brahmanism, surviving in a heretical sect of Shamanians. Of political and imperial Buddhism Alberuni tells us nothing. The ten passages in which he refers to Buddhism are singularly barren. Nor, indeed, need this be wondered at, as he candidly informs us that "As I have never found a Buddhistic book, and never knew a Buddhist from whom I might have learned their theories."

Hinduism had already monopolised North-Western India. It had fixed its centres of learning in Kashmir, Ujjain, and Benares. Vishnu worship was the dominant faith. Narâyana, or Vishnu, is the first god of Alberuni's Hindu pantheon. Siva is mentioned, so far as I remember, only four times, and, as Dr. Sachau points out, not in a favourable spirit. But while the range of Alberuni's information must, therefore, be held to be limited to the actual facts in Northern India, it is both comprehensive and exact so far as it goes. Thus his description of the suspended cane bridges of the Eastern Himalayas might almost have been written at this day. "My reporter told me," he adds, however, "that he had seen gazelles with four eyes!" His alluvial

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theory of the Gangetic plains and the Bengal delta might have been extracted from one of Gen. Strachey's papers. "If you consider," he says—after describing how the rivers pour down from the mountains on the level expanse—

"if you consider the rounded stones found in the earth however deeply you dig; stones that are huge near the mountains and where the rivers have a violent current; stones that are of smaller size at greater distances from the mountains, and where the streams flow more slowly; stones that appear pulverised in the shape of sand where the streams begin to stagnate near their mouths and near the sea—if you consider all this you could scarcely help thinking that India has once been a sea which by degrees has been filled up by the alluvium of the streams."

There are many other passages which would well repay quotation. But the value of the book does not depend upon isolated pieces of observation or induction so much as upon the comprehensive presentment of India and Indian philosophy as known to, or conceived by, the North-western pandits about A.D. 1000. Nor is it possible within the limits of this review to do more than indicate the abounding evidence which the book contains as to the state of Hindu science at that period. Alberuni's special studies were mathematics, astronomy, and astrology. He was, first of all, a man of science and then a historian and philosopher. We must not expect from him any serious attempt to go behind the then existing facts, or to resolve social institutions into their ethnical elements. Thus, his chapter upon Caste merely reproduces the Brahmanical classification without any perception of the race-basis of the famous four-fold division. His astronomical chapters await and will well repay investigation by a modern master of mathematical science. Dr. Sachau's annotations at the end of the second volume are important in this respect, although they do not always exhaust the materials which translations from the Sanskrit texts have already rendered available to European students. The same remark applies to many of the geographical names. Dr. Sachau refers to Colebrooke and to the *Indian Antiquary*, the two opposite ends of a long series of researches by English scholars; but a complete acquaintance with the intermediate authorities is not disclosed. Thus, the chapters on the rivers of India and the "Various Notes on the Country" might have been greatly enriched by a freer use of Sir Alexander Cunningham's Works, and of Dr. John Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*. It is, however, unreasonable to expect a wider acquaintance with Sanskrit literature from a profound Arabic scholar than is shown in Dr. Sachau's work. If, as I hope, the book reaches a further edition, the hint may possibly be taken to give additional geographical identifications in the form of footnotes, besides those dealt with in the annotations at the end of the second volume.

Dr. Sachau speaks very modestly of his powers as an English writer, but one seldom reads a book written in a more workmanlike English style than that which he has now published. It is a precious gift to the great majority of students of Indian history, who are unable to work from the original Arabic text. I say to the great majority of such students; for it is growing evident that Indian history must pass from the domain of the Arabic, and, eventually, even of the Sanskrit, specialist into the hands of a new class of workers. As the mind of modern man is constituted, it seems impossible for any single intelligence to combine with a life-study of Arabic an adequate grasp of the vast accumulation of materials now existing for a history of India. Dr. Sachau has, therefore, rendered one of the highest possible services, in the present position of Indian studies, by giving us a complete translation of the earliest of the great Muhammadan historians of India, and by affording ample facilities for verifying any passages in his translation from the original text. It is a work of great labour, unflinchingly and admirably performed.

W. W. Hunter.

The Banquet (*il Convito*) *of Dante Alighieri*. Translated by Katharine Hillard. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Nor the least gratifying of the many indications of the increasing study and appreciation of Dante in England is the attention which is now bestowed on his minor works. Not long ago it seemed as if he were regarded as the author of the *Divina Commedia* only, indeed we might almost say of the *Inferno* only. But we have here the second translation of the *Convito* that has appeared within two years; and within the same time Dean Plumptre has translated the *Canzoniere*, and not long before Mr. Church the *De Monarchia*.

A knowledge of the *Convito* is not only helpful, but almost indispensable, for a thorough study of the *Divina Commedia*. It often throws a flood of light on some of its most obscure and difficult passages, and, more than any other work of Dante, enables us to study his mind from the side of philosophical and literary culture. But, from the corrupt condition of the text, and the obscurity and technicality of many of the subjects treated, combined with the fact that the interest in some of them is quite out of date, the study of the *Convito* in the original is so difficult as to repel all but the most resolute students.

This "Banquet" was intended by Dante to have consisted of fourteen "courses," exclusive of the first *trattato*, which, to carry on his metaphor, we might perhaps describe as a *hors-d'œuvre*. Only three of these "courses" are presented to us; and they consist of very discursive comments on three of his own *canzoni*, which were no doubt selected for the purpose out of many others written and published at earlier and various periods. The materials of some of the missing "courses," or *Trattati*, are occasionally indicated, such as Justice (i. 12; iv. 27), Temperance (iv. 26), Allegory (ii. 1), "Why favours prayed for cost so dear," which was to have formed the conclusion of the whole (i. 8). Imperfect as the work is, it is a repertory of Dante's opinions and knowledge in physical, moral, and metaphysical philosophy. Besides this, it teems with quotations from numerous classical authors, of whom Dante had a knowledge so varied and minute that, considering his disadvantages in the absence of printed and indexed books, as well as the hindrances to study in his active and much troubled life, it is nothing less than astounding.*

We heartily welcome, therefore, this very successful attempt to make English readers partakers in the "Banquet" to which Dante invites all to come whosoever will, so that they be "not addicted to evil ways," who still "feel the hunger of humanity." It is a pleasure to acknowledge at once and unreservedly the excellence of this translation. It is accurate, scholarly, and graceful in style. As samples of the success with which passages of much difficulty or obscurity are dealt with, we might refer to ii. 15, iii. 5, iv. 18, 21, &c.; and of the taste with which passages of great beauty are rendered, to i. 3, iv. 12, 28, &c. The notes also (except perhaps those relating to astronomical difficulties) are admirable. In particular, the explanations of historical allusions are careful and accurate, telling the reader in a short compass just what he wants to know; and the illustrative references to the *Divina Commedia* are ample and most instructive.

It must not be thought to detract from this praise if in what follows we occupy ourselves mainly with points in which we feel compelled to differ from Miss Hillard's conclusions. They occur mainly in the careful and valuable Introduction of about sixty pages, prefixed to the translation. In some respects they are only matters of opinion; and the errors (if such they are) occur on obscure points, and are not uncommonly found in distinguished commentators, and are, therefore, worth spending some attention upon.

The Introduction contains a complete and well-arranged *résumé* of the internal evidence (for there is no other) on which the very disputed question of the date of the *Convito* depends. One of the most definite and important passages containing any indication of date, which bears not only on the date of composition of the first *canzone* (though not necessarily of the *Trattato* expounding it), but also on that of one of the most interesting episodes of the *Vita Nuova*, occurs in *Conv.* ii. 2. The first appearance of the *Gentil Donna* of the *Vita Nuova*, is said to have occurred at an interval after the death of Beatrice, when "the star of Venus had made two revolutions in that circle of hers which causes her to appear as a morning and an evening star." It is further stated in ii. 13 that about three months after this the *canzone* was composed. Everything here is very definite if we could with certainty determine the precise meaning of "quello suo cerchio che la fa parere serotina e mattutina." Miss Hillard rightly insists that we must follow, here and elsewhere, the calculations of mediæval, and not modern, astronomers, *i.e.*, the Ptolemaic, and not the Copernican, theories. Now the movements of the "inferior" planets (Mercury and Venus) were at that time explained by supposing their "heavens" (*cieli* or *cerchi*) to revolve in the same period as that of the sun (*i.e.*, according to our view, the earth), viz., about 365 days. But, as this *cerchio* revolved, there was also revolving round a fixed point on its circumference a smaller circle (*spheretta*, see *Conv.* ii. 4), called the

* To take only two instances, Aristotle is quoted, I believe, more than eighty times, and Cicero about thirty; and the quotations come from most various works of these authors.

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epicycle, *on the circumference of which the planet itself lay*, and, by a combination of these two circular revolutions, the irregular movements of these planets, by which they appeared sometimes as morning and sometimes evening stars, sometimes seeming to advance towards and sometimes to retrograde from the sun, were accounted for with remarkable accuracy by the Ptolemaic astronomers.* In reference to Venus we have, therefore, the following periods: (1) 365 days as the revolution of the *cerchio*; (2) 225 days as the period of a complete revolution of the *epiciclo*, corresponding pretty accurately with the modern "orbit" of the planet; (3) 584 days as the period between two successive inferior or superior "conjunctions" with the sun, called by Ptolemy the "anomaly," and otherwise, I believe, a "synodical" revolution. Now these are commonly confused by commentators in explaining *Conv.* ii. 2. Miss Hillard distinctly confuses (1) and (2) when (p. xxiii.) she says that "they gave to the revolution of Venus the same time as that of the sun." Hence, when Dante says (*a*) that "Venus had made two revolutions after the death of Beatrice" (p. xxii.)—note that Miss Hillard here omits the important words "in quello suo cerchio che la fa parere serotina e mattutina"—and (*b*) that thirty months afterwards the first *canzone* was written, she arrives at the two dates June 1292 and December 1294 for the two events, since she takes the revolution of Venus (regarding the *cerchio* and not the *epiciclo*) at 365 days. Another recent writer, Angeletti (*Cronologia delle Opere Minori*, 1886), as distinctly confuses (2) and (3) when he asserts that "by agreement of all astronomers the revolution of Venus *in her epicycle* is 584 days" (this being the period of the *anomalistic* revolution above described). Hence *he* places the appearance of the *Donna Gentile* and the composition of the *canzone* in August 1293 and February 1296 respectively. The true interpretation (as we maintain) would bring the two events to about September 1291 and March 1294. After all, however, this does not settle the date of the *Trattato*, but only of the *canzone*.†

In the midst of much merit and general excellence the astronomical notes are the least satisfactory part of the book, *e.g.*, p. 56, in a note on this same passage, we read "as this epicycle is completed in six months, Dante wishes us to understand that a year had elapsed since the death of Beatrice." This seems to imply some wholly different *data*. Again, in the appendix on "the Cycle of Venus," p. 59, &c., it is stated (apparently on the authority of Dr. Witte) that the epicyclic revolution is 348 days (another fresh period?). In *Conv.* iii. 5, when Dante is speaking of the Pythagorean doctrine of the "antichthon," the word is wrongly explained in a note to mean the "antipodes." As a minor and quite a different point, Miss Hillard is surely incorrect in speaking of the *De Vulgari Eloquio* as the Book on "Vulgar *Eloquence*."

The following appears to be another fallacious argument employed as establishing the date of composition of *Trattato* ii. It is, of course, well known that Dante in the *Divina Commedia* never forgets the assumed date of 1300, so as to refer to *events* which happened later except under the guise of prophecy, or else (though rarely) as illustrations occurring to him *when writing*, not as alluded to by himself or others *during the vision itself*. But it is surely a very insecure and pedantic argument to assume (as Miss Hillard does) that any *opinion maintained* by Dante in the *Divina Commedia* must necessarily have been *held* by him in or before 1300. Hence it is argued (p. xxiv.) that, because in *Par.* 28, 133-5 Dante abandons the opinion of S. Gregory on the Angelic Hierarchies for that of S. Dionysius, whereas the former is held in the *Convito* ii. 6, *therefore Trattato* ii. of the *Convito* was written before 1300.

Another point on which we feel compelled emphatically to differ from Miss Hillard is when she maintains in Introd., § iii. ("On the Nature of Beatrice"), the unreal and purely allegorical character of Beatrice. This, however, is quite fairly a matter of opinion and argument, and, moreover, argument of such length as would make it impossible to enter upon it here. I will only say that the very distinct and repeated statement of Boccaccio, that she was Beatrice Portinari, afterwards wife of Simone de' Bardi, is not to be lightly set aside by describing him as "that exceedingly untrustworthy romancer, Boccaccio." It should be remembered that this statement was made by him not only in his *Vita*, but in his *Comento—i.e.*, in lectures publicly delivered in Florence itself, only half a century after Dante's death; that the two families named were still existing and perfectly well-known in Florence, that of the Bardi being of even European fame, and their "houses are with us unto this day"; and that Boccaccio would simply have made himself ridiculous by uttering a fiction of this kind, which many among his hearers or readers could have at once contradicted. There is not a tittle of evidence that anyone then or for long afterwards [query, was Filelfo (a century later) the first to do so?] cast any doubt upon this statement.

The text of the *Convito* is, as is well known, in a most unsatisfactory condition, and a good critical edition is still a *desideratum*. Miss Hillard would have done better in trusting her own judgment, or that of other commentators, rather than Giuliani, the most shortsighted and uncritical of all modern editors of Dante in the matter of textual criticism, not only in the *Convito*, but notably in the *Divina Commedia* also. Samples of his reckless and offhand criticism will be found in the notes at pp. 156, 318, 321, 332, 337, 361, &c.; though it is fair to say Miss Hillard sometimes revolts from his guidance, as (*inter alia*) in the last two passages referred to. On page 159 (*Convito*, iii. 5) he has misled the author into adopting the reading *mezza terra*, which makes sheer nonsense of the passage, instead of the almost certain correction of Dionisi, *mezza terza*. This reading early (apparently) met with the natural fate of a *difficilior lectio* at the hands of copyists. But it makes perfectly clear sense of the passage, indicating (roughly) an altitude of about 23°, and is quite sufficiently explained and justified by Dante's use of the phrase in *Inf.* xxxiv. 96, and again in the *Convito* itself, *Tratt.* iv. 23.

E. Moore.

* The interesting passage of the three separate motions (including the precession of the equinoxes) of a planet, in *Conv.* ii. 6, should not be overlooked.

† An expression in *Tratt.* iii. 9 (*sub fin.*) "anno . . . che nacque questo canzone" seems to imply in that case some interval between the *canzone* and the corresponding *Trattato*.

Men and Measures of Half a Century. Sketches and Comments. By Hugh McCulloch. (Sampson Low.)

To discuss the men and measures of half a century within the compass of a single volume, even though the volume be a large octavo of over 500 pages, would seem to be a difficult undertaking. But Mr. McCulloch does not put forward his book as an exhaustive treatise. On the contrary, he not only describes it on the title-page as consisting of "Sketches and Comments," but he explains in the preface that, when he commenced it, he intended it only for his family and his personal friends. A thread of autobiography runs through the whole, and upon this are strung facts, opinions, and criticisms concerning those men and things which have come under the notice of the author. Some obscure persons are mentioned, while several quite notable men and women of the last half century are not even named. The book does not aspire in the least to be a history. Its especial merit consists in the side-lights which it throws upon the subjects with which it deals. These subjects are as various as the American National Debt and the Liverpool docks. The former is naturally a topic after Mr. McCulloch's own heart, for he was Secretary of the Treasury under three presidents. As two of those presidents were Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, the Civil War—its causes, its conduct, and its conclusion — inevitably receives attention; and, whether we assent to Mr. McCulloch's ideas or differ from them, no part of the book is more important than this. Nevertheless, persons whose interests are literary rather than political will find much to please them in the reminiscences of leading American writers, past and present.

This work of Mr. McCulloch's is certainly of great value. Unfortunately the author is somewhat deficient in critical insight—a weakness which necessarily diminishes the value of his testimony. British readers will see this at once when they read Mr. McCulloch's remarks on the "upper classes" of this country. Mr. McCulloch came to England in 1870, and remained here five or six years. He is kindly and enthusiastic about what he saw. His only serious complaint against Englishmen is that they are wanting in courtesy to women; and this judgment, as far as can be seen, was based on the rudeness displayed by an eminent novelist (name suppressed) towards a lady (probably a bore) at a dinner party. Persons who "dearly love a lord"—and their name is legion—will be delighted with this Republican's estimate of the British aristocracy:

"There is no country in the world," says Mr. McCulloch, "where rank is so highly honoured and so justly merits the honour which it commands. It is either an honourable inheritance, or it is conferred by the Crown as a fitting recognition of services in the army, the navy,

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in diplomacy in the House of Commons, or for a high order of ability in civil life. Those who are of high rank by inheritance—the large landed proprietors—are very rarely degenerate" (pp. 444-5).

Of the Royal family Mr. McCulloch remarks that

"all are above mediocrity; some are distinguished by their acquirements and artistic taste. The Prince of Wales is a very clever man" (p. 450).

"Just here," as the Americans say, I may mention that Mr. McCulloch is never sarcastic.

The same defective critical insight may be noticed elsewhere. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is justly admired by Englishmen and Americans alike, but no judicious person on either side of the Atlantic would speak of him after this fashion:

"In varied accomplishments Dr. Holmes has but few equals. An admirable talker, a fascinating lecturer and excellent prose-writer, and a poet hardly inferior to Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Whittier, he unites in himself more high, and I may say more lovable, qualities than any man of whom I have any knowledge. It may be truly said that few men have done more to make the world happier and better that Dr. Holmes" (pp. 24-5).

It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. McCulloch's expressed opinions are always of this character. On subjects with which he is more familiar, he seems to me to be decidedly more judicious. His judgment on the character and achievements of Horace Greeley, for example, is clear and well-balanced. The somewhat lengthy comparison which he draws between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright shows that he understands British statesmen much better than he understands British princes. It cannot be quoted in full; but the following estimate of Mr. Gladstone is worth reproducing, because it serves to show what good judgment Mr. McCulloch sometimes displays. "Mr. Gladstone," says Mr. McCulloch,

"is progressive by temperament and from principle. He broke away from the Conservatism for which he was distinguished in his early career to become a leader of the Liberals, an earnest advocate of all measures which have since been adopted by Parliament for the improvement of the condition of the people. He is an ardent believer in progress, and he is never at rest. No sooner has one advance step been secured than he is ready for another. Finality is not in his creed. If the Irish question should be settled in his day, old as he may be, he will be ready to undertake some other measure which he may think will advance the public welfare. He will not need to buckle on his armour, for he never takes it off. . . . No man has made more enemies than Mr. Gladstone—none is more hated by those whom he opposes; but no one has such control of popular opinion. . . . For half-a-century he has been the most prominent and influential of English statesmen. His power has never waned. It is to-day as great as ever it was" (pp. 477 and 480).

Mr. McCulloch further remarks on this subject are equally good. I should query the "half a century," but substantially the description is more accurate than most of the estimates formed by Mr. Gladstone's own countrymen.

Mr. McCulloch has, of course, much to say on the social and political problems of his own country. He was an ardent opponent of slavery, but he is far from being an out-and-out leveller. Here are some of his views on the negro question of to-day:

"A hater of slavery as I have always been, with no prejudice against coloured men, but, on the contrary, entertaining for them the kindest feeling, and anxious as any man can be for their elevation and welfare, it is very evident to me that, at the time of their emancipation and enfranchisement, they were not, are not yet, and probably never will be, qualified to properly control the government of any of the states of the Union. Hitherto, they have been, in many instances, most unfortunately, the tools of designing white men, who have used them for other purposes than their own advantage or the public good" (p. 514).

In short, no Lincoln proclamation, even when confirmed by "Amendment of the Constitution," can jog nature on faster than she is wont to go. The negro in America, a quarter of a century after the Civil War, is still not emancipated; but to affirm that he "probably never will be qualified to properly control the government of any of the states," is a prophecy too daring. Meanwhile, the student of American politics knows well enough that the defects complained of are not confined to the negro population. These distinctions that are so often drawn between whole races (like the sweeping declarations with which we are familiar in this country about the difference in character of men and women) are too arbitrary, and the rules based upon them are too broad to be entirely true. What correct rule can be made to cover Frederick Douglass (and there may be better samples of negroes than he), and the thieving, whisky-loving negro who is one of the curses of Alabama? And even this poor debased, much abhorred and persecuted creature is surely at least the equal of the white ruffians who are glad of an excuse to do him to death. Quite lately the papers reported a riot in one of the Southern towns, arising out of an attack made upon a prison for the purpose of seizing and executing an untried prisoner. The would-be assassins were not negroes but whites. Does Mr. McCulloch think that these men are or ever will be capable of governing? The incapacity is not confined to one race. Assuredly long association in servitude with the free-born American was not calculated to make the "noble savage" nobly civilised. One generation of civil liberty is not nearly long enough to amend him, and Mr. McCulloch is premature in despairing of his ultimate redemption.

I will conclude my notice of this valuable work by quoting a pleasant reminiscence of an author who now is deservedly admired in England as well as in America. In 1863 Mr. McCulloch accepted the Comptrollership of the Currency in the administration of President Lincoln. Having occasion to enlarge the staff of clerks, he was brought into contact with Mr. John Burroughs thus:

"One day a young man called at my office and said that he understood that the force of the bureau was to be increased, and that he should be glad to be employed. I asked him if he had any recommendations. 'I have not,' he replied; 'I must be my own.' I looked at his sturdy form and intelligent face, which impressed me so favourably that I sent his name to the secretary, and the next day he was at work as a twelve hundred dollar clerk. I was not mistaken. He was an excellent clerk, competent, faithful, willing. Since then he has been a worker in a different field, and become a most captivating and instructive writer. I never see an article from the pen of John Burroughs which I do not read with pleasure, and without calling to mind his appearance when he said to me, 'I must be my own recommendation" (p. 166).

Walter Lewin.

Days and Nights. By Arthur Symons. (Macmillan.)

In the really excellent Prologue with which Mr. Symons opens his volume of poems he pictures Art, as some have imagined her, living withdrawn and apart from the stress and stir of actual life,

"On some far peak,
The home of clouds, the sanctuary of stars,"

regardless of man and his ways; and from this conception he turns to the truer one of Art, concerned in all things human, finding nothing that is human alien to her.

"All serve alike her purpose; she requires
The very life-blood of humanity;
All that the soul conceives, the heart desires,
She marks, she garners in her memory.

"At times she hears from meadows inward borne
The bleat of sheep, the chirrup of the birds;
Wild airs blown on her from the freshening morn
Waken her song to unaccustomed words.

"Then is she glad; then brief idyllic notes
Sound through her sadder strains; they sound not long,
The gladness ceases as the echo floats
Back to its meadows: sadder grows the song.

"The winter of the world is in her soul,
The pity of the little lives we lead,
And the long slumber and the certain goal,
And after us our own rebellious seed.

"Therefore the notes are blended in her breath,
And nights and days one equal song unites;
Yet, since of man with trouble born to death
She sings, her songs are less of Days than Nights."

It is accordingly with the "Days and Nights" of human life that the volume deals, with its times of joy and its times of stress and tragedy. Evidently Mr. Symons is a cultured and careful writer. His culture is hinted at by the variety of languages with which the translations in the volume deal—one of them, by the way, a rendering of the "Winnowing Song" of Du Bellay, that thing of "pure effect," as Mr Pater has happily styled it, which it is interesting to compare with the translation by Mr. Lang in the scarce, white-bound, early volume of his, for which the booksellers, doubtless to its author's true satisfaction, are now beginning to ask pieces of gold.

As is almost inevitable in the work of a young poet in this over-cultured age, many of the pieces of the book are, in style and manner, distinctly derivative, showing clear traces of the influence of this or that poetic master. Poems like "Red Bredbury's End" and "Margery of the Fens" recall Mr. Tennyson in "The Grandmother"; "A Revenge" is strongly suggestive of Mr. Browning's "A Forgiveness"; and "Night and Wind" seems an exquisite echo of the strange despairing songs—the "Alas, so Long!", the "Adieu," and the "Insomnia"—of Rossetti's second volume. Mr. Symons's fine sonnet sequence, "A Lover's Progress," would hardly have been produced had not

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Shakspere's sonnets preceded it; and, perhaps, we should not be altogether wrong if we were to assert that "Fauns at Noon" owes something of incitement, or of example, to even so very modern a poet as Michael Field. Mr. Symons has served many poetic masters, has learned from many poetic teachers—yet he cannot be said to have copied previous work in any servile or unintelligent fashion; and his poems, even when we can readily trace the source of their inspiration, and lay our hand upon the model after which they have been shaped, claim, by the dexterity of their handling and their independent beauty and impressiveness, an undoubted right to exist.

The sonnets entitled "A Lover's Progress," to which we have already referred, trace, with much subtlety and in a diction of crisp expressiveness, the ebb and flow of a love that is not altogether a worthy love, one not quite clear from stain—of love for a lady who has been false to those who trusted her, whom her lover knows to be "heartless, volatile, inevitably inconstant," with "cruelty that lurks within her smile," and "vanity that basks upon her brow," but who, withal, is yet utterly irresistible. The writhings of the man's struggling soul to free itself from helpless bondage are portrayed with a vivid power—to rid himself from the spell of a beauty which he knows to be by no means the "beauty of holiness," but half-diabolic in its witchery. In the end the lady is dead; and in the epilogue, "In Memoriam Amoris," we see that death has "made long amends for all," leaving only pitying ruth and endless regret in the lover's breast.

One of the most original and passionate of the pieces in the book is that entitled "Magdalen at the Threshold"—quite exquisite in the sudden leaping freedom of its third verse—a poem doubtless suggested by Rossetti's splendid design of a similar subject; while in "The Tyrannicide" we have another powerful and intense poem, picturing the reeling brain, trembling on the verge of absolute madness, of the enthusiast who, for liberty's sake, has stained his soul with blood.

It is apparently to scenes and subjects of this tragic and passionate nature that Mr. Symons's muse turns most instinctively, and in these it, perhaps, works most effectively; but in a lighter vein he touches more trivial aspects of life with grace and dexterity, as witness the bright airy poems titled, "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," and the following "Rondeau of Love in Spring":

"We played at love when Spring was gay
And hearts were blithe as lover's May,
And skies were fair, a year ago.
Ah, Juliet and your Romeo
Remembers nought of it to-day!

"We loved awhile, then went our way,
And tears were all our hearts could say.
We loved? You smile. Forgive me! No,
We played at love.

"And now we meet, and skies are grey,
And our two hearts no more than they
Keep trace of last year's fleeting glow.
Ah, which were best? I know not, though
(Like children, serious when they play)
We played at love."

It is of humanity and its joys and sorrows—its sorrows chiefly—that Mr. Symons sings; yet his verse gives us, on occasion, charming and vivid glimpses of the things of nature; of that

"Brave tree that takes
"The first flush of the sun's bright, rosy wings."

"The oak tree yonder, high
Above its fellows, the wood's grandsire; when
The sun leaps on the world, his first red gold
Catches its tips and fires the tree with flame";

and again in that vision which comes to the "old worn wrinkled woman," seated beside an empty grate, of "the little room"—

"So pure and white
Wherein she slept a child, and woke at morn
To the clear rustle of the gold-white corn."

The book is eminently a readable one, which is saying much about a modern book of verse by a little-known writer; and we believe that indications are by no means wanting in its pages that its author will, in the future, present us with work of yet higher quality.

J. M. Gray.

NEW NOVELS.

The New Eve. By Mr. Randolph. In 2 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

Long Odds. By Hawley Smart. In 3 vols. (White.)

Mrs. Severn. By Mary E. Carter. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Lesbia Newman. By Henry Robert S. Dalton. (George Redway.)

The Serpent tempted Her. By Saqui Smith. (Henry J. Drane.)

Lady Godiva. By John B. Marsh. (Elliot Stock.)

The Life of a Celebrated Buccaneer. By Richard Clynton. (Sonnenschein.)

In *The New Eve* Mr. Randolph poses far too much as Ajax—or should one say as Ajax's wife or sister?—defying the lightnings of English notions of girlish innocence. The self-consciousness of *The New Eve* is an even more unpleasant feature in it than its realisation of the sensual side of passion in the experiences of the courtesan-wife, Mrs. Vernon. Mr. Randolph has a mission. It is to put "the school girl of the period" right on the subject of love-stories. Brushing aside—by what authority?—that young lady's parents and guardians, he addresses her "You must spend much time, I fear, in the reading of trashy love-stories. Most love-stories are trash. This is a love-story. It has a moral. If you will read the moral you will content"—its author. The "love-story" is that of a married woman, with a family, who conceives so violent an affection for a broken-down but eminently scientific soldier that she visits him in his rooms, calls him "dearest" in the presence of her husband, all but falls into his arms before a whole company in a drawing-room, and tells him before her children with "a significant shaft from beneath her black lashes," "If you had belonged to me, I would have made you like them [children], and you should have had plenty." Mrs. Vernon from loving takes to hating Colonel Stanhope Ferrers, and "the school girl of the period" has the reason of this change of feeling indicated to her thus:

"During these last weeks she had handed herself over to him body and soul, and had he been any other than the man he was, he would certainly have profited by it to her utter ruin. He had not done that [was this his offence?], but he had been gradually gaining an ascendency over her which she felt now as less endurable."

Finally Mrs. Vernon succumbs to the fascinations of a habitual seducer of women, leaves her husband—who realises the full extent of her treachery by means of a phonograph—to place herself under the protection of this second lover in Paris; drives at night to his rooms, because "night—night was the time for lovers," praying all the while "I am ready, O God! hasten my steps to him!"—to find herself supplanted by "a tall beautiful blonde of about two-and-twenty, in a salmon silk dressing-gown much belaced, and holding a bedroom candle in her hand." Mr. Randolph may have a right to publish a study of a frantic sensualist like Mrs. Vernon, who is as unscrupulous as M. de Maupassant's Mdme. de Marelle, but has none of her gaiety; but he—more probably she—has no right to thrust his book into the hands of school-girls. Of course, it may be said, in defence of Mr. Randolph, that by way of contrast to "The New Eve"—who should rather have been styled "The New Potiphar's Wife"—we have her friend-lover Stanhope Ferrers, with his "purity," his "reverence," and so forth. The mawkish morality of Ferrers is, however, even more objectionable than the avowed and guilty amours of Mrs. Vernon. She, at all events, does not disguise what she means by her demonstrations of feeling; and, as he answers these in kind, it is not to be wondered at that she mistakes his friendship for something very different. Stanhope Ferrers will get no sympathy in his misery from the readers of *The New Eve*, and he deserves none. Fortunately, perhaps, this book is as dull and artificial as it is disagreeable. Mr. Randolph seems to have entered into competition either with M. Paul Bourget or with Ouida, but as a writer he is immeasurably inferior even to the second.

Is Mr. Hawley Smart now bent on rivalling the late Mr. James Grant rather than the late Mr. Whyte-Melville? That is the question which a reading of his *Long Odds* suggests. He has always had a liking in fiction for soldiers and their adventures in war, as well as for the heroes and the vicissitudes of the turf. But never before, at all events in a novel of the orthodox length, has he so completely subordinated the latter to the former. The story opens with a stabbing affray in Cairo; and although, in the long run, the fortunes of all in it, and especially of Lucy Bramton and Jack Cuxwold, are bound up with the horse Damocles, the most readable chapters are those that deal with Jack's adventures in the Soudan, which, both in love and in war, are just such as Mr. Grant would have given to the public had he lived long enough to introduce one of his favourite Highlanders into the Mahdist wars, or place him on the staff of the Gordon Relief Expedition. It is to be hoped that Mr. Smart will continue in the future to dispense sport and soldiering in the same proportions as he has done in *Long Odds*. It is one of the brightest and compactest stories he has ever written; and although, more particularly in the second and third volumes, he gives us some of the tricks and tricksters of the turf, the

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first are not too numerous, and the second meet with no success at all. But Mr. Smart's portraits of the wonderful Dugald Dalgetty, a Sheikh, into whose hands Jack Cuxwold falls, and of his daughter Zelnè—who is one of those *locum tenens* sweethearts that James Grant was wont to bestow on his military favourites—are executed with all Mr. Smart's usual dash, and with very much more than his usual care. The story of Jack's escape from the Sheikh is told with great skill and rollicking humour. The social ambitions and troubles of the Bramton family have also full justice done them. *Long Odds* points no moral, and is brandy-and-soda-waterish rather than subtle or introspective. But it is an excellent, rattling, readable, and thoroughly healthy story. Mr. Smart is, of course, entitled to hold any number of strong opinions on things military and political that he chooses, and to express them in the strongest language he has at his command. But have we not now heard quite enough of "the miserable vacillation of a government that reckoned party and politics of more account than human life or the honour of their country"?

The female dipsomaniac has evidently taken her place as one of the heroines of English realistic fiction. *Mrs. Severn* is a proof of this in three volumes. Happily it is also a proof of something much better. Mrs. Severn, the victim of drink and of unrequited passion in this story, is a powerful—in the French sense—and repulsive creation. She has no redeeming feature. She marries one man while she cares for another. She never learns to respect her husband or to love her child. She devotes these three volumes to getting back the love of her old lover, Danby, and fails in the attempt; all that she succeeds in doing is to place herself absolutely at the mercy of Hartas, a plebeian scoundrel, as soulless and almost as fond of the bottle as herself. Even her drinking originates in her cowardly selfishness. She intoxicates herself with spirits simply to get rid of unpleasant sensations and recollections. Her suicide—if suicide it really be—is the one act of hers that can by any possibility be considered creditable. On the other hand, it must be allowed that the description of Mrs. Severn's drinking herself into stupidity—only, however, to be found out by her husband—is quite as unpleasant and as minute as anything in *Germinie Lacerteux*. There are better things, however, in this book than the dipsomania of Clothilde Hugo—for Clothilde Hugo she remains though she becomes in law Mrs. Severn—and better characters than Clothilde. The description of Mr. Severn's misery—a strong Yorkshireman in his agony—when he discovers the character and weaknesses of his wife, is almost perfect in its way. Cynthia Marlowe, who succeeds Clothilde in the affections of Danby, is an admirable portrait of a charming and trustful yet strong woman. Then the patient love-making—in small instalments—of Borlase and Anne Hugo, who would have been Clothilde's good angel if she had been allowed, stands out in artistic though painful contrast to the ruined home of Mr. and Mrs. Severn. Above all things, life in Jersey—infinitely more French than English—is reproduced with a delightful fidelity not unworthy of Mr. Hardy himself. Altogether, *Mrs. Severn*, although it might have been a pleasanter book, could hardly have been better written.

Lesbia Newman is a dreary failure by a writer who might have done a great deal better, but who, dipping into the future, has decidedly gone beyond his (or her) depth. The book is an Irish (in every sense) stew of Home Rule, Britain's war of the future—ending in an Irish Battle of Dorking—a quasi-reconciliation between the Churches of England and Rome, and the emancipation of women. Present-day society is clumsily satirised, and girls prattle sad nonsense to each other in letters about husbands and hermaphrodites, Lesbia Newman's American friend, Letitia, declaring "most certainly I should never consent to my husband having any other wife beside me. I may spare him for a few *liaisons* and irregularities upon occasion, and I might claim a few myself; but I would have no one to be practically a rival wife, either upon the premises or elsewhere." The reading of *Lesbia Newman* leaves one with the impression that female education should include bicycle exercise, and listening to the swearing of bargees.

There is genuine power of plot-construction in *The Serpent tempted Her*, which is an incident rather than a story. It purports to be the confession of a man who has committed a murder for which another has been condemned. Undoubtedly this portrait, executed by himself, of James Mackay—a dour, vindictive, morbid-minded Scotchman, with the blood of drunken parents in his veins—is powerfully drawn; and the story of how he loses the woman he loves through the deception of the woman who loves him, and whom he marries, and how, like a Red Indian or a Corsican, he tracks down the man whom he believes to be his too successful rival, is told, from start to finish, with a realism that is sometimes gruesome, but is never inartistic or wearisome. If *The Serpent tempted Her* is a first effort by a new writer, its modesty is only equalled by its promise.

Mr. Marsh has, in his *Lady Godiva*, treated the familiar Coventry legend in a style that is irreproachable almost to a Dryasdust extent. "I fully believe," he says, "in the story of Lady Godiva's ride through Coventry." Mr. Marsh indeed, regards it "as the crowning act of a beautiful life consecrated to the service of God and the good of the people." Not only so, but he believes in Peeping Tom as well as in Lady Godiva. As a matter of fact, however, the ride through Coventry is a comparatively secondary incident in *Lady Godiva*. It is, above all things, a picture of the times in which Leofric and Godiva lived, married, and brought up children. Mr. Marsh is careful, even to tedium, in his descriptions of dinners, marriages, educational discipline, life in court, camp, monastery, and manor-house; of Danish sea fights, Witenagemot meetings, the struggle between Canute and Edmund Ironside, and the rebellion of Godwin. He is thoroughly in touch with his subject, and has not merely got it up with a view to making a book. His draperies, his battle-pieces, his reproductions of manners and customs, are alike unimpeachable. But somehow one never forgets the author and his erudition in *Lady Godiva* as one does in *Ivanhoe* or in one of Prof. Church's excellent historical fictions. *Lady Godiva* stands midway between a Christmas-book and a school-history, and may be utilised as such.

The Life of a Celebrated Buccaneer is, to the extent of one-fourth, a general satire on British ambitions, theories, prejudices, and customs; and, to the extent of three-fourths, a special attack upon Mr. Gladstone, who figures in it as Captain William Dogvane. Unless I am mistaken also—although it would be rash to dogmatise on the point—Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Salisbury, and Sir William Harcourt are included in Mr. Clynton's portrait-gallery. But the general satire and the special attack are hopelessly mixed up; and *The Life of a Celebrated Buccaneer* is, in consequence, the dullest of reading. Mr. Clynton is too terribly in earnest to find in fiction a suitable vehicle for his views.

William Wallace.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT THE COLONIES.

Gibraltar. By Henry M. Field. (Chapman & Hall.) In this slight but well-written sketch are given the experiences of an intelligent American gentleman during a recent visit to the Rock of Gibraltar; and, though the book is published in England, the readers principally addressed are those of his own country. Not the less, however, are the views he enunciates of value to Britons; and, since before long the question of the continued retention of this costly and unprofitable stronghold is likely to form a factor in the politics of the day, it cannot be said that the appearance of Mr. Field's work is inopportune. Keenly appreciating the civilities and hospitalities of which he was a recipient during his short stay on the Rock, his narrative is marked not unnaturally by a tone very favourable towards the English and their institutions; and probably it is only when we arrive at his penultimate chapter, headed "Holding a Fortress in a Foreign Country," that we obtain some insight into his more serious opinions. Immediately preceding these remarks is a somewhat amplified *réchauffé* of the history of the siege and blockade of 1779-83, which, without inconvenience to British readers, might have been greatly condensed; but the comments on the British occupation are well worthy of notice:

"There is one thing in Gibraltar," he says, "which strikes me unpleasantly, and yet (such are the contradictions in our likes and dislikes) it is the very thing which has made it so attractive, viz.—the English occupation. . . . The English are here, not by right of birth, but of conquest. Gibraltar is not a part of England: it is a part of Spain, to which it belongs by nature, if nature has anything to do with the boundaries of states. . . . England holds Gibraltar, I will not say in an enemy's country, but certainly in a foreign country—a fact which, however it be disguised, it is not pleasant to contemplate."

He then describes a short walk he took outside the walls of Gibraltar to the town of Linea, lying just within the Spanish boundaries, and containing a garrison of Spanish troops:

"Here," he says, "was the situation: a double line of soldiers facing each other, not in a hostile attitude, not training their guns on each other, but certainly not in a position which was calculated to promote friendly relations. Strolling through the town it seemed to us (perhaps it was only imagination) that there was a sullen look in the faces of the people; that they did not regard

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Englishmen, or those speaking the English tongue, with special affection."

He goes on to show that to the Spaniards the British possession of Gibraltar cannot but be a bitter sight, and that from it are constantly arising international complications in connexion with smuggling and the extradition of political offenders. Afterwards, alluding to the immense annual sum spent by Great Britain in the maintenance of the place, he asks, "Is it worth all it costs? Would it weigh much in the balance in a great contest of nations for the mastery of the world?" With the exception of its flowery ending, in which, a little inconsequently, the author descants on the blessings of universal peace, the whole of this chapter is sensible, well-reasoned, and calculated to evoke earnest reflections on the subject of British relations with Spain.

History of South Africa, 1691-1795. By George McCall Theal. (Sonnenschein.) It is impossible not to admire the industry and perseverance of Mr. Theal. In less than two years he has brought out successively three volumes, each of which has cost him severe labour; indeed, he says that the time expended by him in gathering from original and hitherto unused sources the materials for the last of them, if condensed, would amount to at least two years of ten hours a day—and yet the records of the Dutch East India Company are so voluminous that he does not pretend to have examined them all. The present volume may be roughly said to give the history of South Africa during the last century. It is not a book that is very likely to be read all through outside the country of which it treats; but it contains a great deal of curious information, and admirably illustrates the qualities of the Dutch as colonists. It is certainly remarkable that in 1791, 140 years after the Dutch first settled at the Cape, the white population of the colony of all sorts did not amount to 15,000. Very interesting are the old records respecting the small-pox. Three times was this horrible disease introduced into the colony, the sources of its introduction on each occasion being clearly ascertained, and three times it entirely disappeared when the hot season set in. The first visitation, in 1713, was the most severe, and almost exterminated the Hottentot race. Horse-sickness, of which we read so much in books on South Africa, was unknown till 1719, when it appeared in a very severe form, was described as a new plague, and has never left South Africa since. Mr. Theal deserves high praise for reducing prices to English currency, instead of the usual indolent plan of leaving readers to do a sum on every page or leave the problem unsolved. The index is excellent.

Yankee Girls in Zululand. By Louise Veselius-Sheldon. Illustrated after Sketches from Life. (Trübner.) Unless we are mistaken, this book was originally published in America about a year ago, when we recollect to have read in newspaper notices that its tone was not favourable to the English. Certainly, no animus of the kind can be detected in the present edition, which shows equal goodwill to all the various races in South Africa. A party of three young women—for the Christian name of Frank is only the converse of Marion—set off, without male protector or female chaperon, to spend a year or two under the Southern Cross, partly for the sake of the health of one of the party (who brought back both health and a husband), and partly, we suspect, from mere fun. The period was approximately that of the Transvaal war. Most of the time was passed in the Cape Colony and the Free State; but Natal was visited, and also the Transvaal. Zululand, which is so conspicuous on the title-page, is just the one country that the party left unseen. It would be idle to say that we have found anything very new in their story, except, perhaps, the extraordinary facility with which these bold young persons "trekked" about in ox-wagons, making a picnic of necessity. But the whole is told in such a bright, joyous tone that everyone who takes up the volume will be attracted to read it to the end. It is studded with clever little bits of illustrations, reproduced by some equally clever mechanical substitute for wood engraving.

The Colony of New Zealand: its History, Vicissitudes, and Progress. By William Gisborne. (Petherick.) Mr. Gisborne's present work is superior to his earlier one—*New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen 1840 to 1885*—and far more interesting. It has a wider scope, and gives a short but comprehensive account of the islands of the New Zealand group, their nature and productions, together with a history of their inhabitants, both Maori and English, from the time of Captain Cook. Mr. Gisborne writes in a fair and liberal spirit. He does not attempt to excuse the fraudulent and vicious practices of speculators and adventurers in defrauding the natives of their land. He does ample justice to Sir George Grey, and very wisely abstains from entering on the unpleasant subject of the Stout-Vogel administration. The profligate destruction of forests in New Zealand is condemned; and, among other curious statistics, the author tells us that in seven years more than sixty-three millions of rabbit-skins were exported from New Zealand, valued at over £500,000. Mr. Gisborne discusses the subject of Free Trade and Protection in a common-sense way, which might with advantage be oftener adopted. He is a worshipper of neither system, and gives the following striking instance of the advantage that may be derived from a moderate and temporary use of Protection:

"One class should not be enriched at the cost of all other classes. But Protection in its broader sense is not an inflexible principle. Look at New Zealand, for instance. In the early years of that colony, when the tariff was arranged, a considerable, but not prohibitive, duty was charged on imported beer. The consequence was that the local manufacture of beer was encouraged, and soon became an established native industry. In the course of a few years the greater part of the colony was able to supply itself with good local beer at a cheaper rate than it could be imported. Protection, if it can be so termed, in that case resulted in the community being able to get for all future time a good article locally supplied at a less price than it could be imported."

The author, in an appendix, gives a table of the wages current in the colony for all sorts of employments, and the demand for every kind of labourer, servant, and artisan. Out of them all the demand is stated to be good only for cooks, housemaids, and nursemaids, and then not in all parts of the colony. For bakers, blacksmiths, brickmakers, bricklayers, butchers, carpenters, house painters, masons, shoemakers, shipwrights, and tailors, there is no demand whatever in any part of New Zealand. This is poor news for promoters of emigration.

The Australian in London and America. By James Francis Hogan. (Ward & Downey.) This little book consists of a reprint of contributions to newspapers, which we hardly think were worth collecting and republishing. In any case, Mr. Hogan should have given himself the slight labour of revising them, and so avoided the mistakes which all readers will at once detect in his letter from London. There is always something interesting in reading the impression made by one's own country on a visitor to it from another land. Mr. Hogan is naturally impressed with the size of London. He says it takes some time before an Australian can even partially realise its vast extent and immensity, or bring home to himself the astounding fact that this modern Babylon is inhabited by five millions of human beings—nearly twice as many as occupy the whole of the continent from which he comes. The public buildings—at least the more modern ones—disappointed him. He pronounces them, in general, architecturally inferior to antipodean structures of a like character; for example, the Mansion House and the Guildhall would sink into insignificance by the side of the magnificent Town Halls of Melbourne and Sydney. The new Law Courts are lacking in dignity when compared with the massive dome of the Palace of Justice of Melbourne. Equally the Post Office, the Bank of England, and the private banks, are inferior to corresponding buildings in Australia. Mr. Hogan fills up his book with some chapters which have nothing to do with his tour. He treats of the Chinese in the Colonies, and reiterates the usual stock arguments against them. The principal one—and indeed the one on which all the others hang—is that the Celestials are too thrifty and industrious to suit the professional working man of the Colonies.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Messrs. Longmans announce the immediate publication of a work, entitled *Prince, Princess, and People*, by Mr. Henry C. Burdett. It is a record of the public life of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and sets forth in detail the patronage which they have extended to all institutions connected with the improvement of the social, intellectual, and physical condition of the kingdom during the last twenty-six years. Illustrations of Sandringham, and portraits of the subjects of the biography, together with their autographs, are added. Among other special features are a complete list of the Prince's orders and decorations; and a genealogical tree, showing the different occasions upon which the reigning families of England, Denmark, and Hanover, have intermarried.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. will shortly publish, in a handsome volume with illustrations, Mr. H. H. Johnston's "History of a Slave," which is now appearing in the *Graphic*.

The next volume in the "Badminton Library" will be *Fencing, Boxing, and Wrestling*, to which Mr. F. C. Grove, Mr. Walter H. Pollock, Mr. Walter Armstrong, and M. Prévost contribute.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press *The Story of Alastair Bhan Comyn;* or, The Tragedy of Dunphail, written by the Lady Middleton, which is described as "a tale of romance and tradition."

Messrs. Sampson Low will publish shortly *Through Atolls and Islands in the Great South Sea*, by Mr. F. J. Moss, with numerous illustrations.

Lieut.-Col. Fishwick, of Rochdale—who is already known as the author of several local histories of places in the county palatine—will shortly issue an elaborate work on the parish of Rochdale, from the earliest times. Much of his information has been drawn from original MS. sources, such as the manor rolls (of which the Byrons were lords), wills at Chester, &c.; and pedigrees will be given of many local families. The book will be illustrated, and handsomely printed in demy quarto. It will be published, in a limited edition, through Mr. Elliot Stock.

The Calendars to the series of Wills and Administrations, 1510 to 1650, preserved at Lichfield, are now being transcribed for the press. They relate mainly to the counties of Stafford, Salop, Derby, and Warwick. The

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earlier series, however, includes many wills from Cheshire, Flintshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, and even Cumberland. The first instalment will appear in the May number of the *Index Library*, under the editorship of Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore.

A NEW volume of discourses by the Rev. David Wright, Vicar of Stoke Bishop, entitled *Thoughts upon some Words of Christ*, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE ninth number of Mr. Eyles's *Popular Poets of the Period*, to be issued through Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., will contain a paper by Dr. Japp on the life and writings of Mr. Swinburne, together with representative selections from his works. Included also in the same number will be found sketches of the careers and selections from the poems of Mrs. Augusta Webster, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, the Rev. Richard Wilton, and Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves.

MR. S. LAING'S *Modern Science and Modern Thought* will shortly be issued in a new and cheaper edition, representing a sale of six thousand.

A JOINT committee of the Richmond Athenaeum and the Selborne Society have organised a May-day conversazione, to be held at the Star and Garter Hotel. Apart from music, the chief attraction is to be an exhibition of local antiquities, books, pictures, &c., including the natural history of the Thames Valley.

MR. E. R. NORRIS MATTHEWS, librarian of the Bristol Museum and Library, has lately disinterred the early registers of the Bristol Library Society, established in 1773 and merged in the present institution in 1855. Here are to be found the list of books borrowed by Southey between 1793 and 1795, when he was living at Bristol and giving lectures on history. Within two years, he is recorded to have taken out no fewer than thirty-seven different works, mostly historical, but including Godwin's *Political Justice*, Mary Woolstoncraft's *Rights of Women*, and Burns's Poems. In 1795, the name of Coleridge occurs frequently in conjunction with that of Southey, the friends sometimes borrowing consecutive volumes of the same work.

AT the time when the English Dialect Society has resolved to terminate its own existence, it is interesting to learn that an American Dialect Society has just been founded at Cambridge, Mass., with Prof. Child, of Harvard, for president. Its object is defined as "the investigation of the spoken English of the United States and Canada, and incidentally of other non-aboriginal dialects spoken in the same countries."

THE current number of Mr. Edward A. Petherick's *Torch and Colonial Book Circular* contains a select list of recent English and American bibliographical publications, including current period and special bibliographies; and also a further instalment of the bibliography of New South Wales, from 1851 to 1860, covering the period of the great gold discoveries and the introduction of responsible government. It is interesting to know that no less a person than Mr. John Hill Burton wrote an Emigrant's Manual (Chambers, 1850). Another notable entry is the report of an Australian anniversary dinner at the Albion in 1858, with Sir Charles Nicholson in the chair, when Mr. Gladstone (among others) spoke.

SIR FREDERIC POLLOCK'S monograph on *The Land Laws* in the "English Citizen" series has received the compliment of a translation into German by Dr. Ernst Schuster. It appears under the title *Das Recht des Grundbesitzes in England*, and is published by Herr Franz Vahlen, of Berlin.

FREDERICK MULLER, of Amsterdam, has sent us a sale-catalogue of the "Bibliotheca Rhynwykiana," containing apparently all that now remains of the library of the famous Jansenist community, originally Cistercians, who fled from their home of Orval, in Luxembourg, in 1725, and established themselves at Rhynwyk, near Utrecht, where they were long one of the chief centres of Liberal Catholicism in Europe. For the history of Jansenism, the collection would be invaluable. To a non-theological eye the most interesting lots seem to be those relating to the early Jesuit missions in India, China, Japan, and America; but these are not cheap.

THE English Dialect Society has just issued (Trübner) two of its volumes for 1889, consisting of Mr. Edward Peacock's *Glossary of Manley and Corringham* (two neighbouring wapentakes in North-west Lincolnshire), greatly enlarged from the first edition, which appeared in 1877. As might be expected, Mr. Peacock has added greatly to the value of his work by copious references to printed and MS. sources for local words now obsolescent. Of modern usages, here is a good example:

"When ohd Beaconsfield was *gaffer* we hed n't bad times like theäse here."

THE eight and last part, with indices and map of the Ampurdan, of the *Historia del Ampurdan*, by Sr. Pella y Forgas, has just appeared. The author has more than fulfilled her promise to her subscribers, the text of this fascicule, nearly 100 pages, being extra. The literature of Spain is rich in local histories, which are of the first importance to the historian; and among the best of recent ones we must rank this of Sr. Pella, whether we consider the text or the illustrations. The eight parts form a small folio of 788 pages, and are indispensable not only for political events, but also for the history of art and civilisation in Northern Catalonia.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE most prominent feature in the *Magazine of Art* for May will be an article on the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy, published about a fortnight before its rooms are opened to the general public. The text is by the editor, and is accompanied by facsimiles of two of Sir Frederick Leighton's original designs for his pictures, and four other studies, as well as by a full-page engraving of Mr. Watts's contribution. The frontispiece is a photogravure of an ideal head by Sir Frederick Leighton.

THE series of "Scottish Character Sketches," to appear in early numbers of the *Scottish Art Review*, will open in the May issue with a paper by Dr. William Alexander, author of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," upon the last of the Scottish Homers, John Milne of Glenlivat. The paper will be illustrated with two pen-and-ink drawings by Sam Reid. Among other articles in the same series will be one by Mr. J. M. Barrie, titled "Her Leddyship," and several by Mr. William Jolly. Each will be illustrated with two or more original drawings by Scottish artists.

THE forthcoming number of the *English Historical Review* will contain, among "Notes and Documents," some more episcopal visitations of monasteries by Canon Perry; and the following articles—"Hugh Elliot at Naples, 1803-1806," by Mr. Oscar Browning; "El Santo Niño de la Guardia," by Mr. H. C. Lea, the historian of the Inquisition; and "The Last Kings of Ireland," by Mr. Standish O'Grady.

"THE Music of the British Army" is the title of a comprehensive article to appear shortly in the *National Review*, from the pen of Mr. Frederick J. Crowest. It will deal with the recruiting, pay, duties, training, pensions, prospects, &c., of the army musician; and it will contain much of traditional and legendary interest concerning English military music.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER has written for the May and June numbers of *Scribner's* his reminiscences of "Count Leo Tolstoy Twenty Years Ago," when he was a visitor at Tolstoy's home, and had many long and intimate conversations with him. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, will contribute the end paper to *Scribner's* for May, the subject being "The Lack of Old Homes in America," and the associations and sentiments which are thereby lost.

Time for May will contain a short story by Mrs. Molesworth; "Feminine Politics," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel; "The Religion of the Parsis," by Dadabhai Naoroji; "Thackeray's Genealogies," by Mr. E. C. K. Gonner, &c. The paper in the "Work and Workers" series will be on Parliamentary Reporters.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

AS WE VIEW IT.

YONDER landscape, regal in its splendour,
Smiling with a look half proud, half tender,
  Seems a shrouded corpse when dense fogs roll.
Life is glorious when the rays of duty
  Shine upon it from a loving soul;
But its hills and glades are robbed of beauty
  If a selfish mist hangs o'er the whole.
Scorning this great fact, the base man loses
  Truth's best diamond, priceless if he knew it:
Life is good or bad, as each one chooses,
    Life is as we view it.

Wanting wealth of heart, the miser's treasure,
Now too small to purchase lofty pleasure,
  Soon will be a deathbed pang, or worse.
Love, contentment, goodness, hopes ethereal,
  Make the peasant, slender though his purse,
Vastly richer than the whole material,
  Star-illumed, unconscious universe.
Mental wealth, whose very touch entrances,
  Boundless lies for all whose minds pursue it;
Man is rich or poor, just as he fancies:
    Wealth is as we view it.

Life's flame, flickering feebly in the strongest,
Oft blown out, is soon burnt at the longest;
  Frail we live; we're nothing in our graves.
Almost awful now, yet daily heightening,
  Is our power, that rides the foaming waves,
Weighs the planets, grasps the leaping lightning,
  Changes fire and air to docile slaves.
Man can humble Nature if she dares him,
  Set her some hard task, and make her do it;
Man is weaker than the steed that bears him:
    Power is as we view it.

Knowing not where Truth's first step commences,
Since the sages say our very senses
  Teach but fictions, dark we live and die.
Priceless thoughts that time in its long travels
  Through past ages gathered, open lie;
Science shows the cipher that unravels
  Nature's secrets, writ on earth and sky,
But the wondrous volume spread before us
  Needs eternity to read right through it.
All is darkness! Floods of light float o'er us!
    Truth is as we view it.

One faint gasp, and then the low death-rattle!
Thus we end it, beaten in the battle,
  Losing all things with our parting breath.
Life has glories, but intensely brighter
  Is the glory of a noble death,
When the soul, its load each moment lighter,
  Heedless now of what the vain world saith,
Seeing visions, pain sublimely scorning,
  Feels the icy hand, yet dares to woo it:
Death is starless night, or radiant morning:
    Death is as we view it.

J. T. CHAPMAN.

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MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE April number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* is fully equal to its predecessors. Dr. Neubauer's survey of the fictions respecting the "lost tribes" has reached the sixteenth century. Dr. Ritter, of Berlin, gives a sketch of Samuel Holdheim, a talented and deeply religious leader in the Reform movement. This is perhaps the most important article, because it so ably justifies the doctrinal and liturgical developments of Reformed Judaism. The difficulty of the reformer's task is of course very great; but its necessity and its religious reasonableness are now made clear, and all that is still wanted is to show that the reform theory is but the combination and expansion of teachings of early rabbis of undisputed eminence. Holdheim had qualities as a leader which would have ensured recognition in other branches of human activity. Mr. J. Abrahams has joined the ranks of the Jewish folklorists. He comments here on the Jewish stories of heart-eating. The Rev. J. Harris continues his researches, full of references to the most recent authorities, on the rise and development of the Massorah. Dr. Drion contributes a clear though necessarily dry article on the origin and structure of Judges. If we call it "dry," it is only from the point of view of the uninterested general reader. Such investigations are the necessary preliminary to an historical sketch of the early Israelitish period. How vain it is to pretend that the criticism which Dr. Drion expounds is of a negative and destructive tendency! Mr. Montefiore notices and criticises a text-book of reformed Judaism by the author of the article on Holdheim; also an article by Dr. Cheyne on the relation of the Jews to the Gospel, which it does not indeed fairly represent, but in a sense supplements, by showing the extreme difficulty at present of religious union between Jewish and Christian Theists, owing partly to the doctrinal formulas inherited by the latter from the past, and partly (this with regard to Reform-Jews) to the reluctance on the part of the Church to permit criticism of the Biblical records. Among the Notes and Discussions, we may mention Dr. Friedländer on the Lulab coins, Mr. Jacobs on the date of the first arrival of Jews in England, and Sig. Costelli on Job vi. 4.

AFTER a brief note by the editor, recording the progress of his pet scheme for an international society of bibliophiles, the April *Livre* has two very interesting articles. For the second, dealing with an Academic episode of the seventeenth century, under the title of "Une Mystification sous Louis XIV.," the name of M. Eugène Asse, the writer, is sufficient guarantee. But, perhaps, frivolous readers will like the first, by M. Francis Ménier, which deals with the caricatures of Wagner and Berlioz, even better, because it is illustrated. For "pictures" appeal to many children who are not children in years. And some of these pictures are very good. They are drawn from English and German as well as from French sources, and come so far as immediate *provenance* goes, from M. Adolphe Jullien's books. But everybody does not possess these; some people may not have seen them; and the serving of them up in an article is legitimate and laudable.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BEYERSDORFF, R. Giordano Bruno u. Shakespeare. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
BOUCARD, Max. En dahabieh: souvenir d'Egypte. Paris: Ducher. 6 fr.
BOVET, Marie-Anne de. Lettres d'Irlande. Paris: Guillaumin. 3 fr. 50 c.
HÜBER, W. Das Nibelungenlied in neuhochdeutscher Bearbeitung. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.
KRUMM, H. Die Verwendung d. Reimes in dem Blankverse d. englischen Dramas zur Zeit Shakspere's (1591-1616). 1. Tbl. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
MANSUY, E. La misère en France à la fin du XIXe siècle. Paris: Ghio. 3 fr. 50 c.
MONTEGUT, Emile. Ecrivains modernes de l'Angleterre. 2e série. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
PLANCHUT, Edmond. L'Egypte et l'occupation anglaise. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
RECUEIL des margelles de puits à Venise. Venice: Ongania. 200 fr.
RIEGL, A. Die ägyptischen Textilfunde im k. k. österreich. Museum. Wien: v. Waldheim. 9 M.
SARRAZIN, G. La Renaissance de la poésie anglaise (1795-1888). Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHOELCHER, V. Vie de Toussaint Louverture. Paris: Ollendorff. 5 fr.
SIMONY, F. Das Dachsteingebiet. Ein geograph. Charakterbild aus den österreich Nordalpen. 1. Lfg. Wien: Hölzel. 9 M.
VERNIER, Léon. Etude sur Voltaire grammairien et la grammaire au 18e Siècle. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

DUCHESNE, L. Origines du culte chrétien: études sur la liturgie latine avant Charlemagne. Paris: Thorin. 8 fr.
SACK, J. Die altjüdische Religion im Uebergange vom Bibelthume zum Talmudismus. Berlin: Dümmler. 7 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

BERNHEIM, E. Lehrbuch der historischen Methode. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 10 M.
BROC, le Vicomte de. La France sous l'ancien régime. 2e partie. Les usages et les mœurs. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
FELIX, L. Der Einfluss der Religion auf die Entwicklg. d. Eigenthums. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.
LINDENSCHMIT, L. Handbuch der Deutschen Alterthumskunde. 1. Tbl. Die Alterthümer der Merovingischen Zeit. 3. Lfg. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 6 M.
MARTENS, W. Die falsche General-Konzession Konstantins d. Grossen. München: Stahl. 3 M. 20 Pf.
PERKENS, F. T. Histoire de Florence (1434-1531). T. 2. Paris: Quantin. 7 fr. 50 c.
PERRAT, P. M. Notice biographique sur Louis Malet de Granville, Amiral de France (144 ?-1516). Paris: Picard. 7 fr. 50 c.
STÜRENBURG, H. Zu den Schlachtfeldern am trasimenischen See u. in den caudinischen Pässen. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M.
UNZER, A. Die Convention v. Klein-Schnellendorf (9. Octbr. 1741). Frankfurt-a.-M.: Reitz. 2 M. 50 Pf.
WUSTMANN, G. Quellen zur Geschichte Leipzigs. 1. Bd. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 10 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BRUTT, M. Der Positivismus, nach seiner ursprünglichen Fassung dargestellt u. beurteilt. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.
FRÉDÉRICQ, Léon. La Lutte pour l'existence chez les animaux marins. Paris: J. B. Baillière. 3 fr. 50 c.
FRITSCH, K. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Chrysobalanaceen. I. Conspectus generis Licaniae. Wien: Hölder. 1 M. 60 Pf.
GLÄNZER, K. Die Gegenkurven der Kegelschnitte. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.
MARENZELLER, E. v. Ueb. die adriatischen Arten der Schmidt'schen Gattungen Stellata u. Ancorina. Wien: Hölder. 2 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

BRUNS, M. Laut- u. Formenlehre d. Livre d'Ananchet in der hs. 2585 der k. k. Hofbibliothek zu Wien. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 10 Pf.
SYNNERBERG, C. Observationes criticae in M. Minucii Felicis Octavium. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTUS ADURNI AND THE RIVER ADUR.

Lancing College, Shoreham: April 15, 1889.

English archaeologists have commonly assumed that the Roman fortress, Portus Adurni, mentioned in the *Notitia Dignitatum*, was somewhere near the mouth of the Sussex river Adur. No one professes to know the exact site. Mr. Roach Smith, who once suggested Bramber Castle, tells me that he has now given this up. But the similarity of the names Adur and Adurnus has apparently convinced everyone that the place was near Shoreham.

This similarity, however, is too great—it is positively suspicious; and an attempt to trace the history of the river-name has led me to think it may be due to something else than historical descent. In fact, I believe that the Portus Adurni was first located near Shoreham for another reason, and then—somewhere in the last century—the river was called Adur after the antiquaries' theory.

(1) Camden, who was the first to place the Portus Adurni in this neighbourhood, was influenced by the Saxon village name "Ederington" (p. 223, ed. 1607). He had apparently never heard the name Adur given to the river which flows out near Shoreham.

(2) I have not been able to find the name Adur in any seventeenth-century topography. Even Hermann Moll's *New Description of England* (London, 1724, p. 74) gives no name to the river, though it puts the fortress "three miles from the mouth."

All this is only an argument *ex silentio*, but it is, I think, a strong one.

(3) Two writers of about 1740 actually suggest that the name Adur is an invention. L. Tibbins, of Norton, near Chichester, writing under date of April 9, 1741, to W. Stukely (*Corresp.* ed. Lukis iii. 234=*Surtees Soc.* lxxx.), says:

"On what authority does the author of the new map of Sussex call Shoreham river R. Adur? . . . I wish there was as strong evidence of the name of that river as our river [Lavant]; then Portus Adurni would not be to be sought."

And the *Magna Britannia* (p. 536, ed. 1730) says outright: "The *P. Adurni*, we suppose, gives ground for the conjecture that the river is called Adur."

I am aware that I may have overlooked some earlier mention of the Adur, and that my argument is only an enthymeme. I have written mainly in the hope that some one will be able to supply me with further facts. What name had the river before 1730?

However, as the argument stands, I think I am justified in asserting that the position of the Portus Adurni is wholly unknown. Camden's own evidence is of the poorest sort, and there is no further argument available. Those who say that the Portus must be west of Pevensey because it comes last in the *Notitia*, and the names are there arranged in order, are, I fear, grievously in error. I will only ask such, before they further treat the question, to look just once at the *Notitia*.

F. HAVERFIELD.

"MICHING MALICHO."

Selling, Faversham: April 8, 1889.

I cannot trace any previous discussion of the following suggestion as to the origin and meaning of *miching malicho* ("Hamlet," III. ii. 146).

The stage directions for the dumb show which immediately precedes the phrase, wind up thus: "The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love." Then says Ophelia to Hamlet: "What means this, my lord?" And he replies: "Marry, this is *miching malicho*; it means mischief." So the folios; but the quartos give *munching mallico*.

In the "Truculentus" of Plautus (III. vii. 49) occurs the sentence—

"Moechum malacum cincinnatum, umbraticolam tympanotribam
Amas?"

which I suppose, as the tambourines of Cybele no longer carry meaning to the ear of the general, might be Englished: "Dost thou affect the lax and curled adulterer, the hole-and-corner strummer of the lute."

The expression *moechus malacus* (μαλακὸς μοῖχος), "the loose adulterer," is almost too pat to the occasion and to all the situations—whether of the poisoner and queen in the dumb show, of the more real Claudius and Gertrude, or of Hamlet himself; and a willing mind might, upon artistic grounds, readily excuse the far-found aptness of the quotation—if it be a quotation—by the mystification Hamlet is practising, and by the fixed idea on which his fine-fibred, high-strung, brain is ever harping, as the

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symptomatic dialogue with Ophelia just before the pantomine clearly discloses. Of course, the question of the hardness or softness of the x or the *ch* would have to be go over; but that would matter the less if the phrase *miching* (or *munching*) *malicho* (or *mallico*) be wholly corrupt.

All this has doubtless already struck others, and may be—probably is—mere coincidence of sound and meaning signifying nothing; or it may add another to the Shaksperean Latin quotations of which a handy list is given at p. 1426 of Schmidt's *Lexicon*.

John O'Neill.

AN ADDITIONAL ROMANCE OF HERDER'S "CID" AND ITS SPANISH ORIGINAL.

Oxford: April 5, 1889.

Those who are acquainted with the comparative edition of Herder's *Cid*, together with its French source and the Spanish original, compiled by A. S. Voegelin (Heilbronn, 1879)—the merits of which were briefly noticed in the *Romania*, vol. viii., p. 477—may be interested to have their attention called to a legendary romance of the *Cid*, translated by Herder, but only recently, for the first time, printed from Herder's MS. as an appendix to vol. xxviii. of the new standard edition of Herder's *Sämmtliche Werke*, which we owe to the care of Suphan and Redlich.

To enable anyone to compare Herder's version with its Spanish original, and to observe how the latter is dealt with, the requisite space may perhaps be granted in the Academy for placing both together. The Spanish text is taken from Duran's *Romancero general* (Madrid: Rivadeneyra, 1859), vol. i., p. 487, No. 742, where Sepúlveda's Romances are quoted as the source.

As Reinhold Köhler at first (in 1867), and after him Voegelin (*l. c.*), as well as Redlich (vol. xxviii. of Herder's *Sämmtliche Werke*, p. 565 *sqq.* and p. 583), have pointed out Sepúlveda's collection of Spanish Romances (Antwerp, 1551) was alone accessible to Herder; and it was from this collection that he translated those not contained in his French source.

The rhymeless verse and trochaic metre of four feet employed by Herder almost throughout his version appear to be somewhat inadequate, with regard to the indifferent stress laid upon root and final syllables—a shortcoming which may account for this additional romance having remained so long unprinted, notwithstanding its touching and truly poetical subject.

El Cid va en romería á Santiago. Milagro del Gafo.	*Herder's Version.*
Ya se parte Don Rodrigo	Für so manches Glück im Kriege
Que de Vivar de apellida,	Unternimmt Rodrigo dankbar
Para visitar Santiago,	Eine Walfart nach San Jago.
Adonde va en romería.	Abschied nimmt er von
Despidióse de Fernando,	dem Kön'ge,
Aquese rey de Castilla,	Der ihm reiche, reiche
Que le dió muchos haberes,	Gaben
Sin done que dado habia.	Mit zum heil'gen Grabe
Veinte vasallos consigo	gibt.
Llevaba en su compañía;	Zwanzig stattliche Vasallen
Mucho bien y gran limosna	Ziehen mit ihm; wo er
Hacia por donde iba:	ziehet,
Dába á comer á los pobres	Gibt und spendet er den
Ya á los que pobreza habian.	Armen
Siguiendo por su camino	Und den Stiftungen für
Muy grande llanto oia,	solche
	reichliche Almosen aus.
	Unterweges hört auf einmal
	Eine tiefe Wehklag'er.
Que en medio de un tremedal	An dem Boden eines
Un gafo triste plañia,	Sumpfes
Dando voces que lo saquen	Lieget eine Aussätziger;
Por Dios y Santa María.	Traurig flehet er um Gottes
	und der Mutter Gottes wegen
Rodrigo cuando lo oye,	um Erbarmung. Don Rodrigo
Para el gafo se venía,	steigt herab von seinen Maulthier,
Descendiera de la bestia,	Hilft dem Kranken auf den Sattel,
En tierra se descendia:	Setzt sich hinter ihm; so kommen
En la silla la subió,	Endlich sie zur Herberg' an.
Delante si lo ponia;	
Llegaron á la posada	Auszuruhen diese Nacht hier
Do albergaron aquel dia.	Setzen alle sich zur Tafel
Sentados son a cenar	Eine Abendsuppe speisend,
Comian á una escudilla.	der Aussätzige neben Cid.
Gran enojo habian los suyos,	Diesen Anblick nicht ertragend
De aquesto que el Cid hacia:	Stehen auf die Reis'-gefährten,
No quieren estar presentes,	
A otra posada se iban.	Suchen sich ein ander Haus:
Hicieron al Cid y al Gafo	Don Rodrigo teilt dagegen
Una cama en que dormian	Mit dem Armen Bett und Kammer,
Ambos, cuando á media noche,	Bis um Mitternacht ein Schlag ihn
Ya que Rodrigo dormia,	
Un soplo por las espaldas	Wie ein Windstoss auf die Schultern,
El Gafo dado le habia	
Ian recio fué, que á los pechos	Auf die Brust hin unsanft weckt;
A Don Rodrigo salia.	
Despertó muy espantado,	Und sein Kranker ist verschwunden
Al Gafo buscado habia:	Von dem Lager, aus der Kammer.
No lo hallaba en la su cama.	
A voces lumbre pedia.	Eilig lässt er Licht sich geben,
Traídole habian la lumbre,	Sucht umher; jedoch umsonst.
El Gafo no parecia;	
Tornado se habia á la cama,	Wundernd leget er sich nieder,
Gran cuidado en sí tenia	Denkend mancherlei Gedanken,
De lo que le aconteciera,	Als ein Mann in weissen Kleidern
Mas vió un hombre que á él venia	
Vestido de paños blancos,	
Y gere aquesto le decia:	Glänzend vor sein Lager trat:
—¿Duermes ó velas, Rodrigo?	Schläfst Du, sprach er, Freund Rodrigo?
-No duermo, le respondia,	Nein! ich wache, wer bist Du?
Pero dime: ¿quién tu eres	
Que tanto resplandecias?	
San Lazaro soy, Rodrigo,	Lazarus bin ich, der Kranke,
Yo, que á te hablar venia;	Den Du eben nur um Gottes
Yo soy el gafo á que tú	Und der Mutter Gottes willen
Por dios tanto bien hacias.	Also gütig pflegetest.
Rodrigo, Dios bien te quiere,	Und ich komme Dir zu sagen,
Otorgado te tenia	Dass Dich Gott vor andern liebet,
Que lo que tú comenzares	Und vor andern Dir die Wünsche
En lides, ó en otra guisa,	Deines Muths erfüllen wird.
Lo cumplirás a tu honra	In Gefechten wie in Schlachten
Y crecera cada dia.	Wirst Du siegeich und gefürchtet
De todos seras temido,	So von Mohren wie von Christen
De cristianos y moriama,	Tag für Tag an Ruhme wachsen;
Y que los tus enemigos	
Empecerte no podrian.	
Morirás tú muerte honrada,	
No tu persona vencida,	
Tú serás el vencedor,	
Dios su bendicion te envía.	Segen Gottes ist mit Dir.
En diciendo estas palabras	Ausgesprochen diese Worte
Luego se desparecia:	Schwand die himmlische Erschienung.
Levantose Don Rodrigo	Don Rodrigo kniet zur Erde
Y de hinojos se ponia;	Gott und der Maria dankend;
Dió gracias á Dios del cielo,	
Tambien á Santa María;	
Ansi estuvo en oracion	
Hasta que fuera de dia.	
Partíerase a Santiago,	Dann vollendet er die Wallfahrt,
Su romería cumplia;	
De allí se fué á Calahorra	Kehrt zurück nach Calahorra;
Adonde el buen Rey yacia.	Freundlich nimmt ihn auf der König.
Muy bien lo habia recebido,	Und kaum hat er ausgeruht,
Holgóse con su venida,	
Lidió con Martin Gonzalez,	Geht er mit Martin Gonsalez
Y en el campo lo vencia.	In dem Kampf; der Sieg ist sein.

H. Krebs.

"CLEVER."

Wimbledon: April 12, 1889.

The use of this word in the sense of agile, or nimble of body, is not lost in Scotland, at any rate. I remember hearing a person described, and very correctly described, as being "a reel actyve and clever leddy." This was in the south-east of Perthshire.

J. H. Ramsay.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Thursday, April 25, 8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Lightning Conductors," by Prof. Oliver Lodge. 8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "Welsh Monasteries and Monasticism," by Mr. Edward Owen.
Saturday, April 27, 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Stellar Evolution and its Relations to Geological Time. By James Croll. (Stanford.)

The modern scientists must often turn with a sigh of envy to the accurate "knowledge" of the mediaeval chronicler, who, starting some odd 4000 years B.C., filled with men and their actions every quarter of a century down to A.D. 1470. Had we only some *Fasciculus Temporum* recording with certainty *one* incident for every million years of the life of the universe, we should be jubilant. Would some beneficent Sphinx only tell us how many million years back to start the evolution of our planetary system, it would at least help us to more self-complaisancy, if only by demolishing rival theories, and showing us

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that the wise men of our tribe will agree in the truth—when it is discovered to them. Meanwhile what are the general public—to say nothing of all-knowing critics—to do, when Helmholtz and Thomson are content with a modest 20,000,000 years, but Dr. Croll persists that three score and ten millions are the more proper allowance for our venerable ruler! One is inclined to think that the Germans are correct after all, and the sun must be an antique spinster, since there is such obscurity about her real age! Let us try and put as clearly as possible the difference between Dr. Croll's view of the evolution of nebulae and Sir William Thomson's. The latter in his Royal Institution lecture of 1887 (*Popular Lectures*, p. 404) remarks:

"We cannot, however, help asking the question—What was the condition of the sun's matter before it came together and became hot? It may have been two cool solid masses, which collided with the velocity due to their mutual gravitation; or, but with enormously less of probability, it may have been two masses colliding with velocities considerably greater than the velocities due to mutual gravitation."

Sir William Thomson considers that the "exact aiming" required in the latter case is, "on the dry theory of probability, exceedingly improbable." If, on the other hand, two bodies were left to themselves at relative rest in space, they would, if undisturbed by their stellar colleagues, certainly collide. The latter theory may be spoken of as the "pure gravitation" theory, the former as Croll's "impact" * theory. Both explain in the same general manner, namely, by the collision of two large stellar masses, the origin of a nebula, and ultimately of a planetary system. Now, Dr. Croll asserts that the latter theory is the true theory, for the former cannot give a sufficient supply of heat to last more than some 12,000,000 years, while geological evidence shows that we require heat enough for 70,000,000 years. It is obvious, however, that if the stellar masses have a velocity of impact greater than that due to mutual gravitation, then, by a proper choice of its value, any supply of energy can be provided and converted into heat. Thomson, it will be remembered, stores his heat in the form of the potential energy of separation of the elements of the sun. The yearly shrinkage of its diameter supplies the amount of heat radiated in a year. The amount of shrinkage required leads him to believe it rash to predict a radiation at the present rate for more than 20,000,000 years past, or for more than 6,000,000 years to come. Now Dr. Croll insists on more than 70,000,000 years of the past, and, therefore, he must be supposed to reject the theory of pure shrinkage. He undoubtedly obtains a sufficient heat supply from his theory, but it seems incumbent on him to show: (1) that the improbability of collision between bodies moving with different velocities is not nigh an impossibility; (2) that having got his supply of heat, he has some notion of how it is to be stored for 70,000,000 years otherwise than as potential energy of separation; (3) that there are convincing geological arguments in favour of 70,000,000 years at the present rate of radiation. Let us consider these points in order.

First, as to the probability of the collision of bodies moving with different velocities through space. So far as I follow Dr. Croll's views, he supposes, I think, initially, an immense number of dark stellar masses moving in all directions with all varieties of velocities. He does not seem to suppose that mutual gravitation has had any influence of a perceptible kind over these bodies until two have collided. Thus he writes, "It follows that these motions ought to be in perfectly straight lines, and not in definite orbits of any kind." This abolition of gravitation between stellar bodies—for it seems to amount to this—appears rather serious. We know the ether extends to the stars, and we are pretty confident to-day that the ether is the medium of gravitational acceleration. But once grant gravitation, then of the immense number of stellar bodies moving "with every variety of velocity" any two having the same velocity (by which I understand equality of speed, sense, and direction) are, if little disturbed by their stellar colleagues, bound to collide owing to mutual gravitation. The question, then, between the two theories is whether it is more probable that there will be two stellar bodies with any the same velocity, or two stellar bodies with any different speeds, but with the same directions of speed, their directions being in one any the same straight line. In the first case we have equality of the directions and magnitudes of the velocities; in the latter case, equality of the directions and absolute paths of motion. The chances, therefore, to be compared are that of hitting a given point in a straight line (equality of magnitude), and that of placing a point in space so as to lie on a a given straight line. If it were plane space the chances would, I think, be equal; but in space of three dimensions the latter is immensely less probable than the former. Thus, admitting gravitation, there is a very large probability in favour of any given planetary system having been evolved from a nebula generated from two stellar masses with initially the same velocity. The disturbing influence of other stellar bodies would have equal effect on both theories. Dr. Croll goes so far as to say that the improbability of a collision on his theory is in its favour; but as his theory does not seem to me to exclude the possibility of other planetary systems than ours (assuming 70,000,000 years' life for ours), having arisen from the pure gravitation process, I am at a loss to understand how any argument for his theory can be drawn from the fact that collisions under it would be few. If his theory be true for our system, then there must be a greater number of other systems for which it is not true—on the mere theory of probability. Thus, the reasoning on pp. 10 and 11 of his book, seems to me inconclusive, if it be not unscientific. How, if our solar system arose on his theory from an improbable collision, then the risk to it in the future of a more probable collision is removed, or why there is nothing "more impressive in its sublime simplicity" than his plan "by which the stability and perfection of the universe" is secured I fail entirely to understand. Granted that it is necessary to consider the sun as arising from an improbable collision, why does this exclude more probable collisions for other stellar masses or for the sun in the future?

Turning to the second point of the storage of the heat Dr. Croll supposes generated by the improbable collision, I do not feel that he has clearly pointed out to the lay mind how he supposes this heat to be stored. Surely, if it is not yearly generated from the potential-energy of separation by shrinkage, then we are thrown back on either chemical action or continuous cooling; both these seem quite insufficient alone, and combined they may not unreasonably be dismissed as a "hot coal" theory.

We now reach the third point, which is summed up in the question, Will 20,000,000 years or thereabouts be a maximum with which geologists and biologists can content themselves? This is dealt with in part ii. of Dr. Croll's work, and he brings some strong arguments in favour of at least 70,000,000 years from calculations based on the rate of denudation. The arguments from geology appear more convincing than the biological, but they are essentially based on a uniformity and equality during the earth's existence in the rate of denudation. This may be so, but the physicist will be inclined to reply with Sir William Thomson's question:

"Whether is it more probable that the physical conditions of the sun's matter differ 1000 times more than dynamics compel us to suppose they differ from those of matter in our laboratories; or that a stormy sea, with possibly channel tides of extreme violence, should encroach on a chalk cliff 1000 times more rapidly than Mr. Darwin's estimate of one inch per century."

This is indeed very far from being a completely satisfactory answer to the geological reasonings, but the possibility of variation in the rate of denudation requires fuller discussion than it seems to get on pp. 45-7. Even granted that the geological argument invalidates the theory of the heat supply from shrinkage, then it seems more reasonable to inquire how the sun may have been or still be receiving heat, rather than conclude that a theory which gave it a sufficient supply of heat 70,000,000 years and more ago is necessarily true, although it fails to explain the storage.

The third part of Dr. Croll's work is entitled "Evidence in support of the Theory from the pre-nebular Condition of the Universe." Here a number of theories of the ether are discussed, and adopted or rejected by Dr. Croll. Thus, he seems to approve of the theory of Morris and Grove that the ether may be only highly attenuated matter, or, as the latter puts it, an expansion of the planetary atmospheres, or the more volatile portion of them. How such attenuated matter could transmit the transverse vibrations of light is difficult to understand, and to prove that it can is certainly a duty of those who assert that the hypothesis of an ether distinct from matter is a last surviving relic of eighteenth-century science. While apparently approving this view of the ether, Dr. Croll makes a vigorous attack on the vortex-atom theory of matter, which it is surely a slip to speak of, even for a moment, as "Prof. Lodge's theory." This attack is very characteristic, and as it concludes with the remark that a vortex-atom is as hard a

* This is Dr. Croll's own word, which we think he means to confine to the theory of bodies having velocities on impact other than those due to their mutual gravitation.

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physical conception as space of four dimensions, it may be well to quote part of it here, in order that Messrs. J. J. Thomson and Hicks may grasp the futility of pushing their researches further, unless, perchance, they should fail to be stunned by the first law of motion thus vigorously thrown at their heads.

"The vortex theory appears to me to be beset by a difficulty of another kind, viz., that of reconciling it with the first law of motion. According to that law, no body possessing inertia can deviate from the straight line unless forced to do so. . . . Centrifugal force must always be balanced by centripetal force. The difficulty is to understand what force counterbalances the centrifugal force of the rotating material of the vortex-atom. It is not because the centrifugal tendency of the rotating material is controlled by the exterior incompressible fluid, for it offers no resistance whatever to the passage of the atom through it—in short, in so far as the motion of the atom is concerned, this fluid is a perfect void. Now, if this fluid can offer no resistance to the passage of the atom as a whole, how then does it manage to offer such enormous resistance to the materials composing the atom, so as to continually deflect them from the straight path and compel them to move in a curve? . . . In short, how is the existence of the atom possible under the physical conditions assumed in the theory?"

How indeed? Perhaps Mr. Grant Allen will explain!

In the final pages of his work Dr. Croll tells us that the series of changes in the universe is demonstrably finite, and therefore "the life-time of matter itself is necessarily finite." "These are consequences which necessarily follow from every theory of stellar evolution which has hitherto been advanced." The impact theory, according to Dr. Croll, explains all the evolutionary process on purely scientific grounds. It starts with "huge solid masses moving through space," and

"if these were the original condition of the universe, then in so far as either philosophy or science can demonstrate to the contrary, it might have been in this condition from all eternity. We are, therefore, not called upon to account for this primitive condition of things. . . . The first collision would be the commencement of evolution."

It is idle to ask why a collision should ever occur at all, if it had not occurred previously "from all eternity." Or, how, if this had been the condition of things "from all eternity," the life-time of matter and the universe is "demonstrably finite." We seek for a little oasis in this Hegelian reconciliation of contradictories, and we think to find it in the last words of Dr. Croll's book: "We have no grounds to conclude that there is anything eternal except God, time, and space." This "huge solid mass" moving through space "from all eternity" must then be one of these. "But if time and space be subjective, as Kant supposes," we are indeed left with a curious alternative—namely, the one absolute moving through a subjective. There must be some error on our part somewhere; but, of a truth, if this be the solution of the problem of the universe, the scientist will have to accompany Dr. Croll through a quagmire of metaphysics. The lay reader had better content himself at present with watching how they get along from the side.

Karl Pearson.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS.

Birdsnesting and Bird-skinning: a Complete Description of the Nests and Eggs of Birds which breed in Britain. By Edward Newman. Second edition, revised and re-written, with directions for their Collection and Preservation; and a Chapter on Bird-skinning, &c. By Miller Christy. (Fisher Unwin.) We transcribe the long title of this book because it succinctly expresses its scope. It is a little volume of 138 pages, which, we believe, only costs a shilling, but which has no rival of its kind in the language. The egg-hunter, with this volume in his pocket, needs no other literature for his field-work. It is pleasantly written, and practically exhaustive; concise and accurate. The first edition, under the simple title *Birdsnesting*, was brought out by the late Mr. Newman in 1861; but it was a bulky pamphlet, too big for any pocket. The present edition, under the able editorship of Mr. Miller Christy, is in the smallest octavo, and contains about three times the amount of information in the original. The editor has spared no pains to bring his work up to the very latest standard of accuracy. He treats of about 200 species of birds known to breed in Britain, including even some of doubtful occurrence, so as to err on the side of safety. The English names are arranged alphabetically, and many cross-references are given. Under each species, we have four particulars noted, viz., the distribution and general habitat of the bird; the situation in which the nest is built; the materials of which it is composed; and a full description of the eggs, with their dimensions in inches and tenths. After this, the body of the work, we have a chapter on egg-collecting, perhaps the best which has been written since the issue of Prof. Alfred Newton's famous essay on the subject. The book also contains a practical and clear description of how to skin and preserve specimens of birds for the cabinet; a *précis* of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts; and a note on the literature of British Birds.

Ninth Report on the Migration of Birds. (McFarlane & Erskine.) This report refers to the migrations of 1887 as observed from the different lighthouses round the coasts of the United Kingdom, and contains, as usual, a great amount of statistical information respecting the movements of birds. Some of this information is arranged chronologically, and some according to the kinds of birds seen. Its compilation has only been effected by the assiduous efforts of the lighthouse keepers—to many of whom, we would fain hope, it has brought an additional interest among the details of their unvarying and monotonous occupation; and by much steady work on the part of the superintending committee appointed by the British Association to collect this information. We have often insisted in former years upon the need of some general laws being extracted from the mass of statistics now ready to the hand in these nine reports. With this final report of the series we are glad to see that Mr. W. E. Clarke, a competent ornithologist, has undertaken the difficult task of summarising the general results obtained by the committee's proceedings. Some of the facts reported in this volume are sufficiently striking. In November flocks of rooks of about one hundred in one body and eighty in the second, arrived, apparently in a very fatigued state, off the Skelligs. There is no land to the westward of this light (itself off the south-west coast of Ireland), and the birds arrived from the west. A somewhat similar flight occurred at the same place in 1884. In mid October on the eastern coast of England thousands of large grey gulls appeared, with many redshanks, crows, linnets, and larks. At this time enormous numbers of visitants reach us from the continent. A woodlark was shot on the Tearaght Rock, the most westerly Irish lighthouse; this bird is very seldom seen in Ireland. When the abstract of these nine reports is published, it may be expected that some singular results will emerge and our knowledge of bird-migration be greatly extended.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW BABYLONIAN CONTRACT TABLET.

London: April 6, 1889.

A small reddish-black contract tablet (size, 4.3×3.1×2cm.), in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania, will render necessary many changes in Assyro-Babylonian chronology. It bears the date: "Nipur, 1st day of Arahšamna, 6th year of Ašurîtililâni, šar mâtu A-šur-ki."

Robert Francis Harper.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The following fifteen candidates have been selected by the council of the Royal Society to be recommended for election on June 6: Mr. J. Aitken, Dr. E. Ballard, Mr. A. B. Basset, Mr. H. T. Brown, Mr. L. Clark, Prof. D. D. Cunningham, Mr. L. Fletcher, Mr. W. B. Hemsley, Mr. C. T. Hudson, Prof. T. M'K. Hughes, Mr. E. B. Poulton, Prof. W. J. Sollas, Mr. C. Todd, Mr. H. Tomlinson, Prof. G. F. Yeo.

Prof. Mendeleef, the celebrated Russian chemist, has accepted the invitation of the council of the Chemical Society to deliver the Faraday Lecture. He will probably give his mature views on "The Periodic Law of the Elements," with which his name is so indissolubly connected. The lecture will be delivered, by permission of the managers of the Royal Institution, in their theatre, on the evening of June 4. The fellows of the society will entertain Prof. Mendeleef at dinner at the Holborn Restaurant the next evening; and the president, Dr. W. J. Russell, will hold a reception at the Grosvenor Gallery on June 7.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

Messrs. Macmillan will shortly issue two plays of Aeschylus in their "Classical Library"—the *Supplices*, edited (with a revised text, and also an English translation) by Prof. T. G. Tacker, of Melbourne University; and the *Agamemnon*, by Dr. A. W. Verrall; and also the following volumes in the "Classical Series"—the *Ion* of Euripides, by Mr. M. A. Bayfield; the *Amphitruo* of Plautus, by Prof. A. Palmer, of Dublin; and Books I. and II. of the *Letters* of Pliny, by Mr. James Cowan.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Elizabethan Society.—(*Wednesday, April 3*)

Ernest Baker, Esq., in the chair.—A paper on "Miracle Plays" was read by Mr. W. H. Cowham. Mr. Cowham began by tracing the growth of these plays during the Dark Ages, and treated them as one of the causes leading up to the Renascence. References were given from Matthew Paris, FitzStephen, Chaucer, and Langland, bearing upon these representations. Mr. Cowham strongly held that their origin was to be found in the Scriptural farces founded upon the ruins of Latin comedy. Brought to England by the Normans, they at length began to appear in isolated churches and abbeys, where they were enacted by the priests and monks. A short transition period of Norman-French mysteries succeeded; and then the plays became entirely English in character. The priests were no longer the impersonators, but gave way to the guilds of

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craftsmen. Different statutes and proclamations discouraging them were quoted, as well as the "Manuel de Pechè"—an Anglo-French poem ascribed by some to Bishop Grosseteste. Robert of Brunne, 1303, describes minutely the places where, and the circumstances under which they were performed. Greens, crofts, cemeteries, and streets we find were the favourite places of representation; and horses, harness, and even ecclesiastical furniture were all made use of in these spectacles. Henry VI.'s reign was the era of morality plays. The Chester, York, Coventry, Digby, and Towneley mysteries were discussed at some length, and the strengthening influence of the Norman-French mysteries, and the Cursor Mundi upon them was mentioned. The best of these cycles is the Townley, written in the Yorkshire dialect about the beginning of the fourteenth century. The Digby mysteries represent the plays at the height of their popularity; and from hence (fifteenth century) their popularity began gradually to decline. Throughout all these plays there is a strong undercurrent of comedy and buffoonery. The Shepherd plays are a distinct advance towards the legitimate drama. The plays began to be polemical in the reign of Henry VIII., and remained so until their final extinction in the reign of Elizabeth. The interludes, which had grown up inside the miracle plays, became the political organs of the day. Hence came several proclamations suppressing them, and these, together with the growth of education, and the increase in the number of books, destroyed them altogether. These plays were at various stages of their career—an educational medium, a popular amusement, and the voice of public opinion.—A long and interesting discussion followed, which was opened by the chairman and continued by Messrs. Rogers, Payne, Edney, Cowham, and other members of the society.

Manchester Goethe Society.—(*Wednesday, April 10*)

The Rev. F. F. Cornish in the chair.—Mrs. W. C. Williamson read a paper on "Goethe's Delineation of Womanhood." After pointing out that in literary as in pictorial portraiture the true test of worth is the definiteness and individuality of the figure itself, apart from the accessory details surrounding it, Mrs. Williamson remarked that women writers have, as a rule, been more successful than men in giving this independent life and force to their female characters. Men, for the most part, either make the leading features of their heroines so strong that they are mere caricatures, like Becky Sharp and Mrs. Jellaby; or they find no leading features at all, and produce mere mild nonentities, like Rose Bradwardine and Julia Mannering. In Goethe alone of men writers do women readers detect that true instinct, that penetration into the moving springs of a woman's nature, as it lay hidden behind a covering of fashion and circumstance, which other men writers have failed to possess. The secret of his success is, as Carlyle said, that in his deep susceptive heart he felt a thousand times more keenly than anyone else could feel; and, with the creative gift which belonged to him as poet, he embodied those feelings and gave them local habitations and names. The circumstances by which Goethe surrounded his heroes were those of the time in which he or they lived. To our more highly developed moral civilisation they may appear crude, painful, even at times repulsive; but in no case where Goethe has given us a finished picture do such circumstances necessarily form the character and disposition of the woman. We can in each case lift the portrait out of its frame, and give it modern and more familiar surroundings, without materially spoiling the character. In proof of this assertion, Mrs. Williamson passed briefly in review the various types of female character treated by Goethe. Among them she counted as least important the young girls, all heart and love and trust, but without education or power of thought, who inevitably fell a prey to the world's caprice, and who are made to pass before us and attain their goal of misery unwept. Besides these, we have several fine embodiments of strong-minded, clever coldness—women who, though winning universal respect, were without the womanly power of love, and so received their homage from a safe distance; these Goethe felt, and has shown, to be ridiculous. And then we have a very beautiful combination of these—women in whom loving tenderness, impulsive sympathy, high culture, and strong domestic capability form an ideal womanhood, which, while gladly devoting her powers for the good of some loved ones, knows full well what is due to herself, and will not bend before every passing breeze. It is this latter class whom Goethe drew with most success, and clearly with deepest sympathy. Passing on from these generalisations, Mrs. Williamson sketched in some detail, and with many graphic and sympathetic touches, several of Goethe's most successful female characters, among them Philine, Luciane, Therese, Lotte, Natalie, and Ottilie. The last-mentioned she pronounced to be not only one of the most perfectly womanly sketches ever produced by the imagination of man, but the sketch of a woman of exceptional force and delicacy.—After a brief discussion on the paper read, the chairman called on the hon. librarian to give some account of the recent large addition to the library of the society.—Mr. Preisinger informed the meeting that the collection of Goethe works, brought together by Mr. Thimm, of Brook Street, London, which had been bought by the Manchester Goethe Society, had just arrived. It comprised about 300 works, among them several valuable first and second editions. With the volumes already in its library, the society might now boast of possessing the most valuable Goethe library in England; and the committee appealed confidently to the members for further contributions to the library fund to defray the cost of purchase, binding, &c.

FINE ART.

Portfolio Papers. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (Seeley.)

It is not every magazine article which deserves re-publishing, not even every article in the *Portfolio*; but Mr. Hamerton has written little which is not worth re-reading and reconsidering, even though its motive may have been a transient one and the subject not of universal interest. There are not now many Englishmen, we fear, who have a lively interest in the landscapes of Chintreuil, or the romantic dreams of Adrien Guignet; but no one can read Mr. Hamerton's very short papers on those artists and think them dull. We may not have seen one of the works of either; but who can help being pleased with the idea of a painter, "one of the most perfect instances of the pure landscape painters that have become known to the public hitherto," who was "born for landscape painting, as others are born for music," but who, though endowed by nature "with the most passionate love of landscape," was denied the "gift of manual facility," and did not attain executive skill till comparatively late in life? Take, then, the picture of Guignet, the artist, whose paintings were all poetic visions, whose custom was

"to paint in perfect solitude, and not to let anybody see what he was doing until it was quite finished; and if by chance this solitude was ever broken in upon and the canvas seen by the visitor, he would either alter the composition of it, or else throw it aside altogether,"

or this:

"Instead of painting studies when out-of-doors, in the society of other artists who were friends of his, he would quit his companions, get into wild rocky places, and sit motionless for hours together, gazing and dreaming, whilst the puffs of smoke came from his pipe in regular time-measuring succession. He did not touch pencil or paper, did not make the slightest sketch, yet received from nature what he sought, and after bathing himself in the influences of the forest and the sunset, went back to his own chamber to his work. Sometimes he would sit gazing in the same abstracted way at a white canvas for two or three days without touching it, then suddenly make the dream visible in a picture, executed with astonishing ease, decision and rapidity."

Who will not be wiser for such vivid pictures of these two strange individualities, whether he know their works or not? There is a conspicuous defect in Mr. Hamerton's paper on "Goya." He cannot speak of him as a colourist, scarcely as a painter; his knowledge of his artistic capacities has been formed mainly from his etchings; and, though some years have elapsed since the paper appeared in the *Portfolio*, the author does not seem to have taken any steps to perfect his knowledge of Goya as a painter. This appears at first sight a little rash, especially as in Goya's time the etcher paid little or no attention to colour. To-day there are many etchers—Mr. Macbeth for instance—whose work, not only when interpreting coloured work of others, but when original in subject, shows that the artist has a strong sense of colour, but it was not so a hundred years ago; Yet the paper on Goya is one of those best worth republishing. It is a clear and trenchant essay, vigorous beyond the writer's wont, "etching," as it were, with all the force and more than the truth of Goya's needle, the strange contrasts and foul depths of one of the most violent and worthless characters of modern history. Yet it is written with not less than the author's accustomed ease—that charming leisureliness which weighs each word and drops it in the right place, and is never in such a hurry, however in earnest, that it cannot find time for a pleasant whisper "aside." How agreeable this whisper is, for instance, especially to the feelings of an art critic:

"The opinions of artists may seem at first somewhat more formidable, because an artist knows something positive and practical; but a little reflection would convince the most timid that he may live in serene independence of their opinions also if he likes, for whatever one artist paints or says, you can always find another of equal rank to declare in plain terms that he is an idiot or something worse."

Many readers will no doubt get their first knowledge of Goya, of Chintreuil, and of Guignet from Mr. Hamerton's book; but it is to be feared that there will be much even in his papers upon Etty and Constable which will be news to many others. These papers, which lead the way, are excellent pieces of workmanship, to be trusted for their facts, and to be admired for their clear analysis of art and character. Here is a passage from the "Constable" which should be noted and remembered by art critics "and others":

"He was much less rebellious against the traditions of the great masters than our own pre-Raphaelites have been, but at the same time he was positively more isolated than any single member of that fraternity. *His position was like that of an only child, who has ancestors but no brothers.*"

But these "Notices of Artists" which form the first section of the volume are scarcely so important "a contribution to the study of the Fine Arts" as the papers which follow. These, whether called "Notes" or

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"Essays," or "Conversations," are all examples of patient and luminous reasoning on more or less abstract questions, the solution of which is of the greatest interest to all philosophical students of art. Of the shorter essays, there is none which is more conclusive and valuable than that on "Soul and Matter in the Fine Arts." How much bad art and bad criticism would be spared us if the truth of the following sentence were generally accepted as an axiom: "The peculiarity of the Fine Arts is that, in them, the action of the intellect is strictly subordinate to matter—and not only that, but happily and willingly subordinate." The short "Essay on Style" is also another, the reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting of which is greatly to be recommended. In these days, when the word "art" is accepted as consecrating any quantity of inane caprice and vulgarity, it is well that one voice at least should preach that "it is intellectual style, in one or other of its innumerable manifestations, which raises handicraft into fine art." Our only fear is that in a paper where style is divided into "technical" and "intellectual," the "style, which is the man," may seem to have an uncertain place assigned to it. Mr. Hamerton probably means to include it in one of the "innumerable manifestations of intellectual style"; but in another passage it would seem to be included in the technical style. In the same way, in his note on "Colours and Colour," there seems to be an "intermediate" more or less unrecognised, the perception of the harmonic beauty of colours associated and arranged without blending, as in mosaics, in pre-Raphaelite or pre-Corregiesque painting, in the very missal paintings to which he refers. Is there not even a perception of quality in a particular colour (say of a fine *sang de bœuf* bottle) which is akin rather to the sense of the colourist than that of the mere lover of "colours"? It is so probable that Mr. Hamerton has considered these points, and rejected them for the sake of simplicity of argument or some other equally sound reason, that it is with hesitation that I refer to one other doubt which has arisen in reading his "Notes on Aesthetics." Mr. Hamerton's answer to Dr. Leibreich's theory that the yellowishness of Turner's later pictures was due to the yellowing of the lens of the painter's eye, seems at first convincing. It is as follows:

1. "The painter whose eyelens is yellow sees all things yellower than they really are. He is not afflicted with the infirmity when he looks at nature, and exempt from it when he looks at his palette or his picture; the affliction is permanent, alike in the field and in the studio.

2. "Consequently, as the painter's eye supplies yellow to the natural scene, it will supply yellow in the same proportion to the mixtures on his palette and on his canvas, which will appear to him as yellow as nature appears to him, even when they are not more yellow than nature is in reality. This being so, it does not appear that the painter's infirmity will cause him to use more of the yellow pigments."

This answer would be incontrovertible if it were absolutely certain that "as the painter's eye supplies yellow to the natural scene it will supply yellow *in the same proportion* to the mixtures on his palette"; but is it not possible that the yellowing of his lens may upset his judgment of proportion with regard to yellow, and that he may go on intensifying his yellows without perceiving accurately the colour-value of his touches? There seems to be nothing more certain in regard to colour than that a man whose colour-sense is disturbed in any way cannot present the colours of nature as they appear to those whose colour-sense is normal. Nevertheless, I do not in the least believe that the yellowness of Turner's later pictures was due to the yellowing of his lenses. He liked yellow, and liked it better as he grew older; but he also liked blue and red, and he continued to paint blue and red pictures, as well as yellow ones, to the end.

Mr. Hamerton's concluding papers on book illustration have so recently appeared in the columns of the *Portfolio* that they will be still fresh in the memory of those interested in the subject. They are thrown into the form of conversations between a poet, an artist, a scientist, and a critic, the critic being Mr. Hamerton himself and the other speakers imaginary personages invented to express opinions typical of the different classes of mind represented by their names. It is not everyone who could thus venture to represent the case from so many points of intellectual view; but Mr. Hamerton has made a study not only of art, but of opinion on art, and his wide intellectual sympathy, and his judicial impartiality enable him to state with fairness, and to entertain with something more than tolerance, views which are at variance with his own. It would be extravagant to say that these conversations exhaust the subject, but they at least throw new light on every point of it which they touch.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

THE MINIATURES AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

Twice, perhaps, the present generation has seen more or less important exhibitions of miniatures; but it has seen as yet nothing as important as the present exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The possessions of the Duke of Buccleugh, which of themselves constituted an exhibition, so to say, at Burlington House, are but a part of the great collection in Savile-row; and the South Kensington Exhibition of some twenty years since is here outdone. There are as many separate pieces in the Burlington Club collection as there are characters in the *Comédie humaine* of Balzac—which is one way of saying that there are about a couple of thousand. And these are of all periods and come from all sources. As to period, that is a tolerably extensive one which extends from the date of the production of Sir Charles Dilke's contribution (No. 45, in case 3)—it was originally discovered in the ruins of Tivoli—to the date of the death of Cosway, the most popular of British miniature painters, whose career ended in 1821. As to variety of sources from which the exhibition is drawn, hospitality has been equally accorded to the contributions of the Queen and to the contributions of one of the best known of Bond-street dealers. The Cosways long retained—and still to be retained, I understand—in the possession of Mr. Edward Joseph form a group so notable as to more than justify their presence. As to variety, there is a greater range of period, perhaps, in the possessions of the Queen. The Queen's contributions are few, but are of surpassing interest, since among them is not only one of the most fascinating portraits ever wrought of the famous Duchess of Devonshire—it is by Cosway—and a portrait by Ozias Humphrey of George Frederick Cooke, the actor, with character in every line, but what must certainly be an exceedingly wise selection from the very best work of an earlier time when portraiture was more robust, if it was less picturesque—two examples by Cooper, whose perceptions were sturdy and whose methods were broad; one by Isaac Oliver; and, to crown all, a marvellous little Holbein, the portrait of a boy who, later in life, played his part in the greatest of Court functions.

Where there is such a feast of fat things we can but dip and taste. Let me indicate with brevity—and with every sort of apology for the inevitably summary treatment of a subject which the expert could write a treatise upon—some further sources of interest. Where there are about a hundred contributors, hardly one of whom sends work that is not of value or charm, it becomes an unpleasing task to single out special names. Still, I suppose that the Duke of Portland and Lord Spencer, the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Burdett Coutts, Sir Francis Cook, and Sir William Drake, and certainly Mr. Jeffery Whitehead, ought, in even the most compressed of notices, to be mentioned in addition to those few owners whose possessions have been already referred to. And in regard to the masters of the art who are represented, is there any important master whose work the committee have overlooked or have been unable to acquire? I should suppose not. Here, at all events, is an austere portraitist like Cooper lying down, so to put it, in amity by the side of such an arch-flatterer as Boucher; here is Zincke by Cosway; here is Oliver by Petitot. In a word, the history of the art, its progress, its very various developments, and something even of its decay, may be gathered from a close study of these tiny and multifarious treasures. And the student will be helped thereto very substantially by what is practically a treatise on the whole subject—an essay some sixty pages long, signed with the initials, "J. L. P."—initials under which it is hardly possible to conceal the name of an amateur whose previous writings on this subject have won for him a position of admitted authority.

Frederick Wedmore.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Sir James Linton, we are glad to say, has undertaken the personal direction of a very high order of drawing and painting class for the lady student. It will open at the end of this month, at 5 Cromwell Place, South Kensington. We are well within the limits of truth when we say that no such opportunity for acquiring the practice of water-colour has been put before the students of this generation. The institution of such a class—under so pre-eminent a master of water-colour—is a favourable augury for the art of the amateur in the near future.

Lord Powerscourt, who is compiling, from MS. sources, Historic Notices of the Wingfield Family, is also a patron of art. He lately delivered, as president of the Irish Art Union, a practical and cultured address, untinged by platitude or fantasticism. Aiming to awaken ambition in young artists by picturesquely grouping and portraying commonplace objects in nature, he illustrated the lessons desirable to inculcate by a pleasant survey of the work of great painters past and present. His lecture proved an impressive argument for elaborate study of detail, and was replete with useful information.

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The South Wales Art Society and Sketching Club—in the promotion of which Mr. Edwin Seward, the architect, and Mr. T. H. Thomas, the artist, have been so specially interested—would appear to have become in nearly all respects the most important of the Art Societies of Wales. Artists and the better class of amateurs alike belong to it. It is doing an excellent work; and not the least educational portion of its work consists in the recent establishment at Cardiff (its headquarters) of opportunities for the study of the living model. It is obvious that if art is to be pursued seriously, no prejudice must be permitted to interfere with the study in question. The society, we understand, addresses itself to enjoyment as well as to work, and has had, more than once during the past season, what the Americans call a "high time"—notably perhaps at St. Fagan's, at Lord Windsor's.

At a meeting held on Tuesday at Burlington House, under the presidency of Mr. Calderon, it was resolved to found a club for past and present students of the Royal Academy.

M. G. Léon Little—whose portrait of Mr. Rider Haggard may be remembered a year or two ago at the Royal Society of British Artists—is now painting a portrait of Miss Alma Murray, the talented actress.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Alexandre Bertrand, on behalf of M. Salomon Reinach, exhibited a rubbing of a Greek inscription upon the neck of a bronze vase found at Notion, near Kolophon, and now in the possession of M. van Lennep, of Smyrna. The inscription, which runs from right to left, reads as follows: Ὀλυμπίχου εἰμι τοῦ φιλόφρονος. That is, the vase speaks to name its owner. Several of the letters, especially χ and ς, are of very unusual form. M. Reinach thinks that the inscription goes back to the sixth century B.C.

Mr. Henri O'Shea, author of *La Maison Basque*, has just published (Paris: Vve. F. Lescudé) a companion volume, *La Tombe Basque*, with twelve etchings by Ferdinand Corréges. Mr. O'Shea treats fully of the archaeology of his subject, giving plates of Egyptian, Phoenician, Etruscan, and Iberian funerary steles, and of Irish and Scotch crosses and tombs. It is curious to remark the identity of ornamentation in some of these latter with that of the Basque tombs here given, and with others that exist in the country. The work is a highly suggestive one.

Our report of the general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund, held on Friday, April 12, is unavoidably postponed till next week.

THE STAGE.

"RICHARD THE THIRD" AT THE GLOBE, AND "THE SILVER KING" AT THE PRINCESS'S.

Rather tardily we have been to see the Globe performance of "Richard the Third." Our comment upon it, though it is not designed to be, on the whole, unfavourable, cannot be very extensive. An essay might be written on the question of the dialogue and stage arrangement alone. We shall only say a word—which is that our own prejudices are, we confess, for a more old-fashioned treatment of the text. The curtain falls too many times, and out of the three hours and a half that are spent at the theatre one hour is consumed in "waits." This is a part of the sacrifice paid for the enjoyment of scenery and settings which are, we willingly allow, very perfect of their kind. If Mr. Seymour Lucas looks after the costumes and the armour, and Mr. Walter Pollock gives literary work the slip for a few hours to see to the fighting scenes, these things are likely to be excellent. The effect is undoubtedly picturesque, and the action of the larger groups very spirited. As for the cast, it is—especially, perhaps, in the women's characters—decidedly a strong one. Miss Carlotta Leclerq looks and acts well as the Duchess of York. Miss Mary Rorke is, of course, both dignified and pathetic in the comparatively short scenes in which Queen Elizabeth gets her opportunities; and she speaks blank verse very pleasantly, though, to judge by the things in which she has hitherto been seen in London, she can have had but little practice in it. Miss Bessie Hatton and the still younger lady, Miss Isa Bowman, are both of them quite remarkable as the Prince of Wales and the little Duke of York. Miss Hatton makes us feel almost from the first moment, by the expression of the Prince's face and by the timidity and inexperience of his gesture, the doom that sits upon him. Mine Uncle "Gloster" cowes him—cowes him and dominates from the very first. Lastly, among the ladies, there is Miss Beatrice Cameron, whose performance of the Lady Anne is at the same time more telling and more sympathetic than anything she has yet done in London. The very famous scene in which, in presence of the corse—in presence of soldier, priest, and acolyte—Richard overcomes her, winning her from hatred to submission, is a scene for the success of which at the Globe Miss Cameron must be awarded her full share of credit. Her facial expression is admirable. Of the men's parts we do not know that any one is done actually badly; but only two, we think, become impressive. These are the Duke of Buckingham—interpreted with that well-justified assurance, that presence, that effective rotundity of utterance, that belong to Mr. James Fernandez. The air of the "legitimate" is entirely upon him. He is of the old school. He supports a piece of this sort much as Mr. Ryder used to do. He is entirely welcome. There will be no difficulty in guessing what actor it is that we have kept to the last: the actor, of course, who has been the cause of this revival—Mr. Richard Mansfield. From his performance it is as clear as possible that an actor of high intelligence has been employed labouring in the study and the interpretation of the character. Mr. Mansfield's performance is indeed so very clever, so ingenious, and so varied that it is something much more than a *succès d'estime*. Some things in it we should take exception to; but many dwell in the mind with complete approval. His Richard is an unredeemed and an unredeemable villain. No morality, no human feeling even, exists for him to constitute, we will not say a standard of action, but some reminder of what may be expected of men. Richard, in Mr. Mansfield's hands, becomes *tout bonnement*, the Mephistopheles of his time. A performance so carefully studied, a conception so skilfully executed, is unquestionably worth attention. And though there is a good deal about the production which, we will just say briefly, we venture to disapprove of, the production, as a whole, is one that ought to be seen. By his Richard Mr. Mansfield has distinctly confirmed his position on the English stage.

Mr. Wilson Barrett revived at the Princess's, on Monday, what is not only one of the most successful, but also one of the best of the melodramas of our time—"The Silver King," by Messrs. Jones and Hermann. Never, perhaps, has a melodrama violated the probabilities less than "The Silver King." Rarely has dialogue in melodrama been terser or more to the point. And seldom have the characters in a melodrama been of a less conventional kind. There is a ring of reality about both the pathos and the humour. The earlier acts struck us on seeing them again, the other night, as models of ingenious construction. The somewhat weak and erring, but by no means ill-intentioned, gentleman is given good reason to suspect himself of having been guilty of manslaughter. He succeeds in getting away from town. The police know of his departure, and are on the very point of succeeding in taking him at the first station at which his express will stop. But it never reaches the station. It is prevented from doing so by an accident that wrecks the carriage in which the hero of "The Silver King" was seated. He is, therefore, announced in the evening newspapers to have paid the penalty of his crime. He has done nothing of the sort. Feeling the oscillation of the carriage to presage an accident, he has boldly jumped out of it in time; and when the accident has taken place he can begin a new life under a new name—since, for Wilfred Denver, nobody will hunt any more. All this is imagined and executed with fertility and skill. Nor is the sequel less ingenious. That, however, in the case of a work already so popular as "The Silver King" we need not narrate. Let us turn to the acting. The piece is fortunate in retaining to-day as its chief exponents those who were its chief exponents several years ago. Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Eastlake, and Mr. George Barrett are what they have long been known to be. They are only now repeating, in full measure, an old and accepted success. Mr. Wilson Barrett is admirably varied. He can be tender as the father, and defiant as one who has been wronged shamefully, and fawning as "Dicky"—that *rôle* within a *rôle* which he plays so well. His remorse and his excitement are as impressive as his affection. As the heroine, Miss Eastlake exhibits suffering realistically, and is at the same time gentle and winning. We do not know that there is any part she plays in which she and the piece better combine to obtain the sympathies of the audience for the character it is her business to assume. Mr. George Barrett—though we cannot help thinking that he is a trifle too constantly lachrymose, when he is not inexpressibly cheery—does certainly commend himself to the public to an extent unusual even with an actor who is wont to be approved. Mr. Cooper Cliffe is now the "Spider." He has not the authority and the nervous force of Mr. Willard, who created the part; but judged on his own merits, he cannot be pronounced insufficient. Mr. Austin Melfort gives us, as he has given us before, if we remember rightly, a good bit of "character-acting" in the marine-store dealer, who is an ally of the burglar. Miss Lily Belmore is admirably bright and fresh as the waitress at the "Chequers"—to the weary traveller the "Chequers" would indeed appear to be a privileged inn. Let us end with a word of praise to little Miss Mabel Hoare, who adds one to the scanty rank of really natural child-actresses. The lover of good melodrama ably performed should see "The Silver King" while he may; though, gifted and efficient as Mr. Barrett is in melodrama, we would, for our own part, still rather see him in the more classic characters in which there is really greater room for his mind and for his style.

STAGE NOTES.

Much interest is excited by the announcement that, on Wednesday in next week, Mr Hare will open the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Pinero's new piece, "The Profligate," will be immediately presented; and in the cast are to be reckoned Mr. Hare, Mr. Waller, Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Nethersole, Miss Beatrice Lamb, and, we believe, Mrs. Bernard Beere. It is reported that there are eleven women's

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characters, great and small, in Mr. Pinero's new play. As regards the theatre itself, it may at least be said of it to-day that it will have the prettiest façade of any theatre in London.

We are glad to hear that Miss Calhoun, together with Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Fred. Terry, will appear in an English version of "Le Filibustier," which is to be given at Terry's Theatre on the afternoon of May 15. The story is of life on the coast of Brittany; and the treatment, we are assured, is poetic and delicate. Mdme. Worms-Baretta created at the Français the character which is to be assumed in London by Miss Calhoun; and it was M. Got—whose appearances in new parts have of late years been exceedingly rare—who enacted the *rôle* which in London will fall to the lot of Mr. Fernandez.

Miss Janet Achurch appeared at the Crystal Palace on Saturday evening in the character of Portia; Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mr. Charles Charrington likewise playing prominent parts in a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," which it may be desirable should be seen in London.

That rising "elocutionist," Mr. Ernest Pertwee, has sent us a pamphlet—"for private circulation only," we are sorry to say—called *Brief Notes on Reading and Speaking*. Exceedingly reasonable, and plainly put, are his recommendations to the amateur, who, if he gets hold of the pamphlet, will hardly fail to profit by it.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

M. Peter Tschaikowsky, the Russian composer, appeared at the third Philharmonic Concert last Thursday week. A year ago he produced his Serenade, and two movements from his third Suite. This time he selected as specimens of his work the Pianoforte Concerto in B flat minor, and his first orchestral Suite. The Concerto, which was first performed in this country by M. Dannreuther in 1876 at the Crystal Palace, is a clever composition; but, with its *bravura* passages for the solo instrument, its occasional noisy effects for the orchestra, and its unequal writing, we must pronounce it interesting rather than satisfactory. The distribution of keys in the Andantino is certainly novel, but the result obtained scarcely justifies the departure from the ordinary lines. M. Sapellnikoff, a pupil of Mdme. Sophie Menter, played the difficult pianoforte part with great brilliancy and prodigious strength. His octave playing is remarkable; but, now-a-days, a fine technique is by no means rare. If M. Sapellnikof can interpret the works of the classical composers as well as he does those of the modern school, he is indeed a pianist of the first rank. Probably, he will give us an opportunity of forming a judgment in this matter. M. Tschaikowsky's Suite opens with an Introduction and Fugue. The music is good, but, as the analyst says, the composer "does not heavily test his contrapuntal resources." The Divertimento is graceful, and the themes with marked Slavonic character are attractive. Then follow a pretty Intermezzo, a quaint and curiously scored Marche Miniature, and a lively though somewhat commonplace, Gavotte. The composer must have been gratified with the cordial reception given to his two works, and to himself. The programme also included Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and Wallace's "Lurline" Overture. Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. Brereton were the vocalists. The latter sang Purcell's fine song from "The Tempest," "Arise, ye subterranean winds," the accompaniment to which had been cleverly scored by Mr. Ernest Ford.

A pianoforte Concerto in C minor by Mr. J. C. Ames, a young Englishman who has studied in Germany under Dr. F. Wüllner, was performed at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The work was described as containing the three usual movements, but the opening Maestoso is little more than introductory to a quiet and graceful Andante in A flat. The Finale in C major is energetic, and the part for the solo instrument brilliant. Mr. Oscar Beringer, the interpreter, played with marked success. Bennett's Overture, "The Naiads," was given, probably to commemorate the seventy-third anniversary of the composer's birth. Mr. Wingham's pleasing Andante, from the Serenade originally produced at the Philharmonic Society, formed another item in the programme. The concert concluded with Schubert's Symphony in C. Sir G. Grove has the courage of his opinion, and still continues to call it No. 10. Miss Macintyre was successful as the vocalist.

The Hackney Society gave their last concert at Shoreditch on Monday evening. Brahms' "German Requiem" has not been heard for a long while in London, and was therefore most welcome. This sacred work may perhaps be reckoned as Brahms' masterpiece. Dr. Deiters justly speaks of it as "a monument of serious, lasting art, of eloquent expression, and of consummate technical skill." The choruses, taking into considerations the great difficulties of the music, were well sung. The numbers best rendered were the march-like dirge, "Behold all flesh is as grass," and No. 6, containing the noble Fugue, "Lord, thou art worthy." The soli parts were sung by Mdme. E. Farnol and Mr. Forington. The second part of the programme consisted of a selection from Schubert's lovely "Rosamunde" music. Mr. E. Prout conducted as usual.

The last Popular Concert took place on Monday. There was nothing in the programme to call for detailed notice. Miss Zimmerman and Miss Davies were the pianists. After the concert, a Stradivarius, and a Tourte bow once in the possession of the historian Kiesewetter, were presented to Dr. Joachim by Sir F. Leighton, to commemorate the fiftieth year of his public career. Sir Frederick spoke of Dr. Joachim's high position and high aims, of his splendid gifts, and of his modesty. The eminent artist replied, and the tone of his voice showed how deeply he was moved. He was, he said, already the happy possessor of two "Strads"—the one yellow, the other brown; but now he could boast of having a "dark red" one—a treasure he had long desired. He expressed the warmest thanks to the committee who had worked on his behalf, and to his numerous patrons who had given so substantial a proof of their esteem and affection.

The annual concert of the young ladies of Mrs. Trickett's Academy took place last week at the Steinway Hall, and a marked feature of the programme was the excellent choral singing under the direction of Mr. H. F. Frost. The first part opened with Schubert's fine chorus, "God in Nature," and the second with Dr. Mackenzie's "Come sisters, come." Miss Mary Wallis sang, and Mr. C. Fry gave recitations.

Another concert at the same hall on Tuesday evening deserves notice, though equally brief. Mr. Max Heinrich's third and last vocal recital was a great success. He sang some of Schubert's best Lieder with much taste, but he would, we think, be heard to greater advantage if he did not play his own accompaniments. Miss Lena Little gave an exceedingly artistic rendering of an aria of Handel's. Mr. Bonawitz was the pianist.

J. S. Shedlock.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

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Contents.

I. PUBLIC LIFE of the PRINCE of WALES
I. MOTLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.
III. THE OLD AGE of GOETHE.
IV. WASTE.
V. THE HOUSE of PERCY.
VI. MR. NORRIS'S NOVELS.
VII. THE CIVIL SERVICE.
VIII. RALEIGH'S POETRY and LIFE.
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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.

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LITERATURE.

Poems and Ballads. Third Series. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus.)

SINCE Mr. Swinburne discarded his "Ladies of Pain" and ladies of pleasure it has been possible to admire his splendid gifts without making any reservations for ourselves or apologies for him. The period of the first series of *Poems and Ballads* is now a long time in the past; and of late years Mr. Swinburne has given us a succession of noble books, whose coming out has been appropriately timed with that of the first blooms of spring.

It is something to be able to say of a poet in these days that his last volume is his best. But that may certainly be said of this book, having regard, in making comparisons, to Mr. Swinburne's other miscellaneous volumes only. "Atalanta" and "Erectheus"—but especially the former—will always keep a pre-eminent rank of their own as distinct poems. In this third series of *Poems and Ballads* the poet is not only eloquent and impassioned, but he is also wise. The revolutionary ardours of earlier days have given place to a thoughtful and temperate patriotism. He is no less eager for the right, no less earnest and hopeful; all great causes and all good efforts command his sympathy and aid as much as ever; but he pauses now to see that a thing be true and just before giving it the wings of his song. He is the poet of freedom still, but, like Tennyson, he recognises that freedom without law is a fatal tyranny. "The Commonweal," in this volume—a jubilee poem of fifty perfect stanzas—shows to what excellent purpose Mr. Swinburne has now read and understood our national history. We are what we are as a nation because lawless might and lawless mutiny have each in turn been quelled and kept down. Of the suppression of the former at Runnymede Mr. Swinburne says:

> "Out of the shadow, starlike still,
> She rose up radiant in her right,
> And spake, and put to fear and flight
> The lawless rule of awless will
> That pleads no right save might."

"Nor since," he continues,

> "Nor since hath England ever borne
> The burden laid on subject lands,
> The rule that curbs and binds all hands
> Save one, and marks for servile scorn
> The heads it bows and brands."

And this is the assurance of our better conception of freedom—of freedom such as is to be found under no other rule:

> "How should not she best know, love best,
> And best of all souls understand
> The very soul of freedom, scanned
> Far off, sought out in darkling quest
> By men at heart unmanned?
>
> "They climb and fall, ensnared, enshrouded,
> By mists of words and toils they set
> To take themselves, till fierce regret
> Grows mad with shame, and all their clouded
> Red skies hang sunless yet."

England could desire and could have no better record of her progress—of her work among her own peoples and her mission among the nations—than is contained in this poem. It is thus that one, and not the least, of our national virtues is set forth:

> "Calm as our mother-land, the mother
> Of faith and freedom, pure and wise,
> Keeps watch beneath unchangeful skies,
> When hath she watched the woes of other
> Strange lands with alien eyes?
>
> "Calm as she stands alone, what nation
> Hath lacked an alms from English hands?
> What exiles from what stricken lands
> Have lacked the shelter of the station
> Where higher than all she stands?"

The source of our strength, of our vigour and freedom, is happily suggested in a single stanza:

> "The sea, divine as heaven and deathless,
> Is hers, and none but only she
> Hath learnt the sea's word, none but we
> Her children hear in heart the breathless
> Bright watchword of the sea."

With equal clearness and completeness the intellectual progress of the race is suggested in another stanza:

> "The forces of the dark dissolve,
> The doorways of the dark are broken:
> The word that casts out night is spoken,
> And whence the springs of things evolve
> Light born of night bears token."

And, to quote yet one more stanza from the same poem, the poet declares

> "That while thy free folk hold the van
> Of all men, and the sea-spray shed
> As dew more heavenly on thy head
> Keeps bright thy face in sight of man,
> Man's pride shall not drop dead."

The patriotic note is not more true, though it is more proudly self-assertive, in "The Armada," a poem in which Mr. Swinburne's power of impetuous eloquence has full play. The storm that swept the Spanish fleet to destruction blows through it. The great galleons move majestically along in its lines, whose grand sweeps and pauses accord with the working out of the momentous issues of three centuries ago.

> "Three hundred summers have fallen as leaves by
> the storms in their season thinned,
> Since northward the war-ships of Spain came
> sheer up the way of the south-west wind:
> Where the citadel cliffs of England are flanked
> with bastions of serpentine,
> Far off to the windward loomed their hulls, an
> hundred and twenty-nine,
> All filled full of the war, full-fraught with battle
> and charged with bale;
> Then store-ships weighted with cannon; and all
> were an hundred and fifty sail.
> The measureless menace of darkness anhungered
> with hope to prevail upon light,
> The shadow of death made substance, the present
> and visible spirit of night,
> Came, shaped as a waxing or waning moon that
> rose with the fall of the day,
> To the channel where couches the Lion in guard
> of the gate of the lustrous bay.
> Fair England, sweet as the sea that shields her,
> and pure as the sea from stain,
> Smiled, hearing hardly for scorn that stirred her
> the menace of saintly Spain."

"Fierce marvels of monstrous art" are the invading ships, while the craft of "the sea's folk" are "stinted of gear for battle." But the fight and the flight—all the world knows what happened. We know it as a story that is told us of other men's deeds, but Mr. Swinburne presents the story in scene after scene of moving life. We see it and move with it. The arrogance of Spain and the brave courage of England speak and flash out again in our own hearing and sight. Doom gathers, and grows, and falls upon the swaggering captains and their galleons; glory waits upon "the men" that were "stout of spirit and stark

> "As rocks that repel the tide,
> As day that repels the dark."

A great chapter of history is compressed into a single line:

> "No day more great in the roll of fate filled ever
> with fire the sky."

One of the most familiar and most welcome qualities of Mr. Swinburne's verse is its sympathy with the stronger and more buoyant moods of nature. If he ever gave a thought to the namby-pamby trivialities that please smaller poets it was at a time that one does not want to remember. His delight now is in blowing winds and breaking seas. Like Kingsley, he rejoices even in the wind that drives from the north-east, whose breath, he says, "is freedom, and freedom's the sense of thy spirit, the sound of thy song." It was autumn and the west wind that most affected Shelley.

> "O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's
> being!"

was an invocation as full of melancholy pathos as of music. Mr. Swinburne's apostrophe to March,

> "March, master of winds, bright minstrel and
> marshal of storms that enkindle the season
> they smite,"

is in another key, a less profound one perhaps, but still true to the same nature, in its keener humour, when the sap is fresh in the leaf and the year is young. The poem "To a Seamew" witnesses to the like sympathy with these rougher moods. It seems to the poet that the life which "thrills and quickens the silence" of the seamew's flight carries a "lordlier exultation than man's." He rejoices in the cry "clanging from windward"; in the "call" that "salutes the morrow."

> "We, sons and sires of seamen,
> Whose home is all the sea,
> What place man may, we claim it;
> But thine—whose thought may name it?
> Free birds live higher than freemen,
> And gladlier ye than we—
> We, sons and sires of seamen,
> Whose home is all the sea.
>
> "For you the storm sounds only
> More notes of more delight
> Than earth's in sunniest weather:
> When heaven and sea together
> Join strengths against the lonely
> Lost bark borne down by night,
> For you the storm sounds only
> More notes of more delight.
>
> * * * *
>
> "The lark knows no such rapture,
> Such joy no nightingale,
> As sways the songless measure
> Wherein thy wings take pleasure:
> Thy love may no man capture,
> Thy pride may no man quail;
> The lark knows no such rapture,
> Such joy no nightingale."

In perfect harmony with this quality of robust strength is the tenderness towards

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children, the full understanding of a child's feelings, which are always observable in Mr. Swinburne's poetry. This volume contains five poems either addressed or relating to children, in which it would be impossible to find a fleck of demerit. They are as sweet, as gracious, as free from blemish as the gentle creatures they concern. In one of them Mr. Swinburne has repeated Wordsworth, but it was inevitable so to do. How could he recall the ante-natal heaven without at the same time recalling him who first put the idea into living words? But the idea loses nothing, it may even gain something, from its reproduction in this stanza:

"Babes at birth
Wear as raiment round them cast,
Keep as witness toward their past,
Tokens left of heaven; and each,
Ere its lips learn mortal speech,
Ere sweet heaven pass on past reach,
Bears in undiverted eyes
Proof of unforgotten skies
Here on earth."

The same idea is in part expressed by the following poem, which is one of the gems of the book:

"IN A GARDEN.

"Baby, see the flowers!
—Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

"Baby, hear the birds!
—Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

"Baby, see the moon!
—Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

"Baby, hear the sea!
—Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

"Baby, see the star!
—Baby's hand
Opens, warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

"Baby, hear the bells!
—Baby's head
Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

"Baby, flower of light!
Sleep, and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night."

I have only indicated part of the treasures contained in this volume. It is, as its title implies, a collection of poems and ballads, but the extracts I have given are taken from the poems only. The ballads occupy a subordinate place, though of their kind they are of equal merit with the poems. "The Weary Wedding" might have been written by Dante Rossetti, except that there is a life-likeness in it which would perhaps have been overwrought by shadow and dream if it had come from his hand. "A Jacobite's Exile" and "The Tyneside Widow" are genuine north-country ballads, into which have been put the heart of another time and the voices of another race. Much more might be said of this volume, but there is no need to say more. It is sure to have many readers, and every reader will discover in it thoughts and beauties which I can only generally point to as being present on every page.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

The History of Hampton Court Palace. Vol. II. Stuart Times. By Ernest Law. (Bell.)

THE terms of warm approval with which we had the pleasure of greeting the first instalment of this interesting history are equally applicable to the present volume. Mr. Law has not grown tired of his task, and continues to exhibit the same ability and careful research which he showed at the outset. While there is no parade of learning, there is abundant evidence on every page that all available sources of trustworthy information have been consulted, and that the Public Records and State Papers have had proper attention paid to them. The illustrations, taken partly from rare prints and etchings, and partly from original sketches, add much to the value of the book, combining to render it attractive to the general reader, as well as serviceable to the antiquary.

The period embraced in the present volume extends from the first visit paid to Hampton Court by James I. in 1603—a visit out of which the needy monarch extracted no mean revenue—to the eve of the Revolution. Mr. Law, for the sake of convenience, has restricted "Stuart Times" within these somewhat narrow limits, but has found enough in them to make a fair-sized and interesting book. The period includes such widely discordant incidents as the royal masque (which took place on Sunday, January 8, 1604, and at which all the beauty, rank, and fashion of England were present—not to mention Shakspere and Bacon) and the Conference between Anglicans and Puritans—the well-known Hampton Court Conference—which began upon the 14th of the same month. The divines met in the King's Privy Chamber, and not in the chapel, as had been first arranged; and it is evident that, whatever may have been the sympathies of the British Solomon, those of Mr. Law are with the Puritan disputants. At this particular juncture in our ecclesiastical history it is worth while to read again the narrative of the Conference. If in no other respect, we have certainly made progress in decency of debate and in the suppression of passionate intolerance. Mr. Law quotes at length and comments freely upon the account written by Prince Otto of Hesse of his visit to Hampton Court in 1611, and supplements the curious information there given with extracts from Zinzerling's and Eisenberg's *Notes on England*, published by Mr. Rye.

It was in Hampton Court that Queen Anne of Denmark, worn out by a complication of diseases, died in 1618-9—

"She breathed her last at about four o'clock in the morning (March 2), passing away, according to a tradition long current in the Palace, just as the old clock struck the hour. It is added that ever since that time the clock has always stopped whenever a death of any old resident occurs in the Palace. Those curious in such superstitions declare that several undoubted cases of this coincidence have occurred within recent years."

We have no difficulty in believing that such fancies have a good home at Hampton Court. Mr. Law, in the previous volume, showed a marked tenderness towards a certain ghostly visitant; and he now reproduces the story of Francis Villiers's gallant death and the efforts made by the Board of Works to get rid of "two invisible beings" who haunted the west side of Fountain Court, and were at last satisfactorily connected with a couple of human skeletons, buried hard by, who may have been Lord Francis and a brother courtier, too hastily interred. During the Commonwealth the "late Charles Stuart's" property was valued in the interests of the State, and much of it offered for sale. Happily, after much dispute, Hampton Court was withdrawn; and the manor, which had passed into private hands, was re-conveyed to Cromwell, who made the palace one of his chief residences. In the chapel the marriage of Lord Falconbridge with Mary Cromwell took place, and it was within the walls of the palace that the death of his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, occurred. At the Restoration Hampton Court was again in danger of being sold; but, rescued from that fate, it became the scene, first, of the loves, and then, of the quarrels, of Charles II. and Catharine of Braganza. It is not certain that James II. ever passed a night in the palace; he certainly did nothing to contribute to its beauty or reputation.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury. Edited and translated by Ernest C. Thomas. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

THERE is a fashion in reprints as in other things. A year ago translations and editions of *Aucassin et Nicolete* were "in the air," now it is the turn of the *Philobiblon*. Prof. Henry Morley lately reprinted the translation of Inglis as one of the last additions to his "Universal Library." Prof. Andrew West, of Princeton, is said to be actively preparing an edition for one of the American Book Clubs. Mr. Thomas's long-promised and long-delayed volume is at last before us. This is in every respect an admirable piece of work, and possesses the further advantages of beautiful type, good paper, and a tasteful binding. By the elaborate scale on which it has been planned it rises altogether above the level of Prof. Morley's popular reprint, and by the excellence of its execution sets for any future editor a standard which he may well be proud if he surpass.

An introduction, which gives a summary of all that is known of De Bury's life, and includes also a bibliography of his book, a carefully revised text with annotations at the foot of each page, and, lastly, a translation—these are the heads under which Mr. Thomas's edition of the *Philobiblon* falls to be considered. In his account of his author (if, indeed, Richard de Bury may so be called) Mr. Thomas was in one respect unfortunate; for it was not till after his introduction was in type that his attention was directed to a hitherto unprinted and unnoticed obituary record of De Bury by his contemporary, Adam Murimuth. The record is not kindly in its tone, for it speaks of the Bishop as one who "ipsum episcopatum et omnia sua beneficia prius habita per preces magnatum et ambitionis vitium adquisivit," and whose prodigality caused him to die in the most miserable poverty, deserted and robbed by all his household. Even worse than this is the accusation that his world-famed library was

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the collection of no true scholar, but of a man "mediocriter literatus, volens tamen magnus clericus reputari" Now, in seven of the MSS. of the *Philobiblon* its authorship is distinctly assigned, not to De Bury himself, but to his chaplain, Robert Holkot; and Adam Murimuth's sneer at the bishop's attainments comes as an unpleasant reinforcement to the otherwise rather weak arguments against the bishop having written the book which has so generally been associated with his name. In any case his character cannot be greatly admired. Besides his love of being surrounded with learned men and learned books he seems to have had no other virtue save a certain lordliness in his prodigality; and, according to his own unblushing confession, his library was largely recruited by books received as bribes.

Whoever was its author, and whatever his character, the popularity of the *Philobiblon* is beyond question, and is amply attested both by the number and by the distribution of its MS. copies. Of these thirty-five are now known to exist; and as no less than seven of them were brought to light within the last three years of Mr. Thomas's labours, it is highly probable that the list may still be extended. Twenty of the thirty-five MSS. are in English libraries; fifteen have, or had, their homes abroad. Of these two—one Flemish, the other German—are in private hands, three are at Paris, three more (all late) at Brussels, two at Munich, and one each at Bamberg, Basle, Venice, Rome, and the Escurial.

The strong foreign interest in the *Philobiblon* to which the existence of these MSS. in such widely separated libraries bears witness is still more evident when we come to the printed editions. Of these the first—a small quarto volume of forty-eight leaves—was published at Cologne in 1473; the second at Spires ten years later; the third, ornamented with one of Jean Petit's pretty title-pages, at Paris, in 1500. Not till nearly a hundred years later, in 1598-99, did the edition of Thomas James (Bodley's Librarian) relieve the monotony of English neglect of our first bookman. In 1610 came Goldast's Leipzig edition (as an appendix to his "Philologicarum Epistolarum Centuria"), the last of three reprints of which appeared in 1703. Then for one hundred and twenty-nine years no edition, English or foreign, can be recorded; but in 1832 there was published in London an anonymous translation afterwards assigned to Mr. J. B. Inglis, and in 1856 a new edition of the text by M. Cocheris appeared in Paris. Thus, before Mr. Thomas set to work only one Englishman had cared to translate, and only one to edit, our earliest bibliographical classic, and the inaccurate edition of Cocheris held the market. Everything thus encouraged De Bury's latest editor to begin his task in the spirit of one who is wiping out a national disgrace.

For the English *editio princeps* James appears to have had at his disposal six MSS., of which two, belonging respectively to Magdalen and Lincoln Colleges, were the most important. M. Cocheris's edition is stated to be a mere reprint of that of 1703, with the readings of the three Paris MSS. added at the foot of the page. For the present volume Mr. Thomas has examined no less than twenty-eight of the thirty-five MSS. known to exist, as well as every printed edition, and has formed his text on the basis of the four best MSS., of which he records every important variant, together with many from less weighty authorities. His promise of "a more elaborate critical edition, if there should appear to be a demand for it," is thus surely superfluous. Would that yet more venerable classics could be presented to us in a text as nearly approaching original purity as we have every reason to suppose is the case with this of the *Philobiblon*. Purity, however, is perhaps hardly a word which should be used in connexion with De Bury's style. His syntax, it is true, is on the whole above suspicion; but his language is affected and obscure, and his vocabulary painfully full of coinages from Greek and Arabic. What, for instance, would Quintilian have had to say to such words as *anthropospatos*, *assub*, *eleemosynarium* (for a "wallet"), *hyperduliam*, or *genzahar*? This last has always hitherto been treated as a proper name; but Mr. Thomas is able to record its identity with a Perso-Arabic astronomical term meaning "dragon," its reference being to the relation between the equator and the ecliptic, the points of intersection of which—*i.e.*, their nodes—were respectively called the head and tail of the dragon. *Hereos* is another word which has hitherto been a puzzle. "Licet mentem nostram librorum amor hereos possideret a puero," writes De Bury to the confusion of his editors, who have vainly sought refuge in such conjectures as "herus" or "haerens." Mr. Thomas's suggestion is δεινὸς; and, when we remember the frequent Graecisms in the *Philobiblon*, it becomes quite convincing on the production (from a letter of the Emperor Julian) of the striking parallel—ἐμοὶ βιβλίων κτήσεως ἐκ παιδαρίου δεινὸς ἐντέτηκε πόθος. A skilful emendation like this is a feather in an editor's cap; but, quite apart from such happy hits, almost every page of Mr. Thomas's commentary testifies no less to its compiler's unwearied diligence than to his ingenuity and width of reading.

The translation of a work bristling with so many obscure words and allusions as the *Philobiblon* is no easy task. From Mr. Thomas's version it would be possible to collect a little array of passages in which he has allowed himself to omit some unimportant word, or to vary slightly the exact shade of meaning of his original; but De Bury has, perhaps, no claim to be treated with the unswerving reverence due to a classical author, and at the hands of his latest translator he has met with all substantial justice. Where difficulties most abound Mr. Thomas is seen at his best; and a famous passage from chapter xvii., in rendering which he has given careful heed to the force of every word, is also an excellent specimen of his style. It relates to a peculiarly odious example of the "badly brought up" race of scholars, and in Mr. Thomas's version runs as follows:

"You may happen to see some headstrong youth lazily lounging over his studies, and when the winter's frost is sharp, his nose running from the nipping cold drips down, nor does he think of wiping it with his pocket-handkerchief until he has bedewed the book before him with the ugly moisture. Would that he had before him no book, but a cobbler's apron! His nails are stuffed with fetid filth as black as jet, with which he marks any passage that pleases him. He distributes a multitude of straws, which he inserts to stick out in different places, so that the halm may remind him of what his memory cannot retain. These straws, because the book has no stomach to digest them, and no one takes them out, first distend the book from its wonted closing, and at length, being carelessly abandoned to oblivion, go to decay. He does not fear to eat fruit or cheese over an open book, or carelessly to carry a cup to and from his mouth; and because he has no wallet at hand he drops into books the fragments that are left. Continually chattering, he is never weary of disputing with his companions; and, while he alleges a crowd of senseless arguments, he wets the book lying half open in his lap with sputtering showers. Aye, and then, hastily folding his arms, he leans forward on the book, and by a brief spell of study invites a prolonged nap; and then, by way of mending the wrinkles, he folds back the margin of the leaves, to the no small injury of the book. Now the rain is over and gone, and the flowers have appeared in our land. Then the scholar we are speaking of, a neglecter rather than an inspector of books, will stuff his volume with violets and primroses, with roses and quatrefoil. Then he will use his wet and perspiring hands to turn over the volumes; then he will thump the white vellum with gloves covered with all kinds of dust, and with his finger clad in long-used leather will hunt line by line through the page; then at the sting of the biting flea, the sacred book is flung aside, and is hardly shut for another month, until it is so full of the dust that has found its way within, that it resists the effort to close it."

Not a pleasing picture this, either in Latin or English, but very ably rendered from one to the other by Mr. Thomas. *Duplicatis cubitis*, however, is surely too mercifully translated by "folding his arms." I am afraid it means "bending his elbows," *i.e.*, so as to dig the sharp points into the parchment and make it cockle, a truly satanic offence which perhaps Mr. Thomas could not bring himself to contemplate as possible. For to the true book-lover the wickedness of the Philistine must ever appear unnatural and incredible; and to the title of book-lover, by the affectionate care which he has bestowed upon this beautiful volume, the latest editor of the *Philobiblon* has established a worthy claim.

Alfred W. Pollard.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Wanderings of a Globe-Trotter in the Far East. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. (Bentley.)

Notes of my Journey round the World. By Evelyn Cecil. (Longmans.)

There is a striking contrast between these two narratives. The first is the work of an experienced man of the world, well versed in the use of his pen; the second, that of a young fellow just escaped from college. The elder traveller writes with the object of producing a lively and entertaining book; the younger, with a wish to give a faithful account of what he saw on his journey. And this difference between the two may be well illustrated by Mr. Eadweard Muybridge's remark in his recent lecture before the Royal Institution on "Animal Locomotion" that,

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"Many artists hold that their business is to create an impression rather than record facts"—though it would certainly be doing an injustice to both authors to suggest, either that the one failed to record many interesting facts, or that the other presented his in a dry and unattractive manner.

Mr. Wingfield visited China, Japan, and the Philippines; and, although the ground that he traversed in the two first countries is rather well worn, there is life and freshness in much that he has to say about it. His first experience of a Chinese city is thus described:

"In fighting my way about the narrow and densely crowded thoroughfares of Canton I was made aware for the first time of the wide abyss which divides the abjectly inferior Briton from the superior and enlightened Chinaman. You soon become accustomed to be mobbed and stared at, and are able to sympathise in fullest degree with the sufferings of baited royalty" (i., p. 39).

And everyone acquainted with Chinese music will recognise the truth of the following allusion to the Canton flower-boats:

"In mid stream, securely anchored, is so compact a group of covered barges that at first sight it may be taken for an island. From this riparian encampment are wafted day and night to the mainland indistinct sounds of revelry, nasal vocal music, with a weird accompaniment of wire-scratching and a bang of many gongs" (i., p. 50).

One of the best things in Mr. Wingfield's book is his account of Tientsin and of his journey thence to Peking. The author rode on a pony, while his Cantonese servant had to travel with the luggage by cart, and the sufferings of the latter on the way are most comically described. This wretched cart journey of eighty miles has still to be endured by the many foreigners passing every year to and fro over the line, and will continue until the Chinese government can be induced to make a railway between the port and the capital.

The following description of the youthful emperor is interesting as having been supplied by an eye-witness:

"On the morning when the procession took place two Englishmen happened to find themselves in a secluded corner hard by the tombs where there was a rent in the matting, and, after the manner of Peeping Tom, they actually beheld the emperor. He is a tall, slim youth, they said, pale and delicate looking, with refined features of a somewhat ascetic turn. He was clad in a plain robe of yellow silk, and was walking listlessly between his father and his uncle. His young face wore an expression of such settled sadness, said my informant, as would haunt him for many a day" (i., p. 207).

The author's first impression of the Great Wall should also not be omitted:

"The gorge opened out; the torrent-bed grew wider. What was that? A line in angles, like a pale thread on the mountain side. The great wall of China!

"By and by we reached the Pantaling Gate—a double gateway with no doors, half choked with heaps of rubbish. The principal gate, this, of the Great Wall of China; beyond, the Mongolian desert. I scrambled over the rubbish and loose bricks to the top of the gate with a numbing sense of disappointment. This the much-vaunted wall! I remember, hazily, having been told in childhood that it was one of the wonders of the world; that it was constructed of marble blocks, and was so thick that ever so many chariots could race abreast along the top. He who invented such a story was a near relation of Ananias. It is not more than eight feet wide at the summit, with an absurd parapet on either side which looks as if a jerry-builder had erected it. Modern cannon would blow the whole concern into space in no time. It is in shockingly bad repair too. Its bricks of brownish-red are large but thin, like those of ancient Egypt" (i., pp. 228, 229).

The damp at Nikko is also sketched in the happiest vein:

"A sojourn in a Nikko hermitage brings peace to frayed nerves, produces a condition of calm day-dream that mocks at time, then an all pervading mildew, from which one must struggle to escape while presence of mind remains, lest clothes should rot and incurable rheumatics supervene. Rain—rain! Rain—steam; by day, between sections of sunshine, a white mist; by night, a stifling fog like clinging grave-clothes. Ah me! the wonderful climate of Japan! The Anglo-Chinese, who come hither when they can to spend their holiday, are never weary of vaunting its delights, simply because their own climate at Shanghai and elsewhere is more offensive still. On visiting a friend the first object that meets the eye, if it be fine, is a phalanx of boots basking in the sun. If left indoors they would speedily be covered with white fur, then fall to pieces. Although the heat is great, the moisture is so excessive that nothing wet will dry unless exposed to direct sun-rays. The starch fades out of shirts, so does the strength out of the backbone. It is impossible to apply the mind to one subject for any length of time, for the Damp Demon whispers that nothing matters; that fifty years hence the world will be no better and no worse for the absurd little antics of us gnats" (ii., pp. 88, 89).

In closing so delightful a book it is painful to have to find fault, and to be obliged to point out that the scenes described at the execution grounds of Canton and Shanghai should never have been printed. Indeed, it is somewhat singular that anyone so sensitive as the author—whose eyes were pained, and whose head ached with the brilliant tints of the birds and flowers at Singapore, and who could not walk about Foochow, Shanghai, and Soochow, without making use of a scented pockethandkerchief—could voluntarily have witnessed the horrors that he describes.

Notes of my Journey round the World cannot rank with the foregoing in point of literary excellence; but the author makes no such claim for it, and modestly states in the preface that

"this is not intended to be a volume of thrilling adventures or of tales profusely drawing upon the imagination; it is rather a volume of fact, briefly describing things as they exist, and its aim (if not too great a presumption) is to hint at just so much information as may entice the reader into following up any fancy in some larger work."

It is, however, very pleasantly written, and has, besides, the great advantage of being beautifully illustrated by fifteen full-page plates taken from photographs by Notman and others. It has likewise the merit of brevity; for, although the journey extended right through Canada, the United States, Japan, Canton, Hong Kong, Singapore, Java, Ceylon, India, and Egypt, the whole is given in 207 pages, and the author has certainly succeeded in compressing his narrative within very manageable limits.

Mr. Cecil was much impressed with the beauty of Java; and as the island is rather out of the run of ordinary tourists, his description of some of the scenery will be read with interest:

"While staying at Badong, a ramble up the dormant volcano of Tankoebanprahoe is the lot of every traveller. The day begins with a nine-mile drive to Lembang, probably in a small carriage with three little horses abreast, where government plantations, both of coffee and cinchona, are very successfully grown. . . . The ascent of the volcano (6500 feet above the sea) from Lembang is a long ride through an exceedingly dense and beautiful jungle, crowded with large trees and big ferns, palms, and tropical creepers. On nearing the top, the fumes of sulphur are unmistakeable, as they come up from two adjoining craters, each gaping open like a wide deserted pit. Their upper edge is lined with lava; and lower down, near the film of rain-water at the bottom, slight curls of smoke keep oozing out from the sulphury crust. Towards these the spirit of adventure challenges a scramble, and—possibly at the imminent risk of an eruption—the theft of a few yellow crystals from several places where the temperature is quite warm enough to boil an egg. The views are exceedingly pretty: looking back, especially, from the slopes on the east of the volcano, the soft hues of the distant heights blend almost imperceptibly with their wooded foreground on the plains of Badong. . . . Taking the train back towards Batavia, as far as Tjiandjoer, there is a lovely day's drive across country between that place and Buitenzorg, along which, as might be expected, the views again are perfectly enchanting; and the chains of rugged peaks, which stand out behind the rich and luxuriant plains, line a succession of panoramas quite as indescribable as they are extensive. The sides of the road are much planted with tiny trees, some day perhaps destined to become a famous avenue; and the hedges are glowing with bright clusters of the orange *lantana*—a plant to be seen at home only in our hottest hothouses, but in Java an incorrigible weed. Dotted about the landscape, also, the occasional native cottages of bamboo and thatch look as casual as their listless occupiers" (pp. 109-111).

Here is a good remark about the French as colonisers:

"Pondicherry is a first-rate type of an obsolete French colony, and a substantial proof of their misfortunes in directing or consolidating their settlements. They seem unable to comprehend their colonies; and their ill-success mainly springs from ideas of over-government, and from a want of sympathy with the local interests" (p. 131).

In the concluding paragraph Mr. Cecil thus summarises his own experiences of the voyage: "A journey round the world is a pleasure never to be regretted, and teems at every step with experiences as instructive as they are interesting." This is doubtless true; but it should also, in fairness to himself, be added that his journey has been not only interesting to his readers as well, but also instructive to them in much that was worth knowing.

M. BEAZELEY.

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THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

Corpus documentorum Inquisitionis haereticae pravitatis Neerlandicae. Verzameling van stukken betreffende de Pauselijke en Bisschoppelijke Inquisitie in de Nederlanden, uitgegeven door Dr. Paul Fredericq. Eerste Deel. (Gent.)

The ever increasing study of the history of heresy and of the Inquisition has received a considerable contribution in this work by Prof. Fredericq, which brings together in a single publication the sources touching on the history of the Inquisition in the Netherlands. The only volume which has as yet appeared contains about 450 documents, beginning in the year 1025, and leading the student, who has hitherto had to collect his information as he best could, down to the times of the Reformation. Many of these documents are well known, but their special value for the history of the Inquisition in the Netherlands had been overlooked; others again are less known, and are published in collections not easily accessible; while others see the light now for the first time. Thus this collection will very much smooth the path for those who desire to occupy themselves synthetically with the development of heresy in Flanders, and with the repressive action of the Roman Church in connexion with it. In fact, the documents are so skillfully arranged that the history seems to unfold itself from them naturally without anyone being needed to tell it.

The conservative instinct of the Roman Church was aroused by the first rebellious murmurings of a society which, from the eleventh century to the thirteenth, was agitated by vague aspirations towards religious and political ideals which it could hardly define. And the Church was prompt to act. Everywhere at that time, and in Flanders as elsewhere, we find the Church committing to her bishops the care of the Inquisition in their dioceses; and the bishops, with more or less zeal but always actively, giving all their attention to the extirpation of heresy. Thus, already, in the year 1025, we find some Cathari summoned to Utrecht to answer for their heresy before the bishops, and others in other dioceses in succeeding years, until at the beginning of the twelfth century the obstinate heresy of Tanchelm appeared on the banks of the Scheld. Against the penetrating persistency of heresy Lucius III., at the Council of Verona in 1184, and Innocent III., in the Lateran Council of 1215, put forth decrees with minute and precise instructions, which rested especially on the co-operation of the bishops. But when the Cathari and Albigenses began to assert themselves more and more, so that they could hardly be held in check by sanguinary crusades, then the Popes felt the need of arrogating to themselves and centralising the supreme direction of the persecution of the heretics in all the dioceses. Then throughout the whole of Europe the *Inquisitores haereticae pravitatis* spread themselves abroad to reinforce the bishops, being taken generally from the order of the Preachers, and selected either directly by the Pope or by one of the provincials of the order. These Inquisitors in the Netherlands were generally French or German, according to the situation of the dioceses in which they shared, and, to a certain extent, directed the action of the bishops. This vigorous co-operation of the Inquisitors seems to have ceased in the Netherlands towards the middle of the fourteenth century, when the bishops resumed undivided authority in their dioceses, and the duty of keeping rebellious Christians in order. However, under the Emperor Charles IV., who was a warm supporter of the papal Inquisitors in Germany, they also reappeared in the Netherlands. During the whole of the fifteenth century, until the arrival of Lutheranism, we find them co-operating with the bishops in their determined persecution of heresy; and we even find the bishops investing some members of their clergy with their own inquisitorial faculties to reach the heretics better. Thus the Inquisition was in full activity when the teaching of Luther began to penetrate into the Netherlands.

These seem to us the principal facts which result from the documents published in this volume, and from a concise and lucid preface by Prof. Fredericq, who has received efficient assistance in his labours from his pupils—a fact which proves how good must be the method of historical teaching in the University of Ghent. In a future volume the learned editor proposes to publish the documents relative to the organisation of the Inquisition, and we hope the work may be completed with as little delay as is compatible with this kind of publication. In this volume, meanwhile, we find collected the materials for a study on the secular action of the Roman Church against the Flemish heretics up to the time of the Reformation, and the study is also made easier by chronological indexes of great value. The places from which the editor has taken the documents are always quoted at the end of each document; but perhaps it would have been desirable in many cases to add to the note a hint as to the value of the source. It would also have been desirable to avoid the many typographical errors which frequently disfigure the Latin text. Prof. Fredericq promises to give us soon an essay founded on the documents in this first volume, bearing on the history of the Inquisition in the Netherlands up to the time of its organisation by the Emperor Charles V. and the contemporary Popes. The general interest of such a work is so great that we are encouraged to express a hope that Prof. Fredericq, who can write with facility in more than one language, may be prevailed upon to choose for his essay one more accessible than his native tongue to the common run of students.

Ugo Balzani.

NEW NOVELS.

Birch Dene. In 3 vols. By William Westall. (Ward & Downey.)

The Penance of John Logan. By William Black. (Sampson Low.)

Elizabeth Morley. By Katherine S. Macquoid. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

The Despot of Broomsedge Cove. By Charles Egbert Craddock. (Sampson Low.)

Looking Backward. By Edward Bellamy. (W. Reeves.)

The Girl from Malta. By Fergus Hume. (The "Hansom Cab" Publishing Company.)

A Vagabond Will. By W. G. Waters. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

The Rival Actresses. By Georges Ohnet. (Vizetelly.)

Balzac says somewhere that the author who is vicariously enmeshed in the coils of the law is as little likely as the most reckless litigant to emerge none the worse for his experience. Certain it is that law active and militant has a great fascination for many novelists, who are only too apt to yield to temptation, and to expose themselves to much scathing comment from those whose knowledge is more exact. But even a solicitor or barrister could hardly now make a ficticious trial very interesting; for the thing has been done *ad nauseam*, and the most unsophisticated reader can always forecast the result even of a Du Boisgobey or Gaboriau case, much more of the less intricate "business" of the English novelist. The "glorious uncertainty of the law" may pass as an aphorism: in fiction it is the glorious certainty; for has not the innocent to be found guilty, the guilty innocent, in strict accordance with the exigencies of the plot? In his new story Mr. Westall throws himself into the arms of the law. Instead of the birch and pool which ornament the covers of his three volumes, he should have had on the first such suggestive insignia as a scaffold or a judicial black cap, on the second a barrister's wig and policeman's truncheon, on the third a green or red bag, with a figured background of six-and-eightpences. We have, at the outset, a great deal about the iniquitous laws in force at the beginning of the century, and about the virulent justice of a certain Baron Hardress; and, fittingly enough, the overlong tale concludes with a meeting (wherein business and pleasure are characteristically combined) in the rooms of a legal firm. There are parts of *Birch Dene* so good that one cannot but regret their redundant and sometimes wearisome envelopment. The episode of Robert Ruberry's flight from his own factory-hands is as thrilling as the pursuit of the hero by bloodhounds in the author's recent romance, *Nigel Fortescue*; but if everything had been narrated within the compass of the third volume, the story would have greatly gained. Mr. Westall is at his best in tales of adventure, and when he has but one or two leading personages to deal with; the canvas of *Birch Dene* is too crowded, and, naturally, its parts are ill-proportioned. The book has evidently been printed with little revision from its serial form, in the tyranny of which may, perhaps, be found the cause of the lack of any attempt at good or even distinctive style.

Of the three stories included in Mr. William Black's new volume, the third, "A Snow Idyll," is the longest. The author was right, however, to place "The Penance of John Logan" first, apart from its attractiveness as a title, for it is one of the best short tales that he has ever written. The western islesman, John Logan, is a most pathetic figure in his ignorance of latter-day life; and the old Highlander's

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adventures in Greenock and London, on his penitent quest of the young English lady whom he had unwittingly wronged, are at once so amusing and so pitiful that the tragi-comedy reaches a height which Mr. Black's romantic episodes have only very occasionally attained. A story like this is worth reams of his more ambitious work—so seems it, at least, to the present writer. "Romeo and Juliet" is a lively and interesting tale of "two young fools"; and though "A Snow Idyll" is a little out of balance, and is somewhat unduly spun out, it is a picturesque and pleasant story, and should prove particularly welcome to those who not only love salmon-fishing, but know what it is to spend a long day of sleet and arctic cold to get peradventure but a single rise in the black lochwater.

Elizabeth Morley is as fresh and charming a story as either *Patty* or *At the Red Glove*; and it has the further attraction of being under, rather than over, the ideal length for a novel of episodical nature. Mrs. Macquoid's style calls for no commendation at this late date; but I may say that in my opinion she has never written a better book. The mischances of wedded life, if not so obvious as those which in fiction habitually precede marriage, are sufficiently accidental and baffling to afford scope for the most unenterprising novelist; and, though it is but a misunderstanding that arises between Geoffrey and Elizabeth Morley, it is so fraught with possibilities of quiet, but not less poignant, tragedy that the reader's interest is held in thrall from the first. The reunion of husband and wife is as natural as their first drifting apart, and its pathos is of that happy, fortuitous kind which proves Mrs. Macquoid to be no casual observer of human circumstances.

The lady who calls herself Charles Egbert Craddock is probably best known in this country by *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*. I doubt if her *In the Clouds* and *Down the Ravine* have circulated here; and it is, indeed, a tribute to Miss Murfree's literary power that her best-known novel has succeeded in this country, for there are many Americans even who find the dialect in which so much of it is written, if not jargon, at least unattractive and laborious of perusal. Miss Murfree is fond of mountains—first came the "Great Smoky," then the "Ravine," then "The Tennessee Mountains," and now in *Broomsedge Cove* there is the "Great Smoky" again. The author's latest book is her best, though in the quality of freshness to some extent discounted by its famous predecessor. It is as full of dialect, but it has more "English" in it, and in colour and picturesqueness it is certainly a brilliant piece of work. Even in her descriptions, however, where Miss Murfree displays a special ability, she might with advantage imitate her favourite mountains and be more austere. Epithets follow epithets in battalions, and one becomes rather weary of "dewy," "blooming," "vermilion," and so forth; while such licences as "the passionate rhetoric of the thunders," "the wistful yearnings of the dawn," and "the clouds, ambitious, must needs climb the zenith," pall upon one with frequent repetition. Yet it would be unfair not to admit the author's exceptional faculty for depicting the varied aspects of nature, for at her best she really is an artist in words. The story is an engaging, even an exciting one, and though there is a terrible dose of Tennessee dialect it is comprehensible enough. The author's quality of dry humour is given such free play that the book may be read with interest even by those who neither know nor care anything about the Great Smoky mountains or the life led by the remote dwellers amidst their valleys and adjacent plains. Mrs. Strobe is a kind of Tennessean Mrs. Poyser, and many of her sayings and reflections are excellent. The religious element plays an important part in this tale, but in a healthy and entirely natural way. The spiritual vicissitudes of Teck Jepson are very real though amusing and sometimes exaggeratedly comical; but he is a sturdy saint, and can afford to be laughed at:

"Sech ez I do air done afore the Lord! an' I ain't keerin' what men say ahint my back, so long ez they take powerful, keerful heed o' thar words afore my face; ef they don't, I know how ter make 'em wish they had."

Looking Backward is not a new book; for I remember having read Mr. Edward Bellamy's clever "novel of the future" a year or two ago, in its American form. Those who have read *Miss Ludington's Sister*, *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process*, and *A Nantucket Idyl*, will know that whatever else *Looking Backward* may be it will be well written. It is the narrative of one Julian West, and bears date A.D. 2000. Although it may be read with interest as an ordinary romance, its author's real aim has been to trace the evolution of social life within the twentieth century, and to work out theoretically certain of the most exigent problems of our day. So close is his observation, and so acute his reasoning, that it is not surprising to know there is in America a newly-founded "Looking Backward" Society, instituted for the purpose of inquiry into the practical solution of what we call our burning questions. The book should certainly be read by all interested in the evolution of civilisation. Smokers will be glad to learn that in the twentieth century "the fragrant weed" is as much the vogue as it is now; but it is somewhat depressing to find that our much abused manly garb remains practically the same—that the absurd dress-coat is permanently fashionable, and that even the "chimney-pot" does not depart with the last of the obsolete articles whence it got its name.

Very different in both manner and matter is Mr. Fergus Hume's new story. *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* and *Madame Midas* have had such an immense sale that it seems presumptuous for a critic to say that neither in them nor in *The Girl from Malta* does he perceive any literary talent worth consideration. They are rather well-constructed, indifferently-written, and distinctly vulgar stories—vulgar, that is, in sentiment and expression. It is useless to lament the popularity of such books, for ninety out of a hundred people seem to find the fascination of police news irresistible. But may one of the insignificant minority suggest that, as Mr. Hume's tales have been so phenomenally successful, they should be printed in less villainous type and on less execrable paper?

If there be such an institution as a Society for the Suppression of Practical Jokes it could not do better than obtain the copyright of *A Vagabond Will* for purposes of wide circulation. It is a bright and lively story, eminently improbable, youthfully absurd, and yet, of its kind, really worth perusal.

Although *The Rival Actresses* is an interesting novel, it is doubtful if it can appeal to the English public. It is, as the name indicates, a tale of theatrical life; but many of the episodes, personages, and allusions must be *caviare* to foreigners. Readers acquainted with the current of contemporary French dramatic literature will be interested in the account of the Théâtre Moderne, and in the enumeration of the easily recognisable "gentlemen of the press"—Faucheron (Boucheron), Verney (Sarcey), Angu (Vitu), Fauquet (Houssaye), Rolff (Wolff), Dobbée (Coppée), Bienpassant (Maupassant), and so forth. *The Rival Actresses* is not only more interesting but also more brightly written than M. Georges Ohnet's other novels, and the translation seems to be, in point of style, by no means inferior to M. Ohnet's own—in other words, it is creditable, if not very distinctive, and certainly not brilliant.

William Sharp.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Darwinism and Politics. By David G. Ritchie. (Sonnenschein.) It is difficult to grasp the exact object of Mr. Ritchie's little book. As an undergraduate prize essay, or as an article in the magazine press, it might be passed without comment; but, appearing as a separate publication, professing to apply a new method to social and political questions, it is as well to say at once that it is difficult to conceive how less could have been said even in a hundred pages. It is, of course, interesting to know that Mr. Ritchie is a warm-hearted man, who feels intensely the difficulties of our social future; but the idea that any real help is to be derived from his somewhat ambitiously headed "Applications"—(1) The Labour Question, (2) The Position of Women, (3) The Population Question—may be at once dismissed. These are great and difficult problems, which before the end of the century are likely to cause us more anxiety and thought than any political movement of the past fifty years. But the only light which will give us real help is that which scientific historians and anthropologists can cast on the evolution of human society. No assistance can come from the easy-going essayist who merely asks: "Why then may not such ideas as equality and fraternity claim to have a fair chance in the struggle for existence?" It is the historical inquiry that is wanted showing exactly how these ideas have acted on the stability and efficiency of past phases of human society, and not the mere suggestion that they may, after all, be factors tending to social strength. No evolutionist doubts that social opinion has been a factor of social stability. It is very probable, for example, that the more barbarous forms of religious belief may in certain phases of civilisation tend to render more permanent the existence of less advanced human societies. The exact action of social opinion on social stability is, however, a question which can only properly be dealt with by a man of Darwinlike temperament and capacity, and not in the light and airy fashion of Mr. Ritchie's volume. We hardly need to be told today that Spencer and Haeckel, and even Prof. Huxley, have occasionally lost sight of the struggle of society against

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society, when they have been insisting on the struggle for existence between individuals; but we do want a more scientific discussion of the value of social institutions and opinions on the permanence of past forms of social life. That discussion is being rendered possible by the labours of Waitz, Tylor, Bachofen, Maurer, and others; and if the universities are to lead rather than follow thought in this matter, we must have something more than slender essays from the tutors of their leading colleges. It is to works like Pattison's Essays, just issued by the Oxford Press, with their thorough scholarship and genuine scientific grasp, that young Oxford should turn for a model of academic writing; and the healthy, if severe, criticism of itself to be found in chap. vii. of Pattison's Memoirs should be always before it. Lastly, may we protest against Mr. Ritchie's adoption of the German habit of styling the doctrine of evolution "Darwinism"? It is not only contrary to the spirit of Darwin to thus use his name, but Darwin did not invent the principle of evolution: he only demonstrated two of its factors. To speak of evolution as "Darwinism" is as objectionable as nicknaming gravitation "Newtonism."

Mohammed and Mohammedanism: critically considered. By S. W. Koelle. (Rivingtons.) The words "critically considered" which Dr. Koelle places on the title-page of this handsome volume are commonly considered to imply an exercise of judgment. Dr. Koelle claims to pass judgment on Mohammed and Mohammedanism, but only in the sense of indiscriminate condemnation. "Our canon of judgment," he tells us, "the only decisive test" by which the religion of Islam can be tried, is "the plan of Salvation laid down in the Gospel." Dr. Koelle's point of view, it need hardly be said, is not that of Thomas Carlyle or of Mr. Bosworth Smith—writers whom he somewhat oddly couples as Messrs. Smith and Carlyle—but is a sort of combination of the theories of Dean Prideaux and the Rev. Charles Forster. Prideaux maintained that Mohammed was a wicked and impious impostor, who was aided by evil spirits in inventing a new religion as a cloak for his ambition and his private lusts; while Forster published two large volumes to prove that the devil, dismayed by the success of Christianity, instigated Mohammed to parody Christian doctrine so as to bring true religion into contempt. Dr. Koelle's method is short and easy. He says little of the doctrines of the Koran, but claims to judge Islam by certain mediaeval legends and popular beliefs. This teaching either resembles that of the Bible or it does not. If it does not, it is "Satanic"; if it does, it is a plagiarism from the New Testament, and a wicked parody of Christianity. In either case Mohammed is plainly Antichrist, *Q.E.D.* Naturally such a standpoint simplifies immensely the "critical consideration" of the demerits of Islam, and probably explains the causes which have impeded Dr. Koelle's success in his attempts to convert Mohammedans to his own view of the diabolical nature of their religion.

Modern Methuselahs: or, Short Biographical Sketches of a few Advanced Nonagenarians or Actual Centenarians who were distinguished in Art, Science, Literature, or Philanthropy. By John Burn Bailey. (Chapman & Hall.) Mr. Bailey has had the frank foresight to state on the title-page the exact scope of his book. It is a sign of a more critical and careful age that, instead of the worthless lists of William Easton and Thomas Bailey, this latest writer should confine himself to the few instances where there is something like the proof that would be thought reasonable in other matters. The wholesome scepticism of Sir G. C. Lewis and Mr. W. J. Thoms has, at least partially, impressed upon the public mind a sense that the mere assertion that he has lived a hundred years does not make a man a centenarian, and that age, like identity, requires evidence. The "modern Methuselahs" celebrated in detail by Mr. Bailey are St. Anthony the Great, the Emperor Joannes Cantacuzenus, George Gemisthus Pletho, Luigi Cornaro, Titian, Fontenelle, Thomas Amory, Eva Garrick, Caroline Herschel, Mary Somerville, Sir Moses Montefiore, and Martin Joseph Routh. Then there are some particulars of "a group of far-advanced nonagenarians," "a group of unquestionable centenarians," and a few recent and probable cases. A chapter is devoted to Mr. Thoms's investigations. Perhaps the most interesting, as certainly the most important, portions of Mr. Bailey's book, are those in which he discusses the conditions of longevity. It cannot be said that the art of centenarianism is an open secret; and it would sometimes appear that the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift. Individual cases are apt to be misleading, and it is only when the experience of many is consolidated that error can be avoided. Statisticians know the fallacies that are hidden beneath a "short series." For this reason such investigations as those undertaken by the collective investigation committee of the British Medical Association have special value. As the registration of births and deaths is now effective there can be greater certainty in testing cases of alleged longevity, and thus there will be a possibility by and by of ample and trustworthy data for scientific examination. Sir Richard Owen, arguing on a physiological basis, estimates the normal, or, perhaps, we should say the possible, duration of human life at 103 years and a few months. Why do so few attain this age? Why do the great mass of mankind die before their time? There are obvious detrimental influences—vicious living, insanitary conditions, excessive toil, unhealthy occupations, intemperance, and inherited disease; but these could be controlled by the individual or by the community to a very large extent, certainly to a much greater degree than is now the case. Three things are indispensable to longevity, in Mr. Bailey's opinion; and, although the possession of them will not ensure a century of life, their absence seems fatal to it. These are: at birth a body and mind untainted by hereditary disease, even though the constitution be but frail; a never-failing digestion; and bodily and mental activity. Such is the moral of Mr. Bailey's interesting book. Those who want to attain a hundred years of happy life should be born of healthy parents; should be temperate, active in body and mind; should avoid excess, and preserve a cheerful and equable disposition. Then they may *hope* to live out their days. But who, amid the present conditions of civilisation, with its incessant demands and temptations; who, in the storm and stress of urban existence, can expect to realise this lofty ideal?

My Life and Balloon Experiences. By H. Coxwell. Second Series. (W. H. Allen.) The art of ballooning (or aerostation, as Mr. Coxwell would call it) does not seem to have advanced much in the last ten years. No mode of guiding a balloon has yet been discovered; and while it must float *ludibrium ventis*, there is no possibility of aerial navigation in any practical sense of the words. A balloon, therefore, is too often, like Prince Rupert's drops, a scientific toy. To Mr. Coxwell belongs the credit, more than to most modern aeronauts, of holding wider views on the future of ballooning. He has always cherished the belief that balloons will be useful for surveys in war, that they may materially assist photography, and that meteorology more than any other science should be indebted to them. He has worked perseveringly at these problems; and their results, from about 1854 to his last public ascent in 1885, are here embodied in an entertaining volume of gossipping reminiscences. As the numerous accidents and mischances which attend ballooning are by no means suppressed in the account of these adventurous ascents, it is not altogether surprising that his wife does not share the enthusiasm of the author. However, Mr. Coxwell managed to conciliate her; and we are told that on one occasion she went aloft with him, from which time she evidently could no more oppose her husband's tastes. The style of this book is somewhat egotistical, and every here and there the author rises into rhetorical flights not inappropriate to his subject; but the reader cannot help admiring his coolness in danger, his ready witted choice of expedients, his mature judgment and experience. He has done all that mortal can at present do in the matter of ballooning, and has done it well. His expeditions with Mr. Glaisher were of extreme advantage to science, and their recital is of great interest, especially the celebrated ascent of September 5, 1862, when the pair reached the height of seven miles, and the adventure was within an ace of terminating fatally to both. Many readers will be pleased with these daring, yet skilful experiences of a veteran ballooner.

Random Recollections of Courts and Society. By a Cosmopolitan. (Ward & Downey.) This is a most entertaining book. Envy itself must admit that, like Horace, its anonymous author has lived among the great; and the great of our author are not the aristocracy of birth alone, but also the aristocracy of talent. Although he has a keen relish for good stories, he has not in his zeal for amusement forgotten his good nature. The only exception to this is, perhaps, his evident animus against the ex-empress of the French. His account of Fanny Cerrito, the famous *danseuse*, is pretty and lively.

"Once," he says, "she was threathened with blindness; but an operation was successfully performed by Dr. G——, and light has returned to the gentle little fairy's bright brown eyes.'

On the next page (p. 167) we read of Mdme. Ratazzi, who

"affected a gushing and passionate love for her second husband, testified by girlish demonstrations, kissing him in public, &c., and even going so far that when she invited a party of twelve to dinner she had only eleven chairs in the room, so that she was compelled, as she archly expressed it, 'to sit in her old man's lap.'"

Although our Cosmopolitan has a marked predilection for women who have made their mark upon the stage, he has also associated with men of more serious callings. He tells us of M. Devaux, the Belgian historian of the Roman empire, who became totally blind before his work was done, and who, by a prodigy of memory, *dictated* the maps with which his history is profusely interspersed (p. 239). He also knew intimately another blind historian, William Prescott, whose blindness was the result of inflammation of the eyes, produced by a piece of bread thrown in jest across the table at a college supper by a fellow student at Harvard. This misfortune did not sour his disposition, as a more genial or amusing companion never lived (p. 255). It is hardly fair to pick from the memoirs before us all the good stories they contain, and we will content ourselves with one more about Agassiz. That famous naturalist missed one morning three snakes he had brought home the night before. On searching high and low he found two, but one was still missing. Mrs. Agassiz (who was dressing) in putting on her boots found it coiled inside her boot.

"Her scream of surprise brought Agassiz, who exclaimed, 'Oh, Lizzee, how terreeble it might

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have been.' 'What!' said his wife, 'are they poisonous'! 'Oh, yes, the most poisonous leetle serpents you can think—so rare—and you might have crushed the nice leetle thing'" (p. 264).

To conclude a very brief notice of these *Recollections*, we may say that they are far from being the idle notes of an idle man. The book, though vastly entertaining, contains more information than is to be met with in many works of more pretension.

NOTES AND NEWS.

From a letter of Prof. Sayce, dated Cairo, April 11, we learn that the snake-bite referred to in the Academy of March 16 was a serious matter. He was bitten on the ankle by a cerastes, the most venomous of Egyptian snakes; and the wound had to be so deeply cauterised that he was confined to his *dahabiah* during the whole of the voyage down the Nile from Assuan. But after reaching Cairo he was able to visit Mr. Petrie in the Fayum, who has there made some important archaeological discoveries.

Mr. Ernest E. Baker, the nephew of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips and the legatee of his library, has decided to sell a select portion of the books and MS. collections. The sale will take place at Messrs. Sotheby's in June; and the number of lots will be about 1000. From a "Few Notes," privately printed in a pamphlet of limited issue by Mr. Baker, we extract some of the greatest rarities: A fine copy of the first folio of Shakspere (1621), certified by its late owner to be perfect, with notes of the misprints which are apparently peculiar to it; the first quarto of *Pericles* (1609), of which only three other copies exist; Robert Jones's *First Book of Songes or Ayres of foure parts with Tableture for the lute* (1600), more complete than the one other copy known—in the British Museum; *Annalia Dubrensia* (1636), consisting of commendatory verses about the Cotswold games; *Willobie his Avisa* (fourth edition, 1609), one of the very few books published in Shakspere's lifetime that contain a positive notice of him; an undated edition of Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*; Sir Walter Raleigh's *Discoverie of Guiana* (1596); Gower's *De Confessione Amantis* (1553); the original of Ireland's forgery of Shakspere's Commonplace Book; and a large number of collections of deeds and other documents relating to Shakspere's country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Mr. Egmont Hake has been invited to deliver an address on "People's Banks" before the Institute of Bankers on May 1. Mr. Egmont Hake—who has studied the workings of the successful Schulze-Delitzsche system in Germany, and of its imitators in Italy—has a scheme for the introduction of these institutions into England.

Stimulated by the visit of the British Association to Newcastle this autumn, a local committee has been formed to place memorial tablets on the houses where celebrated men and women were born or have for a time resided. Among the natives to be thus commemorated are Eldon, Stowell, and Collingwood; while the famous visitors include Marat, Kossuth, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and W. Lloyd Garrison. The president of the committee is the Rev. Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce; and the treasurer, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's new volume of poems, *Flowers of the Night*, the publication of which was interrupted by the stroke which fell upon her in the death of her husband in January last, will appear early in the month of May. It is known that Mr. Pfeiffer was virtually the editor of his wife's works, which passed out of her hands into his almost as soon as committed to paper. The issue of this volume is resumed at the earliest possible moment, in accordance with his wishes.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus will shortly publish a volume of collected stories by Mr. Walter Besant, entitled *To Call Her Mine*. It will have nine illustrations by Mr. A. Forestier.

Messrs. Sampson Low announce the journal of the voyage of H.M.S. "Enterprise" in search of Sir John Franklin, as recorded by Admiral Sir R. Collinson, with an introduction by Major-General Collinson.

A new work on *Strathpeffer Spa*: its Climate and Waters, by Dr. Fortescue Fox, will be published immediately by Mr. H. K. Lewis. No account has hitherto appeared of the climate of this growing health resort, although it is a matter of no slight importance to the visitors and to medical men. The sulphur and chalybeate waters will be carefully discussed in their chemistry and uses, and there will be chapters on the baths and on spa life.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus have a new volume in the press from the pen of Mr. J. E. Muddock, which they will shortly issue under the title of *Stories Weird and Wonderful*.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons will publish, in the autumn, a poem by Mr. Arthur L. Salmon, entitled *Told by the Water-lilies*.

Messrs. Brentano's, of New York—who have recently opened a London branch at 430 Strand—announce that they will soon have ready Kit Clarke's *Where the Trout Hide*, *The Romance of an Alter Ego*, by Gen. Lloyd Bryce, and a new edition for 1889 of Loomis's *Index Guide*.

The annual meeting of the Camden Society will be held at the Rolls House, Chancery-lane, on Thursday next, May 2, at 4.30 p.m.

Dr. Gregorio Palmieri, one of the keepers of the papal archives, and a well-known Dante scholar, has just printed a document from these archives which has an important bearing on the history of the Italian spoken language. The monograph has the following title: *Introiti ed esiti di Papa Niccolò III.* [1279-1280] *Antichissimo documento di lingua Italiana*. This is the oldest document written in Italian prose, thirty years before Dante's composition of his treatise, *De vulgari Eloquentia*; and it would no doubt have modified the immortal poet's view on the subject. Dr. Gregorio, who for some time resided in England, had the good fortune to find in the "New Temple," London, five Latin documents, attested by Tuscans with a few words in their vernacular. They are dated 1274 and 1278, consequently earlier than the present document. In the preface the learned editor gives a summary of the historical part of the document, which relates not only to the life of Pope Nicholas, but also to the political economy of the time. The great number of persons concerned in it and the many localities mentioned are very interesting for Italian history and geography. These are the subject of special indices, carefully elaborated. There is also appended an excellent facsimile of the MS. Dr. Gregorio's publication is an excellent example of the typography of the Vatican press. We are glad to see on the cover two important publications announced by the same editor. One with the title of "Diario del viaggio scientifico, storico, artistico e letterario, del Cardinale Giuseppe Garampi, in Italia, Svizzera, Germania, Belgio e Francia, compiuto negli anni 1761-1763," from a MS. in the papal archives, will appear next month; the other will give a documentary history of the Vatican archives.

The parish registers of Roos, in Holderness, from 1571 to 1678, have been transcribed by the rector, Canon Machell, and published in a handy volume by Messrs. Brown & Sons, of Hull. There is a fair proportion of curious entries. Roos is near Hull; and to the siege of Hull by the Royalists, in 1643, may, doubtless, be attributed the entry in that year "none marryed." In the reign of James I. the art of writing was an exceptional accomplishment, as the churchwardens repeatedly sign with their marks. The great plague of 1585-92 visited the village in the spring of 1589, twenty-seven deaths being registered in the month of April. The Puritan tendencies of the time are shown by the rector designating himself, in 1611, "Verbi Minister." In August, 1661, "Master Stevenson" makes a note that he is "the minister of Roose until Bartholomew Day next, after Anno Dome 1662"; but John Shore, who succeeded Master Stevenson, in the earlier years of his incumbency, signs himself "Evang. Minister," or "Verbi Minister," or "Parochus," the title of rector being, apparently, in bad odour.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

The forthcoming number of the *Archaeological Review* will include articles on "Totem-Clans in the Old Testament," by Mr. Joseph Jacobs; "Early Church Dedications in Scotland," by Miss Russell; "Roman Remains in Lincoln," by Mr. J. E. Price; and "The Science of Folklore," by Mr. J. Stuart-Glennie. Mr. Nutt also contributes a review of Hennessy's Todd Lectures.

The *Century* for May will include the following articles: "American Relations with Samoa," by Mr. George H. Bates; "Samoa: the Isles of the Navigators," by Mr. H. W. Whitaker (illustrated); "Recollections of Jean François Millet," by Mr. Wyatt Eaton (illustrated); "The Monasteries of Ireland," by Mr. Charles de Kay (illustrated); "Round about Jerusalem," by Mr. Edward L. Wilson (illustrated); "A Ride through the Trans-Baikal," by George Kennan (illustrated).

Among the features of the new volume of *Wit and Wisdom*, which commences with the issue for May 7, will be the opening chapters of a story by John Strange Winter entitled "Sophy Carmine," and the first of a series of papers by Mr. Andrew Lang on literary topics. A serial story, by Mr. George Manville Fenn, is in preparation for the same journal. Both this and John Strange Winter's story will be illustrated by Mr. Harrison Miller.

St. Nicholas will contain: "Daddy take the Runaway," III., by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, an illustration of "A Dancing Lesson One Hundred Years Ago"; "Dogs of Noted Americans," III., by Mr. G. Van R. Wickham; and "The Baby's Sunny Corner," drawn by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote.

Mr. Frederick Barnard will supply a series of humorous original sketches to *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, the first of which will appear in the number published on May 1.

In consequence of Dr. Felbermann's having taken up his residence abroad, the acting editorship of *Life* has been undertaken by Mr. Sutherland Edwards.

The Rev. W. W. Tulloch, of Glasgow, son of the late Principal Tulloch, will succeed Prof. Story as editor of the *Scots Magazine*.

Michael's Magazine, published by Mr. Michael Barstow, will henceforth be enlarged by eight pages.

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ORIGINAL VERSE.

SONNET TO THE SEA.

O senseless Sea, how long shall men proclaim
Thy freedom and thy power! Slave of the Moon,
Thy wrath is borrowed of the wind, the Noon
Supplies thy smiles, thy life is but a name
That poets use. To thee nor praise nor blame
Belong. And yet shall man, alas, not soon
Forget to fear thee, and thy dim halls strewn
With bones of bravest man and fairest dame.

The careless fish within thee sport and breed,
The bird above thee spreads her scornful wing;
Yet thou, more lifeless than thy weakest weed,
Canst shake the very soul of Priest and King.
And aye to man thy breathless breast appears
A waste of sighs, a wilderness of tears.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

Dr. Maudsley opens the new number of *Mind* with an interesting article on "The Double Brain." His argument goes to show that the cerebral hemispheres are two distinct, though connected, organs. Perhaps the most curious suggestion he makes is that consciousness may flit, so to speak, from one hemisphere to another, being now sustained by the action of one, now by that of the other. This hypothesis would seem to add to the difficulty of an already sufficiently difficult problem, viz., What is the physical counterpart of our continuous conscious life, or the so-called "seat of the soul"? The other two articles are a rather stiff epistemological study on the necessary assumptions in our intuition of space, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; and an exposition of the philosophy of Swedenborgianism, by Mr. W. Donovan. We may pass over these to notice a remarkable contribution to psychological research under the head, "Mental Association investigated by Experiment." Prof. Cattell (his new title will remind his English friends that he has returned to his fatherland), aided by some competent auxiliaries, has carried out a long series of experiments into the time taken for a name to suggest a second idea sufficiently distinct to be nameable, and into the prevailing directions of such suggestion. The results are carefully classed and tabulated. It is worth remarking, perhaps, that these experiments do not bear exclusively on association, and the title might better have been "Ideational Sequence." It is obvious that when, for example, the name "house" calls up "window" (it is odd, by the bye, that it did not frequently, if at all, call up "roof" or "chimney," as it might be expected to do, with those given to drawing houses), or "ship," calls up "sail," what really takes place is an analytic selection, from the image immediately excited by the name given, of one of its prominent or interesting details. Such analytic selection, as might be expected, plays a large part in the case of the common names which stand for complex wholes, as "tree," "chair," "bird," &c. Similarly, as might be expected also, when one class-name calls up another it is very frequently that of a familiar sub-class. Thus "quadruped" would naturally suggest "horse" or "dog," for the obvious reason that, as soon as the mind tries to image out a general name, it tends to form a generic image of some familiar variety. For the boy who has mainly formed his idea of quadruped by a reference, say, to horse, the image of this last is virtually a constituent in the idea quadruped. In the case of all these processes it may be objected that the term association is inappropriate. It may be added that the writers are hardly justified in urging, against Steinthal, that the frequency of this process of selection of a constituent feature of an idea proves that the whole suggests the part more readily than the part the whole. It may be expected to do so only in those cases where any fairly distinct development of the original idea involves the presence of an easily distinguishable detail. Thus, one cannot image hand without mentally seeing the fingers. Hence that "hand" should suggest "finger" 219 times as against twenty suggestions of "arm," is just what one would have argued *a priori*. But would "tail" suggest "hair" except to a boy who had just been pulling one? The experimentors' own conclusions seem to show this to be unlikely. Thus, "hat" suggested "brim" only eleven times, while it called up "head" seventy times. In order to compare the tendencies to separate and re-integrate psychical material, it would be important to distinguish carefully the words selected, according as they answer to ideas of objects which we can and are accustomed to image as detached wholes, or to ideas of things which we most naturally and habitually image as parts. Face is a good example of the first, detached from its continuous surroundings—head, &c.—because of its special and supreme interest. It is to be hoped that these highly promising psychological experiments will be followed up.

The new number of *Brain* contains an article of exceptional interest for psychologists—viz., "Hallucinations, and the Subjective Sensations of the Sane," by Dr. Hack Tuke. The writer shows himself not merely familiar with the phenomena of hallucination, but keen in psychological insight. He renders good service by insisting on a distinction, much lost sight of even by competent writers—viz., between the question (1) whether a perception is true or false—that is, caused by an external object, or due to abnormal action of the nervous system; and (2) whether in any given case of a hallucination known to be such, the end organ—*e.g.*, the retina—is involved. He shows conclusively that Brewster's test—viz., pushing one eye-ball (which, as most persons know, doubles the image of a real external object)—was intended to determine the first of these two points, not the second. In order to determine the second point, he adopts as criteria of retinal activity the tests known to hold good of after-images—viz., movement of the imaginary object with actual movement of the eyes, projection into external space when the observer looks on a dark ground, and the covering or obscuring of real objects before the eye. By the application of these tests he has reached the conclusion that hallucinations need not, though they sometimes do, involve the periphery.

The *American Journal of Psychology*, which has entered on its second year, deserves a word of recognition. The last number (February) contains a most noteworthy account of the autobiography of a paranoiac. That a monomaniac afflicted with the wildest religious delusions, the victim of hallucinations and of homicidal and suicidal impulses, and requiring to be confined within an asylum, should thus be able to write so intelligible an history of his experiences is in itself not a little astonishing. When to this it is added that his production is at once the outcome of a delusion—viz., that he is a prophet charged with a new religious revelation—and a detailed, and in some respects subtle analysis of his own feelings and experiences, distinctly regarded as abnormal, the reader may perhaps imagine the strange interest of the publication. Such a record by the subject himself of the gradual oncoming of insanity through the customary stages of suspicion of others, love of solitude, violent outbursts of hatred, and so forth, ought to be of the highest scientific value. Possibly, too, it would be hardly less instructive to such an imaginative depictor of the morbid phases of the human mind as Mr. R. L. Stevenson. The review contains, in addition to this *pièce de résistance*, a careful historical review of the modern theories of memory, a study on the errors in observation known as the Personal Equation, and a very full *réumé* of "recent psychological literature," under which title are included works on anthropology, neurology, &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HERMES BALLENUS."

Cambridge: April 22, 1889.

In Chaucer's *Hous of Fame*, l. 1273, we find:

"Ther saugh I Hermes Ballenus."

No satisfactory explanation of this name is known to me in print. I do not think any explanation of it is known even in Germany; for I find that Willert, in his note on the line, only refers (as I do in my own notes) to the *Roman de la Rose*, l. 14,599, and suggests that Hermes and Ballenus are different people, and that Ballenus is an error for Helenus.

However, Prof. Cowell has sent me a solution which is far more satisfactory, and which I venture to think quite settles the question.

In the fourth volume of the *Notices et Mémoires des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, p. 107, there is a notice by De Sacy of MS. Arabe de la Bibl. du Roi, No. 959; of which the title is—"Le Livre du Secret de la Créature, par le sage Bélinous." Here is the very name, "Bélinous," of which we are in search.

The account of this MS., as given by De Sacy, is instructive. He first of all shows that "Belinous" is not to be confounded, as by some, with "Plinius"—*i.e.*, Pliny; as his book is quite different from Pliny's, and has nothing to do with it. He suggests, at p. 110, that the person really meant is rather Apollonius of Tyana; for the sage "Belinous" tells us that he was born at "Tuaya," which (it is suggested) may be a corruption of Tyana, and, considering the extraordinary disguises under which proper names appear, such a change as that from Apollonius to Belinous it strictly within the bounds of probability.

De Sacy gives an epitome of the contents, of which I here give a mere abstract, as being sufficient for the purpose.

The first chapter begins: "Here is the book of the sage Belinous, who possesses the art of talismans; here is what Belinous says." He then expatiates on the vastness and extent of his knowledge, and proceeds to explain the universe. He begins with the old doctrine of the four elements, of which all things consist. He says:

"I am an orphan of the people of Tuaya [Tyana?]. There was, in the place where I dwelt, a statue of stone, elevated on a wooden column. On the column were inscribed the words: *I am* Hermes, *to whom all knowledge has been given* [p. 119]. Moreover, on the breast of the statue was inscribed: *Whoever would learn the nature of things, let him search beneath my feet.*"

This reminds us of Tale No. 107 in the Gesta Romanorum; see Swan's Translation. Belinous then tells us how he alone understood the latter inscription, and determined to dig beneath the column. Of course he soon found a subterranean passage and cave. He wandered about there, fell asleep, and saw a vision of an old man. Guided by the vision, he discovered a book; doubtless the book of Hermes. He seized his treasure, hurried away to upper air, and found in the book, as he had expected, all the secrets of the universe. All this preamble, of course, answers to the modern preface and advertisement.

The mention of Hermes settles the question. Chaucer's "Hermes Ballenus" is clearly this "Hermes Belinous"—*i.e.*, the Belinous who adopted the philosophy of Hermes; the word

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Hermes being taken as adjectival, somewhat as in "Chinese Gordon," or "Stonewall Jackson"; or, to take examples from Chaucer himself, "Charles Oliver" and "Genylon Oliver"; see the Monkes Tale, B. 3577. Compare also "Eacides Chiron"; *Hous of Fame*, 1206. Moreover, we may note that *ou* is merely the French way of writing the Italian *u*; so that "Belinous" may just as well be written "Belinus." Of course, Hermes is Hermes Trismegistus, to whom it was once fashionable to impute works on science.

We may safely conclude that Ballenus refers to "the sage Belinus, who possessed the art of talismans," and who, on his own showing, derived his knowledge from the celebrated Hermes Trismegistus. Moreover, it seems possible that Belinus may be identified with the famous Apollonius of Tyana.

I am very grateful to Prof. Cowell for his excellent suggestion, and I hope that other students of Chaucer will be the same.

Walter W. Skeat.

THE FATHER OF WARREN HASTINGS.

London: April 15, 1889.

Though I have not enjoyed leisure to investigate the subject as I could wish, I owe it to those friends who have been kind enough to interest themselves in my inquiry to put on record the information with which they have supplied me regarding the genealogy of Warren Hastings. If I am unable to produce any very satisfactory result, I suppose that this is only the common fate of amateur pedigree hunting.

It may be remembered that my letter in the Academy of February 23 threw doubt on certain statements contained in Gleig's *Memoirs of Warren Hastings* (3 vols., 1841), which all subsequent biographers have adopted. Gleig says that Warren Hastings's great-grandfather, Samuel, presented his second son (unnamed) to the rectory of Daylesford in 1701, and alienated the manor of Daylesford in 1715; that this rector of Daylesford—whom, as we shall see below, was undoubtedly named Penyston—had two sons, Howard, the elder, born in 1711, and Pynaston (*sic*) the younger, born in 1715; that Pynaston married in 1730, "when he could not have been more than fifteen years of age," and that his famous son, Warren, was born on December 6, 1732.

As tending to disprove Gleig's date of 1715 for the birth of Pynaston (properly Penyston, as I shall call him henceforth), I quoted the following entry from Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, which shows that he was born *circ.* 1708:

"Hastings, Penyston, s. Penyston of Daylesford, co. Worcester, *cler.* Balliol Coll. matric. 28 March, 1724, aged 16; his brother Samuel bar.-at-law, Middle Temple, 1717."

I further referred to Nash's *Worcestershire* (1781) to prove that Penyston Hastings was rector of Daylesford from 1701 to 1752, on the presentation of Penyston Hastings senior; and that his predecessor, Charles Penyston, was likewise presented by Penyston Hastings in 1690.

Thus far I had gone in my letter that appeared in the Academy of February 23. I now proceed to adduce the additional evidence bearing on the matter which has been placed at my disposal by correspondents, and to comment on its relevancy.

(1) Mr. W. W. Fowler, of Lincoln College, Oxford, has copied the following extract from the Matriculation Register of Balliol College:

"March 26, 1724.

"Penistone Hastings filius *unicus* Penistoni Hastings Clerici de Daleford in agro Worcestien: admissus est communarius."

Unfortunately, this entry gives no indication of age; and it adds a fresh element of confusion in the epithet "unicus." It is abundantly clear *aliunde* that Warren Hastings's father had at least one other brother living at the time. Possibly "unicus" may be a faulty mode of extending "i" for *primus*, for there seems good reason to believe that this Penyston was his father's eldest son.

(2.) Mr. Fowler was also kind enough to ask the present rector of Daylesford to search the parish registers; and that gentleman has courteously replied as follows:

"The registers are in a very bad condition, and only go back as far as 1679. The first entry under that date is the baptism of one Henry Hastings, son of Penyston* H. and Elizabeth his wife. The next H. entry is of one Theophilus,† son of the same parents, baptized in 1793. Next we come to Howard, son of Penyston H. and Priscilla his wife, baptised in 1711; and, lastly, Samuel, son of the same, baptised in 1715. This is the last H. entry I can find. There is a note in the register of the induction of Penyston H. to this living in 1701, and of the burial of the same in 1752 (October 1). Beyond that there is nothing to throw any light upon the matter you wrote to me about."

Penyston, the commoner of Balliol, and the father of Warren Hastings, is thus altogether absent from the Daylesford parish register. And this is the more strange because the entry in the University Matriculation Register gives the place of birth, and means explicitly that P. H. was born at Daylesford. The statement (*supra*) that his father was "of" that place is only Mr. Foster's way of extending the original.

But the parish register does help us to this extent—that it gives another brother, Samuel, as born in 1715, the very year assigned by Gleig for the birth of Penyston. Whether this Samuel be identical with the Samuel Hastings "of the Middle Temple, 1717," mentioned by Mr. Foster (*supra*), I cannot tell. The parish register confirms Gleig's date for the birth of Howard.

(3) Prof. Sanday, of Oxford, communicated my former letter in the Academy to Mr. W. H. Woodman-Hastings, of Shuthonger Manor House, Tewkesbury, who is the nearest living representative of the family, being the grandson of Ann, Warren Hastings's sister. That gentleman has obligingly put into writing what he believes to be, from family tradition, the correct account. According to this account, Penyston H., son of Samuel and rector of Daylesford, was married in 1703 to Priscilla Gardiner‡; and their son Penyston was born in 1704.

Concerning this traditional birth-date, I will only remark that it is more difficult to reconcile with Gleig's date of 1715 than it is with the Matriculation Register date of *circ.* 1708, and that it seems at least to show that Penyston was regarded in the family as the eldest son.

So much for my not very successful endeavour to be "in at the birth" of the father of Warren Hastings. I may add that the name Penyston undoubtedly comes from a family long settled at Cornwell (or Cornwall) in Oxfordshire—a parish adjoining Daylesford in Worcestershire—who at some early period intermarried with the Hastingses. Gleig, indeed, says that "Cornwall was the seat of another branch of the Hastings family"; but Gleig, I fear, is by no means an infallible guide.

Jas. S. Cotton.

* This earlier Penyston must be the one by whom—and not *directly*, at least, by his father Samuel—the Rev. Penyston H. was presented to the rectory of Daylesford (Nash, *ut supra*).

† Theophilus, I may remark, was the Christian name of the earl of Huntingdon of the time, with whose family the Hastingses of Daylesford claimed relationship.

‡ I learn from Nash's *Worcestershire* that there are (or were) monuments in Daylesford church to several Gardiners, the first of whom married a daughter of Simon Hastings (*ob.* 1627), dating from 1632 to 1686.

THE FACSIMILE PAGES IN LORD SPENCER'S COPY OF MALORY'S "MORTE DARTHUR."

Berlin: April 19, 1889.

In my letter, published in the Academy of February 9, besides giving an account of the facsimile pages in Lord Spencer's copy, and quoting the variations from the originals of seventeen pages, I stated that I had sent four more pages to America, hitherto considered genuine, but now discovered by me to be facsimiles. Through the kindness of the present owner of the copy formerly in the Osterley Library, Mrs. Abby E. Pope, of Brooklyn, N.Y., these four pages have also been collated with the originals, and to complete my statement, I give here the result:

N_4 recto and N_8 recto are faultless. On N_2 verso, l. 8, for *faith* read "faid"; l. 28, for *marhel* read "marbel." On N_8 verso, l. 22, for *beynge* read "brynge"; l. 29, for *fheef* read "fhoef."

H. Oskar Sommer.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

Monday, April 29, 8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Some Curious Parallels between Greek and Chinese Thought," by Canon Aubrey L. Moore.

Tuesday, April 30, 2 p.m. Antiquaries: Anniversary Meeting.

8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Italian Renaissance Painters—I. Their Associations," by Dr. J. P. Richter.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Northern Waterway to Siberia," by Capt. Wiggins.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Armour for Ships," by Sir Nathaniel Barnaby.

Wednesday, May 1, 1.30 p.m. Royal Institution: Annual Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Secondary Batteries," by Mr. W. H. Preece.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Spenser's 'Mother Hubberd's Tale,'" by Prof. A. W. Ward.

Thursday, May 2, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Science of Animal Locomotion in its Relation to Design in Art," illustrated with the Zoopraxiscope, I., by Mr. Eadweard Muybridge.

4 p.m. Archæological Institute: "Ritual Ecclesiology in East Norfolk," by Mr. J. Lewis André; "Earthenware and Glass-Bottles, Bronze Spoon and Incense Burner," exhibited by Mr. A. Oliver.

4.30 p.m. Camden Society: Annual Meeting.

8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Chemical.

Friday, May 3, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Karun River as a Trade Route," by Gen. Sir Murdoch Smith.

8 p.m. Philological: "Report on my Dialect Work," by Mr. A. J. Ellis.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Aluminium," by Sir Henry Roscoe.

Saturday, May 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Origin and Development of Opera in England," with Musical Illustrations, I., by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

SCIENCE.

Essays in Biblical Greek. By Edwin Hatch. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

(*Second Notice.*)

Among the principles so clearly laid down by Dr. Hatch for the determination of the meaning of words in Biblical Greek, two stand out conspicuously as implying a tacit correction of much previous work: (1) his insistence on the necessity for caution in the transference of analogies from classical usage; (2) the tendency which his essay shows to obliterate rather than to emphasise the distinctions between synonyms. On both these points, however, the difference of treatment may easily appear at first sight to be greater than it is. It is natural to compare Dr. Hatch's book with the late Archbishop

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Trench's *Synonyms of the New Testament*, and the occasional notes on words in commentaries like those of Bishop Lightfoot and Bishop Ellicott. It will be found that there is, in practice, on both sides, a good deal of approximation.

To take the points raised in order. It is true that classical parallels are quoted largely in the works just mentioned; but it is rarely without a sense of the limitations to which they are subject. The inductions obtained in this way are usually checked by independent inductions from the passages in which they occur in the Old and New Testaments. At the same time, it is very probable that Dr. Hatch has made use of his work on the Clarendon Press Concordance to make his examination of the passages from the Old Testament at least more searching and exhaustive. But, on the other hand, I do not gather that he refuses the help of classical quotations altogether. If he had done so, I should have been obliged to join issue with him. There are not a few instances (in the forefront of which I should be inclined to place σοφία and φρόνησις) in which even philosophical distinctions have percolated downwards into popular speech, and have had a real effect in giving the direction to common use. But I take it that here Dr. Hatch has followed the reasonable course. He states the classical usage first, and then the Hellenistic and Biblical usage; and he holds the two things well apart.

On the second point, while I acknowledge the justice of Dr. Hatch's remark "that distinctions between synonyms tend to fade away, and the original force of metaphors to become weakened by familiarity," and while I also admit the importance of keeping this tendency in language well in mind, the impression left upon me is that Dr. Hatch has gone rather too far in the application of this principle. He lays what I believe to be too much stress upon some considerations, such as the use of different Greek words to represent the same Hebrew and of the same Greek words to represent different Hebrew. Very often, although this is the case, there is a marked preponderance of instances in favour of the appropriation of particular words as equivalent in the two languages. And allowance should further be made (*a*) for the influence of the context, which is always an important element in translation, and (*b*) for simple failure on the part of the translator to hit the right expression. Vernacular speech has, I think, a finer instinct than Dr. Hatch gives it credit for; and it is also well to bear in mind that two words may be applied to the same person or the same thing and yet not be applied in precisely the same way. I will try to make my meaning clear by a few examples. There are several in which—with every willingness to give the evidence a re-hearing — I find myself disposed to fall back upon the older view.

ἀρεταί = "praises." This is indeed very generally accepted. I submit, however, that ἀρετή has not lost its proper meaning, "excellence"; but that the idea of "praise" is derived in the first instance from its use with such words as ἀναγγέλλειν, ἐξαγγέλλειν, μνησθῆναι, διηγεῖσθαι ("to tell forth the excellencies of God" = "to praise Him"), and that then from its association with such contexts it came to mean, or was on the verge of meaning, "ascription of excellence," or "praise." The only passage in which the word by itself seems to have this sense is Is. xlii. 8. In 2 Peter i. 3, I do not think that δόξα means "glory" in the sense of "praise." I should rather compare it with Rom. vi. 4, where διὰ τῆς δόξης τοῦ πατρός = διὰ τῆς θείας δυνάμεως.

δεισιδαίμων. — Dr. Hatch, with other excellent authorities (including Field), decides for the meaning "superstitious" in Acts xvii. 22. I should prefer a more ambiguous word. The French *dévot* is exactly what we want; but even in English we may translate "I perceive that you are a devout people" (the English idiom would hardly represent the comparison more directly). If we may compare the report of this speech in the Acts with St. Paul's Epistles—and I believe that the report itself is of a kind to justify us in so comparing it—then I think we may say with some confidence that St. Paul would avoid so brusque an exordium as the other rendering would impose upon him.

διαθήκη.—Dr. Hatch is one of those who are so impressed by the usage of the LXX. as to claim for διαθήκη the meaning "covenant," even in Heb. ix. 16, 17. The context seems to me to override this argument. I content myself with quoting Dr. Field:

"We agree with Dean Alford that 'it is quite vain to deny the *testamentary* sense of διαθήκη in this passage.' If the question were put to any person of common intelligence, 'What document is that which is of no force at all during the lifetime of the person who executed it?' the answer can only be, 'A man's *will* or testament.' A covenant is out of the question: partly because there must be two parties to it, and also because the validity of a covenant, unless otherwise expressed, depends rather upon the life than the death of the parties; so that in this case we should have expected the seventeenth verse to run thus: διαθήκη γαρ ἐπὶ ζωσι βεβαία, ἐπεὶ μήποτε ἰσχύει ὅτε τέθνηκεν ὁ διαθέμενος. As to the word itself, it should be observed that διαθήκην διέθετο is generally used in classical Greek of making a testament, not a covenant, which latter is rather συνθήκην συνέθετο."

If proof were needed that the phrase could still bear its classical sense, we only have to think of the *Testaments of the XII. Patriarchs*, where it occurs *passim*.

δίκαιος, δικαιοσύνη.—In Matt. i. 19 Dr. Hatch would give to δίκαιος the sense of "kindly"; but the contrast between δίκαιος and ἀγαθός in Rom. v. 7 seems to me to go against this. Of the two characters the ἀγαθός is clearly intended to be the more attractive. In Matt. vi. 1 Dr. Hatch would make δικαιοσύνη the real equivalent of the glosses ἐλεημοσύνη and δόσις. I do not think that this quite hits the mark. In the previous chapter the disciples are told that their righteousness must "exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees." This command is still in sight; and it is exemplified in respect to alms, prayer, and fasting. But "almsgiving" is only one form of δικαιοσύνη; it is not the whole of it. To say this is not to deny that the Jews, in the time of Christ, often went far to identify the two expressions.

λυτροῦσθαι.—This word appears to be treated as convertible with ῥύεσθαι, σώζειν. And so, no doubt, it is in very many passages. That even ἀπολύτρωσις has no further sense is forcibly argued by Oltramare on Rom. iii. 24, who contends that if the idea of ransom is contained in ἀπολύτρωσις, it must mean "putting to ransom," not "payment of a ransom." Yet that some such idea is present in the word seems to me to be proved by the resolution of the metaphor in Mark x. 45: δοῦναι τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ λύτρον ἀντὶ πολλῶν. 1 Tim. ii. 6: ὁ δοὺς ἑαυτὸν ἀντίλυτρον ὑπὲρ πάντων. I should be inclined myself to state the principle broadly that a metaphor may be dropped any number of times without prejudice to its revival where the context distinctly suggests it. It is not so much any conscious laying stress upon derivation as that an old association of ideas is called into play. I would venture to apply this (against the majority of commentators) to the use of εὐοδοῦσθαι in Rom. i. 10, where I believe it to be rightly rendered by the Vulgate *prosperum iter habeam*.

πειράζειν, πειρασμός.—I suspect that the treatment of these words will command a far larger measure of attention than of assent. It is, certainly, a bold step to propose a new name for what has hitherto been known as the Temptation, and a new rendering in the Lord's Prayer. Dr. Hatch would translate πειρασθῆναι ὑπὸ τοῦ διαβόλου "to be tried, *i.e.* afflicted, by the Devil," and μὴ εἰσενέγκης ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν, "bring us not into trial, *i.e.* into tribulation or persecution." But in the latter case, apart from the argument that the deeper meaning is probably the true one, the previous petition seems to show that the spiritual sphere has been definitely entered and the bodily or material sphere left behind. The mention of bodily wants does not go beyond the ἐπιούσιος ἄρτος of the fourth petition. And in the former case the context appears to be no less decisive. It is, indeed, difficult to do justice all at once to a view which, slight as the change seems, would yet sever the connexion between the πειρασμοί and the dawnings of the Messianic consciousness, and would so destroy one of the landmarks in this portion of the history. But I cannot think that the philological argument is strong enough to require such a sacrifice.

πένης, πραΰς, πτωχός, ταπεινός —These words furnish us with a good opportunity for comparing Dr. Hatch's method with that of his predecessors. I place side by side the conclusion at which he arrives in respect to them with a like summary (slightly abridged) from Archbishop Trench's *Synonyms* (p. 125)

DR. HATCH.

"The inference to which these comparisons lead is that the πτωχοί, πένητες, πραεῖς, ταπεινοί are all names for one and the same class, the poor of an oppressed country, the peasantry or fellahin, who then, as now, for the most part lived quiet and religious lives, but who were the victims of constant ill-treatment and plunder at the hands not only of tyrannical rulers, but also of powerful and lawless neighbours."

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

"In both these words (πένης and πτωχός) the sense of poverty, and of poverty in this world's goods, is involved; and they continually occur together in the Septuagint, in the Psalms especially, with no rigid demarcation of their meanings — very much as our "poor and needy"; and whatever distinction may exist in the Hebrew between אֶבְיוֹן and עָנִי, the Alexandrian translators have either considered it not reproducible by the help of these words, or

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> have not cared to reproduce it; for they have no fixed rule, translating the one and the other by πτωχός and πένης alike. Still, there are passages which show that they were perfectly aware of a distinction between them, and would, where they thought good, maintain it; occasions upon which they employ πένης (as Deut. xxiv. 16, 17; 2 Sam. xii. 1, 3, 4), and where πτωχός would have been manifestly unfit."

The few realistic touches introduced by Dr. Hatch are an example of his skill in giving life to the meaning of words; but we see also his tendency to lay stress on the common element in synonyms rather than on that which distinguishes them from each other. As a substantial estimate of the relation of the words with which he is dealing, that which is given by Archbishop Trench seems to me very just. We need to realise that the use of words may often be loose, and yet that there is at bottom a right and a wrong way of using them; and that the consciousness of this takes a long time in dying out.

πίστις.—I only refer to this word as illustrating one of the limitations to philological exegesis. Dr. Hatch here practically takes the common view, pointing out that, already before St. Paul, Philo had used the word in a sense in which "the intellectual state of mind which is called 'conviction' is blended with the moral state of mind which is called 'trust.'" No doubt, πίστις represents the blending of an intellectual and a moral state, but I question if "trust" is an adequate name for the latter. To enter thoroughly into St. Paul's conception of "faith," we must view it in the light of his own mental experience. It meant for him primarily the conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah and the Son of God, but then he further read into it those moral consequences which his own fervid nature drew from that conviction. It became for him an intense active feeling of self-surrender and devotion.

I have taken up the space at my disposal in discussing those points which it seemed to me could be discussed most profitably, and the rest must be confined within narrow limits. The third essay, on the "Psychological Terms in Biblical Greek," is very interesting. The psychology of the Septuagint, Hexapla, and Philo is fully treated, but we miss a corresponding section on the like terms in the New Testament. These Dr. Hatch dismisses with two propositions which I believe to be entirely true: (1) that the usage of the Synoptic Gospels is closely allied to that of the Septuagint; (2) that the usage of St. Paul is essentially different from that of Philo.

In the first part of this review I quoted the passage in which Dr. Hatch suggests that the composite quotations in the New Testament and early Fathers are really derived from Jewish manuals. There is much to be said for this thesis. But, supposing that it were made probable that the writers who repeat these composite quotations took them from manuals, and not from each other, the alternative would still remain that the manuals in question might be not Jewish but Christian. The great example of composite quotation in Romans iii. 10-18 is in proof of the Pauline doctrine of universal wickedness, to which I do not think that there is anything quite parallel, *e.g.*, in the Sibylline Books. The subject will be well worth pursuing further.

Of the essays which relate to the text of the Old Testament I would rather not speak. I often find myself inclined, at first sight, to take a different view of the evidence from Dr. Hatch. I understand, however, that he himself regards this part of his work as mainly tentative; and if he is still feeling his way after so much experience, much more must this be the case with one who has given to the subject very little direct study. As tentative work Dr. Hatch's is particularly valuable, from the clearness with which the details of the problem are stated.

This clearness, which is a conspicuous feature of the book throughout, is due in part to the printers as well as to the author. Everything possible is done by variations of the type and mode of printing to assist the intelligence of the reader. But there is a curious and very questionable use of type in the uncial text.

W. Sanday.

OBITUARY.

MR. WARREN DE LA RUE.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Warren de la Rue, which took place on Friday, April 19, at the age of seventy-four.

Like not a few other men of science of whom England can boast, Mr. de la Rue was an active and wealthy man of business, being a partner in the well-known firm of the same name. His leisure was devoted not only to science, but also to the management of scientific institutions. During many years he was president of the London Institution, and afterwards for a short time secretary to the Royal Institution, in succession to the late Mr. Spottiswoode. He served as hon. secretary of the Astronomical Society, of which he was more than once president; and he was also twice elected president of the Chemical Society.

The first subject in which he interested himself was the application of photography, by means of a micrometer, to the exact recording of astronomical phenomena. The instruments which he invented for this purpose were presented by him in 1873 to the University of Oxford, where they are now being successfully made use of by Prof. Pritchard. After this date he chiefly devoted his attention to an elaborate series of researches on the electric discharge, for which he employed in his private laboratory a battery of 15,000 chloride of silver cells.

Mr. Warren de la Rue was a corresponding member of the Institut, in the Académie des Sciences; and he had received similar recognition from many other learned bodies, both in this country and on the Continent.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The annual report of the Department of Mines of New South Wales, for the year 1887, has just come to hand. This blue book—prepared by Mr. H. Wood, the Under-secretary for Mines—not only gives full statistical details, but includes a number of reports from the Wardens and Mining Registrars, and from the Geological Survey. It is satisfactory to note a marked increase in the value of the mineral output of 1887 compared with that of the previous year; the increase being due mainly to the development of the silver mines. Gold-mining has also received considerable stimulus; and diamonds are again attracting attention. Mr. Wilkinson, in reporting on the Inverell district, states that this locality turned out 23,000 diamonds during the twelvemonth, but the stones were mostly very small. Mr. Anderson reports on the Bingera diamond-field, where, however, there is at present but little activity. Several valuable reports on fossils are furnished by Mr. Etheridge, jun., the new palaeontologist of the Geological Survey of New South Wales.

We have also received several recent *Bulletins* of the United States Geological Survey, which contain not only much valuable matter relating to American geology, but also a good deal of scientific information of a more general character. This is especially evident in Bulletin No. 46, "On the Nature and Origin of Deposits of Phosphate of Lime," by Dr. R. A. F. Penrose. In this memoir we find a comprehensive description of the occurrence of mineral phosphates in all parts of the world; and though much of it is necessarily a compilation, the great economic value of the minerals as fertilising agents renders it a most acceptable work. It was originally written as a thesis for the degree of Ph.D. at Harvard University. Prof. Shaler, in an introduction, explains that this report is to be regarded as part of a wide inquiry into the subject of phosphatic manures, involving both chemical and geological questions, which can only be successfully carried out by the co-operation of the geological surveys with the experimental agricultural stations in the United States.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

English Dialect Society.—(*Annual Meeting, Manchester, Monday, April 8.*)

H. T. Crofton, Esq., in the chair.—The attendance, which was larger than usual, included Alderman Joseph Thompson, Prof. T. N. Toller (Owens College), Messrs. Edwin Waugh, Charles W. Sutton, Henry Mathwin (Southport), G. H. Swindells, Charles Madeley (Warrington Public Museum and Library), and D. F. Howorth (Ashton-under-Lyne).—Mr. John H. Nodal, hon. secretary, read the annual report. During the past year no fewer than seven publications have been sent to the members, the issues including not only those for 1888, but the volumes in arrear for 1886 and 1887. The whole of the arrears have thus been cleared off, and the society is again abreast of its work. The first publication for 1889 will be *Words in use in the Wapentakes of Manley and Corringham, Lincolnshire.* By Edward Peacock. Second, revised, and enlarged edition, in two volumes. The first edition was published by the society in 1877. It contained about 290 pages. In the new edition there are nearly 700 pages. Mr. Peacock in his preface states that the new edition "has been so much enlarged and modified that it may not unfairly be called a new work." It has now been decided to bring the society to a close in 1892. In order to accomplish this the publication of some promised volumes will have to be abandoned, as, for example, the Index to *Notes and Queries*, the collection of Public School Words, and the reprint of Edward Fitzgerald's *Sea Words and Phrases of the Suffolk Coast.* As regards the Index to the Provincialisms in *Notes and Queries*, which has been promised since the beginning of the society, and partly executed by its members, the task of completion has been handed over to the editor of the Dialect Dictionary, in which all the *N. and Q.* references will be verified and incorporated. The number of members is 196, and of libraries 52, making a total of 248—a considerable decrease as compared with last year. The falling-off is partly due to deaths, but mainly to a thorough over-hauling of the list of members, and the exclusion from it of

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several who had not previously intimated their withdrawal from the society. Mr. Nodal added that the preparations for the English Dialect Dictionary, which is to be edited by the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer, and the publication of which will be undertaken by the Cambridge University Press, had made great progress during the past year; and an interesting account of the present state of the work would be issued as an appendix to the English Dialect Society's report.—Mr. George Milner, treasurer, submitted the annual financial statement, which showed that the year began with a balance of £466 in hand, and the receipts, including £223 from members' subscriptions and £48 from the sales of books, amounted to £739. The expenditure, which included the printing and binding of the books, amounted to £664, which left a balance of £76 in hand. Mr. Milner explained that the reduced balance was accounted for by the fact that the society had fallen behind considerably in the issue of books, and the balance in hand at the beginning of last year was required to pay for the printing and publication of books, some of which belonged to previous years. The society was now abreast of its work; there were no arrears of printing to be carried on, and he thought they started with a fair and proper balance. He had received a letter from Prof. Skeat, regretting his inability to be present, and expressing his gratification at the decision to bring the society to a close in 1892.—The Chairman moved the adoption of the report and financial statement. He said he regretted the absence of Prof. Skeat, who really might be regarded as the father of this society and of its offshoot, the English Dialect Dictionary. The society had now been in existence since 1873; and it was satisfactory to know they were approaching the completion of the work for which the society was formed — a work which was not undertaken a moment too soon, for in these days of railways, when every part of the country was brought into communication, the dialects were doomed to extinction. They were disappearing more rapidly in some districts than in others. It was necessary to have had such a society as this to obtain labourers to gather the vast harvest of words. He was glad to see from the report that they were once more abreast of the work, and had the substantial result of fifty-nine works. The republishing of Mr. Peacock's Lincolnshire Glossary was money well spent, for the work had been thoroughly well done. He was glad to see that the third and concluding part of the Lancashire Glossary was promised at an early date. It had been a long time on the road, and he only hoped that it would be as good as the other parts. The headquarters of the society were in this county, but no one could accuse them of being selfish, for out of the fifty-nine volumes issued only one was a Lancashire Glossary. Yorkshire had been indulged to the extent of a dozen, and two more were promised. The chairman referred at some length to the guttural sound, which had been greatly used at one time in some parts of the country, especially in Lancashire, but which was now rapidly disappearing. There were initial, medial, and final gutturals, and he hoped Mr. Hallam, or some other gentleman, would direct his inquiries as to the use of the guttural sound.—Mr. Henry Mathwin (Southport) seconded the motion. He expressed the great pleasure which he derived from his connexion with the society, and said he owed a debt of gratitude to Mr. Nodal and Mr. Milner for their work. He was certain no member of the society had derived more positive pleasure than himself from the perusal of the volumes issued year by year. He enjoyed half hours with the best authors, and half hours with the microscope, but the best half hours he spent were when one of the new books issued by the society entered his house. He was not at all sure that he could rejoice that they were likely to close in the year 1892, but he hoped the finish would be vigorous and healthy. Although not a Lancashire man he had always been struck with the presence of the guttural in the county. He lived at Bolton for ten years, and he delighted in listening to the old people in the neighbourhood using the guttural, the sound being specially noticable in such words as "higher" and "enough." He did not think linguists gave the attention to the matter which it deserved. He hoped some attention would be given to the strip of land which lay between the mouth of Douglas and Waterloo, a district which had not been hunted over as it should have been. The vocabulary of the people there was very limited, and their conversation did not comprise more than three or four hundred words.—Mr. Edwin Waugh said a person attempting to give a true phonetic representation of a dialect with which he was not thoroughly acquainted was in extreme danger of being misled. They should, therefore, be rather careful in accepting words as genuine for which they had no verification. In his youth he was so habitually in contact with the people in whose mouths that dialect lived that he learned it and used it habitually. Properly to know and record a dialect, it was necessary for a man to know the people who used it, and the application of the words in the daily life of the people. A stranger, however fine his ear might be, could not do the work without being liable to many mistakes. The guttural ran all over the North of England.—Prof. Toller proposed the election of the council for the ensuing year. He said the society had done such good work, and had such good claims upon the people, that it was rather regrettable that it should die out in the way proposed He hoped, however, the Dictionary would continue the work begun by the society. The English language had much to to thank the dialects for. Modern English could not hold its own with the foreign languages, but turn in the dialects and where were the foreigners? Dialects had in many cases been the asylum for words which were the exiles and outlaws of the ordinary dictionary, but the people fell back upon them. The subject altogether was an interesting one, and it was a matter for regret that out of a population of thirty millions the society could only draw together a membership of something under 200. But he hoped they had exercised an influence which would not die out for all time.

Royal Asiatic Society.—(*Monday, April 15.*) Sir Thomas Wade, president, in the chair.—Mr. Edward G. Browne read an account of his researches and experiences among the Bábís in Persia between the autumns of 1887 and 1888. Having stated the objects of his paper, viz.—to place some of the results of his inquiries before the public, and, by pointing out the unsatisfactory nature of our present knowledge, to induce others to devote attention to it—Mr. Browne proceeded to describe the difficulty he had experienced in finding the Bábís and gaining their confidence, until at Isfahàn he accidentally met one of them, who introduced him to one of their leading men, by whose recommendations he was enabled, during the remainder of his stay in Persia, to associate on terms of intimacy with the Bábís of Shíráz, Yezd, and Kirmán. He spoke at some length of the execution, about ten years ago, of the "Martyrs of Isfahán"—two much-respected merchants of that town, who suffered death for their creed; and he described a visit to their graves. In connexion with this event, sundry predictions and prophecies of Behá (the present head of the sect, who is now at Acre) were mentioned. A description of a certain Sheykh, who acts as courier between Acre and Southern Persia, and some of his adventures, was next given; after which the new writing invented by the sect, their peculiar seals, their method of salutation, and their alteration of the fast from Ramazán to the nineteen days preceding the Persian New Year's Day, or Nawrúz, were adverted to; as well as the practical limitations of the reforms intended by the Báb with regard to the abolition of the veil, the seclusion of women, and the restrictions of polygamy and divorce. The Bábís were then defended from the accusations sometimes brought against them of wine-drinking, immorality, and communism, which were shown to be generally slanders invented by their enemies. Their generosity to one another, and their readiness to associate on friendly terms with those of other creeds, whom they do not, like the majority of Shí'a Muhammadans, regard as impure, were also noticed. The different classes of minds attracted by Bábíism were then described, and divided into four categories—(1) those who, having been rigorous Muhammadans, saw in the new creed a fulfilment and perfecting of the old, and who regarded the Báb as the promised, and long-expected, Imám Madhí; (2) those desirous of reform and progress; (3) mystics, who regarded Bábíism as a systematised Súfíism; and (3) enthusiasts filled with admiration for the person and character of the Báb. The latter part of the paper was devoted to a discussion of certain points in the history of the sect, concerning which different authorities disagree widely. The new materials for this investigation, consisting of certain Bábí MSS. obtained by the writer of the paper in Persia, were described and quoted. By means of these several important dates, including the birth of the Báb about A.D. 1824, were fixed. The history of the sect subsequently to the Báb's death in July, 1850, was then briefly sketched, as well as the schism which divided it, in 1866, into two parties, Behá'ís and Ezelís, of which the former are, at the present day, by far the more numerous. An account of Behá, the spiritual chief of the first-mentioned division, was then given, and the paper concluded with a chronological table of the chief events in the history of the Bábís from their origin till the present day.—An interesting discussion followed, in which Sir Fred. Goldsmid, Sir Murdoch Smith, Gen. Schindler, Gen. Maclagan, Mr. Kay, and Mr. Hyde Clarke took part.

FINE ART.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

The second ordinary general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund since its incorporation as a society (its sixth since the foundation of the Fund in 1883) was held on Friday, April 12, in the large room of the Zoological Society, 3 Hanover Square, the president, Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G., in the chair. There were present Prof. Reginald Stuart Poole, LL.D., vice-president of the fund; Miss Amelia B. Edwards, LL.D., vice-president and honorary secretary; H. A. Grueber, Esq., F.S.A., honorary treasurer; Hellier Gosselin, Esq., secretary; the Hon. Henry White, American chargé d'affaires; Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart.; the Right Hon. George Cubitt, M.P.; R. N. Cust, Esq., LL.D.; E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., LL.D., principal librarian of the British Museum; Edward A. Bond, Esq., C.B.; Henry Howorth, Esq., M.P.; T. H. Bayliss, Esq., Q.C.; J. S. Cotton, Esq.; T. Farmer Hall, Esq.; &c., &c.

The proceedings were opened by the chairman, who called upon the secretary to read the list of members of committee who were retiring in rotation, and the list of members recommended for re-election. The Rev. W. MacGregor, local hon. secretary for Tamworth, and Miss M. L. Herbert, local hon. secretary for the south-east metropolitan district, were recommended for election as new members of committee. The president then declared the order of business (following the election of members of committee and other officers) to be as follows: (1) report of the hon. treasurer; (2) report of the hon. secretary; (3) report of Miss Barlow, local hon. secretary for Bolton; (4) distribution of antiquities.

Mr. Grueber, hon. treasurer, then read his financial report for the year 1887-8, and presented the balance-sheet, which marked another period of success in the annals of the Fund. The total expenditure for the year 1887-8 had been £2341 19s. 11d., which was made up of the following items: (1) excavations on the sites of Bubastis and the city of Onias, and part of the expenses of transport of antiquities to Alexandria, £1564 13s. 1d.; (2) publications, including illustrating and packing *Tanis I.* and *Naukratis I.*, printing *Goshen* and the third edition of *Pithom*, £295 18s. 2d.; (3) package, carriage and repairs of antiquities, £118 14s. 9d.; (4) books for the circulating library, £10; (5) rent of office, secretarial expenses, printing, stationery, postage, &c., £352 13s. 11d. The total receipts for the corresponding period were £2563 4s. 11d., the chief items being: (1) Sub-

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scriptions, £2500 1s. 2d., which might be subdivided into European subscriptions, £1300 1s. 2d (which sum includes the Special Transport Fund,* amounting to £390 2s. 6d.); and American subscriptions amounting to £1200. (2) Sale of publications and reports, £63 3s. 6d. As compared with the financial report of last year (1886-7) the results were as follows: In 1886-7 the gross expenditure was £1516 6s. 10d., as against £2341 19s. 11d. for 1887-8; and the gross receipts for 1886-7 were £1718 13s. 11d., as against £2563 4s. 11d. in 1887-8; the home receipts through subscriptions for 1887-8 being £565 17s. 2d. in excess of those in 1886-7, and the American subscriptions for the same period having increased by £340. In the receipts from sale of publications there was a falling-off of £47 0s. 9d. during 1887-8 as compared with the previous year; but since July 31 this lost ground had been more than recovered, Miss Edwards alone having sold memoirs of the Fund amounting to £102 7s. 6d.; while the balance-sheet showed that on July 31, Messrs. Trübner's sale list showed them to be indebted to the Fund in the sum of £82 1s. 10d. A comparison of the cash balance for 1886-7 and 1887-8 showed for the former year a sum of £2310 16s. 2d., and for the latter year £2532 1s. 2d. Mr. Grueber further stated that, since the accounts were closed at the end of the financial year, the expenses of the Fund had been very considerable. During that period some heavy accounts had been paid for printing, illustrating, and binding *Tanis II.*, *Naukratis II.*, and the third edition of *Pithom*, &c., amounting to £540 4s. 4d. A further sum of £600 had been drawn for excavations at Bubastis. The transport expenses were much heavier than could have been anticipated, namely £1398. The result was that on April 11 last, the balance at the bank was reduced to £1282 5s. 5d.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, hon. sec., found herself compelled to depart from her usual programme; for, when the members and subscribers met in that room on May 9, 1888,† the season's work for the year was already over, and she had on that occasion not only forestalled the statement which in due course should have been made to-day (April 12), but she had placed the results of the explorations before them in a series of photographic views shown by the oxyhydrogen lantern. Since then, another season had come and gone; consequently she was now compelled to forestall her report for 1889. That duty, however, would not take long to perform; for all—or nearly all—that the ruins of the Great Temple of Bubastis ‡ had to yield in the way of architecture and sculpture was laid bare in the course of 1887 and 1888. Her hearers would remember that the *disjecta membra* of the whole temple—and that a temple of the first magnitude—were found buried in one grave, leaving little to be discovered during the season just past. This season's work, nevertheless, had been far from unimportant. To clear up the site was as necessary a part of M. Naville's work as to open it. What he began in 1887 he carried on in 1888 and finished in 1889. In the search for inscriptions he had literally left no stone unturned in that vast area. Every block had been lifted and rolled; every basrelief reproduced in paper casts; every inscription copied. Nothing, in short, had now been left for any future investigator to discover. Even though the results had been negative rather than positive, it was a source of great satisfaction to the society that this task had been performed. The only large work of art found this year was a colossal group of two figures in red granite. Several inscriptions, however, had turned up; as, for instance, part of a large tablet in praise of Rameses II.; an inscription of Usertesen I., showing that the earliest temple built upon this site was still standing at the beginning of the XIIth Dynasty; and, most startling of all, two inscriptions which carry back the date of that earliest temple to 4000 B.C.: namely, one containing the throne-name of Khafra (Chephren), the builder of the Second Pyramid, and one containing the so-called "banner-name" of Khufu (Cheops), the builder of the Great Pyramid. The history, therefore, of the famous temple of Bast is now seen to extend from the time of Khufu to the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes the Second, thus extending over a period of more than four thousand years. A large number of erased inscriptions had also been found. Before leaving Tell Basta, M. Naville had made a tentative excavation in a spot near the Great Temple, which has long been identified with the Temple of Thoth, described by Herodotus as "the temple of Hermes." This excavation disclosed only a few blocks bearing the names of Osorkon II. and Rameses II., and a large tablet recording donations made to various temples. With regard to the campaign of next year, Miss Edwards hoped that some new site, not less valuable than Tell Basta, would be selected. In conclusion, Miss Edwards would add one or two facts to the report of the hon. treasurer, which, as an official document, covered only the official year, ending with July 31, 1888. She desired to say, unofficially, that, since the date of the special general meeting on May 9, 1888, two hundred new European subscribers had joined the society. Eleven new local honorary secretaries had also joined, thus raising the staff of local representatives to a total of thirty-seven. All were doing excellent work in spreading the reputation of the society and adding substantially to its income.

The president then invited Miss Edwards to give some account of the sculptures just arrived in this country from the site of the Great Temple of Bubastis.

Miss Edwards said that she had been requested by the committee to inspect and report upon the monuments which had been ceded to the society by the Egyptian Government, and that she accordingly went to Liverpool on March 13, where the monuments had just been disembarked from the hold of the steamship *Mareotis*, from Alexandria. On arriving at the docks, Miss Edwards found twenty-seven large packing-cases in Messrs. Moss's shed, and ten colossal objects, without cases, lying on the open quay—namely, part of the shaft of a red granite column, polished, and inscribed with large and deeply cut hieroglyphs; a magnificent "lotus-bud" capital in two pieces, each from 12 ft. to 14 ft. in length, and about 5 ft. in diameter; a colossal torso of a king in red granite, of archaic style; three large fragments of a red granite shrine, exquisitely sculptured in very low relief, and bearing the cartouches of Nectanebo I.; while, towering above all the rest, rose the enormous black granite trunk, legs, and throne of the colossal statue of Apepi, last and greatest of the Hyksôs kings. Miss Edwards then learned that the captain of the *Mareotis* having declined to take more than a certain number of cases on board, these ten fragments had been unpacked at Alexandria, and bedded in a cargo of beans in the hold of the steamer. In an enormous case, also on the open quay, was a great Hathor-head capital in red granite from the hypostyle hall of the temple, which could only be seen by standing on a scaffolding, and looking down the inner side of the case. The effect of this beautiful face, seen from above, was most extraordinary. It measured some six feet from chin to brow, and was, literally, without flaw or scratch. Very fine, also, was a large red granite slab, carved in low relief with full length portraits of Osorkon II. and his wife Karoama. Passing from the quay to the shed, Miss Edwards examined the contents of the whole of the cases. She was amazed at the number, size, variety and splendour of their contents, which represented, not a selection, but a museum of ancient Egyptian sculpture. Here were four more pieces of the hieroglyphed column on the quay, which when erected will have palm-capital, shaft and base complete; another fine slab from the festival hall of Osorkon II.; another archaic torso in red granite, the counterpart of the one on the quay—these were evidently the upper halves of two statues which originally had been placed on either side of a doorway; a fine black granite statue of heroic size, in two pieces, representing Rameses II., enthroned; another block of the shrine of Nectanebo I.; a black granite statue of Bast, the tutelary goddess of the temple; seven cases of limestone blocks carved in basrelief, from a temple dedicated to Hathor by Ptolemy Soter, at Terraneh, in the Western Delta; and, most valuable and important of all, a case containing the black granite head of the colossal statue of Apepi. Miss Edwards described this head as a masterpiece of ancient art, instinct with individuality, and displaying in a marked degree the ethnical characteristics of the Mongolian race. The date of Apepi might be approximately stated at 1700 B.C. The two archaic torsos were, apparently, the most ancient pieces of sculpture discovered in the ruins; and Miss Edwards mentioned that it was Prof. Stuart Poole's opinion that they represented Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid (fourth dynasty), whose "banner-name" occurs in the oldest historical inscription discovered in the course of the excavations. Miss Edwards then went on to say that, in consequence of the enormous expenses already incurred, it had been deemed advisable to despatch direct from Liverpool such objects as were destined for re-shipment, in order to avoid the cost of sending them to London. It had therefore devolved upon her to make the selections for America, Australia, Liverpool, and Manchester. This was a very anxious task, which she had discharged to the best of her judgment by sending to the United States monuments especially representative of the fine arts of ancient Egypt, and by reserving for the British Museum those of a more strictly historical character. Knowing that many of the subscribers had wished to see the great "lotus-bud" capital in the British Museum, Miss Edwards felt somewhat alarmed at having to tell them that she had ventured to send that piece to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and had reserved instead for the British Museum the inscribed column with the palm capital. The British Museum, moreover, had long possessed a small, but very perfect "lotus-bud" column complete in black granite, whereas the national collection possessed no specimen of the "palm" order. The great Hathor capital had long since been promised to the American subscribers; and as these Hathor capitals had been added by Osorkon II. to the "lotus-bud" columns of the hypostyle hall, the one was historically the complement of the other. It was therefore necessary to send both together. In conclusion, Miss Edwards observed that if the society had incurred an extraordinary expense in the exploration of this temple and the transport of monuments, they had been rewarded by a very liberal share of the sculptures discovered.

* The Special Transport Fund, subsequently increased to a total of £492 4s. 6d., was contributed for the purpose of bringing over colossal monuments from Bubastis. This fund was entirely raised by Miss Amelia B. Edwards.

† See the ACADEMY, May 19, 1888.

‡ See "The Excavation of the Great Temple of Bubastis," by E. Naville, the ACADEMY, No. 832, April 14, 1888.

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Miss Annie E. F. Barlow, local hon. secretary for Bolton, Lancashire, next read her report of a recent visit to Pithom, Tanis, Tell Defenneh, Naukratis, and Tell-el-Yahoudieh—sites excavated by the Fund. At Tell-el-Yahoudieh, Miss Barlow found the *sebakh* diggers rapidly demolishing the remains of the mound. Here, she visited the Jewish cemetery discovered by M. Naville in 1887, and found that every portable object, including the pillow bricks, upon which the heads of the dead had rested, had been abstracted by the natives. The visit to Pithom was somewhat difficult of achievement, involving a long night journey in a luggage train. Here, the store-chambers were rapidly filling again with drifted sand, which is not to be regretted as it will tend to their better preservation. The journey to Tanis was accomplished partly by water, in an old disused cotton boat, and partly on horseback across the desert. Miss Barlow gave a highly picturesque description of the temple area, with its sphinxes, obelisks, colossi, and fallen blocks, comparing it to a great object lesson in Egyptian history. At Nebesheh, there was little to be seen beyond the remains of the great shrine of Uati; the most interesting sight at this place was a camp of rich Bedouins, who welcomed Miss Barlow and her brother to their tents, showed them their fine horses and hooded falcons, and accompanied them for some distance across the plain.

Prof. Stuart Poole proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Barlow, which was seconded by Miss Edwards, who was then called upon by the chairman to read the list of donations destined for the British Museum, namely:

1. A fine column of the Egyptian "palm-order," in polished red granite, with palm capital, shaft, and base complete—the shaft inscribed with hieroglyphic characters.

2. The upper half of a colossal statue of a king in red granite—archaic style.

3. Three large fragments of a shrine in polished red granite, beautifully sculptured in very low relief; period of Nectanebo I. (XXXth Dynasty).

4. A large slab of red granite carved in basrelief with portrait figures of King Osorkon II. and his wife, Queen Karoama (XXIInd Dynasty).

5. A colossal statue in polished black granite of the celebrated Hyksôs King Apepi, in four pieces—the finest piece of Egyptian portrait sculpture known.

The Right Hon. George Cubitt, M.P., being requested to propose the grant, expressed his regret that it was not found possible to exhibit the objects in London, that they might have been seen all together, as they were seen by Miss Edwards at Liverpool; but he quite admitted that the additional expense would have been unjustifiable. It was a great gratification to know that a selection of monuments of priceless value would find their way to the British Museum, where, he had no doubt, they would be received with as much pleasure as it gave the society to offer them. He congratulated the society upon the way in which the large sum of £2500 had been spent, since it was assuredly money well laid out. The discoveries at Tell Basta had thrown an unexpected light on ancient history, and he need now only congratulate those who had taken so large a part in the work, and conducted it with so much energy, foresight, and skill.

Mr. R. N. Cust, hon. secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, seconded the resolution.

Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, principal librarian of the British Museum, returned thanks on behalf of the trustees for this great donation, which had already arrived at the Museum, and was deposited in the portico, awaiting formal entry. The objects were sent there previous to presentation, it being no easy matter to move thirty tons of granite. Mr. Maunde Thompson regretted that his friend and colleague, Mr. Le Page Renouf, keeper of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, was unable to be present, as he (Mr. Maunde Thompson) was not qualified to speak with due knowledge of the beauty and value of the donation. He could not, however, forbear to express his admiration of the statue of Apepi, of the fine bas-relief of Osorkon and Karoama, and of the very delicate and beautiful execution of the shrine of Nectanebo I. These very interesting antiquities would be placed as nearly as possible in proper chronological order, and everything would be done to put the statue of Apepi together in the best manner. How the kings of other dynasties would approve of a Hyksôs invader again coming among them could not, however, be foreseen. It was the duty of the keepers to guard the sculptures by day, but it was impossible to say what they might do at night, when left to themselves, or to what extent Thothmes III. and Rameses the Great might wreak their vengeance on the detested Apepi.

The hon. secretary then read the proposed grant to the city of Geneva of a statue of Rameses II., enthroned, of heroic size, in polished black granite; also to the university of Sydney, New South Wales, of the capital of a red granite column, sculptured on two sides with a colossal head of the goddess Hathor.

These donations were moved by Prof. Stuart Poole, who reminded his hearers that the museum of the university of Sydney was founded by Sir Charles Nicholson, then chairman of the senate, who gave to that institution his own choice collection, formed by himself in Egypt. At Sydney, the fund had supporters of large means and great generosity. It was, therefore, only right that the society should do something for Sydney, seeing that Sydney had done so much for the society. In giving to Geneva this fine statue of Rameses the Great, it was to be remembered that Geneva and the illustrious Swiss nation had given to the fund M. Naville, an Egyptologist of the first rank, and the discoverer of the grandest monuments ever excavated at the expense of the society.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Henry Howorth, M.P., who wished to say that there were two works which he should like to see undertaken by the Fund—works which he deemed essential to the great cause in hand: (1) To bring pressure to bear upon the government in every possible way, in order to have the existing monuments of Egypt properly protected; it having been a perpetual scandal during our occupation of that country that the monuments were being destroyed more rapidly than ever. (2) That the fund should undertake to copy as many monumental inscriptions as possible throughout the country; such inscriptions being in course of rapid disappearance. Such a work would be a Corpus Inscriptionum of the highest value. Scientifically speaking, this would be as great a work as any excavation which could be proposed. Many persons were of opinion that the monuments discovered should remain *in situ*. But in Egypt, sculptures when uncovered were doomed to certain destruction at the hands of the Arab and the traveller, and were never safe until placed within the walls of a museum. He was very glad that some of the best of the monuments discovered at Tell Basta should be sent to the United States of America, where there were many thousands of students who have no opportunity of going to Egypt and seeing such objects face to face.

Sir Charles Nicholson returned thanks, at some length, for the university of Sydney.

Miss Edwards, in proposing the donation to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A., observed that this was one of the pleasantest duties she had annually to perform in connexion with the Egypt Exploration Fund. The gratitude of the society to their American supporters found its expression in these donations; and she might say with truth that they had never before given utterance to their goodwill in terms so weighty and so colossal. The objects to be presented from Bubastis were (1) the colossal Hathor-head capital in red granite; (2) the upper half of a colossal statue of a king in red granite, the companion to which had just been voted to the British Museum; (3) a colossal lotus-bud capital in two pieces, from the hypostyle hall of the temple; (4) a red granite slab in basrelief from the festival hall of Osorkon II. Also, from the site of a temple to Hathor founded by Ptolemy Soter at Terraneh (the ancient Termuthis)—two very interesting basrelief slabs in limestone. The remains of this temple were discovered and excavated by Mr. F. Llewellyn Griffith in 1888. The Fund was thus offering to America specimens of the art of the Great Temple of Bubastis, dating from the time of the IVth Dynasty, 4000 B.C., down to the time of the XXIInd Dynasty, *circa* B.C. 960, including a noble example of XIIth Dynasty work in the monster lotus-bud capital. The sculptures from Terreneh, on the other hand, represented the art of the Ptolemaic period under its most engaging aspect, and were especially interesting from the fact that very few works of the reign of Ptolemy Soter were known. In asking the members present to vote this donation, Miss Edwards reminded them that America had contributed no less than £1200 towards the excavation of the great historic site which had yielded such an extraordinary wealth of colossal objects. Miss Edwards concluded with a cordial reference to the great services of Dr. Winslow, their vice-president and hon. treasurer for America, to whom the society was deeply indebted for the zeal with which he had popularised the work of the Fund in the United States, and to whom his fellow-countrymen were no less indebted for the splendid monuments with which, through his exertions, the Boston collection had been enriched.

Prof. Stuart Poole, in seconding this resolution, pointed out how the American subscription was given in trust and entirely without conditions. It was therefore impossible for the society to do less than give them of the best which they had to give. The finest historical object (*i.e.*, the statue of Apepi) had been voted to the British Museum, and the finest artistic object (*i.e.*, the great Hathor head) to the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, thus making them equal. The committee felt that what Miss Edwards had done was thoroughly right, and for all that had been done she had their sanction and support.

The Hon. Henry White, American chargé d'affaires, said that he had great pleasure in accepting this valuable and important donation—the most important which had yet been sent to the United States. There was certainly no country in the world in which people were more interested in matters which bore upon Bible history; and there was no country in which people contributed more liberally to such enterprises as those conducted by the Egypt Exploration Fund. The Americans were naturally interested in a special degree in the work of the Fund, and he should have been sorry had his fellow countrymen been behindhand in supporting it.

Warned by the lateness of the hour, the president said that, in order to shorten their programme, he would himself propose the donations to Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, and other provincial museums. The subscrip-

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tions from those places, and the donations they had given to the Special Transport Fund, were very liberal; and he was sure that all present would with great pleasure agree in voting these gifts.

The resolution was carried by acclamation.

Prof. Stuart Poole then proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman for the admirable way in which he had conducted the business of the meeting.

Mr. Bond, late principal librarian of the British Museum, seconded this resolution, and especially congratulated the president and the society on their harmonious relations with other countries.

The president expressed his acknowledgments, and the meeting terminated.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

BY the absence of the works of Mr. Stirling Lee and Mr. Havard Thomas the exhibition of the New English Art Club is deprived, for the most part, of the sculptures which were of assistance in giving to it variety and charm. Some measure of variety is, however, still secured by the inclusion of pictorial work in many methods and mediums. Thus, there will be a decorative figure-drawing in pastel by Mr. Whistler by the side of a flower piece in water-colour by Mr. Francis James, and a study in silver point by Mr. George Thomson by the side of such an exquisite aquatint as Mr. Frank Short's "Rye Pier." And, of course, there are oil pictures by the dozen, from Mr. Walter Sickert's last and most successful transcript of music-hall illumination and music-hall character to Mr. Sidney Starr's always refined and, one may say, distinguished treatment of suburban roadside, or of the man of the moment in evening attire. Let us, however, be a little more systematic in our procedure, and begin with the first interesting picture—that of Mr. Francis Bate, "I like him; but he loves me." This picture may possibly be faulty, but we consider it engaging. Mrs. Delissa Josephs's "Verve" presents with vivacity a person who is on the verge of impertinence. The "Hetty" of Mr. Roussel is a refined study. Mr. Tuke's "Bathers" have little of this flexibility and grace, but *en revanche* the open-air light is upon them, and the sunshine of summer. Mr. Lavery persuades us with ease that the portrait of the person he paints is the portrait of a lady. Mr. Fred Brown takes up the task of the seventeenth-century Dutchman, Schalcker, in his elaborate and finely finished candle-light subject, "An Old Man Reading." Dainty enough and justifiably to most men's taste is the "Whelp in the Path," by Mr. George Morton. The "Still-Life" of M. Blanche is harmonious in colour and delicate in light; what it wants is perspective. The contributions of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Clausen, of Mr. Maitland and Mr. Mark Fisher, of Mr. Gotch and Mr. Paterson, are likely to be noticed. Let us hasten to say that Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's portrait of a tall, slim lady, with intelligent visage, with folded hands, with silvery-grey furs, is, at all events when we consider its scale, the most delightful and the most decorative of the portraits here, though Mr. Solomon and Mr. Shannon are not unrepresented in the gallery. We like the "Sofa" by Mr. Wilson Steer, not much the less because the influence of so original an artist as M. Claude Monet is distinctly traceable in its orange and blue. Mr. Arthur Tomson is poetic in his "Moonrise on the Marsh"; Mr. Nelson Dawson is always refined and delicate in his perception; and Mr. Guthrie has a portrait of a divine, executed with commendable finesse, yet without loss of directness. Mr. Trythall Rowe is very bright in "On the Towing-Path." Mr. Stanhope Forbes sends "The Bridge"—not a bad picture; but Mr. Forbes, like several other artists here, reserves his best work for another place. Am I suffered, in speaking of him, to say how amusing it was to read the other day in a monthly periodical that writers upon art had required to be told by painters of Mr. Forbes's merits before they saw them for themselves. We will end by calling attention to a curious clever thing by Mr. Vos—"Docks Extension at Ostend." Of course, it is without prettiness. Not equally, of course, is it without composition. But there is merit in the chaos of it. The place has really been seen, even if the artist has lacked quite the dexterity to put it into a picture.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROGRESS OF PELASGIC CIVILISATION.

Athens: April 15, 1889.

Mr. Talfourd Ely in the friendly notice of my informal talk at the American School of Archaeology, printed in the ACADEMY of April 6, speaks of my "somewhat unorthodox theory of the progress of the Pelasgic civilisation." I do not know what the orthodox theory is; but from the objections which have been raised to mine I conceive it to be pure agnosticism. Mine is based on the study of the remains, and was arrived at in careful avoidance of the historical authorities, so that it was only when my conclusions had been formed that I attempted to confirm them by the preserved traditions, the doctrine of the fathers in archaeology. I have not Pausanias by me as I write, but I think it will be found that he is on my side. He says, as nearly as I can remember (i. 28), that the Pelasgi who built the walls of Athens came from Sicily to Acarnania, which is nearly the itinerary that, in absolute ignorance of his record, I had described (*Journal* of the British and American Archaeological Society of Rome, 1887-88).

W. J. STILLMAN.

[Some interesting letters from Mr. Stillman on his archaeological investigations in Sicily have been appearing in the New York *Nation*. —ED. ACADEMY.]

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. F. HAVERFIELD, of Lancing College, is collecting the Roman inscriptions recently found in England for an article in the *Ephemeris Epigraphica*.

IT is now stated that the Greek Government has withdrawn its license to excavate the site of Delphi from the Americans, as well as from the French, and has given an exclusive privilege to the Hellenic Archaeological Society.

THE private view at the Royal Academy is fixed for Friday in next week, May 3.

NEXT week the one hundred and eleventh exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours will be opened in Pall Mall East; while the Fine Art Society, in New Bond-street, will show a collection of drawings by Mrs. Allingham, entitled "On the Surrey Border."

ON Thursday next, May 2, Messrs. Sotheby will sell a portion of the valuable collection of Bristol porcelain formed by the late Francis Fry, of Cotham, near Bristol, also known as a collector of old Bibles. Many of the finest pieces came from the great Edkins sale. The catalogue is rendered permanently interesting by its illustrations.

M. RODIN has been chosen to execute the monument to Claude Lorraine which is to be erected at Nancy. His design represents the artist standing in a contemplative attitude, with his palette on his thumb. On the pedestal two swift horses bear the Genius of Light, torch in hand.

M. FRÉMIET has become dissatisfied with his well-known and, in many respects, admirable equestrian statue of Joan of Arc. The Salon will contain the model of a new statue which he intends to erect at his own expense in the place of the other in the Place des Pyramides. It is to be hoped that the original work, which has delighted so many, will be carefully preserved and erected elsewhere.

A SCHOOL for the art of restoring pictures (the first of its kind) is about to be founded by the Prince Regent of Bavaria.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Senart made some observations upon a number of inscribed stones, found in the Valley of Kabul, which had been communicated to him by Capt. Deane. On one of these stones M. Senart reads, in Indo-Aryan characters, the Greek name "Theodamas," preceded by the character "su." It will be remembered that certain Bactrian coins are similarly inscribed ΣΤ ΕΡΜΑΙΟΥ; but no interpretation has been given of the prefix (Gardner's *Catalogue of Indian Coins in the British Museum*, pp. 65, 120). Another stone bears the purely Indian name "Puñamata," in characters closely resembling those on the coins of the Indo-Parthian King Gondophares. It would seem that they all date from about the beginning of the Christian era

The Year's Art, 1889. Edited by Marcus B. Huish. (Virtue.) This useful annual is more complete and interesting this year than ever. It again contains a number of portraits of members of the Royal Academy. Some of them, as, for instance, those of Mr. John Brett and Mr. W. B. Richmond, are excellent; the worst is that of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, who looks as if he had black hair. The miniature reproductions of the pictures of the year are remarkably clear and good. On the whole the work is a model of what such a book should be.

THE Fine Art Society have recently published an etching by Mr. A. Wallace Rimington of unusual size and skill. The subject is "Nuremburg," and presents the north side of the Frauenkirche with the market place and fountain beyond. A woman with a stall under a huge umbrella, and a few scattered figures, give life to the scene without destroying the sense of quiet in this old-fashioned corner of the old-fashioned town. Above, the lofty towers and spires rise against the softly clouded sky; below, the side of the church is bathed in shadow, which stretches across the street, and adds to the simple solemnity of the composition. The breadth of shade, which might easily have become heavy and monotonous in less skilful hands, is so enlivened by reflected lights within itself, and by contrast with the sunshine on roof and distance, that the picture as a whole is grave and impressive, without dullness. In rendering the Gothic architecture of church and house, Mr. Rimington has shown sympathy with the gravity of the one and the picturesqueness of the other, but has drawn a wise line between emphasis and exaggeration. Technically the plate shows much mastery and resource, and combines unity of tone and justness of gradation with striking contrasts of light and shade.

WE have received from the Librairie de l'Art artist's proofs of companion etchings called "Les Fiancés" and "La Femme du Marin," by M. Abel Lurat, after pictures by M. Mantelet. Their subjects will probably suffice to ensure them a certain popularity.

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MUSIC.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. F. Lamond gave his second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, April 17. It was, however, something more than a recital, for it included a Trio and a Sonata, the first for pianoforte, violin, and cello, and the second for pianoforte and cello. The first, in the key of B minor, is an early work, and undoubtedly one of good promise. The thematic material is interesting and the workmanship excellent; but Mr. Lamond has a fault which is unfortunately only too common—that of diffuseness. It was the besetting sin of Schubert, but his lengths were "heavenly"; genius is a law unto itself. In the Sonata the writing is of a similar kind, with, perhaps, more leaning towards virtuosity in the pianoforte part. Mr. Lamond, as composer, strikes us as being influenced specially by Brahms and Rubinstein.

Mr. Manns's benefit concert at the Crystal Palace, on April 20, was a great success. There was a new work—a Symphony in C minor (Op. 1)—by Mr. F. Cliffe, a native of Bradford, who gained the Titus Salt scholarship at the National Training School in 1876. He is now a teacher of the pianoforte at the Royal College of Music. The first orchestral work of a young composer is generally formal, but Mr. Cliffe already writes with a boldness and freedom which, as a rule, come only with experience. The Symphony was justly described in the book as "ambitious, elevated, and interesting." The opening movement records the impressions produced on the composer by his first visit to Norway; but, as in the Pastoral Symphony, it is "more an expression of feeling than a painting." The Scherzo is full of life. The slow movement strikes one as being somewhat long, but it is full of life and passion. The orchestral colouring is most effective. The opening theme is Wagnerian in character; and, indeed, from various passages in the work we conclude that the composer has been a diligent student of Wagner. The finale is brilliant, and contains some clever contrapuntal writing. The Symphony was magnificently performed, and Mr. Cliffe was most cordially received at the close. It is indeed rare for a novelty to cause such enthusiasm as was displayed on this occasion by the public. Mr. Stavenhagen gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's E flat Concerto. Mdme. Nordica, Mdlle. Tremelli, and Mr. Brereton were the vocalists.

Sir Charles Halle will commence his series of chamber concerts at St. James's Hall on May 10. The programmes will include many interesting novelties: Brahms's new Sonata for piano and violin in D minor; three Quartets, recently published, by Cherubini; Dvorák's Quartet in E (Op. 80); a pianoforte Trio in E flat (Op. 62), by G. Martucci; and Wagner's Album Sonata in A flat.

Herr Richter will commence his usual series of nine concerts on Monday evening, May 6. The programme will include the Vorspiel to "Parsifal," Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, and the "Eroica" Symphony.

Senor Sarasate announces six orchestral concerts on the following Saturday afternoons—May 11, 18, and 25, June 1, 8, and 15. At the first he will play two Concertos: one by E. Bernard, and the other by Mendelssohn. Mr. W. G. Cusins will be the conductor.

The Handel Society (conductor, Mr. F. A. W. Docker) will give an Invitation Concert at the Portman Rooms, Baker-street, on Wednesday evening, May 29. The following music will be performed: Bach's Magnificat in D major; Handel's "Alceste"; Dr. Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens"; Symphony in D major, by Mozart.

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LITERATURE.

Works of T. H. Green. Edited by R. L. Nettleship. Vol. III. Miscellanies and Memoir. (Longmans.)

THE last volume of Green's collected works will appeal to a much larger circle of readers than the two preceding ones. Besides a memoir by the editor, Mr. R. L. Nettleship, this volume contains a number of essays and lectures, some philosophical, some theological, some political, and some educational. They serve to show the strong practical interests which Green possessed; while the memoir supplies them with their setting in the incidents of Green's uneventful, but very full, life.

Philosophy is often associated with the idea of a solitary student pursuing his reflections remote from common interests. But this is not the conclusion which would be drawn even from a superficial acquaintance with the lives of great philosophers. Socrates served in all the capacities of a citizen, and when it was his turn to be a senator, he took a very decided line. Plato tried his hand at making a constitution, with no very encouraging success. All the world knows Aristotle's connexion with Alexander. Spinoza, through his friendship with De Witt, was in the centre of Dutch politics. Even Kant, away in distant Königsberg, was in touch with the great personages and great movements of his day. Fichte was an agitator. Hegel is the author of state documents, and may be said to have had a hand in making the Prussian state. It is extraordinary that the superstition should prevail in England—for what is most characteristic of the great English philosophers is that they were men of affairs. This gave them their flavour of good sense and kept them free both from extravagance and from academic pedantry. Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Berkeley, Shaftesbury, and Mill, were all men of the world, and some of them have left their mark on the history of the nation.

Green is not an exception to the good tradition. The metaphysician is, indeed, always dominant in him. But like most men who are strong enough to be eminent in one department, he could fling himself with energy and effect into others. The "Lectures on Political Obligation" in vol. ii. are unfortunately not worked up into the form of a book, and are difficult reading. Yet, perhaps, they are the most important of his works, and will have the most lasting effect. They deal with a subject which is pre-eminently interesting to Englishmen, and they deal with it in a more English way than we find in most of his other writings. Strange as it may seem to say so of a man who spent a good part of his life in opposing Locke and his followers, we are continually reminded in these lectures of his affinity to Locke. A paper on "Liberal Legislation and Freedom of Contract" in the volume under review gives an idea of Green's position as a politician. He was a strong Liberal. There has been some discussion in the newspapers as to whether he would have been a Home Ruler. The point is not certain from his works; but such discussion is not to be deplored. To dispute about a man's opinions shows, at least, that they are worth understanding. Green's Liberalism was such as is more commonly avowed at the present day than it was twenty years ago. He was a great admirer of John Bright, but the reasons he gave for his views would hardly have been intelligible to Bright. He thought of the individual, less as a person who has rights to defend, than as a person who has capacities at the service of society. As in metaphysics he thought that all things were of God, so in politics he thought that all things were of society, and this without diminishing his jealous regard for the independence of individuals. Here, as elsewhere, Mill, with his noble inconsistencies, marks a point of transition. Mill's intellectual weapons are borrowed from the armoury of individualism, but his whole nature was driving him headlong into socialism.

Green resembled Locke in another respect—in his care for education. Three concluding papers in this volume deal with this subject. It is remarkable, as the editor says, that though his whole life was spent in a university his real interest was in the education of the middle classes. He wanted to save them from two opposite errors—on the one hand, the vulgarity of giving their sons an unsuitable education, because it was that of "gentlemen"; and on the other hand, where this was not possible, of contenting themselves with the beggarly elements of knowledge. He wanted the phrase "the education of a gentleman" to cease to be "a mark of social distinction, because it would be within the reach of all." And he wished to effect this object by a reasonable system of secondary schools, based upon the same principle as that which in Germany divides them into Gymnasia and Real-schulen.

Many of the multitude who have become acquainted with Green's theology through the presentation of it in Mrs. Ward's novel will turn to the theological papers in this volume, and especially, if they have not read them before in their separate form, to the two lay sermons on "The Witness of God" and "Faith." Philosophy and religion were with Green inextricably interwoven. Different minds effect this combination very differently. With some, philosophy has to shape itself according to the demands of religion, which habit, or their feelings, have rendered too sacred to be yielded. Green was not one of these. His nature was obviously intensely religious. He had a good deal of the Puritan in him, and this doubtless helped to make his lectures on the "English Commonwealth" (in this volume) the powerful and interesting work they are. But there was never any discord in his mind between religion and philosophy; or, if there was, his religion followed his philosophy, and became shadowy and indeterminate in proportion as philosophy seemed to make definite dogmas insecure. There is a remarkable essay on "Christian Dogma," in which he treats dogma as the result or the resource of human weakness, when the real and vivid intuition (like St. Paul's) in which religion consists has lost its strength. This intuition he seeks to put on its philosophical basis in the two sermons. All knowledge and all conduct seemed to him to point to the presence of a single principle, or, as he called it, a divine self-consciousness, which is God, and of which each man is in some sort a modification. In the act of faith man returns to his source. Dogma and forms are unimportant in comparison with this; and hence perhaps it was that he thought it unwise not to take advantage of the Christian ordinances as "they are at hand for our refreshment." "We do wrong to ourselves and them if we allow any intellectual vexation at the mode in which they may be presented to us to prevent us from their due use." Some may well think that such a theology is transitional—a step towards something more uncompromising. They will maintain that if a religion as such is to have a permanent hold of the sentiments, it cannot divest itself of forms and dogmas, and that with these it must be not merely apparently, but really, in harmony. It is true that old forms bear new interpretations, and can receive a new spirit, and every new faith has built upon the pre-existing forms. To sublimate away the dogmas of Christianity, while retaining the outward symbols, may seem to be only returning to the primitive simplicity of the religion as it was first taught. But the present case is very different. No mere use of the traditional name can conceal the fact that a changed meaning is being read into ideas, which those who retain them retain only for convenience, and with the full knowledge that they are in themselves unsuitable. There is illusion in every great reform, and the human mind loves to think it is returning to forgotten glories; but such illusions are due to men's simplicity. Once let the illusion be known to be an illusion and the movement of progress, which depends upon it, is paralysed.

But Green's work was throughout that of a philosopher. The strictly philosophical papers in this volume, with the others to help them, will give a very good idea of his metaphysics. Especially characteristic is the essay on "Popular Philosophy in Relation to Life," where Green took up the position to English philosophy which he sought to justify afterwards by his "Introductions to Hume" (vol. i.). This essay is, as the editor rightly says, perhaps the most pregnant of all his writings, and it shows besides of what sustained eloquence Green's style, always elevated, was capable. When a writer's works have appeared at intervals during six years (the *Prolegomena to Ethics*, was published in 1883) some readers will not end the study with the same opinions of their truth as they entertained at the beginning. This will not be due to any variation in Green's own views. It is remarkable how early in life his views became formed, and how fixed they remained. Change there of course is, but it is chiefly seen in the greater caution of his maturer thoughts. He was profoundly affected by Hegel. An early paper on the "Value and Influence of Works of Fiction" is almost a commentary on a passage of Hegel's "Aesthetic." But later (in a review of Prin-

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cipal Caird's "Philosophy of Religion," in the ACADEMY) he expressed a decided distrust of certain features of Hegel's philosophy. There is also a change in his doctrine of sensations, the stumbling-block of his philosophy. Green is always breaking a lance against sensations pure and simple; but in the earlier Introductions to Hume he seems to regard sensation, unqualified by thought, as something physiological. In the *Prolegomena to Ethics*, his last work, he expresses himself with greater caution.

It is impossible to give an accurate idea of a philosophy in a few words, but there are certain very salient points in Green's doctrine. He was continually enforcing, in every subject where they could be applied, two propositions: one concerning man himself, the other concerning the world as a whole. He thought, in the first place, that there was something non-natural or spiritual (not supernatural) in the mind, in virtue of which its experiences could be connected experiences. The other proposition was that the world is intelligible only if we postulate the presence of a single principle, a divine mind or self-consciousness—that is, a mind which is an object to itself. These two propositions are inseparable, and they, in fact, play into each other's hands. Partly it is the analysis of the human mind, which leads to the belief in the divine mind; partly the conviction of the existence of the divine mind is used as a means of exalting the mind of man. The nature of the individual mind is, according to common distinctions, a question of psychology, its relation to God and the world a question of metaphysics. Much of the difficulty of Green's philosophy arises from the combination of a question of psychology with a question of metaphysics. The reasons for the belief in a divine mind of which the human mind is a reproduction under finite conditions seem to me to be far the most instructive part of the philosophy. It is indeed a belief which, in one form or another, lies at the bottom of all thoroughgoing idealism. Such idealism means that there is an affinity between the world and our minds, so that the world is, in some philosophies, described as rational. Knowledge, at least true knowledge, is the assimilation by an individual mind of something which already exists in the world or in the divine mind; conduct, at least good conduct, is only effecting something which, to use a theological phrase, accords with the divine plan of the world. Green calls the single principle of the world a self-consciousness, from its connexion with the human mind; and it is just here where perhaps the greatest difficulty will be felt by most.

A reader of Green will be well-advised in discounting something for Green's having failed to disengage himself completely from the German influences which affected him most powerfully. Partly the matter is one of language. Language always has a great and sometimes a corrupting effect upon thought, and this is particularly likely to be the case when native words are used to represent foreign thoughts. An idea occupies a certain relative place in the whole mass of thought which is the possession of any one people. When it is translated into another language the proportions of the idea may be altered. This seems to be the case with the self and self-consciousness. German habitually uses the reflective verb where English uses an intransitive verb ("sich betragen" for "behave," "sich befinden" for "be" or "fare," "sich erinnern" for "remember"). The use of "sich" and "selbst" is very little more than a way of speaking natural to an introspective people. "Self-consciousness" and "self," when used for "Selbstbewusstsein" and "selbst," imply in English a far greater degree of reflectiveness than belongs to the idea they are used to represent. We commonly, in fact, use "self-consciousness" for a very introspective, often morbidly introspective, state of mind. Properly speaking, Green should use these terms merely to indicate what he thinks is the peculiar nature of the mind's unity—that it transforms everything by what he calls "thought." But endless difficulties are created by the natural English meaning of the terms creeping in under cover of the name into the philosophical idea.

Language seems to account also, at any rate partly, for the attitude Green adopted towards English empirical philosophy. His reader often feels that Green is not coming to close quarters with these men, and one reason appears to be that he takes their language too strictly. They wrote with all the looseness and the inaccuracy of popular English language. Their habit was to speak of things as people knew them in experience and then to analyse them. Thus, to say with Hume that the mind is a succession of states of consciousness is a perfectly permissible description of our experience. Green's answer is that these states of consciousness, if they are to constitute the mind, already contain an element which must be called mind. Now, what this should mean is that the empirical psychology is inaccurate in its analysis of mental states, and supplies no ground for the mind being a unity at all. But Green does not take this purely psychological view. He insists that the mind cannot be a succession of states of consciousness, whereas it is certainly arguable that if you rightly define that phrase the minds we know are such a succession. A person who uses the phrase to stand for the thing is puzzled to know the real meaning of the quarrel, and does not see, therefore, the force of the arguments which are directed to prove that there must be something in our minds which is superior to time and succession.

Whether there is any such spiritual unity in the mind, in a sense which makes the mind disparate with all other things, is a question which cannot be raised here. Green held the view most strongly, and this is the reason of his antagonism to the theory of evolution as used to account for mental action. Nobody would deny that the mind is a different thing from a stone or a plant, but may it not be possible to show the gradations between all these different kinds of things? The force of the opposite conviction is derived from the fact that the mind not only feels, but knows that it feels; not only knows, but knows that it knows—is conscious of its own modes of behaviour. And this is doubtless a most remarkable fact. But in the first place, there have been made attempts to give a psychological history of the fact, and such attempts certainly deserved to be considered. In the next place, that the mind should be occupied about itself, however remarkable, is not something entirely without analogies in lower stages. The mere ability to feel our bodies with our hands or, what is still more striking, to feel one hand with the other, is an instance in point. Here the feeler is also the felt. Or, to take an instance which, if coarse, is pertinent, in biting the lips the organ of eating feeds upon a part of itself. These things suggest that the mystery, if it be a mystery, of self-consciousness, has already begun lower down. Yet we never think of regarding these facts as anything more than remarkable phenomena.

These reflections are made not by way of criticism, but in order to ventilate difficulties which a reader of Green must feel. The difficulties of his system are very palpable. It is a kind of *via media* between the two great ways of English thinking, and correspondingly difficult to fix clearly. Hence, too, even if it were worth while, it is not easy to bring the system under one of the recognised names. Nothing can be further from the truth than to describe it as a system of intuitionism. There is far more affinity in Green to the empirical than to the intuitional school. If we set aside the metaphysics, whole tracts of the *Prolegomena to Ethics* might be adopted by a Utilitarian; and Green's political cousinship to Locke has been already noticed. But to classify a writer is only of the smallest importance. What is important is to study him for himself, and the study of Green will be found to be its own reward. The reader will find the account which Mr. Nettleship gives of the philosophy in his memoir very helpful. Mr. Nettleship had a difficult task to perform in reproducing and in piecing together the fragments of Green's philosophy, and he has done it with admirable skill. At the same time, he would have greatly added to the usefulness of his work if he had taken a more extended view of an editor's functions: if, besides condensing and weaving together Green's doctrines, he had given the reader some indication of how to treat the difficulties which the reader is sure to feel, and of the directions in which Green's teaching might be profitably developed.

S. ALEXANDER.

By Leafy Ways: Brief Studies from the Book of Nature. By Francis A. Knight. Illustrated by E. T. Compton. (Elliot Stock.)

GILBERT WHITE'S letters, which have made Selborne famous, and their author a unique name in literature, would never have found a place in a newspaper a century ago. Yet here we have a reprint of occasional leading articles in the *Daily News* which would have gladdened the heart of that dear old simple-minded observer. One likes to fancy how Gilbert White would have welcomed Mr. Knight had they been contemporaries, and of the talks they would have had together. He would have found a man after his own heart—full of pleasant chat, deeply versed in all the latest literature, gifted with a brilliancy of expression such as the old author never aimed at, even supposing he could have attained it. Indeed, such a book as Mr Knight's present volume was impossible, whatever the writer's abilities, in 1789. It

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is one of the many outcomes of the work which radiates from the movement which recognises Charles Darwin as its centre. The idea of separate creations is past and gone in the scientific world. The principle of evolutions holds the field And the man who is best able to interpret the ways and doings of the animals which we are pleased to call the lower, in the terms of human speech and motive and action, is the best qualified to characterise the habits which he observes. Indeed, perhaps the central feature of Mr. Knight's individuality is his power of anthropomorphisation. This is a long word to use, but I do not see how I can express the idea more briefly. He looks upon birds, and even upon snakes, as if they were each and all endowed with very much the same impulses and reasons for conduct as human beings are. He rationalises his observations upon them on the same lines as he would the actions of men. This is a point which Darwin was fond of insisting upon, especially in his maturer works; but it is even now not sufficiently recognised, although it seems to be so obvious a corollary of evolution. The quality of the mind is indeed the only respect in which these so-called lower animals differ from men. To make the best and the most of life, in the surest and most tangible way, is not that the end to which all evolution leads? It seems impossible to arrogate the axiom only to that which seems to be the highest attainment of the animal world, Linnaeus's *homo sapiens*. A million years hence men may come to believe that their progenitors in this nineteenth century were rather a poor lot after all, judging from what may then be left to them of our best endeavours to elucidate the truth. Darwin gave us the key of knowledge. It was three centuries ago that Bacon gave us the clue whereby to find it. But it took a long time to get its proper expression, even if we have attained it yet. None can tell how soon we may reach, or how long we may have to wait for, its reasonable outcome. Meanwhile Mr. Knight gives us signs of its arrival; and the advance of the daily press, as a means of educating the multitude, anticipates its sway.

The author leads us through all the varying year in a series of delightful chapters. It is hard to single out one as superior to another. His diction has a character of its own. So ingeniously does he blend what he has seen with what he has read, and all in such an original manner, that one feels oneself in the presence of a new master. He transmutes the spirit of the country into the language of the town in a way which appeals alike to the naturalist and to the man of letters. His very table of contents is enough to make a Londoner long for another holiday. "Tenants of a Season" is the title of his first chapter. Here we have the early spring depicted to the life. "A Citizen of the World" is the next, and the jackdaw and the starling attain their apotheosis. "The Promise of May" is full of summer song. The author knows, what novelists ignore, that the song-time of birds generally ceases when the necessity of providing for their offspring begins; that their singing ends with their honeymoon, albeit that recurs with every year of their existence. "A River Path" opens with an angler's paradise, wherein dippers and kingfishers relieve his monotony. In "By Leafy Ways" we get the title of the book, and a very fair sample it is of the whole, one by which anyone who wishes may gauge the rest. Summer is at its height, all nature at its fullest:

"In the gray light of morning, long before the first faint flush of dawn, the magnificent anthem of the song-thrush sounds triumphant over all the voices of awakening earth. The songs of birds, the hum of myriad insects, the rustle of innumerable leaves fill the air throughout the long summer days."

This one quotation is enough to show the rhythmic cadence of Mr. Knight's always simple unaffected words.

"A Rising Generation" depicts the features of the busy nesting-time. "A Cold-blooded Race" is quite an epic of snakes. Here we learn incidentally that *Coronella laevis*—a snake discovered in Hampshire as a species new to Britain only two or three decades ago—is the only kind found in Malta, as well as the only snake that can hold on by its teeth; and the Revised Version of the New Testament is shown to have an advantage over the Authorised Version in its no longer implying that *θηρίον*, in Acts xxviii. 4, meant of necessity a "venomous" beast. In "By Quiet Waters" we have a cruise on the Norfolk Broads. "As Evening darkens" is full of the sounds of night, even when the nightingale has ceased his singing. In August Mr. Knight introduces to us "A Paradise of Birds," and the life of the sable rook brings out his descriptive powers to the uttermost. This is how he ends their history:

"When the sun is down on the horizon, they leave the meadow and go back to the elm trees under the hill. How clearly, as they wing their way far up on the brightening sky, their voices float downward through the twilight air! How sharply out their drifting figures

"On broad wings steering home;
As they seem to sink o'er the shadowy brink
Of the sea of fiery foam,
Where the sun has flung his golden shield
Over the margin grey;
And the cloudy shore is flooded o'er
With a line of gleaming spray."

"Sabrina fair" brings us back again to the angler's haunts, and the exquisite photogravure of Wroxeter is enough to fill even one who had never handled a fishing-rod with envy. A fool at one end and a worm at the other! Verily Mr. Knight makes us long to be such a fool; at least, as he says, "there is always the river, with the charm of its beauty and the magic of its song." Again, he leads us on through pleasant places to the threshold of the autumn. In "All among the Barley" the delaying death of summer finds its *vates sacer*. "The Misty Moorland"—"greater than the wonder of its beauty is the wonder of its solitude"—continues the dirge, with "Footprints on the Sand." But autumn is not done with yet. "The parting Guests" have their day, and the birds are flying, flying south. Too soon, after these delightful reminiscences, comes "The Return of the Field-fare," the herald of the winter which we shall have to endure as best we may. For a break we get "The Summer of Saint Martin," and the story of the voiceless woods. Charles Waterton never wrote a more vivid account of any bird than does our author of the jackdaw as "A great frequenter of the Church." But soon the sadness of winter comes on, and "Sylvan Minstrels" pale before the voices of the spring. "Winter Visitors" have their praises sung, and all the comfort they can give us is picturesquely phrased. "Adapted Plumage" is like a chapter out of Darwin. A few essays more, and we reach the colophon with regret. The gamut of the seasons is at an end.

Still, we have hope that Mr. Knight's powers are not yet exhausted. The *Daily News* has already shown promise that he has more to tell us, in his own fascinating manner, about the humble, unobtrusive denizens of England's "leafy ways."

A word remains to be said regarding the illustrations of the book. Besides the photogravure above referred to, there is another, which takes rank as frontispiece, of a scene in Weston-super-mare's wood, and one, equally charming, of the Broads of Norfolk. Several of the chapters, too, are adorned with woodcuts by Mr. E. T. Compton, worthy of the text, which is not saying little. So vivid indeed are Mr. Knight's essays that the veteran artist, Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, has sent a picture, entitled "Autumn Ways," to this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy, which was suggested by one of them.

HENRY T. WHARTON.

Volumes in Folio. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Elkin Mathews.)

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S second volume appeals wholly, as his first appealed partially, though very unmistakably, to the person known as the "book-lover"—a very different being from the mere "reader," who is, as Mr. Ruskin pleasantly puts it, "filthy and foolish enough" to get books from a circulating library, and to whom a first folio of Shakspere and a "Globe edition" would be equally welcome were not the latter so much cheaper and so much more convenient. The three "Book-lover's Songs" in *My Ladies' Sonnets* which are reprinted have proved Mr. Le Gallienne to be a devout member of the fraternity of bookmen; and still more conclusive proofs of his initiation are provided by *Volumes in Folio*, in which sworn brothers of the rule will recognise the signs and passwords of their order, concealed from the profane vulgar by a cunningly woven veil of charming verse which they, simple souls, will take to be verse and "nothing more."

Since the publication of his maiden volume Mr. Le Gallienne has made advance in the handiwork of his craft. In feeling and form, "the weightier matters of the law," his earlier book failed not, or failed seldom; but in mere style he had clearly something to learn, and it did not require the keen eye of the literary Pharisee to detect deficiencies in his tribute of the "mint, anise, and cummin" of perfect phrasing. The deficit was not serious, but there it was, and of necessity had to be noted—a necessity all the more urgent because, as one of Charles Lamb's favourites might have put it, in the treatment of trifles treatment is not a trifle. The signs of Mr. Le Gallienne's added mastery of his vehicle are to be found not alone in the new work, but in various happy emendations of poems which do not now appear for the first time. In the course of a very hasty colla-

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tion of the two versions of "The Bookman's Avalon" I have found one or two new readings which are little triumphs in their way, because by removing a jarring modern and colloquial note they allow the harmony which belongs to "once upon a time" and "no man's land" to flow on undisturbed. Indeed, Mr. Le Gallienne, unlike Wordsworth, is so uniformly successful in his recasting that he might with advantage have done more of it. In the poem just named the pleasant description of Leigh Hunt's prison study is rather spoiled for the careful reader by a bad false quantity in the rhyme-word "Amphion," which has to be sounded Amphĭon; the delightful paraphrase of Elia's lament over book-borrowers is a pot of ointment, which has for its intruding fly the terrible phrase "thou took"; and here and there are to be found identical rhymes, such as "mistiness" and "consciousness," "catalogue" and "decalogue," which Mr. Le Gallienne knows are not rhymes at all. Of course, in this last respect he sins in good company, and his little volume contains nothing quite so bad as the rhyming of "Ruth" (proper noun) and "ruth" (common noun), which appears, alas, in one of Milton's sonnets; but I think he will be inclined to make a frank confession of the sin of his youth rather than to shelter himself behind a great name.

A poem, however, is not enjoyable or even admirable in proportion to its faultlessness, and while the faults of "The Bookman's Avalon" are few, the qualities which bring enjoyment are many. From the first stanza to the last the conception of a book-lover's palace of delight is satisfyingly embodied; the motive which enables the writer to bring the poem naturally and gracefully to a close is a pleasant fancy; and a sprinkling of light humour deprives the general Keatsian luxuriance of any cloying quality. In quotation, allusion, and paraphrase, Mr. Le Gallienne is specially happy; and good Richard de Bury himself would surely take pride in the vesture of metrical English wherewith the Latin prose of his *Philobiblon* is here adorned.

"Ay, come ye hither to this pleasant land,
For here in truth are vines of Engaddi,
Here golden urns of manna to thy hand,
And rocks whence honey flows deliciously;
Udders from which comes frothing copiously
The milk of life, ears filled with sweetest grains
And fig-trees knowing no sterility;
Here Paradisal streams make rich the plains,
O! come and bathe therein, ye book-enamoured swains."

Of the absolutely new poems the most important and, I think, the most winning is "Love among the Folios," in which "Darby the Bookman talketh with Joan his wife" of the memorable day when, among the dusty books, which had long lain despised of men on the floor of the ancient garret, they made their great "find"—nothing less than the very copy of the "Life of Bishop Sanderson," on the fly-leaf of which the "Compleat Angler" himself had traced, in "quaint twigs of ancient penmanship," the words, "For Mistress King, I.W." One cannot help thinking—and hoping, too, for the sake of a good book-lover like Mr. Le Gallienne—that the "find" itself belongs to the world of the actual; but, were the poem a mere dream of what might have been, it could hardly have been richer than it is in the delicate fancies which breathe an air too highly rarefied to sustain the coarse life of fact. Mr. Le Gallienne's blooms, however, will not serve as cut flowers, so as samples of his latest horticulture I take two little seedlings of song, "root and all," and transplant them here. The first is a sonnet written for Mr. Ireland's *Booklover's Enchiridion*, which is praised most fitly by saying that it is worthy of its fair companionship in those pleasant pages:

"When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I pore
Austerely bent to win austerest lore,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?
Yea, ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,
And eyes read not, but sitting silently
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear you breathing round me in the gloom."

The second little poem is in one of "the forms," and is none the less welcome for reminding the connoisseur in these things of a graceful predecessor, Mr. Austin Dobson's "With Pipe and Lute."

"With Pipe and Book at close of day,
O! what is sweeter, mortal, say?
It matters not what book on knee,
Old Izaac or the Odyssey,
It matters not meerschaum or clay.

"And though one's eyes will dream astray,
And lips forget to sue or sway,
It is "enough to merely *Be*"
With Pipe and Book.

"What though our modern skies be grey,
As bards aver, I will not pray
For 'soothing Death' to succour me,
But ask thus much, O! Fate, of thee,
A little longer yet to stay
With Pipe and Book!

Yes, a pipe is best, for cigarette ash has sometimes been known—but why allow bitter memories to mingle with thoughts of a little volume so pleasant as this?

James Ashcroft Noble.

"English Men of Action."—*Henry V.* By the Rev. A. J. Church. (Macmillan.)

This book is very pleasant reading. In an eminently agreeable style Prof. Church gives us numerous interesting details about Henry V.'s life. He marshals the events of his reign in systematic order, and he never yields to the temptation to wander into irrelevant questions. But, though he throughout confines himself strictly to his hero, he does not tell us as much about him as he might have done. Not only is this volume very considerably smaller than the Life of General Gordon, which introduced this excellent series, but the work itself in some places is certainly scrappy, and as a whole it is decidedly slight. For instance, this reign has generally been regarded as an important epoch in the history of the English navy, but Prof. Church makes no mention of the energetic steps which Henry took for its development; nor does he say one word about Henry's undoubted desire, if it were not his actual resolve, to undertake an expedition to the Holy Land (for which the mission of Gilbert de Lannoy in 1422 appears to have been intended as a preparation).

The narrative of the war in France is undoubtedly full enough and exceedingly clear. One could not wish for a more complete account, in a short space, of the battle of Agincourt than that which is given in chap. ix.; and chap. xiii. describes the second campaign in France and the siege of Rouen with a picturesque power and a vividness which make it by far the most interesting in the volume. Very indequate consideration, however, is given to the question of the justifiability of Henry's embarking at all in a French war in support of a flimsy and untenable claim. Henry V. might legitimately have grounded his invasion of France on the necessity of enforcing the Treaty of Bretigny, which the French had wilfully and persistently disregarded within two years of its conclusion, and of recovering the English possessions of 1360, which they had naturally encroached upon in the reigns of his two immediate predecessors. But these were never his avowed or his real objects. Once, indeed—during the obscure negotiations instituted by Sigismund in 1416—he is said to have offered

"to relinquish the war, if they would give up to him all that had belonged to his ancestor, Edward III., when the Great Peace was concluded between the two kingdoms, *together with* the conquests which he had recently made after so severe a struggle";

and on two later occasions—in the negotiations with the Dauphin during the siege of Rouen, as well as in those which led up to the peace of Troyes—the treaty of 1360 is distinctly alluded to; but whenever the provinces then assigned to the English crown are mentioned they appear merely as a convenient classification and are always included in a much larger demand. Henry claimed the French throne distinctly as his personal inheritance, disregarding the prior claims of Edmund, Earl of March, and enthusiastically supported by all classes of his countrymen. No doubt, as Prof. Church says, "he seems, difficult as it is to believe it, to have sincerely regarded it as his rightful inheritance." No doubt, as Lord Macaulay says, the three estates "when in violation of the ordinary law of succession, they transferred the crown of England to the House of Lancaster, seem to have thought that the right of Richard the Second to the crown of France passed, as of course, to that house." This may be some excuse for a purely aggressive war, but it is no justification; and Prof. Church should not avoid this very relevant question by merely observing:

"It is true that the claim to the French crown was the heritage of the Plantagenets, and that Henry was compelled to assert it if he would show himself the authentic representative of the second Henry and the third Edward."

The most valuable portion of the book is the sketch of Henry's life prior to his accession. The popular conception of Henry as Prince of Wales seems to be founded, to a greater or less extent, upon Shakspere's Prince Hal. Prof. Church places before us a picture of the prince very different from the traditional one. He is unable, of course, to

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show that his hero's youthful career was quite irreproachable; but he points out how slight are the actual contemporary evidences of excesses, how exaggerated the stories of the later historians from whom Shakspere borrowed his account; and his clear statement should do much to dissipate an erroneous and fanciful conception, especially among that large class described by Mr. Freeman, with whom, if the story be pleasant, "it matters nothing whether it be accurate or not."

There is a slight mistake in Walsingham's account of the king's dealings with his step-mother, as given on p. 105; and, on p. 45, an unwarranted abridgment of a passage from Titus Livius, which materially alters its meaning. At the beginning of chap. v., presumably by a printer's error, the year 1413 appears for 1412. William E. Grey.

Kapital und Kapitalzins. Von Dr. Eugen v. Böhm-Bawerk. Zweite Abtheilung. (Innsbruck: Wagner.)

In a remarkable article on the Austrian economists, which was recently contributed to the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* by Mr. James Bonar, he alluded to "the forthcoming work of Böhm-Bawerk" as one to which the leaders of an influential school looked hopefully for new light The expected volume has now come forth, and appears to justify the announcements which heralded its advent. It makes some addition to the number of those general ideas which it is the part of the economist to win from an analysis of human affairs. These appropriate conceptions are expressed with peculiar clearness. The writer has determined to run the risk of erring in the direction of superfluous, rather than of defective, exposition. He clears up every verbal ambiguity; he considers in detail all the cases which a general proposition may present. He does not refuse—nay, he frequently applies to his own method—the designation "casuistical"

This epithet is particularly appropriate to that initial part of the book in which the definition of capital is discussed. The writer distinguishes with great subtlety all the shades of meaning of which the term is susceptible, and considers carefully some dozen definitions assigned by as many eminent writers. From his immense store of garnered learning he winnows out those attributes which seem to him most useful. These may be described as corresponding pretty closely to the results obtained by Prof. Sidgwick. This consilience between investigations which seem to be independent is instructive. Still, we cannot suppress a regret that the German casuist should not have compared himself with the one economical writer whom he would have found his match in dialectical power.

Whatever definition of capital we adopt, it appears that the dealings of a capitalist involve generally a barter of present against future goods. This view of the subject is presented in a new light by Prof. Böhm-Bawerk. He shows why, in general, present goods are worth more than the same amount, however certain, in the future. There are doubtless plenty of cases in which a man would rather eat his cake at some future time than at present. But there are very few of those cases in which he would not rather have the worth of the article now, to be stored against a future occasion. The psychological part of the analysis is particularly subtle. It appears that the economic man, balancing pleasures, present and future, is continually practising that art of measurement which Plato in an unusually utilitarian mood described as the regulator of life. These are no mere philosophical refinements. They are vital principles of political economy. Prof Böhm-Bawerk argues that, from the very nature of the case and apart from particular institutions, the worker must receive in the present less than the future worth of his product. The "exploitation of labour" in this sense is common to all systems of property. In a socialist *régime* the state would be the great exploiter. The argument is quite conclusive against the dangerous sect of socialists whose destructive zeal is animated by the dogma of "surplus value" accruing to the capitalist.

These principles belong to what has been called the unchanging part of political economy. When we apply them to the existing economical *régime* we must take into account the influence of competition. To this end the author reproduces, in an abridged and improved form, the treatise on value which has made him celebrated. Of this it may be observed that the cardinal principle is substantially identical with that which was independently discovered by Jevons, Menger, and the other originators of what may now, perhaps, be called the orthodox theory of value. To this doctrine Prof. Böhm-Bawerk contributes important developments and illustrations.

One of the topics on which much new light is thrown is the relation between the cost of production and the consumers' demand as factors in determining value. Prof. Böhm-Bawerk's position marks the extreme recoil from that of the Ricardians. Some of his reasonings and illustrations are especially applicable to the case in which the subdivision of a commodity is restricted, where the *minimum vendibile*, if we may use the phrase, is considerable, as in a horse-market. All the additions which the author has made to the theory of value do not seem to us equally important. In particular his use of the terms "objective" and "subjective" to distinguishing between the market value of an article and the value set on it by the individual dealer, does not appear felicitous. However, we will not quarrel about words with such a master of casuistry.

The general theory of supply and demand is applied with effect to the particular case of the labour market. The discussion is masterly. Yet we have sometimes doubted whether the term "subjective value," as formulated by the professor, is so powerful a weapon of research as the curves employed by his mathematical predecessors to represent the quantity of a commodity which is saleable at any price. We find a difficulty in interpreting the important passage in which he speaks of the special peculiarity distinguishing labour from every other species of commodity that is the subject of market dealings:

"Every other ware has for every would-be purchaser [Kaufbewerker] a for him *a priori* determinate subjective worth. Not so labour; and for this reason, that it is valued according to its prospective yield; but this prospective yield varies in amount, according as the same labour is invested in a process of production extending over a long or short period."

In the absence of explanations, which it is not very easy to give in words, we have not seized the distinction here drawn. It might be maintained that in the case of other wares, in particular other agents of production, the use to which they will be put will depend on the price at which they can be obtained. Where, then, is the peculiarity, if the purchaser of labour is prepared to vary the duration of the process of manufacture? Why should he not in this respect as well as others cut his coat so as to suit his cloth? The different arrangements which he may make in respect of the length of time over which the process of production extends are admirably described by Prof Böhm-Bawerk. Very instructive is his conception of the National Subsistence Fund; a mass of commodity of which one part only is ready for immediate consumption, the other portions are destined for the fruition of future years. It is like the garden of the Phaeacians, where pear followed on pear and fig on fig in successive stages of maturity. The modifications which the propositions of political economy require when the future tense is used have never been so clearly stated. Of the two subjects which the double title covers, the nature of capitalisation in general, and the determination of interest in a *régime* of competition, it is difficult to say of which the treatment is more original and profound.

F. Y. Edgeworth.

NEW NOVELS.

Kophetua the Thirteenth. By Julian Corbett. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

The Vasty Deep. By Stuart Cumberland. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

A Very Mad World. By Frank Hudson. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Una Montgomery. By Evan Rowland Jones. (Walter Scott.)

Elizabeth. By the Author of "Miss Molly." (Blackwood.)

A False Scent. By Mrs. Alexander. (White.)

Clues. By William Henderson. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

Dunraven Ranch. By Capt. Charles King. (Warne.)

Previous performances will have led the public to expect work of a high order from Mr. Julian Corbett, and in *Kophetua the Thirteenth* they will not be disappointed. Limitations of space prevent our giving more than a meagre outline of the subject-matter of the book, which may be briefly described as a charming political satire, and deficient in none of the constituent elements of a first-rate novel. At the outset we are introduced to the mid-African colony of Oneiria, founded—by an adventurer imbued with the political ideas engendered by the Renaissance—"upon the ruins of the kingdom of that Kophetua, whose romantic love-story . . . is so familiar to us from the beautiful ballads of the King and the Beggar-Maid." By devoted adherence

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to the incomparable constitution devised by its founder, Oneiria has now practically realised the dream of philosophers, and is an actually existing instance of an ideal state, undisturbed by internal discord, guided on its course by a complex machinery that knows no friction, and having but one subject of discussion left to save its politics from entire extinction, namely, the great marriage question. Having no state matter now left to claim its attention, the national parliament cling tenaciously to their last live prerogative of choosing the king's bride. Upon this point

"the body politic was divided into two main parties—the Kallists, who professed that beauty should be the sole ground on which the queen should be chosen, and the Agathists, who would have the selection determined by moral worth alone."

Upon this basis the author proceeds to erect a most ingenious and amusing superstructure of intrigue, manœuvre, and counterplot, in which the factions already named, together with the King, the Chancellor, the Commander-in-Chief, the Queen-Mother, the Marquis de Tricotrin (a French refugee), his daughter, Mademoiselle de Tricotrin, and, lastly, Penelophon, a beggar-maid, take an active share. In following out the tangled web of cross-purposes involved in these complications, as well as in descriptive and dramatic power, Mr. Corbett displays capacity of no ordinary kind; and his book ought to be one of the successes of the present season.

It is scarcely a month since we had occasion to express emphatic disapproval of a work by Mr. Stuart Cumberland, as involving a foolish and mischievous introduction of supernatural phenomena in the development of a love story. It is a pleasure, therefore, to be able now to assure novel readers that *The Vasty Deep* is totally free from any such objectionable contrivances. It is, on the contrary, a very sensibly written tale, and the endeavour made throughout to expose the tricks of professional spirit-mediums ought to meet with approbation from all the more rationally minded part of the community. It is true that the palmy days of these gentlemen are over, and that an exposure of their fraudulent practices is less urgently required now than it was in the times when Home, and "Dr." Slade, and Mrs. Fletcher, attracted fashionable crowds to their *séances*. But there is no lack at any time either of quacks eager to fill their pockets or of boobies ready and willing to be imposed upon; and an exhaustive description of the impostor's *modus operandi* by a man who has made it his special endeavour to unmask the pretensions of this particular class of *chevaliers d'industrie* is bound to be valuable. Although, however, Mr. Cumberland has no faith in modern necromancy, he is well known as an experimentalist in certain departments of unexplained psychical phenomena, and his books are invariably characterised by some introduction of the mystic and marvellous. In the work under notice we have a magic crystal, the medicine-stone of an Indian chief, in which the vision of a future event is exhibited. But it is a mere harmless episode, and with this exception there is scarcely anything in the novel to justify the character claimed for it as being "A Strange Story of To-day." It is the narrative, effectively told, of the temporary success and ultimate discomfiture of a vulgar swindler, together with an interesting love story; but it is nothing more.

In *A Very Mad World*, Philip Brownlow, Esquire, J.P., of Brownlow House, ——shire, a country gentleman of exclusive and fastidious tastes, discourses at some length, like a nineteenth-century Stertinius, upon the universal madness of mankind. While engaged in extending his observations on the subject, he is captured by a wealthy widow, whose outrageously open advances are amusing and easily forgiven. The author of this book might, perhaps, have written a more enjoyable story, if he had taken less pains to illustrate the universality of the proposition suggested by its title. We may smilingly allow a verdict of insanity to be passed upon the votaries of cricket, football, the drama, whisky-and-water, love, parliamentary warfare, the London season, smoking, and field sports; but when the lecturer trots out his theory as a triumphant explanation of every irregular act of life or abnormal phase of character on the part of individuals, he becomes monotonous, and reminds one of a mischievous little boy, who, having got hold of a pot of paint, goes exultingly round, giving an indiscriminate dab to everything that comes in his way. Beyond this there is not much to be noticed in the book. As has been intimated, Mr. Brownlow is by no means easy to please, and the reader will encounter a good deal of mild raillery at miscellaneous institutions, including dinner-parties, comic opera, parvenus, Germans, Yankees, vestry-meetings, the Anglo-Saxon race, and the town of Hastings. On the other hand, the unqualified approval bestowed throughout upon all things Celtic assures us in advance of the hopelessness of our drawing attention with any good effect to the persistent misuse of "shall" and "will" in these volumes, together with some other grammatical inaccuracies. So far as the mere story goes, it is by no means badly told; and if the title of the book were altered, and all allusions to madness carefully suppressed, a very commendable novel might be the result.

Although not free from sundry minor blemishes, *Una Montgomery* is a novel which merits a certain amount of recommendation. The heroine and her future lover, Charley Powell, first become acquainted as girl and boy, and are then separated for ten years, when they again meet and renew the affectionate relations of their childhood, Charley having in the mean time developed into a rising barrister. There is another suitor for Una's hand—an unscrupulous sharper of considerable address and ability, who by means of a confederate and a marked pack of cards effects the ruin of her father, Colonel Montgomery, and obtains a powerful hold over him. It would not be difficult to lay finger on occasional departures from grammatical accuracy in this book, or to challenge the writer's intimacy of acquaintance with medical etiquette, bankruptcy proceedings, and other existent facts of social life. But the healthy tone and earnest purpose of the story deserve recognition, and the author has the unusual gift of being able to support a thesis industriously without boring the reader to death in the process. As he endeavours throughout his book to bring into vivid relief the miserable effects of intemperance, it is much to his credit that his examples are not overdrawn, and that, though disposed apparently to suggest total abstinence as the best remedial course, he has no opprobrious epithets for those whose views are of a less ascetic kind.

Elizabeth is the title of a volume containing six or seven stories, several of them descriptive of continental life. All, except the first, have already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*—a fact which, while it furnishes presumptive evidence of their literary merit, renders unnecessary the task of criticising the book in detail. The narratives are, generally speaking, of a sombre and melancholy type, some of them deeply pathetic; but the plots are too slender and the matter too fragmentary to demand any exceptional notice.

Mrs. Alexander's latest novelette, *A Fules Scent*, is a detective story skilfully worked out, and embellished with all those artistic touches which the writer's knowledge of the world and correct taste enable her so successfully to apply. In these short stories one scarcely sees enough of the various characters to make intimate acquaintance with them, but the few glimpses we have here of the heroine, Hope Farrant, are sufficient to create a lively interest in the progress of her romance. As for the ending, it is satisfactory enough, though some readers may consider it inconsistent with the appropriateness of things that an English heiress should marry a man with such a name as Vescilitzki, Count though he be.

Another book in which a detective is the central figure is *Clues*. Here, however, there is no attempt made to introduce romantic or artistic surroundings. The author is the present chief constable of Edinburgh; and his book purports to be a narrative of some of his own experiences, the stories being

"given, in many instances, very much as the facts happened, while in others, although the circumstances are not narrated exactly as they took place, they are founded on events which have occurred within the writer's experience."

Tales of this sort are usually popular with a large class of readers, and by them the book under notice will be found thoroughly worthy of perusal. Although Mr. Henderson modestly repudiates any claim to graces of style, he may be assured that the straightforward simplicity of his narratives is no less attractive than their subject matter.

Dunraven Ranch is mainly a story of garrison life in the far West. The scene is laid in that land of ranches, Texas; and the owner of this particular ranch is a wealthy Englishman, who, for some mysterious reason, abjures all intercourse with the surrounding world, and resolutely bars his gates against every visitor. How Lieutenant Perry stormed the inhospitable stronghold and carried off the owner's pretty daughter is the subject of the story. When it has been said of the book generally that its plot is clever, its dialogues piquant, and its descriptions thrilling, and that it is, in conventional phrase, "excellently adapted for beguiling the tedium of a railway journey," as much attention will have been given to the work as any shilling novel could possibly expect.

J. Barrow Allen.

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CURRENT THEOLOGY.

The Holy Scriptures in Ireland One Thousand Years Ago. Selections from the Würtzburg Glosses. Translated by the Rev. Thomas Olden. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.) The object of this well-executed and handsomely printed little volume is theological in the popular sense of the word; and it may save some disappointment to the antiquary, linguist, palaeographer, and textual critic, if they are forewarned that it was not intended to be of other than incidental use or interest to them. There is at Würzburg (or Würtzburg, as it is always called in the volume before us) an Irish MS. copy of St. Paul's Epistles, with interlinear Irish glosses. The MS. is assigned to the ninth century. Very little is known of its history. The name of the place where it was written, and the name or names of the writers of the text and glosses, are alike unknown. Its contents have been published more than once, most recently and correctly, together with a translation of the glosses, by Dr. Whitley Stokes, for the Philological Society in 1887. The latter volume, intended for scholars only, is somewhat rare and expensive; but Mr. Olden has judged that the subject-matter of the glosses, apart from their language, is of sufficient general interest and importance to warrant separate publication. This interest lies in their exhibiting the interpretation placed upon passages in St. Paul's Epistles, and in the side lights which they throw on Biblical learning and on church organisation and customs in Ireland a thousand years ago. The original glosses were cramped in construction and sense, in consequence of the limited space at the scribe's disposal. Dr. Whitley Stokes's translation, intended for scholars, was literal, and therefore necessarily somewhat bald. Mr. Olden, without in any way altering the sense, has smoothed them out into more readable English, omitting such passages as were merely translations of the text, or repetitions of other glosses, or the meaning of which was either doubtful or unintelligible. There are good notes and a helpful index, the former bearing distinct evidence of being the work of one well acquainted with the byways of ancient Irish literature. This knowledge enables the author sometimes to detect the meaning of what would be otherwise very obscure glossarial allusions—*e.g.*, the gloss on 1 Tim. i. 7, "Desiring to be teachers of the law," runs "That they might be engaged in framing laws with kings." Mr. Olden sees a reference here to a legend preserved in the Annals of the Four Masters of kings being associated with St. Patrick and others in the codification of the ancient laws of Ireland. So in the gloss, "That was their burial ground," to the word "wilderness" in Heb. iii. 17, he detects a reference to Irish dislike of being buried away from kindred and home. Sometimes, however, his explanations are fanciful or farfetched. We cannot admit the reference to the Greek Ἄμνος on p. 52, or to the vision of St. Moling on p. 57. Other allusions, such as that to the Druids on pp. 24, 26, 30, 87, might be specified as ingenious and possible, but as "not proven" rather than false or true. Among liturgical and ritual allusions we have clear testimony to the custom of trine immersion in baptism (pp. 90, 103), and to the daily celebration of the Holy Eucharist (p. 87), though the latter fact has escaped being noted in the index. A useful appendix on the sources of early Irish theology, calling attention to the authors known to or quoted by the glossator, completes a volume which ought certainly to be of interest, and to find a sale among all persons who, without being specialists, are interested in the ancient history and theology of the Church of Ireland.

Old Bibles: an Account of the Early Versions of the English Bible. By J. R. Dore. Second Edition. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) The name of Mr. Dore, of Huddersfield, will be known to readers of the ACADEMY as a zealous collector of old English Bibles, and also as an accurate bibliographer. He has here given us a new edition of a book which he first issued ten years ago, carefully revised by the light of his own subsequent researches and purchases. It is now published—for more than one reason, very appropriately—by the Queen's printers, at the extremely low price of five shillings. We mention this, as the compilation has evidently been a labour of love; and the dozen facsimile title-pages at the end are alone worth the money. Mr. Dore, it may be as well to add, is no dryasdust collator. He enlivens his pages, not only with a store of curious information, but also with numerous sly hits at that party in the Church to which he does not belong. Here is a comment that we do not remember to have read elsewhere: "It is worthy of notice that the ten commandments in the Prayer Book differ in wording from the decalogue in every Bible that has ever been printed" (p. 180). Mr. Dore, however, must permit us to remark that the facts he duly records about the extraordinary popularity of the Genevan version supply a contradiction to his oft-repeated assertion that there was little demand for a Bible in the vernacular.

St. Matthew in Sinkang-Formosan. By Rev. W. Campbell. (Trübner). This handsomely printed volume, from the press of Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, possesses a twofold interest. It is a reprint of the sole existing relic of Dutch missionary activity in Formosa in the middle of the seventeenth century. If we may trust the preface of the original author, nearly the whole of the island had at that time submitted to Christian instruction, despite the difficulty caused by the manifold variety of languages. But while the book was actually in the press, Formosa was invaded by Chinese rebels from the mainland, and the aboriginal converts were exterminated, though some traces of Dutch influence are said to be found even at the present day in the mountains of the interior. Within the last twenty years, the Presbyterian Church of England has established a mission among the Chinese-speaking people of Formosa, which appears to have been very successful. Mr. Campbell, one of these missionaries, has conceived the happy idea of arousing interest in the work by reprinting a Dutch-Formosan version of Matthew's Gospel, which was made by one of his Dutch predecessors in 1661, and of which only a single copy exists—in the University Library at Leiden. The Formosan dialect is that known as Sinkang, from an old Dutch trading centre; but Mr. Campbell unfortunately tells us nothing about its philological relations, beyond the statement that it is Malay-Polynesian." He has given a copy of the original title-page, and the Dutch (in black letter) and Formosan in parallel columns; but it was hardly necessary to add the English version at the foot.

Codex f³ Corbeiensis sive Quatuor evangelia ante Hieronymam latine translata. Ed. J. Belsheim (Christianiae: Aschehoug.) Herr Belsheim is a Norwegian scholar who has travelled much and far, and has transcribed or collated many MSS., especially of the Old-Latin versions of the New Testament, the text of which he has published in a handy form and at a very low price. He has now added to the list the Corbey MS. of the Gospels, No. 17,225 Fonds Lat. in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, hitherto quoted from Sabatier and usually designated ff² (= Westcott and Hort's ff, the corresponding MS. ff¹ of St. Matthew being relegated to the class of Mixed Vulgate texts). This MS. is probably of the seventh century (M. Delisle) or sixth (the Palaeographical Society's editors, who have given a facsimile in sec. 1, pl. 87), and was quite worth publishing. But what are we to say of an edition which has to be followed by six and a half densely printed pages of *Errata* (we count 126 on the first page, which would give about 800 for the four Gospels with their lacunae)? Will any reader feel sure that he has got to the end of the real *errata*, and that he can trust what remains? No doubt Herr Belsheim worked at a great disadvantage, with limited time at his disposal, and only a small pocket copy of the Vulgate to collate with; but we fear that this does not make the result any more satisfactory.

IN connexion with this subject, we may mention that M. Samuel Berger has published, in the *Revue de Théologie et de Philosophie* (tome xxi.)—and reprinted (Paris: Fishbacher), with a dedication to the Bishop of Salisbury—an accurate text of another of the old Latin versions of the New Testament preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, which had also been previously edited by Herr Belsheim. This is a palimpsest, numbered 6400 G, which takes its name from the Benedictine abbey of Fleury, and probably dates from the seventh century. It contains fragments of the Acts, the Catholic Epistles, and the Apocalypse, all of which show more or less distinct marks of "African influence." Besides the text, the pamphlet contains an admirably clear introduction, and a facsimile, which has already done duty in the *Recueil de Fac-similé à l'Usage de l'Ecole des Chartes.*

MR. WILLIAM NORTON, of North Devon, has published a little book (London: W. K. Bloom), the object of which is to establish the superiority of the Peshito-Syriac text of the New Testament over the Greek text adopted by the Revisers. With this object he places in parallel columns translations of his own, in every-day English, of some of the Epistles from these two texts, to which he has prefixed an elaborate introduction aiming to prove that "God has preserved the Peshito from being corrupted as Greek copies have been." The work is a curiosity; we cannot say more.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Shah of Persia, having been made acquainted with Sir Edwin Arnold's last poetical work, *With Sadi in the Garden*, has conferred upon the author, by special firman, the decoration of a commander of the Imperial order of the Lion and the Sun.

WE understand that Sir Charles Russell's speech before the special commission, to be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan, will form an octavo volume of some 400 pages, divided into chapters with marginal notes. It is printed from a shorthand report, carefully revised by the speaker.

THE first authentic narrative of the early proceedings of Stanley's Expedition will be published this month by Messrs. Ward & Downey, under the title of *With Stanley's Rear Column*. The author, Mr. J. Rose Troup, who was the transport officer of the expedition, will give a full account of the experiences of the party left at Yambuya. His narrative will include a description of the voyage up the Congo, the camp on the Aruwimi, and a complete diary, showing how events led up to the assassination of Major Barttelot, and the failure of this branch of Stanley's Expedition.

A WORK will shortly be brought out by Mr. J. H. Rose, entitled *A Century of Continental History* (1780-1880), which will briefly describe the effect of the French Revolution in

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breaking up the old political systems of the continent, and the development of the states of Europe down to the Treaty of Berlin. It will be published by Mr. Stanford.

WE are promised—or threatened with—the appearance of two more monthly magazines, both at the popular price of sixpence, and both, of course, with signed articles. One of these, the *East and West*, is to be issued in the middle of the month, like the *Universal*. Its publishers are—in London, Messrs. Ward & Downey, and the Galignani Library for Paris and Nice. So far as may be judged from the announcements of its first number, it will have a distinctly continental, though not a foreign, flavour. The other, which boldly takes the title of the *New Review*, is to be published by Messrs. Longmans and edited by Mr. Archibald Grove. Its ambition seems to be to supply a wider circle than is reached by the more expensive reviews with the opinions of "eminent" persons *de omni re scibili*. It is enough to state that thh first number, to appear on June 1, will contain articles by Earl Compton, Lord Charles Beresford, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. T. W. Russell, Mr. Henry George, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mrs. Lynn-Lynton, and Vernon Lee.

YET a third new magazine, of a special character, is announced by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, to be called, after the original founder of the firm in the last century, the *Newbery House Magazine:* a Monthly Review for the Clergy and Laity of the Church of England. Besides religious subjects—among which may be included church music and architecture—it will contain fiction, reviews of books, and children's pages. There will also be illustrations. Apart from the established reputation of the publishers, we may say that their recent series, entitled "The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature," shows that their new venture will not neglect the bypaths of ecclesiastical history. A long list of contributors is announced, comprising divines, men of letters, and ladies. The first number will appear on July 1.

MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, of Edinburgh, will publish early in May *The Ethic of Nature and its Practical Bearings*, by Mr. David Balsillie. The book will consist of four parts: the Ethic of Evolution, the Ethic of Society, the Ethic of Politics, and the Ethic of Religion. The author's object is—first, to prove that the Darwinian conception of nature involves the cardinal ideas of Christian ethics; and, secondly, to show how the principles of this ethic of nature should be applied in solving the great problems of our time.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW will issue in this country a very limited number of copies of the *édition de luxe* of the *Recollections of Lester Wallack, Manager and Actor*. Besides portraits of many English dramatic celebrities, there are also given facsimilies of letters, reproduced so as to imitate the original paper.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have in the press a new volume of poems by Emeritus Prof. Blackie, entitled *A Song of Heroes*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish in a few days a volume of poems by Mr. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, entitled *Battle and After:* concerning Thomas Atkins, Grenadier Guards.

MR. RICHARD DOWLING'S new novel, *An Isle of Surrey*, will be published during this month, in three volumes, by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have nearly ready for publication a new translation of the *Ion* of Euripides. The translator has paid great attention to the metres, and has rendered the Greek lines in exact English equivalents line for line and metre for metre; he has also added some notes in which he shows the revival of several old customs.

THE next volume in the "Camelot" series will be *British Political Orations*, with an introduction by Mr. W. Clarke.

A NEW edition of *Aspects of Scepticism*, by Mr. J. Fordyce, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

PRINCE LOUIS-LUCIEN BONAPARTE has been visiting Tarentum, with the special object of studying the language of the Albanian colonies which are still to be found in its neighbourhood. He was the guest of the Italian senator and English knight, Sir James Lacaita, at the Villa Leucaspide; and he was everywhere most cordially welcomed by the people.

THE sixth centenary of the death of Dante's Beatrice will be commemorated at Bologna on June 9 of this year, under the patronage of the Queen of Italy. It is intended to erect a memorial stone, with a bust of "Beatrice."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Sir James Picton (nearly forty years chairman of the Liverpool Library), and Chancellor Christie (president of the Library Association), have agreed to act as judges for the Draft Library Bill Prize announced in the May number of *Library*.

ON Monday next, May 6, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the "Cromwellian Museum," formed by the Rev. J. de Kewer Williams, originally to illustrate a lecture on the life of the Protector. The collection consists not only of books and pamphlets, but also of engravings, portraits in oils, statuettes, coins, &c. On Friday and Saturday the same firm will sell a portion of the library of the late W. C. Smith, of Shortgrove, Essex, which, though not including any extraordinary rarities, contains a number of valuable illustrated works.

THE admirers of Mr. Thomas Hardy will be glad to hear that Messrs. Ward & Downey have this week issued a new edition of his first novel, *Desperate Remedies* (1870)—which has, we believe, been long out of print. The reissue contains a modest prefatory note, and a frontispiece by Mr. F. Barnard.

THE seventeenth *Fascicule* of the Archives Historiques de la Gascogne is vol. ii. of *Sceaux Gascons du Moyen Age*, containing the seals of the seigneurs. The work is important for the history of the nobles of Gascony, and incidentally gives details of the period of English domination, and of other events in which these nobles took part.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

BY the death of Prof. Kennedy the new arrangements made by the Commission for the regius professorship of Greek at Cambridge come into operation. The canonry at Ely, hitherto annexed to that chair, is now severed therefrom, and appropriated to a new professorship of divinity, of which it forms the sole endowment. The Greek chair is thus made tenable by a layman, with a salary of £360 and a fellowship at Trinity. The election rests with the council of the senate. In accordance with old custom, the candidates are required to attend in person in the Arts School on May 15, when certain parts of "books written in the Greek language" will be assigned to each of them as the subject of a future exposition "in the public schools for the space of one hour."

WE understand that the Rev. J. H. Mee is a candidate for the chair of Music at Oxford, in succession to the late Sir F. Gore Ouseley. The recent performance of his "Missa Solennis" at the Sheldonian Theatre proved him to be a sound and accomplished musician. For many years he has taken great interest in musical matters at Oxford, and the progress made there of late has been in a large measure owing to his efforts.

SIR W. W. HUNTER, who is residing in Oxford, has been appointed by the delegates of the Common University Fund to deliver a course of three lectures on "Lord Dalhousie's Work in India."

LORD WOLSELEY is to pay a visit to Oxford on Saturday next, May 11, to deliver a lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre on "The Military Strength of England." He will learn that the University Volunteer Corps was augmented by more than 100 recruits during last term, and that there is now every reason to hope that the full number of 360 will be reached before June 1, the day fixed by the War Office for a reconsideration of the question whether it shall continue to exist as an independent battalion. It is now proposed to form a company of mounted infantry in connexion with the corps.

CANON WESTCOTT has been appointed Lady Margaret's preacher at Cambridge for the ensuing year.

IN connexion with Lord Ilchester's endowment for the study of the Slavonic languages, held in trust by the curators of the Taylorian Institution at Oxford, a course of six lectures will be delivered during May by Prof. Charles Turner, of St. Petersburg, on "Modern Russian Novelists."

AMONG those upon whom the University of Glasgow conferred the hon. degree of LL.D. last week were M. Waddington, Prof. Lanciani, and Mr. George Bullen.

SEVERAL friends of the late Dr. F. A. Paley have purchased his classical library and presented it to Cavendish College, Cambridge.

IN connexion with the Teachers' Training Syndicate at Cambridge, a course of six lectures will be delivered during the present term by Prof. S. S. Laurie, of Edinburgh, on "Language and Linguistic Method in School"; and also two lectures by Dr. Francis Warner on "The Study of Mental Action" and "The Classification of Pupils according to their Brain Power."

WE are asked to state that the June matriculation examination at London University will, in the present year, and also in future years, be held a week earlier than heretofore. It will begin on Monday, June 10.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

DAY closed me in with blinding glare, or sight
Of careful trifles: welcome, hand of night,
That opens wide the door and lets in space;
A part I'm now of great creation's whole,
Learning from stars my future path to trace,
Trusting to heavenly lights to lead my soul;
For in the darkest hour, while men sleep,
They know the watchers shine above to keep
The powers of ill aloof, but garish day
Brings back the fight 'twixt good and ill alway;
And as the sunbeams light up earth once more,
The hand that opened closes now the door.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

OBITUARY.

COLONEL ROBERT DURIE OSBORN.

THE sudden death on Good Friday of Lieut.-Col. Osborn has affected those who knew him with so profound a sense of personal loss that they find it difficult to estimate with any exactness his public worth. As a journalist he found himself out of harmony with the predominant forces of his time. In an age when a party-

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man and a politician are almost synonymous terms he strenuously exerted himself to combat the violence of partisanship, and to cast on political questions the quiet light of a detached criticism. At a moment when Demos appears to be growing omnipotent he ventured to express something of a Platonic contempt for the gullibility of the uninformed multitude. Although as a soldier he had taken part in the defence of our Eastern dominions, he had an abhorrence of Jingoism, with all its ways. As a political thinker he was a man of a few principles clearly apprehended—a fact which gave a singular luminosity and directness to his reasonings, even if in some directions it led to what others might deem narrowness of judgment. Among these principles was the proposition that democracy is unfavourable to extensive empire. Applying this to that part of the British dominions of which he knew most, viz., India, he prophesied, from the growing ignorance of her affairs by her real rulers, the direst disasters. On the other hand, he was no less firmly opposed to any known scheme of Home Rule for Ireland. In this and other respects he was not in the popular current, and it is not to be wondered at that he found it hard to secure a hearing. There may be some who think that this was at least quite as unfortunate for his generation as for himself; and should India ever give the trouble which he predicted, our survivors may perhaps regret that our age had not produced more men having the close knowledge and the fresher utterance of Fawcett (before his official days) and Osborn.

As in politics, so in literature, Osborn was not in sympathetic touch with the special tendencies of his age. He had no liking for our strongly flavoured fiction, though he was well able to recognise the rare appearance of the master hand. For him, as for few in this overread age, literature meant the time-tested masterpieces. While others rushed to the libraries for the newest novel or poem, he quietly stayed at home and took from his shelf a well-thumbed volume of Scott or of Coleridge. One doubts whether many professional writers had a more intimate knowledge or a finer appreciation of all that was best in English letters. This love of literature, with which there went a hardly less joyous appreciation of art, seemed to sustain and gladden his spirit, so that nobody who met him could think of him as a gloomy pessimist. His own literary activity was no doubt circumscribed by the unfashionableness of his tastes. He has, however, left sufficient to illustrate his peculiar powers. The scholar and man of historical imagination are attested by his two works on Islam—*Islam under the Arabs* and *Islam under the Caliphs of Bagdad*; the man of fine poetical feeling is seen in some translations of Oriental verse, which, like much of his other writing, appeared only in India. But it is, perhaps, most of all in the little manual of his chosen sport, lawn tennis, that he betrays his characteristic quality of mind. This is a charming bit of writing. In it one may catch something of the soldier's ingrained relish for physical exercise, as well of the expert's fine contempt for the unconscious "duffer." It is suffused with the kindly humour that those who knew him well always saw playing about his mild contemplative eye.

So much did he give to the world; to his friends he gave vastly more — the memory of a candid and generous soul, combining highest courage with sweetest modesty, so good that even the animals he befriended felt it mean to betray him; happy to lead a life untroubled by ambitions, and filled with the pure and unfailing pleasures of home and friendly discourse, of strenuous contest in harmless sport, of books and meditation on inspiring themes.

J. S.

THE REV. LEWIS GIDLEY.

OLD Oxford men and many natives of Devon will read with sorrow the death, on April 28, of the Rev. Lewis Gidley, late chaplain of St. Nicholas's Hospital, Salisbury. Born in 1821, he was educated under Dr. Cornish, no mean scholar, at the once famous Grammar School of Ottery St. Mary. The soft influences of the surrounding scenery afterwards strongly coloured his poetry. At Exeter College, in 1840, he won the Newdigate prize on "The Judgment of Brutus," and, taking holy orders, held several curacies in succession, all in Devon, till in 1868 he settled at Salisbury. Here he found leisure to read widely, and published some good Latin verse translations in conjunction with Mr. J. Baker and the Rev. Robinson Thornton, under the title of *Fasciculus*. He also wrote a treatise on Stonehenge, a good book on *Disputed Points of Theology*, and a volume of Poems which went to a second edition in 1884. His verses in this on "The River Otter" and on several other Devon themes are perhaps the best and most tuneful in the volume. As a parish priest, a scholar, and a fisherman, versatile, amiable, and friendly, a true son of his university and a devoted admirer of all belonging to the fair county of the West, this tribute is especially due to the life-long lover of poetry. M. G. W.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for May does justice to the critical side of its functions. Dr. Driver's review of Prof. Workman's book on the Double Text of Jeremiah, though perhaps too ungentle in manner, contains a much-needed warning against the over-zeal of those young scholars who, through the neglect of the last generation, must be, for the most part, the representatives of Biblical scholarship. Crude and undiscriminating work is pardonable in the first-fruits of critical study, but ought not to be introduced to the world with a flourish of trumpets. Still, a cautious use of Prof. Workman's only too full conspectus of supposed variants is, even by Dr. Driver, recommended as a help to present students; Movers's Latin treatise is, we must suppose, unprocurable. Dr. Lumby gives a most opportune defence of free Old Testament Criticism on the ground of the freedom of the New Testament quotations. His essay well deserves to be taken up by a society like the "S. P. C. K." and circulated broadcast among teachers of religion. But is it very probable that Jesus Christ used the Septuagint? Prof. Ramsay concludes (as we suppose) his studies of early Christian monuments in Phrygia. Mr. Peyton, in glowing but not empty rhetoric, discourses on our Lord's first temptation, and Dr. Bruce continues on Hebrews.

WE have received together the *Boletins* of the Real Academia de la Historia for March and April. That of March contains articles by F. Codera, in which he describes the Arabic MSS. of Aben Amira and Aben Bassan, which he presents to the Academia, printing here the Arabic variations from the Oxford MSS.; also a narrative of the imprisonment of Christian ambassadors in Cordova in the time of Alhaquem II. (A.D. 974), with extracts in Arabic and Spanish. Carlos de Lecea contributes a Historical Memorial of Segovia by Juan de Pantigoso in 1523. The chief interest lies in details of the siege of the Alcazar and Cathedral by the Communeros. The April number has a letter of Velarde, one of the heroes of May 2, 1808, dated September, 1807, showing that from an enthusiastic admirer he became an enemy of Napoleon. It also contains the first Spanish news of the failure of Whitelock at Buenos Ayres. The Fuero of Uclés is printed with excellent notes by Father Fita. The valuable preface of Fernandez Duro to Tomo IV. of the "Colección de documéntos inéditos" on the Spanish Colonies is reproduced. It deals with the island of Cuba, and shows the vast privileges enjoyed there by the descendants of Columbus. The Academia has appointed a commission in Segovia to examine the authenticity of the unique earthenware plate with Keltiberian inscription found there, and described by A. Heiss in the *Gazette Archéologique*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUCER'S "HOUSE OF FAME" AND PROF. TEN BRINK.

Lyme, Dorset: April 18, 1889.

All students of our literature will rejoice to learn the advance of Prof. Ten Brink's great history, sympathetically reviewed by Mr. Herford in the ACADEMY of April 13. But, with the respect due to the distinguished author and his accomplished critic, I ask leave to raise the question whether Ten Brink does not push refinement of conjecture much beyond what the facts warrant in the "mother idea," the "genesis," which he assigns (apparently without hesitation or reserve) to Chaucer's *House of Fame*—a theory which receives Mr. Herford's emphatic endorsement as an instance of the subtle, sane, and fruitful criticism which, in glowing terms, he describes as characterising the historian's work.

This theory will be best recalled to mind if I quote a few lines from the review:

"Ten Brink was, we believe, the first to see in [the *Fame*] the fulfilment of the pious hope expressed at the close of 'Troilus,' his 'little tragedy,' that God would enable him 'to make a comedy,' and to connect it, as such, with the supreme example of what in the fourteenth century the word implied:

"'The *House of Fame* is, according to the conception which underlies this passage, a comedy: and, as such, suggested by the Divine comedy, from an initial state of evil the guidance of higher powers evolves a good end. As various parallels and invocations show, Chaucer was conscious that he was producing a kind of counterpart to Dante's sublime poem.'"

Certainly, at first sight, the *Fame*, as Ten Brink continues, is "a work of wholly different character"—slight, playful, and rapidly written; or, as carrying his theory to the top of its bent, he calls it, "a work holding to its model the same sort of relation as that between the capricious character of Lady Fame and the eternal justice of God." I propose now to look somewhat closely into the reasons here given for a conclusion so remote from apparent probability. And if this examination prove rather lengthy, let my excuses be the deep, the unique interest of the relation between the two great fathers of Italian and English poetry, and the distinction of the two scholars from whose results I venture to dissent.

Ten Brink seems to take his departure from the lines in *Troylus*, which I quote from the Ball-Skeat edition of 1886:

"Go, litel boke, go, litel myn tregedie!
Ther God my maker, yet er that I dye,
So sende me myght to maken som comedye!"

Whether by "comedye" Chaucer refers to Dante's *Commedia*, is our first question. Commentators, even recently, have argued that Chaucer had never read the poem. But his quotations, the incidental quotations especially (brought together for this purpose by me in the *Nineteenth Century* last summer), prove abundantly that he had studied the *Commedia* closely himself; indeed, that a MS. of the poem must have been at some time in his possession here—doubtless, if so, the first which reached England.

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It might hence be argued that the peculiar sense in which Dante used the word "commedia" (a point often disputed) might have been known to Chaucer through the *locus classicus* of Dante's *De Vulgari Eloquio*, in which he defines poetic style under the three heads: tragic, comic, and elegiac. This, we suppose, was in Ten Brink's mind when speaking of the *Fame* as a comedy suggested by Dante's. Yet here a serious doubt arises. Writing in the country, I have only before me G. Maffei's brief notes upon Dante's life. But from them I infer that the *De Eloquio* was at first read only in the late fifteenth-century translation by Trissino; the Latin original not having been published before 1577. If so, comedy, in its unusual, Dantesque sense, can hardly have been known to Chaucer; and without such knowledge Ten Brink's primary argument seems to me wholly to fail. And is it not, in any case, on the face of it, far more probable that Chaucer was thinking only of the old world-established opposition between tragedy and comedy in the common usage of the words; and that, by his "som comedye," he refers rather to the *Tales* than to the *Fame*, which in the ordinary meaning is hardly comic, nor, in point of style, in the remotest degree resembling the *Divina Commedia*? Dates present nothing contrary to this view, the *Fame* being placed (Furnivall, 1871) about 1384, and the *Tales* seriously begun about 1386.

But even if Chaucer were here consciously adopting the definition given in the *De Eloquio*, it surely gives no foundation to the theory that the *Commedia* in any way suggested the wholly different *Fame*; nor is the evolution "from an initial state of evil" to "a good end" in any way or degree supported by the personal "solace" to Chaucer's "desperat" state of mind, which his guide, the Eagle, offers as the final result of their voyage together to the Houses of Fame and Rumour and Slander.

For the proof of the theory thus suggested, Ten Brink (so far as Mr. Herford's translation shows) relies upon "various parallels and invocations" in the *House of Fame*. What parallels, then, do we here find to the *Commedia*? The mere fact that Chaucer is carried on high in a dream to an intermediate region, and there sees certain spirits and figures of those once famous upon earth, is an idea too obvious and too common in those days of allegory to be fairly taken as a proof of intentional resemblance to a vision so vast in scope as Dante's—which, indeed, itself had well-known precursors in early literature. Chaucer certainly names Dante in the *Fame* as a guide, but only in company with Vergil and Claudian as narrators of infernal torments. And it would be straining the point beyond reason, if a parallel were supposed between Dante's ride upon Geryon from one hell-circle to another, and Chaucer's voyage in the claws of the Eagle; or between that and the miraculous Eagle formed out of an infinite number of glorified spirits which holds "high parle" with Dante in Paradise. It may be my own obtuseness or ignorance, but the sole apparent parallel I can trace is that between the statues of certain ancient poets which Chaucer sees in the *House* and the spirits of them whom Dante meets just within the *Inferno*. The idea of such a vision has of course been common property from Homer's days. It must inevitably have occurred to any one wishing to write a legend of human Fame; but, beyond this, the supposed parallel between the two pictures is much rather that of dissimilarity than of likeness. Compare the names respectively selected. Dante's list is Homer, Horace, Ovid, Lucan, Vergil, and himself—"sesto tra cotanto senno." Chaucer's statues are of Statius (whom Dante by a strange fancy places apart from his greater brethren in Purgatory), Homer, with his half barbarous following, Dares, Titus [Dictys of Crete] and the rest, Vergil, Ovid, Lucan, Claudian.* Nor is the resemblance greater between the treatment of these poets. Chaucer's are scarcely discriminated figures—mere names. Dante's magical vivifying power is nowhere more conspicuous than in the lines which set before us the "four great shades" and Vergil. To ascribe an intended parallelism here is no true honour to our great countryman. It is not on passages like this, not, indeed, on the whole poem before us—lively in narrative and humorous in occasional touches as it is—that his own fame securely rests.

I turn now to Ten Brink's second and last line of proof—the "invocations" in the *Fame*. These are to Sleep (B. i.); to his own Thought (B. ii.)—both to aid him to tell his dream aright; to Apollo (B. iii.) for help to complete "this lytel last boke." The first invocation has, I feel sure, no parallel in the *Commedia*; the second only remotely resembles, if we can say it resembles at all, the assistance which Dante at the outset of the *Purgatorio* asks from the Muses. The third, however, thus far supports Ten Brink's theory that in the *Paradiso* (c. i.), Apollo is also prayed to for inspiration, "all' ultimo lavoro." If this (as is most likely) was in the professor's mind, we are grateful to him for the reference. It is quite probable that Dante's words were here before Chaucer, although the two poems proceed to develop the invocation in wholly different ways. Yet with this, I must contend, all just inference ceases. Chaucer everywhere borrows points and phrases without thereby giving reason to suspect that he is consciously framing a poem parallel to his original sources. And in the invocations (not frequent in his works), with his quick insight, he always chooses those which are germane to the matter. Such are the prayers to the Blessed Virgin of the Second Nun and the Prioress; the call upon Venus in the *Foules*, on Mars in the *Quene Anelyda*, on Tisiphone in *Troylus*; and such, and no more, seems to me to be the invocation of Apollo in the *Fame*, whether suggested or not by the *Commedia*.

Looking lastly at the plan and character of the whole piece, Chaucer, as I have tried to prove elsewhere, was indebted for his own art to the early Italian Renaissance—to the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio especially—in a degree only second to his debt to Mother Nature. Without this he would not, I hold, have been our Chaucer. And in a small companion piece to the *Commedia* one would naturally expect this Renaissance influence to be more or less clearly marked. Yet the rambling style, the incoherent plot, of the *Fame* is, on the contrary, purely mediæval in the inartistic sense of the word, and in the same degree removed from the severe outline and majestic unity of the *Commedia*, and the exquisite skill and economy of words which characterise the lyrics on Laura and the *Decameron*. The verbose digression upon the nature of sound, again, is wholly unlike Dante's close-reasoned physical speculations, such as that on reflected light, or upon the origin of the soul. And it would, lastly, be difficult to find a parallel, in Italian verse of any date, to the easy and thoroughly English fluency of Chaucer's facile riding rhyme. Ten Brink speaks of this as "habitually employed" by Chaucer "in his pre-Italian period." But is there any such employment except in the *Boke of the Duchesse* (1369)? And even if the professor considers the translation of the *Rose* authentic, would it be accurate to speak of these two works as proving habitual use of the rhyming octosyllabic?

Ten Brink's diligent and searching erudition, his philological accuracy, his range and command over his material, are beyond my praise. His work for us, in these respects, has been invaluable. Yet, to judge by this example, which is perhaps not without analogies in his former volume, he does not seem wholly to escape that fate which too often appears to condemn the Teutonic mind to reduce subtle, erudite, but unsubstantial conclusions from admirably gathered premises. Human nature changes on its surface, not in its depth; and perhaps this modern Teutonic characteristic only renews the allegorising and mythical tendencies of earlier days under a scientific and scholarly disguise. In a sentence which I have not quoted, Ten Brink elaborately compares the *House of Fame* to a work of architecture. Taking this figure, might we not say of other German commentaries—that of Ulrici, for example, on Shakspere, or of Goethe on Byron, not to go beyond poetry—that the stones for the building have been collected with endless patience and research, the water drawn and the wood hewn; but that the palace which arises over them is sometimes only that of a Fata Morgana—beautiful, symmetrical, alluring perhaps, but not able to bear human handling, "such stuff as dreams are made of?"

To dive into the inner mind of a great poet, dead near five centuries, and unveil therein his latent and unavowed intention, is a difficult task, a perilous, even to the learning and acuteness of a Ten Brink. And if this improbable conjecture (with others, should there be such, in the volume) receives, as I have argued, little or no substantial support from fact, yet the interest of his book will not be marred, nor its value diminished, as a lasting contribution (gratefully received from one of kindred race) to the history of English Literature.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

* Claudian is misnamed as a native of Toulouse; and it has been hence supposed that Chaucer was misled by Dante (*Purg.* xxvi. 89). This may have been so; yet the error (as pointed out by Mr. A. J. Butler in his admirable English-Italian edition of the book, 1880), is of far older date, and arises from a confusion between the poet and a rhetorician of the same name, "for which Lactantius is responsible."

SHAKSPERE AND MARSTON IN 1598.

London: April 29, 1889.

In relation to Shakspere's Sonnets, the most important question in several respects is that concerned with the chronology. To this question even the fascinating problems who was "Mr. W. H.," who the dark lady, and who the rival poet, are subordinate; for suggested solutions of these problems, which do not agree with the evidence of date, are obviously inadmissible. I have previously expressed the opinion that the larger portion of these poems (1-126) is to be assigned to a period of about three years—from the spring of 1598 to the spring or early summer of 1601. In addition to such proof as had been previously accumulated, recent research has given me another important piece of evidence in connexion with Sonnet 32:

"If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,
'Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Their's for their style I'll read, his for his love.'"

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According to the chronology I have suggested, this sonnet would be written in 1598, perhaps during the summer. It will be observed that Shakspere does not assert that there were at the time poets superior to himself, but that subsequently other poets will excel him in style and versification. I would particularly direct attention, however, to the line which I have italicised. There appears some incongruity when this line is compared with that preceding. The "bringing a dearer birth" to march in better equipped ranks can scarcely seem altogether suitable. There is a remarkable combination of metaphors. But some facts in relation to a work of Marston's, published in 1598, furnish a pretty complete explanation.

In the year just named, Marston published anonymously his *Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image and Certaine Satyres*. He seems to have thought that the *Pigmalion's Image* and the *Satyres* needed a connecting or harmonising link, lest he should seem to change his "hew like a Camelion." He, therefore, interposed a poem, said to be "in praise of his Pigmalion," but looking back to some extent to the one poem, and forward to the others. In this interposed poem Marston speaks of his

> "stanzas like odd bands
> Of voluntaries and mercenarians:
> Which like Soldados of our warlike age,
> *March rich bedight in warlike equipage:*
> Glittering in daubed lac'd accoustrements,
> And pleasing sutes of loues habiliments."

There is no great difficulty in perceiving that we have here in all probability the source of Shakspere's line, "To march in ranks of better equipage." The analogy is too close to be easily explained away. But, it may be said, is it not possible that Marston borrowed from Shakspere? To this question the answer must be given, that the congruity which, as already observed, is absent in Shakspere, is clearly to be seen in Marston. It is entirely suitable that "soldados" or soldiers should "march" richly bedecked with military accoutrements. It may be maintained, therefore, with confidence, that Marston's poem preceded Shakspere's. But, besides, we have what Shakspere says of "the bettering of the time," and of his being in the future "outatripp'd by every pen." In accordance with the view of Dr. Grosart (introduction to Marston's *Poems*, p. xxvi.), the *Pigmalion* owed its origin to Shakspere's successful *Venus and Adonis*. It need not be for a moment supposed that Shakspere really thought Marston's poem superior to his own; but it is likely enough that there were those who, for reasons of their own, would give it the preference, and who would proclaim the advent of a new poet whose "first bloomes of his Poesie" showed that he was destined to surpass Shakspere and the rest. As Dr. Grosart points out, Marston's book seems to have gained immediate popularity. He adduces as evidence the fact that, while the *Pigmalion* was entered in the Stationers' Register on May 27, 1598, so soon after as September 8 is found the entry of Marston's *Scourge of Vilany*. Possibly, too, Shakspere's friend, caught by the general popularity, had been eulogising the new poem as of very high promise. On this view the language of the thirty-second Sonnet presents no difficulty, while the agreement with the chronology, supported by other evidence, is complete.

THOMAS TYLER.

"HERMES BALLENUS."

London: April 27, 1889.

Prof. Cowell's suggestion, quoted in Prof. Skeat's letter in to-day's ACADEMY, has, no doubt, solved the question of what Chaucer meant by "Hermes Ballenus." To Prof. Skeat's remarks on this subject it may be added that Chaucer's spelling quite legitimately represents the Arabic *Balînus* (see British Museum Catalogue, Arabic MSS., p. 203), and that the latter differs only in the omission of the "A," and in the diacritic points from the strictest possible Arabic transliteration of "Apollonius." According to the Catalogue, the British Museum MS. spells the name of Balînus's native place as "Çuwâns(b)," which confirms De Sacy's interpretation of "Tuaya" as Tyana. But how did Chaucer get hold of the Arabic name? The book of "Balînus" must have been quoted by some European author; perhaps, if the immediate source could be discovered, we might find in it the key to some other difficult allusions in Chaucer's poems. Is Gower's "Balamuz, iii. 45) the same name? or, if not, what does it mean? Perhaps Chaucer's "Elcanor" may turn out to be Arabic. According to Freytag, *al-Qanawwar* would, as a cognomen, mean much the same as Grosteste, Capito, and Canmore.

H. BRADLEY.

A DANTE CRUX.

Venice: April 22, 1889.

The following suggestion, due to Signor Ferdinando Giglio, may prove of interest to students of Dante.

The line (*Inferno*, vii. 1):

"Pape satan, pape satan aleppe"

has long proved a crux to commentators. Your readers will remember how Benvenuto Cellini was reminded of it by the cry of the usher in the French court: "Paix, paix, Satan allez, paix" (Cellini ii. 27.)

Signor Giglio now advances the following interpretation, which I extract from an Italian journal:

"Pape satan, pape satan aleppe"

is to be read as:

"Bab e sciatan, bab e sciatan aleb,"

which, in some form of Semitic language, means: "The gate of hell has prevailed." Pluto, in fact, in using the words put into his mouth by Dante, is giving the lie to the verse in St. Matthew xvi. 18, and asserts that the gates of hell have prevailed.

HORATIO F. BROWN.

"CHARLES THE GREAT."

New York: April 18, 1889.

Permit me the privilege of pleading "not guilty" to the sins of omission with which Mr. Frederick Hawkins, noticing my *History of Charles the Great*, charges me in the ACADEMY of April 6. According to him, I have made "less use than is permissible and expedient of the poems relating to Charles's achievements." I do not remember having seen the canons to which he refers; but, it being my set purpose, distinctly stated in the preface, to write *history*, I thought the high authority of Ranke, Böhmer-Mühlbacher and Abel-Simson, sufficient to justify the exclusion of matter which, in Mr. Hawkins's opinion, ought to have been received. He startles me by saying that even in connexion with Roland's horn, "there is no reference to the Chanson de Roland," for on the page opposite to that from which he cites begins such a reference, about a page and a half in length, while Appendix K contains a translation of M. L. Gautier's admirable chronological table of the Poetical History of Charlemagne, covering two pages, and giving an array of titles sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the most insatiable appetite for poetic and legendary lore.

I likewise plead "not guilty" in the matter of the *scenici*, the name given to players in the capitularies, as is evident from the following citation (*Charles the Great*, p. 239 *sq.*), which embodies all I have been able to glean on the subject:

"Such modern pastimes as the theatre and the concert, perhaps also the opera, were not unknown at the court of Charles. Traces of spectacular displays are not wanting. Angilbert was passionately fond of them, and Alcuin denounced them as sinful*; a capitulum forbidding actors on pain of corporal punishment and banishment to appear on the stage in the costume of clerics, monks, or nuns, not only demonstrates the existence of theatrical performances, but shows the estimate in which players were held, the extent to which clerical influence shaped public sentiment, and that the exhibitions were not miracle plays.†

"Musical diversion and exercise, and buffoonery may lurk in the *acroama* or dinner accompaniment, for the term designates anything heard with pleasure, such as jocose recitations of punsters or court wits, festal or ludicrous compositions, musical and even mimic exhibitions.‡"

J. I. MOMBERT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 6, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Heat Engines other than Steam," I., by Mr. H. Graham Harris.
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Jehovistic and Elohistic Proper Names," by the Rev. A. Löwy.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute.

TUESDAY, May 7, 11.30 a.m. Art Union of London: Annual General Meeting.
3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Italian Renaissance Painters, II., their Education," by Dr. J. P. Richter.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Treatment of Steel by Hydraulic Pressure and the Plant employed for the Purpose," by Mr. W. H. Greenwood.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "New Indian Lepidoptera," by Col. C. Swinhoe; "A New Tree Trap-door Spider from Brazil," by the Rev. O. P. Cambridge; "The Anatomy of *Tupirus terrestris*," by Mr. F. E. Beddard; "Praepollex and Praehallux," by Prof. Bardeleben.

WEDNESDAY, May 8, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Origin and Manufacture of Playing Cards," by Mr. G. Clulow.
8 p.m. Geological: "The Rocks of Alderney and the Casquets," by the Rev. Edwin Hill; "Ashprington Volcanic Series of South Devon," by the late Arthur Champernowne.
8 p.m. Microscopical: "Additional Notes on the Foraminifera of the London Clay," by Messrs. C. D. Sherborn and F. Chapman; "New Peritrichous Infusoria of the Fresh-waters of the United States," by Mr. A. C. Stokes.
8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "Ancient Terrace Cultivation in Wales and Elsewhere," by Mr. G. L. Gomme.

THURSDAY, May 9, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Science of Animal Locomotion in its Relation to Design in Art," illustrated with the Zoopraxiscope, II., by Mr. Eadweard Muybridge.
8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Solution in Integers of Equations of the Form $x^3+y^3+Az^3=0$," by Mr. S. Roberts; "The Concomitants of K-ary Quantics," by Mr. J. C. Sharp; "The Motion of an Elastic Solid Strained by Extraneous Forces," by Signor Betti; "Cyclotomic Functions—$\frac{1}{2}(l+1)$, the Cyclotomics belonging to the f-nomial Period is of the p^{th} Roots of Unity, when p is a Prime Number," by Prof. Lloyd Tanner; "The Complete Elliptic Integrals, K, E, G, I," by Dr. Kleiber.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Discussion, "Lightning, Lightning Conductors, and Lightning Protectors," by Prof. Oliver Lodge.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, May 10, 8 p.m. New Shakspere: "A Study in 'Julius Caesar,'" by the Rev. Dr. F. C. Kolbe.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Optical Properties of Oxygen and Ozone," by Prof. Dewar.

SATURDAY, May 11, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Origin and Development of Opera in England," with Musical Illustrations, II., by Mr. Joseph Bennett.
3 p.m. Physical: "An Electrostatic Field produced by varying Magnetic Induction," and "The Concentration of Electromagnetic Waves by Large Cylindrical Lenses," by Prof. Oliver Lodge.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

* Alc. *Epp.* 116, 177 ed. Jaffé.

† "Si quis ex *scenicis* vestem sacerdotalem aut monasticam, vel mulieris religiosae vel qualicunque ecclesiastico statu similem indutus fuerit, corporali poenae subsistat, et exilio tradatur." Capitul. I. V. c. 2, apud Heineccius.

‡ Ducange, s. v. *acroama* sq.

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SCIENCE.

The Epistles of Pliny to Trajan. With Notes and Essays. By E. J. Hardy. (Macmillan.)

MR. HARDY'S edition of the correspondence of Pliny and Trajan raises once more in the most acute form the old question of the relation of commentaries to books of reference. Of course, there are commentaries, like Prof. Mayor's on Juvenal, which are themselves books of reference of the highest value; that is to say, the notes are drawn from a wide range of authorities, and bring together information which is nowhere else to be found gathered with the same completeness. But there are others, which, without claiming to add anything of importance to the standard authorities, aim at making their contents readily accessible to the students of particular Greek or Latin books. Mr. Hardy's work belongs to the latter class. He has selected a comparatively brief portion of Pliny's epistles, covering some forty pages in an ordinary text, and has poured out upon this, in a very full commentary, a mass of information on every point that arises, drawn from a somewhat narrow range of authorities. The astounding learning of Mommsen and Marquardt's *Handbuch* has so thoroughly exhausted the sources of our knowledge of Roman law and organisation under the empire that the most diligent gleaner could find little to add; and the fact that the great work still remains (not much to the credit of English scholarship) untranslated makes it a not unwelcome service to many students to render its stores more accessible. The peg which Mr. Hardy has chosen on which to hang his compilations is not ill-fitted for his purpose. He expresses a doubt himself whether the letters to Trajan will be considered the most suitable introduction to a study of Pliny's epistles. Certainly they do not give us so comprehensive a view of his many-sided literary and social activity as might be gained from a judicious selection from other books of his correspondence. For reading in schools Mr. Bernard's or Messrs. Church and Brodribb's selections would be found more interesting. But for the student of history none are more valuable; and their style, though somewhat formal, hardly requires that they should be condemned as "litterae illitteratissimae," like some of Pliny's official notes at Rome. It is to be feared, however, that Mr. Hardy's suggestion that part of a school term might be well spent by a sixth form in mastering these letters "with all their details," is not likely to be generally acceptable. To say nothing of the difficulty of finding time for such an addition to the usual curriculum, Mr. Hardy has really left nothing for the schoolboy to do, except as a work of memory. To every letter, even the shortest and easiest, is appended a very close paraphrase, excellent in itself, but serving every purpose of a literal translation. No reference is allowed to pass unexplained; no hard word is left untranslated; geographical, biographical, and historical information is poured out with unstinting hand. The delight of the schoolboy at finding that no book of reference whatever is needed will only be tempered by bewilderment at the mass of details to be remembered. The case would be very different if the book were to be prescribed for a university examination; and it might with great advantage be set as one of the special subjects to be "got up" for the history schools.

As to the manner in which the commentary has been put together, it must be honestly stated that great diligence has been accompanied, and not unfrequently marred, by unusual carelessness. The demon of inaccuracy has haunted Mr. Hardy, especially in dealing with proper names. "Marquardt" appears on every page as "Marquadt"; "Wilmanns" in almost any form but the right one; "Regensberg," "Rothenthurm," "Japyges," "Paetovio," and "Ahilis" occur within two or three pages. "Möriz" and "Schaeffer" are as incorrect as "Rom. Gesch.," which is the form regularly used. References are frequently omitted or given inaccurately; and of simple misprints there are far more than there should be in a work so beautifully printed.

As a rule the notes are sensible and accurate, and slips in judgment are rare. There is one funny oversight on p. 132, where Mr. Hardy has taken seriously an electoral joke, and assumes the existence of a "collegium furunculorum" at Pompeii. He ought to have been consistent, and on the same authority have added a "guild of hard drinkers (*scribibi*)." The meaning is surely plain enough, that such-and-such a candidate is supported only by pilferers and drunkards. On p. 137, "lapis gracilis" can hardly mean inferior stone, but rather "scanty," as in the parallel which Mr. Hardy himself quotes. Is there any evidence that pipes of lead were used for the main aqueducts (p. 135)? It is explicitly denied by Lanciani. By the way, in the same note "Terragona" is a *vox nihili* and "Anio Nova" a blunder. It is not clear what map of Asia Minor Mr. Hardy has used. If we are to be guided by Dr. Müller's and the latest of Kiepert's, his account of the road eastwards from Nicomedeia is very misleading, as there is no road between Gangra and Amasia, and Satala is by no means on the upper Euphrates. In any case, the list of names is as confusing as it would be to give a list of the Devonshire stations of the South-Western in discussing whether Virginia Water should be drained into the Thames. The river which runs to the north-east on p. 143 is apparently the same as that which runs to the north-west on p. 168; and "dyke" in the one note is a canal, in the other a dam. It is curious that the stream which undoubtedly in Pliny's time connected L. Sophon with the Sangarius is ignored in recent maps. Here we should have been glad of a reference to some recent authority, but none is given.

The life of Trajan, in which Mr. Hardy has followed the excellent authority of Dierauer and De la Berge, and that of Pliny, on which he has the guidance of Mommsen, will be useful to many students, though much of the former has little to do with the subject-matter of the book. The Appendix, in which he argues against Bishop Lightfoot, that during the whole of the first century the Christians were regarded only as a sect of the Jews, and therefore shared whatever measure of toleration was accorded to the latter, deals with a question of great interest. Mr. Hardy's view assumes that Tacitus and Suetonius "injected into the incidents of the reign of Nero the language and experience that belong to the age of Trajan"—an assumption that may be justified, if the other evidence forces it upon us, but which ought not to be lightly made. That Josephus, Seneca, and the elder Pliny are silent upon the Christians is a fact the significance of which largely depends upon the question how far they would naturally have had occasion to mention them. He also declares it to be quite improbable that Poppaea understood the distinction between Jews and Christians, or could have made Nero understand it too. But why so, seeing that the test employed later on could have been so readily applied? The Jews would have been ready to blaspheme Christ: nothing would have induced the Christians to do so.

The most important independent contribution made by Mr. Hardy to the criticism of these Epistles is his happy discovery of a Bodleian MS., which seems to take us nearer to the lost Paris MS. than any source now accessible. The value of this he demonstrated in the *Journal of Philology*, and the restatement of his theory in the Introduction necessarily loses from compression; but he may be said to have fairly made out his case. Unfortunately, where the text of these Epistles is corrupt, it does not admit of easy correction; and recent emendations have given us only a choice of violent remedies. Of four of Mr. Hardy's contributions, referred to on p. 72, two are incorrectly quoted; the other two are not attractive for simplicity; and a fifth (Ep. 23) is also somewhat violent.

It is hard to see what led Mr. Hardy to say on p. 32 that Scaevola (Cicero, *De Orat.* i. 17) and C. Rabirius Postumus were impeached "de pecuniis repetundis," or to refer to Suet. *Caes.* 55 for the trial of T. Albucius, and to *pro Cluent.* 47 for that of Terentius Varro. His notes must have got into strange confusion here. It is also an odd way of putting it, on p. 56, that Glabrio was accused of fighting with wild beasts, since he did this at the emperor's bidding.

A. S. WILKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETRUSCAN TITLE "MARUNUX."

Barton-on-Humber: April 9, 1889.

One of the most important Et. official titles is *Marunuχ*, as Corssen, Pauli, and Sayce, no doubt rightly, read the word. Deecke (*Et. Fors. und Stud.*, ii. 42) reads *marunu*, regarding the χ as *que* ("and"), and renders *marunuχ spurana* "und *curator publicus*." Corssen, Prof. Sayce agreeing, translates *marunuχ* by "procurator." Etruria was governed by "priestly nobles" (Dennis), and thus functions religious and civil could be combined in the same person. Hence, in the inscriptions, it appears, in various cases, that the same man filled two important offices—*i.e.*, *zilaχ* and *marunuχ*. The title *zilaχ* is, I think, preserved by Vergil, whose Tuscans, being supposed to be Lydians, are made to aid their Trojan neighbours. His third Tuscan chieftain is

> "Ille hominum divumque interpres *Asylas*
> Cui pecudum fibrae, coeli cui sidera parent,
> Et linguae volucrum, et praesagi fulminis ignes."
> *Aen.* x. 175-7.

A-sylas, "the *Zilaχ*," is thus a priestly or augural warrior; not so the *Marunuχ*. General terms in one language often become proper names to writers in another, *e.g.*, Plato's "Er

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(*i.e.*, "Man"), the Armenian." The "voyelle prosthétique" is not unusual in classical transcriptions of foreign names, *e.g.*, Eg. *Teta*, Gk. *A-thôthis*, *O-thoês*; Eg. *Pepi*, Gk. *A-pappos*, &c.

The principal inscriptions containing the title *marunuχ* are:

Fab. 2056: *arnθ alθnas ar clan ril*
Aruns Alethnas of-Aruns son, aged (lit.
xxziii . . . clenar sal arce acnanasa
"of-age"), 33, children three had by-Acnanasa
(*vide* the ACADEMY of January 14, 1888, p. 29).
zila MARUNUχva tenθas.
As-Zilaχ &-Magistrate he-served.

Va. "And." In Et. at times, as in Ak. and other connected languages very generally, "*m* = *v*" (Müller-Deecke, *Der Etrusker*, ii. 425). *Va* = Finnic *ja*, Turkic *vè*, Samoied *wa*, Tungusic *wa*-l, Ak. *va*, *ua*, Ostiak *mè*-t, Mag. *me*-g, and the Et. variant "*m* [for *ma*], *-em*, *-um*, 'und'" (Deecke. Pauli calls it "the onhanging *-m*; *vide* R. B. jun., "The Et. Ins. of Lemnos," in *Proceedings* Soc. Bib. Arch., May 1888, p. 358) *Cf.* the forms *rexu-va* and *esu-va* in the Foiano Bowl Ins. (Gam. 912 bis).

Tenθas and *tenu*, according to Pauli, = "administravit." Pauli's knowledge of the inscriptions, which he considers only internally, is so profound that his opinion respecting the meaning of a word is entitled to the greatest weight.

Fab. 2057: *av[le ale]θnas [a]rnθal cla[n] θunχ-*
Aulus Alethnas of-Aruns son and-of-
vilusc ruvfial zilaχ[nuce] . . . MARUNUχva . . .
Tanaquil Ruvfi was-a-Zilaχ and-as-Magistrate
tenu
served.

C final is a loan-word, Lat. *que* (*vide* ACADEMY, March 10, 1888, p. 174). *Zilaχnuce* = "magistratum gessit" (Deecke). *Marunu* (vide *sup.*) = "nomen magistratus" (*ibid*).

Fab. 2070: *arnθ χurcles larθal clan ram-*
Aruns Churcles of-Larθon (&) of-Ram-
θas nevtnisl zilc . . . amce . . . MARUNUχ . . .
tha Nevtni a-Zilaχ was. As-Magistrate
tenu avils mχs semφlχls
he-served; of-year first 90th (= "aged 91")
lupu
he-died.

Clan, rendered "filius" in a bilingual, is connected with the Turko-Tataric root *ok*, *og*, "boy"; vigur *okul*, Tchagatai *ogul*, *oul*, "boy"; Yakute *ogo*, "child"; Osmanli *oghl*, "son," *oghlan*, *oul*, "boy." "Die Wortbedeutung von *ogul*, *ogulan*, *oglan*, *olan*, ist daher Sprosse, Sprösaling, *alias* Kind" (Vámbéry, *Étymol. Wört. der Turko-Tat. Sprachen*, 47).

Gam. 740: [a]*θnas a v zilχ*
Alethnas Aulus of-Vel (son): as-Zilaχ
MARUNUχva te[nθas] [nu]rθz
and-Magistrate he-served 10-times (*vide* ACADEMY, February 9, 1889, p. 97).

In Fab. 2033 bis. E. b we find the contracted form *marnuχ*.

In Et. words for classes of persons frequently end in *ac*, *aχ*, *χ*, e.g., *frunt-ac*, "fulgurator"; *zil-aχ*, *Rum-aχ*, "a Roman"; *Velz-n-aχ*, "a Volscian"; and, I would add, *Zeriu-n-aχ*. "a Tyrian" (vide "Et. Ins. Lem.," *ut sup.*, p. 324). "*Aχ* in Ethnicis," observes Deecke; but the principle is somewhat wider than this, and may be illustrated as follows: In Magyar, we find plural endings *ak*, *uk*; in Basque, the plural suffix *k*, and the suffix *tk*, "the plural *k* preceded by *t*, to which has been assigned an indefinite meaning. . . . *Ik* is thus the characteristic suffix of the indefinite plural, and is originally a plural form" (Van Eys, *The Basque Lang.* 13). This is *exactly* the force of the Et. *aχ*, *uχ*. The terminations *-naχ*, *-nuχ*, = *-na* ("of," "belonging to") + *aχ*, *uχ*. So *marunuχ* = *maru-na-uχ*- an indefinite plural, meaning the class of men so called.

Having thus detached the compound suffix *-nuχ*, we are left with the original word *Maru*, which appears in the name of the poet P. Vergilius *Maro*, born in the town named after the Et. divinity *Mantus*. The Magyar *b*, a letter unused in Et., often reappears as *m* in the connected languages, *e.g.*, Mag. *bogyó*, Finnic *marja*, Lapp *muorge*, "bacca" (*vide* Budenz, *Magyar-Ugor Ös. Szótár*, 457 *et seq.*); and Budenz equates the Mag. *bi-zo* (*mi-zo*) with the Mordvin *ma-kst*, &c. From the Mag-root *bir*, "to be strong," &c., come *bíró*, "possessor, dominus, judex, praefectus," *biro-dalom*, "potestas, imperium," &c. The root in Zyrianian and Vogul passes into the form *ver*, which in the Turko-Tataric dialects reappears as *bar*, *var* (*vide* Vámbéry, *Etymol.* 198), "to be able," &c., and is connected with the Ak. form *bar*, *par*, which has many meanings, and signifies primarily "to divide." Other variants are the Yakute *bari*, the Ostiak-Samoied *par*, *pare*, the Kamassin *bar*, &c.

As the Magyar *bi-zo* = the Mordvin *ma-kst*, so the Mag. BI-RO ("praefectus") = the Et. MA-RU; and the word reappears in the Basque *buru-zaghikoa*, "magisterial"; *buru-zaghiki*, "magisterially."

ROBT. BROWN, JUN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Uses of Plants, by Prof. G. S. Boulger, a Manual of Economic Botany, having special references to vegetable products introduced during the last fifty years, will be published next week by Messrs. Roper & Drowley. It gives a concise enumeration, with a systematic index, of all vegetable substances in use in England as food, materia medica, oils, gums, rubbers, dyeing, tanning and paper-making materials, fibres, timber, &c., both home-grown and imported, together with short essays on the recent progress of vegetable technology in its various branches.

THE *Journal* of the Anthropological Institute for May contains a diversified collection of papers relating to the scientific study of man. Mr. F. Galton deals with the importance of studying variety in the individuals of a group—a subject rather slighted by many observers; Mr. E. H. Man publishes the first of a series of papers on the Nicobarese; Mr. A. W. Howitt, of Gippsland, describes the message-sticks used in Australia, and sometimes known, rather inaccurately, as "blackfellows' letters"; Dr. Codrington explains the regulations relating to marriage and to property in Melanesia; Mr. T. W. Shore, of the Hartley Institution, discusses the distribution of the old British population of Hampshire; and Miss Buckland describes some megalithic remains in the Isle of Man.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE have received the *Proceedings* of the last meeting of the American Oriental Society, held at Philadelphia on October 31 and November 1, 1888. In the course of the business reference was made to a collection of about 400 cuneiform tablets, recently acquired by the university of Pennsylvania—which, it would seem, devotes more attention to Assyriological matters than other American colleges, *teste* the archaeological expedition of last winter; and a committee was appointed to take in hand the cataloguing of all Oriental MSS. in the United States. Abstracts then follow—some of them very full—of the papers read at the meeting, of which we have space to mention only a few. Prof. Morris Yastrow gave an account of the philological library of the late Friedrich August Pott, numbering over 4000 volumes, which has been acquired by the university of Pennsylvania, as Bopp's by Cornell, Scherer's by Syracuse, and Bluntschli's by Johns Hopkins. Prof. Whitney, of Yale, submitted a searching criticism of the second volume of Eggeling's translation of the Çatapatha-Brahmana. Prof. Allan Marquand, of Princeton, drew attention to the proto-Doric character of certain rock-hewn tombs in Paphlagonia. Mr. W. W. Rockhill, of Peking, described in detail some curious Lamaist ceremonies. Prof. Isaac H. Hall, of New York, described and gave an analysis of two Peshito MSS. which have recently found a home in the United States, through the intervention of the American missionaries in Asia Minor: (1) The four Gospels, divided for liturgical use; and (2) the New Testament, together with an appendix containing a tradition respecting the lives of the Apostles and of the seventy disciples, which seems to be unique, through resembling two treatises mentioned in Wright's British Museum Catalogue. This is printed at length in the original Syriac, with a translation. Prof. John A. Paine, of Tarrytown, identifies the eclipse of the moon recorded in a Babylonian tablet, published by Mr. Pinches in the August number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*, with an historical eclipse mentioned by Ptolemy, which has served as a starting-point in ancient chronology for determining the date of the Captivity. Dr. Cyrus Adler, of Johns Hopkins, reported on the progress made in compiling a biography and complete edition of the works of Edward Hincks, the Irish cuneiform scholar. Prof. Max Müller has offered a number of Hincks's letters, containing grammatical observations on Assyrian, and Prof. Sayce his interleaved and annotated copy of Oppert's *Grammaire Assyrienne*; while Hincks's daughters have been able very largely to augment the catalogue of his Assyriological papers.

MR. T. G. BJOCKMAN, of Wexiö, has brought out (Stockholm) a very full Swedish-English Dictionary of 1360 pages in two double-columned octavos. His classification of meanings, and his collection of phrases, are very numerous. The work is a practical and useful one.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(*Friday, April 12.*)

DR. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. W. Poel read a paper on "The Stage Arrangement of 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Mr. Poel held Shakspere's method of dramatic composition to be this: to construct a play so that it might be acted from beginning to end without interruption, and to have in it all that the taste of the day needed in the way of comic interlude and music. Unity of fable and unity of action were what he aimed at; and to avoid the introduction of impromptu dialogue into his plays, he wrote his own interludes, and made them part and parcel of the play. He wished to satisfy his audience and himself at the same time; and it was only the greatness of his dramatic genius that enabled him to succeed where others failed, and to write plays that are as actable to-day as they were when written. His plays may, therefore, truly be called, as they were in his day, stage poems, having a beginning, a middle, and an end, but unmarked by any pause in the action from the opening to the closing lines of the play. It was as a means to this end that Shakspere utilised the double plots so often to be found in his plays It enabled him to continue uninterruptedly the movement of his play. The characters in each plot appear on the stage in alternate scenes, with every now and then a full scene, in which all the characters appear in contact with each other. Ben Jonson disliked this method of dramatic construction, as being opposed to the rules of the classic drama. He ridiculed Shakspere's use of short scenes and his fondness for bringing the characters on to the stage in pairs. Ben Jonson, nevertheless, found it necessary to conform to the requirements of the day, as is shown in his first two comedies, written to be acted without pause from beginning to end. But later on, he adopted the Terentian method of construction—that o

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dividing the plays into acts, and making each act a complete episode in itself. That his method was an innovation on the Elizabethan stage may be gathered from his dedication, prefixed to the play of "The Fox," in which, speaking of plays, he says: "Wherein I have laboured much for their instruction and amendment to reduce not only the ancient forms but manners of the scene," &c. With regard to the difficulty of acting Shakspere's plays in two hours and a half, Mr. Poel thought that a solution of the question could best be found in studying the manner of acting in Shakspere's time. He held that with efficient elocution and the absence of all delay between scenes and acts the Elizabethan actors would have got through half of the play before the Victorian actors could cover a third. "Oh, the times when my tongue have ranne as fast upon the sceane as a Windebankes pen over the ocean" is the stage-players complaint in 1641, after the closing of the theatres. Mr. Poel held that no stage arrangement of "Romeo and Juliet" was consistent with Shakspere's intentions that did not give prominence to the hatred of the two houses, as indicated in the prologue, and retain intact the three big crowd scenes, the one at the opening of the play, the second in the middle, and the third at the end. To represent only the love episode was to make the tragedy less suggestive and far less dramatic; and to open the play, as was now the practice on the stage, with the quarrel of the two houses, and not show the reconciliation at the end was, in Mr. Poel's opinion, a more unintelligible proceeding than that of omitting the crowd scenes altogether, as was done in the time of Garrick. Mr. Poel could not agree with Mr. Irving, in his preface to the "Irving Shakspere," that the manner of representing Shakspere's plays must be dictated by the public taste of the day. On the contrary, he would suggest that Shakspere's plays be protected from misrepresentation arising out of the fashion of the day. If a theatre existed for the performance of Shakspere's plays in all the simplicity and with all the rapidity with which they were acted in his time, it would put a stop to the endless experiments, mutilations, and profitless discussions that each revival of his plays necessitates. To see a play in action was not the same thing as reading a play. As Mr. R. L. Stevenson said: "In reading a play we are all apt to miss the proper point of view;" to read a play is "a knack, the fruit of much knowledge and some imagination, comparable to that of reading a score." If, therefore, every time Shakspere was acted it was necessary to omit one-third of the play, it would be as likely that the wrong scenes for representation should be chosen as the right ones; but were the entire play acted occasionally the author's point of view could not fail to declare itself. Mr. Poel attributed to the despotism of the actor on the English stage the mutilation of Shakspere's plays in their dramatic representation. The English public was sufficiently indifferent to the welfare of dramatic art in their own country to allow its leading actors to be their own stage-managers and often their own authors. As a consequence, there were no English plays worthy of the name of plays, and no stage-managers competent to protect the interests of authors; for the actor who could look at a play from any other point of view than in relation to the prominence of his own part in it had not yet been found. Mr. Poel held the stage version of "Romeo and Juliet" submitted to the public under the patronage of Mr. Henry Irving to be disappointing, because he believed the proper point of view from which to represent the story had been missed. He had tried to show what was the proper point of view, and perhaps he, too, had failed. Of all arts, that of the drama was the most difficult, and the most open to criticism; and Shakspere's plays being the property of everyone, everyone undertook to judge of them. The paper was followed by a discussion.

Clifton Shakspere Society.—(*Saturday, April 13.*)

W. C. H. Cross, Esq., president, in the chair.—The Rev. H. P. Stokes sent a paper on "The Registration and Publication of 'Hamlet,'" saying that a compact statement of the facts is not only interesting in itself, but throws light upon various questions—such as the existence of an older drama; the connexion of Shakspere with such older play; the successive revisions of the tragedy; the relationship between author and publisher; the customs of printers and booksellers, and then pointing out that the Roberts entry in 1602 was not followed by publication, that the 1603 edition had no printer's name, that Roberts printed the 1604 and 1605 editions, both of which Ling published without the aid of Trundell, who had been associated with him in bringing out the 1603 edition, of which Roberts may have been the anonymous printer, although the copyright in 1607 was the property of Ling, who then transferred it to Smythick, who published an edition in 1611, and an undated edition which has been assigned to 1607, but which it seems more likely belongs to 1631, having been printed by W. S., whom Smythick employed in that year for his editions of "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Romeo and Juliet." When Thomas Cotes printed the 1632 folio he did not give Smythick's name in connexion with it, although the latter held the copyright of "Hamlet" to his death in 1642. Probably this is to be explained by the fact that in 1630 the copyright of the "Historye of Hamblett," mentioned among Shakspere's plays in 1626, had been transferred to Richard Cotes by those who had received it from the widow of Thomas Pavier. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps thought that this was the prose-narrative. But it is more likely that it was either the old play or Shakspere's first sketch, and that Cotes's family, having possession of the copyright of a Hamlet drama, felt themselves independent of Smythick's rights.—Miss Louisa Mary Davies, in a paper called "On the War Path," reviewing *The Upshot of "Hamlet"* by Arthur Gigadibs, said of all profane writers not distinctly controversial it has been the fate of Shakspere—a most unlikely man for it—to be the most prolific occasion of unanimous wordy warfare, and "Hamlet" is the Belgium of Shaksperian criticism, for here armies of various nationalities meet to try literary conclusions, and these combatants are, as a rule, reverent adorers of the glorious intellect and lovable personality of the poet. Yet every now and then in these later days a lightly-armed iconoclast strolls jauntily into the battle-field to count the broken bones and astonish the wounded with a playful display of catapult practice. Mr. Gigadibs, familiar to us as the silent, abstracted recipient of Bishop Blougram's confidential "Apology," is perhaps one of the most sanguine members of this light infantry corps; for he is convinced that the development of criticism as he understands it is inevitable. And his business is to bring a scientific, in opposition to a sympathetic, or, as he suggests, an idolatrous, method of criticism to bear on the tragedy of "Hamlet." It cannot, however, vex our spirits to admit with this butterfly warrior that once more the framework of a play is not Shakspere's own. It is rather too much, though, to ask us to believe that Shakspere put together the various elements in the play, borrowed and original, with as little regard as possible to fitness, consistency, or probability. As the only alternative to such a theory, this critic tell us we must believe that "the poet had a complete and consistent scheme; a fully rounded conception of every character and career singly, and of the relations of all to each other and to all the incidents." But must one be either a Schlegel or a Gigadibs? We are not to be allowed to consider the inconsistencies of Hamlet capable of explanation on the hypothesis that he was a perfectly original character, and so intended, for "an original character-conception is a chimera." To an ordinary mind it seems unreasonable to compel an author to present a portraiture of an absolutely consistent being. Such a creature in flesh and blood would be a *lusus naturæ* of the most exasperating kind; and why he should be such a *desideratum* on paper, or on the stage, is a little incomprehensible. Gigadibs is delighted with Poe's remarks about the whims, the vacillations, and the indolences of Shakspere. But surely we have heard about these over and over again. In the crucible of analysis, amateur and professional, in which Shakspere's poetry is daily melted down, is it possible that a flaw could remain undetected? Hidden beauties may perhaps reward the search of future generations; but the poet's faults, such as they are, are worn on his sleeve, that every casual daw may peck at them as he passes. Mr. Gigadibs would have us believe that, through hurry and copying, Shakspere frequently failed to conceive a character or a career as a whole. This carelessness is to be explained by the poet's pessimism—reproduced in the character of Hamlet—which led him to consider everything, life included, worthless, and thus he was "either constitutionally averse to calculating labour or convinced that it was not worth while to bestow much constructive pains on his work." And it is to this that Mr. Gigadibs would reduce the play that has exercised a subtle fascination over everyone who has read it or seen it acted, and in which we all, except this destructive critic, find plenty that is written in deadly earnest enough. We may, therefore, with confidence consider that the day is far off when a so-called scientific criticism will reveal Shakspere as an indolent, vacillating, pessimistic genius and a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.—Dr. P. Watson Williams read a paper entitled, "Was Hamlet mad?" in which he took exception to the views of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson (New Shakspere Society's *Transactions*, 1880-5, Part II.), who considered that Hamlet's character is that of a madman. This play, in the characters of Ophelia and Hamlet, gives us Shakspere's delineation of real and feigned madness. Hamlet is merely a weak, irresolute cynic, weary of the world, whom the revelations of the ghost made hysterical. The coarseness of his expressions to Ophelia must not be judged from the point of view of to-day. If his self-accusation of madness made to Laertes is to be brought forward as evidence of insanity, his repudiation of madness in the scene with his mother must be put on the other side. The Shaksperian view of the matter is settled by the words given to Hamlet:

> "Bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word; which madness
> Would gambol from."

Hamlet could stand this test, but not Ophelia.—The secretary read an anonymous paper on "The Elocution of the Society's reading of 'Hamlet,'" which consisted almost entirely of Shakspere phrases applied to the merits or defects of the individual readers.

FINE ART.

Art in the Modern State. By Lady Dilke. (Chapman & Hall.)

Under a somewhat misleading title Lady Dilke has supplied, in her latest work, a series of chapters on the system of artistic organisation and artistic training in France during the *Grand Siècle*, which are compiled with an enthusiastic industry such as all who are acquainted with her *Renaissance in France* and her *Claude Lorrain* will be well prepared for. The title, too, is only misleading until the scope and intention of the book have revealed themselves to the reader. It then soon becomes apparent that the author aims chiefly at exhibiting the circumstances under which, for the first time, a sovereign state assumed to control and to develop in a given direction the artistic resources of its people, moulding these in accordance with its own views and wants, and converting into an absolute monarchy what had been a series of oligarchical republics which even the Renaissance, with its strong tendency towards absolute freedom of literary and artistic development, had not altogether succeeded in upsetting.

After a couple of introductory chapters, the first of which contains bold and sometimes happy generalisations on the subject of the internal and external policy of Richelieu,

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while in the second are indicated the general lines of the politico-economical system of Colbert, and the unflinching despotism by which he made the industry, the art, and the literature of France the main instruments in the glorification of Louis XIV., we are launched with somewhat disconcerting suddenness on a sea of detailed facts, loosely strung together, such as the author especially loves. The rise and organisation of the Academies of Architecture and Painting, the decline of the old *maîtrises* or guilds, the vicissitudes of the Academical School, the supreme power gradually attained by Lebrun in all matters appertaining both to fine art proper and to industrial art, are in turn ably recorded according to the most modern and approved French authorities. The system according to which, in a work of such limited proportions as is the present treatise, the development of each artistic corporation and group of artists under the supervision of the all-potent minister, and the chosen delegates of that minister, is given in a separate chapter is, however, open to the objection that a considerable amount of repetition becomes inevitable. The same, or practically the same, facts are many times repeated; and especially is this the case in the chapters which deal with the wars waged between the Academies and the *maîtrises*, and in those which describe the relations of the all-powerful and omnipresent Lebrun with the army of painters, sculptors, architects, and decorative artists, whom he employed and absolutely controlled on behalf of the king and his ministers.

In the section on the Royal Academy of Architecture an interesting account is furnished of the metamorphoses undergone by the Louvre of Pierre Lescot, as it was successively completed, altered, and adapted by Lemercier, by Le Vau, and finally by Claude Perrault—the doctor and amateur architect, against whom the outcry was as loud as it is in our own day against a certain legal luminary, whose *trop de zèle* as a restorer has called down upon him year after year all the thunder-bolts of the Institute. It was of Perrault that his rivals said: "Architecture must be very ill, since she is to be put into the doctor's hands." We think Lady Dilke's criticism of the doctor's famous colonnade somewhat unduly severe; since, if it is undoubtedly marred by many of the technical faults which she points out, it has, on the other hand, a certain decorative appropriateness and grandeur which cannot be denied. The details—derived, no doubt, from De Chantelou's journal, recently reprinted in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*—of Bernini's journey to France, on the request addressed to him on behalf of King Louis to provide plans for the termination of the Louvre, are also highly diverting. The incompetence of the famous *capo-scuola* of Roman sculpture as a practical architect was then most conspicuously exhibited; and those who, whether by intrigue or otherwise, succeeded in politely bowing out their illustrious guest—his pockets well filled with French gold but his plans quietly shelved—must be deemed the benefactors of Paris, and, indeed, of the whole world, which, in matters artistic, still converges thither.

The history of the Royal Academy of Painting, in its beginnings, is a history of the battle which raged between the Academy on the one hand and the ancient guilds on the other; in which the latter, from having been the oppressors of individual artists seeking to extricate themselves from their meshes, became the oppressed of the corporate body into which royal authority had moulded these very individuals. Lady Dilke has forcibly described the unique position occupied by Lebrun as the artistic power which constituted in itself the quintessence of the so-called style of Louis XIV., and which, indeed, gave definitive shape to that manner not only in monumental and decorative painting proper, but in all branches of architecture, sculpture, and even industrial art. In such a well-ordered system—in which taste, standpoint, and technical method were alike subordinated to the central authority—there was indeed little room for the permanent employment of the few first-rate and independent talents of the century. This is, perhaps, the reason why the solemn yet happy dreamer, Claude Lorrain, and the genuine interpreter of classic art, Poussin, preferred exile in the land of their adoption; and why a provincial career was the fate of the brilliant and passionate Pierre Puget—truest to nature and least mannered among the sculptors of the Bernini school, to which he avowedly belonged, and capable, too, of decorative works of a far higher class than the skilful artists of the Versailles school who so willingly gave shape to the conceptions of their master.

While we agree, in the main, with the estimate formed by the author of the scope and aims of the art to which the Grand Monarque gave his name, and with her chief contention that it owed its technical capacity, its brilliant but unstimulating conventionality, and its unerring certainty in the attainment of a dead level of frigid excellence, to the strict and quasi-political system of organisation invented and perfected by Colbert, we cannot but think that she underestimates the natural tendency of the art of the time to settle itself into definite and generalised types, in which the absence of initiative and of genuine inspiration should be replaced by a respectable formula. The freedom of conception, the individuality, the power of natural development, which were among the essential qualities of the Renaissance, had long before degenerated in France, as elsewhere, into a fantastic emptiness and an unbridled mannerism, after which the well-ordered, if over-profuse, splendour of the seventeenth century came as a striking, but not an unnatural, step onwards. We have seen later on in the history of French art that—even before the political cataclasms of the Revolution—the hard pseudo-classicalities of David were beginning to eclipse the *mignardises* of the eighteenth century. In like fashion, still later on, in Germany, the false intellectualities of Cornelius, and the equally false, if more artistic, sentimentalities of Overbeck, came as a necessary reaction after the tasteless excesses of the so-called *Zopfperiode*. On the other hand, it must be owned that an art of well-ordered emptiness and ceremonial pomp has often accompanied and illustrated an age of vast conquest and systematised centralisation. Of this the majestic, but frozen, conventionalities of the school of sculpture which marked the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, and especially the reign of Sesostris, are a striking example; while for another, not less remarkable, we need look no farther than the splendid Graeco-Roman conventionalities which so appropriately distinguish the Augustan age.

Incidentally, at the close of the section on "Le Brun and the Decorators of Versailles," Lady Dilke draws a parallel between the art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France which affords evidence of a narrowness of appreciation not shown in any other portion of her work. There is, indeed, here a certain failure to distinguish the real aims and standpoint of much of the better art of the latter time. If there is, in a certain sense, a descent from the restrained and conventional splendour of the seventeenth century to the unbridled vivacity and the joyous optimism of the eighteenth—or, to use the author's own words, "to those charming littlenesses, prettinesses, emptinesses which make up the glorified upholstery of Boucher, of Baudouin, of Fragonard"—there is, on the other hand, the return from an art which feeds on itself, and looks on nature only through its own spectacles, to one which consults nature at first hand, and, indeed, revels in the display of that very individuality the lack of which Lady Dilke so justly deplores in the work of the seventeenth century. Where in that period is to be found an equivalent for the genuine poetic fervour and the true imagination of a Watteau? Where an approach to the perfect truth and simplicity with which Chardin has studied the bourgeois life of his time? Where in the preceding century shall we find anything to equal the penetrative appreciation of a human individuality shown by Maurice Quentin La Tour, or by the incomparable Houdon, in his presentments of a Voltaire, a Rousseau, a Diderot, a Robespierre? Without looking even as high as this, what genuine and sympathetic observation of contemporary manners do we find in the productions of Gabriel and Augustin de St. Aubin, of Moreau le Jeune, and, at the very end of the century, in those of Debucourt! The mere frivolities, which belong even more to the outward style in matters appertaining to decoration than to the essential artistic standpoint of the eighteenth century, should not blind us to its freshness and originality or to the many serious qualities which it possesses.

Much valuable material is condensed in *Art in a Modern State*; and it deals with a phase in French art history which is, perhaps, less well known than any other to English readers. It is well that at a period when at home the cry is very justly for more organisation, for further control by the state of corporate bodies artistic, and for further academic training, the results of such state control in a former typical instance should be placed before the general public, so that the vices as well as the great and undoubted merits of the system perfected in France—and there now much rebelled against—be made clear. For this reason we hope that Lady Dilke may see fit somewhat to enlarge the scope of her work, and by re-arranging and condensing many not obviously necessary or interesting details, as well as by adding fresh material from the store which she evidently has at command, to increase its

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usefulness and its powers of attraction, not only for students, but for a wider circle of readers.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

IT is but a poor show the society has for us this summer. Neither the old nor the new members have done anything to distinguish themselves; and there is a great deal of tired and indifferent work, much even to which these neutral terms would be complimentary. The society has many still vigorous veterans, but others are falling off; and it has not always been happy in the choice of new members, especially figure painters. The last acquisition—Mr. Bulleid—can make pretty designs of the Tadema kind, but his colour is distressing to the eyes; nor have some stronger men, like Mr. Glindoni and Mr. Wainwright, done much to sustain their reputations since they became associates. The latter's "The Serving Brother" (168) is painted with great breadth and power—in this respect the best of the figure subjects here; but it is coarse and uninteresting. While in "The Substitute" (148) Mr. Glindoni wastes a good deal of clever drawing and ingenious labour on a scene of which the humour is forced and the colours inharmonious. Of Mr. Crane's designs it is difficult to say which is the worse—his "Flora" without shoulders or his "Pegasus" without a forehead; and those who remember Mr. Albert Moore at his best can only regret that his "Face in the Audience" (5) was ever shown in public. But it is sorry work chronicling failures, especially of men who have done charming work, and may do it again; and it is not much more inspiriting to describe what is not above dull respectability. So, leaving alone the bulk of this exhibition, we will name a few drawings which we were glad to see, and should be glad to see again.

One of these is Mr. Alfred Hunt's drawing of Windsor, taken from a new point of view, the best part of which is not however the Castle, but the banks of the river, with its trees and boats and red-roofed cottages reflected in the smooth tide, glowing and warm in the afternoon sun. It is full of rich and subtle colour—of colour pitched in the highest key, beautiful often in passages, but often perverse and inharmonious. Mr. Albert Goodwin sends several examples, conceived and executed in his purely personal style. The distance of the 'Pisa" (246) and the sky of the "Stans, near Lucerne" (270), are delightful, and there is an elegance about nearly all his drawings which is rare to find, and is sure to attract those who do not require robustness as an essential of art, and are not discouraged by obvious artifice. More thoroughly in tune, and truer to nature, are the drawings of Mr. J. W. North; but he is content with a little piece of English wood or field, with the warm grey mystery of innumerable twigs, setting off the blossom of spring and the yellow-green of spongy grass. "The little Meadow by the Brook in the Wood" (13) is quite perfect in its way. Not so unique, but wider in range of feeling, are the always refined drawings of Mr. Matthew Hale. This year he gives us a new view of Venice (45), evidently fresh and personal, but it is a little hard and crude; and, although we are glad we have seen it, we should prefer to possess his "An Evening in Autumn" (32), or either of his other drawings, even the modest little "Fishing Boats leaving Falmouth Harbour" (123). For power of strong execution, Mr. Henry Moore's "A Breezy Morning" (128) is astonishing. It has all the force—perhaps more than the *luminary* force—of oil painting, and looks almost as out of place among its delicate and fragile surroundings as a bull in a china shop. But it is very fine, and more worthy of a place of honour than Mr. Tom Lloyd's glaring green sea and lather of light (26), which eclipses Mr. Hunt's "Windsor," unkindly hung next to it. On the whole, the honours of the exhibition are with the veterans — with Sir John Gilbert, who sends two drawings of unabated vigour, fine in composition, bold and free in execution, and full of colour, which, if not of the finest quality, is always in perfect keeping; with Mr. George Fripp, whose sunny scenes of quiet, if subdued in tint and conventional in execution, are full of fine feeling and quite masterly in their way; with Mr. Callow, whose picturesque street-scenes in old towns abroad have the style and colour we miss in younger work; with Mr. Arthur Glennie, whose colour is the brightest and purest, perhaps, of any here; with Mr. Carl Haag, whose drawing, if not so ambitious as that of Mr. Charles Robertson, or so fine in quality of colour as some parts of Mr. Wallis's, is a better picture than either. These artists follow the noble traditions of the old English school of water-colours; and, though we have, perhaps, learnt some things of more recent years—to paint the sea, for instance, like Mr. Henry Moore; and London, like Mr. Herbert Marshall—their places will not be filled. We must be thankful at least for such young, fresh, and sincere painters as Mr. Robert Allan and Mr. George Clausen, whose drawings supply most of what there is of promise in this exhibition.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Cairo: April 11, 1889.

My voyage down the Nile has not been a very fruitful one, as I have been a prisoner to the dahabiah during the greater part of it. Just after we had quitted Assuân, I had the misfortune to be bitten on the ankle by a snake; and as my assailant was the cerastes, the most venomous of Egyptian serpents, I was obliged to cauterise the bite so severely as to render myself a cripple for the rest of the voyage. Snake bites in Egypt are exceedingly rare, especially during the winter months, and neither visitors nor natives accordingly take any precautions against the possibility of their occurrence.

In the island of Elephantinê the *sebâkh*-diggers have been busy at work in the mounds of the old city which once stood there. They have lately laid bare the surfaces of two boulders of granite against which brick houses had been built in the Greek or Roman age. On one of the rocks they have brought to light a hieroglyphic inscription relating to the *ka* or double of a certain Ameni, and on another rock the cartouche of Amenôphis I., a memorial, it may be, of his campaign against Ethiopia. Owing to the lowness of the Nile this year, a good many granite rocks have been exposed to view in the neighbourhood of Assuân, which are usually under water; but I could discover no inscriptions on any of them. About two miles to the north of Assuân, however, on the eastern bank of the river, I came across quite a mountain of Egyptian alabaster which crops up out of the granite, and has been worked in ancient times.

On the western bank, some three or four miles north of Assuân, and near the village of El-Urîyeh, is a lofty crag of sandstone, the sides of which have been quarried away. Here I found a Greek *graffito* and several hieroglyphic ones, one of which records the name of "the interpreter in the palace." What especially interested me, however, was the fact that the quarry marks consisted of the two Phoenician letters *kaph* and *beth*; and, as I came across similar quarry marks at the southern end of the eastern quarries of Silsilis, the letters occurring here being *zayin*, *nun*, and *resh*, we may conclude that the quarries were at one time worked with the aid of Phoenicians. This will explain the existence of the Phoenician inscription discovered by Mr. Petrie in a *wâdi* to the north of Silsilis. One of the hieroglyphic *graffiti* is accompanied by the picture of a sphinx seated on a pedestal and wearing the double crown, by the side of which is the drawing of a cube; from another of the *graffiti* we learn that the old Egyptian name of the town near which the quarries were situated was the town of Ankh, or "Life." I have good reason to remember the place, as it was below the crag that I was bitten by the snake.

North of Silsilis we visited some interesting Greek inscriptions first discovered by Mr. Petrie and Mr. Griffith two years ago. A little to the north of Silweh lies the village of Kegok; and opposite Kegok, on the western bank of the Nile, are the remains of two quays of large finely-cut stone, which evidently belong to the Roman age. They are separated from one another by a distance of about a quarter of a mile, the southern one being built along the line of the bank, while the other projects into the river like a pier. Behind each are large quarries, and by the side of the northern quarry is a small natural ravine in the rocks. In the latter are a number of Greek inscriptions, partly incised, partly painted red. Three of these inform us in slightly varying language that the Nile had been admitted into the shelter of the quay on the 26th day of the month Mesorê in the 11th year of Antoninus (Ια Αντωνινος Μεσορη ο Νιλος εισηλθεν εις τον ορμον Μεσορη κς), one of them, further, explaining that the "anchorage" meant was that "of the quarry," "at the . . ." ης τον ορμον της λατο[μια]ς, κατα το[υς] . . . χαιους Only one letter seems to be wanting at the beginning of the last word. From other inscriptions we learn that the αρχιμηχανικος or "chief engineer" was Apollônios, the son of Petestheus, under whose direction the quarry immediately behind the northern quay was excavated; the quarry to the south being cut under the supervision of his brother Arsynis, with the help, it would appear, of a certain Pakhumis. The object for which the quarries were opened and the quay built is stated in another inscription: Εκ αγαθω· Ια Αντωνινος εκοψαμεν τους μεγαλους λιθους πηχων ια εις την πυλην του κυριου Απολλω και της κυριας. "In the 11th year of Antoninus we cut the great stones 11 cubits in length for the pylon of the lord Apollo and the lady Isis." We now know, therefore, the date at which the pylon of the great temple of Edfu was either restored or enlarged, as well as the name of the engineer under whose orders the work was carried on. His father bears an Egyptian name. It will be noticed that the number of cubits in the length of each stone was the same as the number of years the emperor had reigned up to the time when they were cut. I may add that between the two quarries are some hieroglyphic *graffiti*, one of them being the record of "the scribe Ai," another of "the scribe Hora." Were these the native scribes who assisted Apollônios in his duties?

I paid another visit to the great quarries of the Gebel el-Tûkh, where three years ago I found some interesting Greek and Latin inscriptions, and large quantities of polished flint implements of the Roman age. The quarries had provided the stone for the public buildings of the neighbouring city of Ptolemais, and in the time of the Roman empire had been worked by convicts on whose account the Third Ituræan cohort was stationed at their entrance. The inscriptions I copied there three years ago have

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been published in the *Annuaire* of the Société pour l'Encouragement des Etudes grecques. I am now able to add some more which bear upon the history of the quarries in the Ptolemaic era. Among the new ones I have obtained is one in two elegiac lines, which states that a certain Menippeidês was the first to excavate the stone from them:

Λατομίας τὸ πρῶτον ἀνεύρετο· αὖταρ ἔπειτα
Τάνδε Μενιππείδης ἐξεκένωσε πέτρας.

Adjoining the quarry in which most of the inscriptions are found, and which a Latin *graffito* describes as a "Petra felix," is a smaller one, on the three sides of which inscriptions are painted in red letters declaring it to be "a sacred place." One of them, that on the southern side, consists of two lines which run as follows:

ICZETC · CEPAΠIC · KAI
HAICEPMANOYBIC

I suppose this to mean "One (εἷς) god is Zeus, Serapis, and Hêlisermanubis." Who the last-mentioned deity was I must leave it to the classical mythologists to determine.

I rode over to Abydos, and was sorry to find that the temple of Seti is no longer kept with the same amount of care and neatness as was the case three years ago. The pavement in many places is in a filthy state, and beggars and donkey-boys are allowed to ramble over it. So far as the protection of the most beautiful monument of Egyptian antiquity is concerned, there has been retrogression instead of progress. While wandering through the ruins, I noticed a Kypriote *graffito* that had previously escaped me. It reads *Zo-o-lo-o-s*, and is thus, so far as I can remember, the only example of a Kypriote text in which the vowels are written after the characters in which they are inherent. During the present winter the Comte de Baillet—a pupil of the French Archaeological School of Cairo—has been living in Abydos, and taking photographs, impressions, and copies of the Greek inscriptions there.

I have just returned from a visit to Mr. Petrie at Illahun in the Fayum. He has there made a startling discovery, which will go far towards revolutionising the early archaeology of the Levant.

A. H. SAYCE.

THE YATES CHAIR OF ARCHAEOLOGY AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

MR. REGINALD STUART POOLE, Yates Professor of Archaeology at University College, will give his inaugural lecture in the Botanical Theatre on Wednesday next, May 8, at 5 p.m.

Following the generous and comprehensive scheme announced in his official programme, Prof. Stuart Poole has engaged the services of Prof. Boyd Dawkins for prehistoric archaeology and those of Mr. Henry Balfour, of the Pitt Rivers Museum, Oxford, for savage art, reserving only Egyptian and Assyrian archaeology for his own treatment. Thus, instead of confining the study of archaeology at University College to those branches only of that multiform science which he is himself competent to teach, he sets a striking example to his brother professors at other universities by calling in the aid of distinguished specialists, and inviting such as are interested in the arts, crafts, and customs of ancient races to study the subject as a whole. Up to the present time, nearly every chair of archaeology in the United Kingdom has been treated as a chair of classical archaeology pure and simple, to the exclusion of all other branches of this important and supremely interesting science—a course eminently unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it omits the parentage of classical archaeology in the ancient East, and its mediaeval development in the Gothic and Byzantine schools. Prof. Stuart Poole is, therefore, much to be congratulated upon this new departure, which, though it will largely reduce his official receipts, will still more largely serve the cause of learning.

The professor's inaugural address will be followed, on May 15, by a lecture from Prof. Boyd Dawkins on "The Arrival of Man in Europe and his Advance in Culture." Next follows Mr. H. Balfour (May 22) on "The Origin of Decorative Art as illustrated by the Art of Modern Savages." On May 29 Prof. Stuart Poole gives his introductory lecture on "Egyptian Archaeology"; on June 5 his introductory lecture on "Assyrian Archaeology," and on June 12 his introductory lecture on "The Place of Archaeology in School and University Education." Each lecture will be followed by demonstrations at the British Museum. We understand that Prof. Stuart Poole also proposes to hold classes of an educational character during the vacation, these classes to be especially designed for the benefit of students in archaeology in the final schools at Oxford and Cambridge.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE THEATRE OF DIONYSOS AT ATHENS.

Trinity College, Dublin: April 30, 1889.

When in Athens the other day I again examined the theatre of Dionysos, with a view of testing what I had long ago asserted against all the handbooks and the commentators on Plato's *Symposium*—viz., that the theatre never did hold, or could hold, 30,000 spectators.

From rough calculation, I guessed the maximum at about 12,000. Though I have repeatedly urged this, I see the old estimate still pervading the newest books. This time I went to Dr. Dörpfeld, who is always so ready to put his vast knowledge and acumen at the disposal of earnest inquirers, and asked him to verify my conjecture. He at once produced a large and careful plan which he had prepared of the theatre; and upon a calculation of half a metre square for each person, he found that the maximum the theatre could hold would be a little over 15,000. But the gangways and other vacant spots were not subtracted. So, then, his authority may, perhaps, do what mine has failed to accomplish. Any sensible man who has ever seen 30,000 people together, and then looks at the theatre, will not require arguments from either of us.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE minor exhibitions to open next week include a series of paintings, drawings, and pastels by Mr. Andrew MacCallum, at the Borghen Gallery, Old Bond-street; Mr. F. H. Lefevre will have on view, as the two chief attractions of his gallery in King-street, "Scotch Cattle at Rest—Glencoe," by Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, and "A Dedication to Bacchus," by Mr. Alma Tadema; while the Camera Club announces the third of its series of "one-man" exhibitions, in Bedford-street, consisting this time of a representative set of landscapes by Mr. J. Gale, printed in platinum and in silver process.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish immediately a portfolio of studies from ancient Hindu architecture, by Mr. B. R. Harrington, intended to serve as suggestions for modern buildings in India, and as a protest against the neglect of indigenous styles by the British Government. The studies are ten in number, reproduced by photo-lithography from the author's drawings in water-colour or pen and ink, and they are prefaced by some remarks upon the decadence of Hindu art in architecture.

A LARGE collection of paintings, etchings, and pastels by Mr. Whistler—including his famous portraits of his mother and of Carlyle—is now on exhibition at the College for Men and Women, 29 Queen Square, W.C.

THE general meeting of the members of the Art Union of London will be held on Tuesday next, May 7, at noon, in the Adelphi Theatre.

THE Fine Art section of the Paris Exhibition will contain 1500 pictures, 500 drawings, 500 framed engravings, 525 statues, and 565 architectural designs.

THE tomb of Giovanni Galeas Visconti and Isabelle de Valois in the Certosa at Pavia has been opened with official sanction. It contained, besides the mortal remains, a sword, a poignard, spurs of gilt bronze, and a majolica vase with the scutcheon of the Visconti.

VERY opportunely, in view of a recent controversy in the daily press, Mr. George Scharf—who economically combines the three offices of director, keeper, and secretary—has issued a new and enlarged edition of his Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery. It is needless at this date to commend the fulness of the historical and descriptive notes; but we may state that Mr. Scharf has been careful to revise his dates with reference to the latest authorities, especially the *Dictionary of National Biography*. It is more important to draw attention to the fact that all the acquisitions since the autumn of 1885, when the collection was transferred to Bethnal Green, have been deposited at 20, Great George-street, Westminster, "in the hope that they may *shortly* be exhibited to the public in a central locality." Among the latest accessions thus stored away are two Kneller—the Earls of Halifax and Macclesfield—Sir Cloudesley Shovell, Mrs. Trimmer, and Grattan; and terra-cotta busts by Mr. Boehm of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Prof. H. J. Smith.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE revival of "Claudian" at the Princess's on Monday was welcome. Claudian is certainly one of Mr. Barrett's most effective parts. The story of the play is strong; and if its dialogue is sometimes stilted or fantastic, it is yet not seldom genuinely poetic. The interpretation of the piece does not substantially differ from that of the last revival. Mr. Barrett is still supported by Miss Eastlake, whose part of Almida is, in at least one scene, worthy to be called something more than "a feeder to Claudian." Miss Eastlake manages, at all events, to make it telling in passion and pathos, though of course in this piece it is Mr. Barrett who has the great opportunities, and who does not neglect to use them. An actress whose name we did not make sure of distinguished herself by the singularly strong and judicious declamation of a narrative passage; and Miss Lillie Belmore was, as usual, refreshing where she was asked to be light, and really dramatic where earnestness was required of her. The chorus had been strengthened for the occasion, it seems, and Miss Lila Garth sang a song very well. Two things in the spectacle stand out above all others: first, and best to our thinking, the admirable vineyard scene; and then the much more famous, but after all more or less mechanical, scene of the earthquake.

WE must speak in detail on the first available occasion of the two important plays which have just been produced—Mr. Pinero's "The Profligate," with which Mr. Hare has successfully opened the Garrick; and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Wealth," which has been brought out at the Haymarket.

THE Shakesperian performances of Miss Janet Achurch, Mr. Charles Charrington, and Mr.

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Hermann Vezin are continued at the Crystal Palace. "Othello," we understand, will shortly be given; and "Macbeth," which was given last Saturday, is likely to be repeated. Mr. Charrington was seen with approval last week as Macduff, and it is hardly possible that the Lady Macbeth of Miss Janet Achurch can have been otherwise than remarkable.

It is reported that Mr. Fernandez and Miss Carlotta Leclercq have failed to obtain the permission of Mr. Mansfield—their manager at the Globe—to appear in the *matinée* on May 15, in which they were to have played important parts in a new production. Mr. Maclean will take the place of Mr. Fernandez, it is said.

M. Coquelin and Mdme. Jane Hading—the two persons who, next to Sarah Bernhardt, among foreign artists most command the interest of the London playgoer—will, we hear, be seen before the end of this month at the Gaiety Theatre. They will both appear in "L'Aventurière."

"Doubt," a domestic drama by Mr. Stanley Little, will be produced at a *matinée* at the Strand Theatre on May 28, with Messrs. Fred Terry, Stuart Dawson, Brume, Alec. Frances, and Cecil Thornbury, and Misses May Whitty, Ellaline Terriss, and Alma Murray in the cast.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Organist's Quarterly Journal, Part 82 (Novello), opens with a Prelude and Fugue by Sig. G. B. Polleri, an organist at Genoa. The Prelude is simple in construction, and contrasts well with the elaborate Fugue which follows. The theme of the latter, especially when it appears with the counter theme, reminds one of Bach. The treatment of both has, indeed, a strong eighteenth-century flavour, but towards the close there are some modern effects. The writing throughout is clever, if somewhat formal. The order of modulation is peculiar, and the early return of the opening key not altogether satisfactory. The only other number is a long Fantasia by Mr. E. Silas. It commences with a smooth and flowing Andante in the key of B flat minor. The mutations in the middle section are skilfully managed. An Allegro in B flat major follows, with some bold fugato writing. Then comes an exceedingly graceful Adagio in G minor, and, by way of conclusion, the Allegro with certain modifications.

Part Songs. (Novello.) "Bonnie Bell," by Dr. Mackenzie, dedicated to the Glasgow Select Choir, is bright and melodious. "O, Mistress Mine," by Mr. W. A. C. Cruickshank, is tuneful and effective. Mr. C. E. Stephens's "Come fill ye right merrily"—a Bacchanalian song for men's voices—shows spirit and character.

From Messrs. Weekes & Co. we have received:

Notes on Musical Form and Analysis. By F. E. Pritchard. A little pamphlet of but twelve pages. Any simple guide to help one to understand the works of the great masters is welcome, if only the information imparted be correct. "In a symphony there are five movements," says the author. Now, in many symphonies there are only four, and often the short Introduction, as in Haydn's Symphonies and in Beethoven's No. 1, can scarcely be termed a movement. Again, our author has mistaken a transitional passage in Beethoven's Sonata in C Minor (Op. 10, No. 1) for the second subject, and speaks of that subject as in the key of the submediant. There are other inaccuracies, but those quoted must suffice.

Romance, for violin and pianoforte. By C. W. Lubbock. A simple, melodious little piece.

Cavatina, for same instruments. By Harvey Löhr. An easy and effective piece, with well-contrasted sections.

Rêverie and *The Old Mill in the Valley*. For pianoforte. By Mr. Edwin H. Prout. Two simple drawing-room pieces.

From Patterson & Sons:

Maiden Fair. By A. Stella. A graceful song, with an effective obbligato for violin or cello. The words are by Prof. Blackie. *Wert Thou Mine*—a setting of Burns's words, by the same composer, is simple and taking. *Morning May Dew*, by A. E. Armstrong, is a quaint and pleasing little ballad. The pianoforte accompaniment is well written. *Down the Stream*, by the same lady, is light and melodious; but 3-8 time appears scarcely suitable for a "Barcarolle," as the song is styled. *I Think on Thee in the Night*, by A. Moffat, is a ballad of the ordinary type; in the middle comes the inevitable *Tempo di Valse*. *Michael the Cavalier*, by G. Temple and F. W. Whitehead, has a melody not remarkable for originality, and an accompaniment of well-marked rhythm. *Loving Shepherd*—a sacred song, by W. Harrison, smooth, and not unpleasing; but the close is weak.

From C. Woolhouse:

Two Easy Pieces. By C. A. Trew. Two pretty little trifles. As they are intended "for small hands," the octave position in the second is a mistake.

Souvenir and *Chant du Soir*. Two pieces for violin and pianoforte. By J. J. Haakman. The first is a genuine *morceau de salon*. The second is a quiet, refined, and pleasing movement.

Illustrated Manual of the Vowel Sounds. By Mrs. M. A. Carlisle-Carr. This lady, the author of several works on singing, attaches great importance—as do, indeed, all good teachers—to the position of the mouth in giving utterance to the various sounds. By means of diagrams she shows the various positions of the mouth for the vowels. This little *brochure* will be read with interest.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Carl Rosa's death was unexpected, and it has come at a moment when his musical knowledge and theatrical experience promised to be of great service in the season of opera about to be inaugurated at Covent Garden, for he had just joined his forces to those of Mr. Augustus Harris. Mr. Carl Rosa was born in 1843 at Hamburg. His first appearance in this country was as a violinist at the Crystal Palace in 1866. He married Mdlle. Parepa in 1867, and gave concerts with her in America. But he will be remembered specially in connexion with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. He did much to encourage English art, for he produced operas by Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. Goring Thomas, Drs. Mackenzie and Stanford, and Mr. F. Corder; and he had just commissioned that rising composer, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, to write a work for him. Mr. Carl Rosa also did much to make known the earlier works o Wagner in this country.

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LITERATURE.

Contributions to the Textual Criticism of the Divina Commedia. By the Rev. Edward Moore, D.D. (Cambridge: at the University Press.)

THIS volume owes its existence, as Dr. Moore tells us in his Prolegomena, to a suggestion of the eminent German Dante scholar, Karl Witte, "il maestro di color che sanno" in matters Dantesque; and it is dedicated to his memory. Dr. Moore's work is, in fact, a continuation, on broader lines and on a sounder principle, of the work on the text of the *Divina Commedia* undertaken by Witte some sixty years ago, which resulted in the publication, at Berlin in 1862, of his critical (quarto) edition of Dante's poem. This edition, in spite of its undoubted shortcomings, is still justly regarded as the "standard edition," and no serious attempt has as yet been made to supersede it. It is impossible, however, upon Witte's own showing, to accept his text as final, since it is avowedly based upon four MSS. only, and contains "not a word, not a syllable" but has the support of one or other of these MSS. By his rigid adherence to this rule Witte precluded himself absolutely from the exercise of his critical judgment outside this very limited range; and, as a consequence, in at least fifteen instances he has been compelled to adopt a reading of which he actually disapproves. As regards these particular instances, however, it may be observed that he allowed himself to depart from his rule in the smaller (octavo) edition of the text which appeared in the same year.

Now if four MSS. only are to be selected as the basis of a text, it would seem obvious that the process of selection ought to be conducted with the greatest possible care, and that the examination of each of the MSS. passed under review should be of a more or less comprehensive and searching description. The importance of this latter point Witte unfortunately failed to recognise, and he committed the fundamental error of restricting himself, in each of the 407 MSS. he examined, to the collation of the third canto of the "Inferno" only, by which method he not only excluded from review all those MSS. which happen to be defective in that particular portion of the poem—comprising, as he himself admits, no less than one-tenth of the whole number known—but he also was thus prevented from noticing an all-important fact which has been clearly established by Dr. Moore, and of which he gives several marked instances in his book, viz., that a MS. may offer an excellent text of one or more portions of the poem and yet be practically worthless as regards the remaining portions. It is by no means clear, therefore, that Witte, by his method of partial collation, succeeded in selecting the best four MSS. available; while it is tolerably certain, on the other hand, that the four he did select are not entitled to be constituted supreme authorities whose judgment is to be accepted without appeal. Evidently, then, Witte's text, so far as regards its MS. foundation, cannot be considered unimpeachable. It might be shown that it is also not unassailable on critical grounds. It will suffice for the present purposes to mention two cases, among several that occur to us, in which Witte's critical judgment seems to have been at fault in his choice of a reading, viz. *Par.* xxvi. 104 ("Dante" for "Da te"), and *Purg.* vii. 103 ("Nasuto" for "Nasetto"), in both of which instances the alternative and almost certainly correct reading was offered him by one or more of his selected MSS.

Witte's edition being thus in several respects capable of improvement we had hoped that the production of a revised text of the poem would have been one of the results of Dr. Moore's labours. This hope, however, it seems, is not likely to be realized; for Dr. Moore informs us that he would have been led to propose the construction of a new text "but for the existence of Dr. Witte's edition," and he has contented himself, therefore, with printing in an appendix a list of about fifty passages in which he thinks Witte's text might be ameliorated. We cannot but regret this decision; and we venture to hope that Dr. Moore may yet be induced to undertake a task for which he has proved himself eminently qualified. In no other way, as it appears to us, can the results of the prolonged and laborious researches, of which this bulky volume is the outcome, be so conveniently placed within the reach of Dante students.

It is disappointing to find that Dr. Moore, like Witte before him, has been obliged after all his labours to abandon the hope of grouping the MSS. of the *Divina Comedia* in "families," and of thus constructing as it were a genealogical tree, by means of which the relative value of the various MSS. and their relationship with one another might be ascertained at a glance. The difficulties in the way of accomplishing this object certainly would seem to be almost insuperable. To begin with, not only is there apparently no scrap of Dante's handwriting—"la lettera magra, e lunga, e molto corretta," as Leonardo Aretino describes it—in existence; but, further, no MS. with even the most shadowy claims to be considered really authentic has as yet been discovered, while even the earliest of those we possess (there are some five mentioned by Witte as belonging to the fourth or fifth decade of the fourteenth century, *i.e.* to a period between twenty and thirty years after Dante's death) notoriously abound in erroneous readings, thus showing that the corruption of the text, and with it the multiplication of variants, began at a very early date. Nor is this all; for, apart from the fact that the 500 or 600 known MSS. are scattered broadcast among the public and private libraries of the world—we have ourselves seen one in the Grey collection at Cape Town—whereby anything like a collation of the whole number is rendered practically impossible, there is the additional difficulty, pointed out by Dr. Moore, that in a considerable number of MSS. the text appears to have been derived, not from some one single exemplar, but from two or even several different ones, the copyist adopting the version now of one, now of another, according as caprice or the "cacoëthes corrigendi" prompted him. Any attempt to determine the relationship of, and classify, MSS. of this hybrid description may well be abandoned in despair. In spite, however, of all these difficulties, Witte succeeded in distinguishing one well-defined group, called by him the "Sienese family"; and Dr. Moore, after the independent examination of between 200 and 300 MSS., has been able to establish the existence of a second, to which he has given the name of the "Vatican family." Insignificant as these results may appear in proportion to the labour expended in attaining them, they are at any rate encouraging as showing that the first steps have been taken towards the solution of this very difficult problem.

In his examination of MSS., Dr. Moore has, as we hinted above, employed a method at once more scientific and more thorough than that of Witte. Instead of confining himself to the collation of one particular portion only of the poem, he has collated about 180 carefully selected test-passages taken from each of the three *Cantiche*; and he has thus succeeded in obtaining valuable results as regards both the establishment of the text and the characteristics, good or bad, of the MSS. themselves. Unlike Witte, Dr. Moore has not felt bound to accept the verdict of any selection of MSS. for or against a particular reading, but has allowed himself to decide the question independently upon critical grounds, even though, as is not seldom the case, he may have found the majority of MSS. against him. Accordingly, to mention a case in point, instead of "Sitio" (*Purg.* xxii. 6), Dr. Moore, rightly in our opinion, would read "Sitiunt," in spite of the practical unanimity of MSS. in favour of the former. So, again, in the well-known passage relating to Bertran de Born and the young king in canto xxviii. of the *Inferno*, he would on critical grounds, and with perfect justice as it seems to us, reject the common reading "Giovanni," notwithstanding that it is supported by an overwhelming majority of MSS., as well as by every one of the old commentators, for it is well-nigh impossible to believe that Dante could have been ignorant of the facts in this particular instance. We find ourselves, also, for the most part, in agreement with Dr. Moore regarding his other proposed alterations in Witte's text; but we are surprised to observe that he acquiesces without remark in the reading "Nasuto" (*Purg.* vii. 103), since Witte himself afterwards, in his translation, rejected it in favour of the well-supported variant "Nasetto" ("Stumpf Benas'te"), on the ground that the monument of Philip III. at Narbonne (which is figured in Montfaucon's *Monuments de la Monarchie française*) represents him with an unmistakably short nose.

Not the least valuable part of Dr. Moore's work is the careful description of the MSS. examined by him, and the lists of passages (repeated in a convenient tabular form) in

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which he has noted peculiar readings. These cannot fail to be of great use to future labourers in the same field, especially as a list has been added of "lines omitted, transposed, or repeated in error," whereby the task of comparing and classifying MSS. will henceforth be considerably facilitated, since it is precisely through the slavish repetition by careless or ignorant copyists of errors of this class that relationships between MSS. are likely to be traced. That the majority of the MSS. of the *Divina Commedia* offer a more or less corrupt text is not altogether to be wondered at, for the transcribers appear for the most part to have been mere ignorant persons writing for gain—"persone materiali" as Borghini calls them. Witte mentions one case where a man made one hundred copies in order to provide dowries for his daughters, and another where the copyist was a German cook!—we may hope that this "kocus theotonicus," as he calls himself, at any rate was able to appreciate Dante's allusion to his own craft (*Inf.* xxi. 55), though it is probable that he would not equally relish the description of his countrymen as "guzzling Germans" (*Inf.* xvii. 21).

Dr. Moore has done good service in drawing attention once more to a common practice of the copyists of the early commentaries, which has been a fertile source of error. It seems that in many MSS. the text accompanying a commentary is far from being the same as that adopted by the commentator himself, so that the text and the commentary are not seldom found to be in direct contradiction to one another. Vellutello long ago—on the occasion of the publication of the Aldine text with the commentary of Landino—denounced this unintelligent practice as an "inconveniente grandissimo"; but his protest was unavailing—indeed, by the irony of fate, at a later period his own commentary, protest included, was several times reprinted along with a text which he had previously condemned as "incorrettissimo"—and in consequence, as Dr. Moore points out, there are numerous instances in modern editions of the *Divina Commedia* where, on the strength of the accompanying text, the old commentators are quoted as having adopted this or that reading, when, as a matter of fact, it is evident from the commentary itself that they have done no such thing.

In an interesting paper, inserted as an appendix at the end of the volume, Dr. Moore briefly deals with the question of Dante's indebtedness to Greek and Latin authors, with especial reference to its bearing on the solution of textual problems. To the instances there given of passages where Dante has so closely followed his author as to make it possible to decide with tolerable certainty between two or more disputed readings, we may add another, viz., *Inf.* v. 59, in which case the rejection of the suspicious reading, "sugger dette," is practically justified by a reference to Orosius (i. 4, ii. 3), who is evidently Dante's authority on this occasion. There is no doubt that evidence of this nature, if judiciously made use of, might be turned to good account both for the settlement of the text and for the interpretation of it. We are glad, therefore, to learn that Dr. Moore hopes to pursue this subject further.

The volume concludes with a careful, but necessarily somewhat inconclusive, essay (by Mr. Tozer) on the metre of the *Divina Commedia*. That arguments based upon metrical considerations are ever likely to have much weight in the discussion of the textual difficulties of the poem, as is here maintained, with the approval of Dr. Moore, we are not altogether prepared to admit. The rhythm of Dante's verse is, on Mr. Tozer's own showing, much too irregular to allow of our attempting, save in a few very exceptional cases, to decide with any precision what is or is not to be tolerated in the matter of scansion; and Dr. Moore has himself pointed out, in his remarks on *Inf.* xxviii. 135, how little importance can be attached to arguments of this description.

It would be difficult within the limits of this notice to do full justice, not only to the learning and rare critical judgment exhibited by Dr. Moore throughout his book, but also to the accuracy and thoroughness of the work itself.* The volume is unquestionably one of the most important contributions to Dante literature that has yet appeared in this country; and we believe we are correct in stating that it is also the first serious attempt that has been made, either in England or elsewhere, to deal scientifically and methodically with the complicated problems presented by the unsettled text of the *Divina Commedia*.

In conclusion, we may say that the book is in every respect worthy of the Cambridge University Press, from which it is issued; and we may be allowed to express our satisfaction at the wise liberality of the Syndics in undertaking to publish, at their own charges, the valuable results of Dr. Moore's researches—a form of "endowment of research" which is peculiarly appropriate in the case of such works as the present one.

Paget Toynbee.

* We have noticed one statement (on p 301) which requires correction: the name of Beatrice occurs not once only but twice in the *Inferno*, viz, ll. 70 and 103. This, however, does not affect Dr. Moore's argument.

TWO IRISH HISTORICAL NOVELS.

The Two Chiefs of Dunboy: an Irish Romance of the Last Century. By J. A. Froude. (Longmans.)

Red Hugh's Captivity: a Picture of Ireland Social and Political in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By Standish O'Grady. (Ward & Downey.)

The purpose of each of these widely-different books is clearly set forth in its sub-title. Mr. O'Grady tries to bring before us the Ireland of Elizabeth's day, taking as his theme the kidnapping by Perrot's agent, Bermingham, of Red Hugh, the boy O'Donnell, and his ultimate escape. Mr. Froude repaints—in what I venture to call a new edition, with more attractive title, of his *English in Ireland*—his picture of Irish life early in the last half of the eighteenth century—the wholesale smuggling by gentle as well as by simple, the abortive attempts to "plant" Munster as it was intended the vast forfeitures in Ulster should have been "planted," the devil-may-care recklessness in Dublin as well as out of it, and the way in which the "Castle" always thwarted England's efforts at serious government.

One of Mr. Froude's critics has called the book dull; he must have a strange idea of dullness. Since Lever died we have not, that I can remember, had so good an Irish story; and there is much in common between Lever and Mr. Froude. No one dreams of dullness in connexion with *Charles O'Malley*; but no one who wishes to understand Ireland and the Irish would study them in Lever's pages. That ingenious and painstaking son of a Lancashire builder gathered all the stories of all dates and crammed them into his novels. A bogus story could as safely be palmed off on him as a sham border ballad on Sir Walter Scott. A like collection you could have made a generation or two ago in almost any part of England, if you had got hold of the right people. In a lecture he gave in my late parish, my friend, Mr. W. C. Borlase, strung together evidence complete and unanswerable of the rollicking fun and more than Irish lawlessness which went on here and there in West Cornwall some 150 years ago. In the same county I could cap many of Mr. Froude's smuggling stories. I could show him more than one manor-house with a seeming cupboard by the dining-room fireplace giving access to a chamber where not only the pick of a cargo might be secreted, but a man might lie in hiding till it was safe to send him away. Yet Ireland is stigmatised as at once barbarous and ridiculous; while no one thinks of applying these epithets to West Cornwall, because most of her squires were smugglers, and some of them otherwise high-handed defiers of the law. Mr. Froude's weakness, like Lever's, is his undiscriminating appetite for stories, and his thus applying to a whole people or to a whole party what, barring exaggerations, may perhaps have been true of individuals. Lever was told his stories by men who sometimes hoaxed him; Mr. Froude gets his from books. For the Ireland of the twelfth century he goes to Giraldus (*English in Ireland*, i. 16)—is neither offended nor amused at the insolence of this Norman-Welsh archdeacon (to whom not even court favour could venture to give the preferment he longed for) in lecturing the whole body of the Irish clergy since St. Patrick's day for not duly exhorting their flocks. For the Ireland with which his romance is concerned, Mr. Froude goes to a mere *raconteur*, Sir Jonah Barrington, and to wholly one-sided witnesses like Puxley, the original of his Col. Goring. The documents on which he forms his Irish views are, in fact, as delusive as are the state papers on the faith of which he undertook to make Henry VIII. a model of self-denial, whose high-minded zeal for his country's good kept getting him into matrimonial troubles.

In a brief novel Mr. Froude has no scope for those mistakes of which Mr. O'Grady points out several in his History—mistakes serious enough to endanger a historian's reputation. But Mr. Froude is not a historian. He is a master of style; passages in this book—notably the chase of the *Doutelle* by the *Aeolus* (he is there in his element)—are among the best things even he ever wrote. He has a set purpose: to rid the island, so long by it disgraced, of that Irish race which, he again asserts, "has always been noisy, useless, and ineffectual, has produced nothing, done nothing, which it is possible to admire. What they

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are that they have always been. . . ." He can be humorous. His account of Vavasour (why not call him Gen. Vallancey outright?), and his hobby that the Round Towers were Bel Tines, is delicious. He can be everything except a practical guide to solving the Irish difficulty. He is never dull save when he makes Morty Oge (who is borrowed clean out of the *English in Ireland*, vol. i.), and Goring, and the Irish Speaker, the mouthpieces of his old, old diatribes. Then, and then only, his characters become puppets, and one feels that the showman's voice is the same for them all.

Mr. O'Grady's task was a harder one. How can anybody bring up before another's mind's eye a people in the tribal state, who are yet far removed from being semi-savages? It was the state of Homer's Greeks, but with a difference. Maoris, Zulus, offer few analogies. Since the Rajputs were put down the world has seen nothing of the kind. The fighting men wore body-coats of gilded leather (Mr. O'Grady thinks a great deal of the gilded leather) or of pleated linen. They had not altered, except for the worse, from the dress and appearance of the kerne—trim as Danish house-carles—carved seven centuries before on the Monasterboice crosses. Derrick, of whom Mr. O'Grady makes much use, was (as he says) a caricaturist; yet from Derrick one can form some idea of what they looked like. But of their ways and doings few Irishmen will accept Mr. O'Grady's picture as more than approximately real. He revels in quaint words—"nay-the-less," "gruesome" (twice in one page); his "vassal has much gold of the Dark Daughter in his *sporan*; much love, his own, in his grand plebeian soul" (p. 168). Painstaking as he is, lavish of "local colour" on his canvas, he somehow fails to make the Irish chiefs lovable; one would fancy from him that of too many of them Sir Felim O'Toole was a fair type. But then, like Mr. Froude, Mr. O'Grady has his purpose—"to justify the ways of fate," and Queen Elizabeth, to the modern reader. "It was fated that Ireland should pass from the wild rule of monocracies to the reign of universal law" (p. 3). Is Mr. O'Grady poking fun at us? Can he, diligent student of annals, be ignorant that, "under the wild rule, &c," Ulster, the only part which the English had not brought under "universal law," was, before Elizabeth's deputies took it in hand, rich in corn and cattle and thriving in that linen manufacture—which, ruined by the Queen's desolating wars, Strafford long after set himself to restore? To his predecessors in his own line Mr. O'Grady is somewhat unfair. Banim's "Boyne Water" belongs to a later time; but in Sir S. Ferguson's *Hibernian Nights*, supposed to have been told to while away this very Red Hugh's captivity, there is "an adventure of Shane O'Neil," besides other almost contemporary matter. What pleases me is his standing up for Sir John Perrot. Perrot did some cruel and treacherous things. What Elizabethan officer did not? But Hassencamp, presumably impartial (*History of Ireland*, p. 27), extols his "admirable administration as viceroy," notes that his Parliament was attended by Irish chiefs, and that he strove hard to repeal Poyning's Act, and counselled the Queen to dispense with the oath of supremacy. He, like the younger Essex, the only other Tudor governor who showed any human traits, was done to death in England, Archbishop Loftus's malignity formulating the charge of "having conspired with certain Irish chiefs." His departure from Dublin, vividly described by Mr. O'Grady, reminds us of Lord Fitzwilliam's, in 1795, and of Lord Aberdeen's the other day.

Mr. O'Grady is optimist: his fate succeeded; landlordism took the place of the earlier system. Mr. Froude is pessimist: his destined work has not been done, and now it is too late. But politics apart, Mr. Froude's story is a delightful one; and Mr. O'Grady's will have for most English readers the charm of novelty. In each book there is a central fact: in his the kidnapping of Red Hugh, and his four years' imprisonment, and all that it meant for all concerned; in Mr. Froude's Col. Goring's endeavour to put down the smuggling which, Mr. Froude admits, the evil trade-laws had made inevitable, and also to revive Sir W. Petty's colony by importing northern Presbyterians and Cornish "Swaddlers." Goring failed, partly through these trade-laws, chiefly thanks to the hostility of the Irish Church. His interview with Primate Stone, the notorious "Beauty of Holiness," grandson of a Winchester gaoler, is in Mr. Froude's happiest vein, and for those who read it aright accounts for many things. Goring buys Dunboy, and evicts the mother and sister of Morty Oge O'Sullivan, the true heir, who is at once officer in the Austrian service, commander of a French smuggler-privateer, and mouthpiece for Mr. Froude's strictures on the state of Kerry. Mr. Froude is hard on Kerry; he forgets that the English have had more to do with it than they have with most of Ireland. It was in great part very early Normanised (*i.e.*, in Froudian phrase, civilised). Then followed "the desolations of Munster"; and there and in the adjoining counties it was a survival of the unfittest. The best and noblest were killed or died off; and a *residuum* was left, largely made up, like the *colluvies Rascianorum* in Hungary, of baser elements. When the last creaming before the great famine—the Irish brigade—was skimmed off, it was probably true that those who remained "were not fit to fight, but only to make the country hot for the Protestant gentlemen." (p. 376). Col. Goring, Mr. Froude admits, "had come too late; the spirit of the Cromwellians had died out of the land." Cannot Mr. Froude see that he also has come too late, and that if he would benefit Ireland he must work on wholly other lines than those laid down by his heroes?

I have said little about the stories. Everybody will read Mr. Froude's, and I advise everybody to overlook the style and to read Mr. O'Grady's also. To English readers it is, as a story, the fresher of the two; and any book is timely which just now brings any period of Irish history vividly before English readers.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

The Industries of Japan. By J. J. Rein. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As the result of two years' travel and study in the country itself, and some eleven or twelve more which have been employed in working up the material collected, this volume and the author's previous one on Japan stand entirely apart from most of the very numerous works in some way connected with "The Flowery Land" which have been published since the professor set sail from Germany in 1874. Most of these have given us the impressions of travellers passing quickly through the country, mixed with more or less historical, social, and artistic information; or they have been devoted entirely to art. Certain sections of knowledge have indeed been dealt with very thoroughly, and on a fuller plan than would have been possible to adopt in so comprehensive a scheme as that of Prof. Rein. Mr. Anderson's *Pictorial Arts of Japan* occupies ground of which the author of *The Industries of Japan* wisely leaves him in complete possession, and the same may be said of such smaller works as Prof. Morse's study of *Japanese Homes and their Surroundings*; but, without claiming to supersede what has been written by others on certain subjects, Prof. Rein is justly entitled to the praise of adding largely to existing knowledge of Japan, and of being the first to treat the whole country in a comprehensive and scientific manner.

There was little reason for the author to account for the delay in the production of this volume. When the reader considers the amount of information it contains, the variety of scientific knowledge which was required to produce it at all, and the admirable order into which the vast bulk of the material has been brought, he will be inclined to wonder, not at the time which it has taken to perfect, but that any one man should have been able to bring it to conclusion within so short a period. It is not given to many, even though they be men of science and German, to command so wide a field and cultivate it so completely; and perhaps not the least rare quality which is shown by the author is the power of condensing knowledge into the smallest compass, and retaining a clear and flowing style. The German of the original must be very good indeed if it is better than the English of the translation. It is only occasionally, as when silkworms are included among the "domestic" animals, that the reader is conscious of a translator.

This volume was written in execution of, or, at least, in connexion with, a commission given to the author by the Prussian Government to report upon the trade and industries of Japan, his previous book, though about equal in bulk to the present one, being of the nature of an introduction to the real subject of his inquiry. Thus, as it were incidentally, Prof. Rein composed what is the most comprehensive account yet written of the country and the people, including the geography, geology, the natural history of the islands, and the history, civilisation, and social condition of the Japanese from the middle of the seventh century to the present day. Notwithstanding its historical element, by far the greater portion of the first volume was the result of his own observation and research; and this is still more true of the present work, although the author does not appear to have neglected what has been written by others on the many subjects of which he treats. Under the heads of Agriculture and Forestry, Agricultural Industries, Mining, Art Industry and related Occupations, and Trade and Commerce, will be found accounts of nearly every industry of

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the Japanese. It is not quite exhaustive, for we have found no account of printing or fishing, and there are probably some other employments which have escaped the professor's net; but the net is wide and the mesh is small.

Anything like a complete account or review of so encyclopaedic a work as this is altogether impossible here; and we can only recommend it generally to the attention of all who are interested in Japan, or in commerce, or "industries." Even those who care for none of these things will scarcely fail to find something to interest or amuse them as they turn over its pages, and discover that Japan is a land where they do not drink milk or wine, or eat beef and mutton, that the tobacco is of an inferior kind, but that all that is exported comes to England, and that, although they have the "common, or Irish potato," as Prof. Rein calls it, they do not know how to cultivate it properly or care much about it. To many more the excellent accounts of the cultivation and preparation of rice and tea, and gin-seng, and camphor, and lacquer, the brewing of saké and the culture of silk, the manufacture of paper, and the manipulation of enamels, will afford both instruction and amusement. Those, again, whose knowledge is greater and interest more keen will delight in the wide view and extensive knowledge of the writer, who treats the more important of his subjects from no local point of view, but compares the cultivation of tea in Japan with that in India and China, and tells us not only how much gin-seng is exported, but how much is cultivated in the United States for use in Japan. It is not only in Japan that the writer has worked and studied, nor is it only on his own observation that he has relied. The reader will find the book an entrance to all the literature on the subject, and those who wish to extend their study on any branch of it will find a list of authorities carefully noted for their guidance. The desire to be interesting as well as scientific is plain on every page, and occasionally, as in his charming chapter on gardening, Prof. Rein can be poetical, without ceasing to be practical as well. He is, perhaps, a little hard on the Japanese love of dwarfing, or Nanization. It may be unnatural as well as childish; but there are few of us who would not like to possess, "growing together in a small box, 4 inches long, 1½ inches broad, and 6 inches high, a bamboo cane, a pine tree, and a blooming Mume-plum tree."

Cosmo Monkhouse.

LAPP FOLK TALES.

Lappiske Eventyr og Folkesagn. Ved J. Qvigstad og G. Sandberg, med en indledning af Professor Moltke Moe. (Kristiania: Cammermeyer.)

This is a very interesting and valuable little book; but we fear that the fact of its being written in Norse will prevent it from meeting among us with the reception which it justly deserves. Perhaps, however, some Scandinavian scholar will do for it what Sir George Dasent did so well for the *Norske Folke-Eventyr* of Asbjörnsen and Moe. The introduction to the present volume, it may be mentioned, is by Prof. Moltke Moe, the son of Bishop Moe, Asbjörnsen's collaborator in that excellent collection of "Popular Tales from the Norse." The professor is an accomplished scholar, familiar with many languages, and at home in all that concerns folk-lore. Consequently his preface is thoroughly good.

Messrs. Qvigstad and Sandberg, the one a seminary director, the other a parish priest, have collected, and translated into Norse, a number (fifty-four) of the stories and traditions current among the Lapps, those strange human boulder stones, as it were, who bear witness to a state of things which has long passed away. Some of the more complex stories, as is the case in all collections of folk-tales, are mere variants of the popular romances which are current in so many lands. These appear to have been borrowed by the Lapps from their Scandinavian and Russian neighbours, or from the Finnish subjects of Sweden and Russia. Of No. 11, for instance, the editor says, apparently with good reason, "This story probably came from Russian fishermen." It is one of the numerous tales telling how a calumniated wife was deprived of her hands. In the Lapp variant she recovers them from the tree to which she prays (p. 37). Nos. 12-14 are distinctly Russian, and so are 20, 25, and many more. No. 45 is specially interesting, as being a Lapp variant of the Russian story of "The Two Friends." The conversation between the Lapp bridegroom and the dead friend whom he invites to his wedding is so much longer than it is in the Russian tale that we are inclined to believe that in this case the story (which is that of a Finnic Rip Van Winkle) was introduced into Russia from the North. Ghost stories, as is natural among people who have always been endowed (if the common consent of their neighbours may be accepted as evidence) with great capacities for psychical research, figure largely. One of the best is that (No. 48) of the youth Nilas, who, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, always went to sleep everywhere. Having done so once while a confirmation class was being held in the church, he slept on unheeded till all was dark. Awaking then, he saw a congregation enter, "mostly one-eyed." A priest took his place at the altar, the one-eyed worshippers knelt for a time, and then silently departed. The boy remained alone in the deserted church till his schoolfellows came in search of him. Being warned by his schoolmaster's wife not to speak about what he had seen, he for some time held his tongue. But at length he told part of the story. Straightway a drop of cold water blinded one of his eyes. When he was very old he was one day induced to tell the whole of his strange story, whereupon he became crippled and was obliged to have recourse to the poor-fund for relief. In No. 49, it may be mentioned, the spectres seen by a Lapp ghost-seer, who, following the advice of a Russian warlock, has taken up his stand on a Bible in a church one night, are all one-eyed, one-handed, or one-footed.

Of a very different nature from these thrilling tales about phantoms and necromancers are the traditions relating to the constant struggle maintained between the Lapp aborigines and their foreign enemies. The first nine stories all refer to the foes known as *Tsjuderne*, the *Tsjuder*—the Chudic Finns of the Baltic and other coasts. When these dreaded enemies appeared the Lapps would take refuge in their underground retreats. But these were often discovered, while the men were out hunting or fishing, and the women were engaged in tanning hides, or in some other occupation requiring light and fresh air. Then fights would ensue, in which the Lapps, skilled in the use of arrows "tipped with birds' beaks," always had (according to the story-tellers) the best of the day. Still more dangerous foes than the *Tsjuder* were the *Stallos* (Nos. 15-18)—warriors of Norse or Russian nationality—whose name was due to the steel armour they wore. The Stallo could at times (No. 17) assume the form of a seal—a fact which rendered him peculiarly annoying to honest Lapps. They could, however, (No. 18) put an end to his knavish tricks by shooting him with a silver bullet.

Tree-worship figures a good deal in these stories, and still more does stone-worship. Very notable is the moral tale (No. 29) of the man who promised to anoint a certain stone if he caught much fish. Having proved false to his promise, he caught no more. So he went to the stone in a rage and tried to throw it down. But it caught him, and held him tight, until he renewed his promise. Again he broke his word. This time he was drowned. Equally edifying is the legend about St. Trifan (No. 15), the overthrower of heathenism. Finding three "troll-men" in the act of offering sacrifice to the goddess Akko, he turned them into stone. Above the image of that deity—which may be seen at the present day, looking very like a large boulder-stone—he traced in the air three crosses. Those crosses are still visible, having taken material shape in the form of dark cruciform patches amid the grass which grows around what used to be the image of the fallen divinity. No. 10 is not by any means an altogether new story, for its theme is a superstition which prevails in numerous lands, but it is quaintly told. A certain man used from time to time to disappear from home in a mysterious manner, and on his return he always showed a marked disinclination to reply to the questions put to him as to his absence. Once he deserted his family for a whole winter. Spring came, and one day his children discovered him by accident as they were returning from the chase. He went home with them willingly, and was joyfully received by his wife, who had long mourned for him as for one dead. But he still refused to give any information as to where he had spent the time of his absence from home. Summer and autumn passed by. When the first snows of winter fell, the man went forth into the forest. After a time his wife followed upon his track. Having remarked that his footprints, after he had walked several times round a bush, appeared to have taken the form of bear-slots, she tried the experiment of circumambulating the bush, and suddenly found herself changed into a she bear. Soon afterwards she found her husband in a den. He lamented bitterly (as is usual in most variants of the "Cupid and Psyche" story) as soon as he saw her, saying that now he was doomed to be shot by his own son. In order that she might be freed from the transforming spell, he told her it was necessary for

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her to jump upon his skin, after his son had killed and flayed him. She did so, and recovered her original shape, with the exception of one foot, which had missed the skin, and, therefore, always remained bearish. Her children were pleased to recover their mother, but were much annoyed when they were told that they had slain and skinned their father.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

NEW NOVELS.

The Repentance of Paul Wentworth. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Bird of Paradise. By Charles T. C. James. In 3 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

A Social Heretic. By J. Ashworth-Taylor and U. Ashworth-Taylor. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Captain Lobe. By John Law. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Adèle's Love. By Maude M. Butler. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

Miriam. By Mrs. Musgrave. (Sampson Low.)

In Vain. By Edith Henderson. (Digby & Long.)

Three Friends. By Yrla. (Digby & Long.)

THERE was an English king who apologised for being an "unconscionable time" in dying, and some apology certainly seems necessary from the author of *The Repentance of Paul Wentworth* for protracting this act of contrition through three long and closely-printed volumes, each of more than three hundred pages. Mr. Wentworth's repentance was a highly suitable atonement for the sorrow he had caused; but it is quite a phenomenal record from the literary point of view. However, having said thus much, we acknowledge with pleasure the ability with which this novel is written. The author preserves his or her anonymity—we should guess she was a lady—and there is abundance of promise in the book to warrant her being heard of again. Paul Wentworth, Q.C., is an Admirable Crichton in his way, but somewhat reckless in his relations with the fair sex; hence the sorrows which he brings upon himself, and their consequent expiation. But he excites our sympathy, too; and he would have been a really fine fellow but for the way he tortured Muriel Ferrars, after extorting from her a knowledge of her love for himself. In many respects he is fitted to command admiration—brilliant, clever, incisive, eloquent, he becomes a prominent statesman. Muriel is a charming English girl of deep and pure feeling. We shall not reveal her life's history; but it will be read with deep interest. Other characters also are well worthy of study; and the work contains numerous passages which demonstrate that the author possesses no common talent, and a considerable fund of experience.

One finds it difficult to believe that a woman could be so heartless and diabolical as the lady who gives the title to *A Bird of Paradise*. Her career is most extraordinary, and is apparently intended to inculcate the doctrine of heredity. She plays battledore and shuttlecock with men's hearts until her own is at last touched, but only to discover that she has fallen in love with a married man. Out of pure pique with fortune she marries a young vicar, who has long loved her, but whose affection she does not in the least return. In the course of six months another blow falls upon the scheming woman, for she finds she has thrown herself away in vain. The wife of the man she really loves has died in the interval, and she becomes mad with rage on learning too late that he is free. The novel closes with a very tragic incident. The vicar, who is as honest a fellow as ever breathed, loses his life in trying to save his rival, at the command of the woman whom he loves till death. Mr. James has considerable power in drawing character; but surely one of his women folk, an uncanny, unearthly creature named Agatha Hailsham, never had her counterpart in real life. His other men and women are more natural, with the exception, perhaps, of a Mrs. Dillwater, whose conduct and speech are inexpressibly silly. There is something touching about Lord Runnymede, who successfully resists the blandishments of match-makers for thirty years, keeping still in his heart the memory of the love he once felt for a poor fruiterer's daughter. Comedy has its place in Mr. James's narrative. There is a touch of Dickens in his Rev. Wm. Grevus, vicar of Silverbeech, who believes that religion and bohea go hand in hand, and whose principle for advancing humanity is "Christianity by Tea-fight." Then there is the Right Rev. the Bishop of Excelsior, great at Exeter Hall, with his resolutions for putting down crime. While this story is crude in some respects, and wanting in literary finish, it keeps the reader's interest alive, and evinces qualities which show that the author has the making of a novelist in him.

Messrs., or Misses, Ashworth Taylor's story, *A Social Heretic*, is written with more force and ability than any other work upon our list; but its burden is a decidedly sad and painful one. There are two deaths—one that of a consumptive gambler, and the other that of a suicide; but the amount of soul-crushing besides is quite extraordinary. Jan Vincent, the heroine, takes upon herself, for the sake of her lost idolised brother, the opprobrium of an act which makes her a "social heretic." Some will perceive in this moral courage of a very high type, others will regard it as Quixotic. There is another character, Justin Dean, who is likewise under the social ban for having contracted a quite "impossible" marriage—impossible, that is, in the interests of society. He, too, acts like Esau, "his hand being against every man." Miss Vincent becomes the wife of Luke Wentworth, who is found to be a man of deep feeling when the cynical "life-is-not-worth-living" crust which environs him has been broken through. Jan's views of life are striking, but melancholy. For example, "Life is like the pavement of the Abbey; every step that we take is over a gravestone." The parish Dean rises higher than this, for in defining friendship he says it is

"the willing acknowledgment of a bond of selfless love, of absolute sincerity, of unswerving allegiance. It is a spiritual kinship, with all the obligations of brotherhood and of sisterhood, a secular sacrament, taken for better and for worse, whatever the failure on either side, till death do us part."

Justin Dean's character is not the only one happily hit off by Lady Solford, who considers him to be as dangerous as a revival preacher. From the narrative point of view several questions are settled towards the close; but upon the ethical side many problems are started without being solved. Those who like a novel which does not run in the ordinary grooves will read this with avidity. It is certainly not to be confounded with Mudie's "daily food." If it leaves a blank, it is a tribute to its power to have first created one. It is a crusade against the conventionalities. If some readers regard it as pessimistic in spirit, that would be taking a superficial view, for the story has a deeper import. We fear, nevertheless, that the authors must prepare for some such verdict as this upon their unquestionably talented story—"Clever, but oppressive."

Mr. Law's *Captain Lobe* is a graphic delineation of the inner workings of the Salvation Army. It takes us away from the brass band and all the paraphernalia of the street parade into the slums, where it shows the Salvationists at work. The Army clings to the old-fashioned idea of Hell, and there are probably some natures which cannot be religiously impressed unless they become imbued with the notion that Hell is a kind of sultry penal settlement. The author gives a powerful description of the conversion of a rich stockbroker; and certainly, whether the means employed by these "saviours of society" are gentle or terrible, they resemble Strafford's policy in being "thorough." Putting on one side the objectionable features which attach to the Army and its operations, conversion to the better life undoubtedly means with many adherents a willingness to be "despised, hated, cursed, beaten, kicked, imprisoned, or killed for Christ's sake." The gentler aspects of Salvationism find their exponent here in the labours of a beautiful self-denying girl, who voluntarily gives herself to the service. It seems to be too true that in some of the slums women will sell their children for a glass of gin, and that many mothers are anxious to dispose of their infants to the Salvation Army, never desiring to see them again. Mr. Law's pictures of the seething mass of poverty, vice, and wretchedness in the East End are realistic to an appalling degree.

Extremely pathetic is *Adèle's Love*, or the story of a faithful little heart. A proud agnostic Count has put away his wife, and keeps the knowledge of her hidden from their daughter Adèle. With faithful affection the child awaits with touching expectancy the return of her mother day by day, month by month, and year by year. The very name of Christian is forbidden to be used before her, and she is daily pining away towards the grave, lamenting the loss of her beloved parent. How the child's soul is recovered and re-born through the agency of an English lady-guardian the reader must discover for himself. The conclusion, where mother and daughter are re-united only to die together in their new-found happiness, is really very dramatic.

Mrs. Musgrave's *Miriam* is powerful but unpleasant. It is the story of a human waif cast up by the sea after a terrible shipwreck. The child is reared by a rough and brutal

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fisherman; and in course of time she develops into a woman of deep, ungovernable passions, whose hate is as strong as her love. The account of her savage life, her betrayal, and her terrible revenge are told in a graphic way. But the book is eminently unsuited for intellectual babes, and we are not sure that it is healthy food for those of a larger growth.

The main incidents in Miss Henderson's sketch *In Vain* are ingenious, and we do not remember to have met with their like before. For this reason we shall not reveal their nature, but only remark upon the apparent improbability there is in the same woman being unable to inspire the same man with the love passion at one period in her life and some years later completely captivating him under a new name and new circumstances. It seems impossible that she should thus succeed in concealing her identity. However, this little story will while away a passing hour very pleasantly.

War and love are the two themes treated of in *Three Friends*, and we get plenty of both. The time of action is the beginning of the present century, and the scenes occur in the struggle between Prussia and France. There are some noble characters, and a villain of an exceptionally murderous type, who does not meet with his deserts for his numerous crimes. He has piled up a pretty black catalogue of outrage and murder already, when he thus speaks of a relative who still stands between himself and his lawless ambition:

"How all my senses would be ravished could I tear out my nephew's craven heart! My hands steeped in his blood, my eyes gloating over his agony, my ears resounding with his frenzied shrieks! Revenge shall be my god until my heart be glutted with the blood of those who dare to cross my path," &c.

G. Barnett Smith.

SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

Scotland in 1289: Documents relating to the Campaign of King Edward I. in that Year, and especially to the Battle of Falkirk. Edited by Henry Gough. (Alexander Gardner.) The second title of this handsome volume conveys the correct information about its contents, which could hardly be inferred from the first. About "Scotland in 1289" we are told absolutely nothing; probably because there is nothing to be learnt. But we are given an invaluable collection of documents (many from unpublished sources) relating to the army of Edward I. which won the decisive victory of 1289 over Wallace at Falkirk. The most important of these documents is that known as the Falkirk Roll of Arms, being a list of the bannerets, or chief captains, present at the battle on the English side, together with the blazon of their arms. One copy of this roll, dated 1606 (Brit. Mus. Harleian MS. No. 6589), was published a few years ago by Mr. Greenstreet, in the *Reliquary*. Mr. Gough, however, has had access to another copy, with numerous variations, and apparently of earlier date, which is preserved in the library of West Park, Bedfordshire. He has printed both texts in parallel columns, with elaborate notes on the opposite page, identifying the personages, and giving additional authorities for their coat armour. Another document now first printed—which we venture to consider more curious than valuable—is a roll of the horses of the English army, with their value, their colour, &c., which fills nearly eighty pages. Mr. Gough has greatly enhanced the utility of his book by adding a most copious index, which genealogists will best appreciate.

The History of the Irish Confederation and the War in Ireland. Vol. V. 1645-1646. Edited by John T. Gilbert. (Printed for the Editor by the Irish Printing Company.) In this volume, as in preceding ones, the portion of Bellings's History printed at the beginning—which, after all, occupies only thirty-three pages—is chiefly important as furnishing a peg on which to hang the store of original documents that have been collected by Mr. Gilbert. These documents reach from the beginning of August, 1645, to June 27, 1646. They are mainly, but not altogether, taken from the Carte MSS. in the Bodleian Library, which are all the more welcome because the project of publishing a calendar of those papers has now fallen through. We have here many documents giving in detail the negotiations carried on between Ormond and the Confederate Catholics, and also—what is far more interesting—several of Glamorgan's letters. Mr. Gilbert naturally does not care to republish documents which have already been printed, and some acquaintance with the latter is needed by the reader who wishes properly to appreciate what is here given him. For those, however, who have sufficient knowledge to fill up the gaps, the present volume will yield in interest to none of its predecessors.

The Contemporary History of the French Revolution. Compiled from the "Annual Register." By F. Bayford Harrison. (Rivingtons.) The celebration of the centenary of the French Revolution is probably answerable for the production of this little volume, which is a reprint of a part of the History of Europe published in the *Annual Register* during the last decade of the eighteenth century, and relates the internal affairs of France from 1789 to 1799. The compilation at the present day is without historical value; but as it was drawn mainly from journals and other like sources, it is not written in dull language. The editor has added a brief introduction and some explanatory notes concerning persons and events. He observes on the fact that the narrative was published within a year or two of the events described: "The lapse of those two or three years has the great advantage of affording time for the historian to place himself at a point whence the events are seen in their true perspective, which can hardly be when the writer is on the same level of time with the facts." In this case the probability certainly lies the other way. In 1789 and 1790 Englishmen viewed the Revolution with less biassed feelings than in 1793 and 1794. Practically, the book consists of a short narrative of the more turbulent side of the Revolution; and those whose knowledge goes no farther may very well wonder why a centenary should be held in memory of such violent and bloody scenes. As an instance of the defectiveness of the book, taking it as a mere narrative of events, we may observe that we have not been able to find either in the text or the notes a single mention of the existence of the Revolutionary Commune which ruled Paris and the Convention until overthrown by Robespierre in 1794.

History of the Waldenses of Italy, from their Origin to the Reformation. By Emilio Comba, D.D. Translated by Teofilo E. Comba. (Truelove & Shirley.) The history of the Waldenses has recently inspired several works of importance, among which may be mentioned those of Montet, of Müller, and of Comba. Dr. Comba's book, which treats of the Waldenses in Italy, is now presented to the English public in a translation. It is not devoid of interest, and is written with a sincere desire for truth, although the author's deep attachment to the Waldensian doctrine may somewhat obscure his vision. The important point of the origin of the Waldensian Church is clearly established, being referred to Waldo, in opposition to the fanciful theories which tried to carry it back through mysterious paths to the primitive Christian times. Once agreeing with other writers that Waldo was the true founder of the Waldensian Church, Dr. Comba has the merit of assigning with good reason the year 1173 as the date in which the merchant of Lyons began his apostolate. The development taken by the Church, the migration of the Waldenses into Italy, the persecutions they suffered, their literature and their religious life, are all described by Dr. Comba with much feeling, and with an erudition which deserves the appreciation even of those who may not be able to accept every one of his theories. The English version might have been improved. Here and there the translator seems either to have missed the meaning of the author or not to have known how to express it; and also in the translation of historical names and in the bibliographical notes there are frequent errors which seem to indicate in the translator a very slight knowledge of the subject which he has put into English.

Records of the English Catholics of 1715. Compiled wholly from Original Documents. Edited by John Orlebar Payne. (Burns & Oates.) This is a most useful compilation. The accession of the House of Hanover was a turning-point in the history of the Roman Catholic body in England. The first Jacobite Rebellion was by no means solely a Roman Catholic movement, but the statesmen of 1715 believed that there was little to be feared from the Protestant adherents of the exiled royal family. The means taken for stamping out the old religion, though not so bloody as those of an earlier time, were little less cruel. They had in a great degree the effect that was hoped for. There can be little doubt that year by year the numbers of professing Roman Catholics became less and less until a time somewhere early in the reign of George III. Mr. Payne has acted wisely in selecting one period and not diverging far to the right or the left. He has given, under a county arrangement, what he has been able to gather from wills and similar documents concerning many of those who registered their estates at that period. Some few of those mentioned are insignificant enough, but many belong to our old historical families. There is hardly a name or a fact given which will not be of service to the local historian. The amount of labour that has been expended on this book can in no way be estimated by its size. Every page bristles with minute facts, each one of which required looking for, and in many cases confirming or contrasting by other facts to be sought for in a different direction. Old wills are often entertaining reading; but by the time of George I. the lawyers had well nigh driven from testimentary documents most of the things which render those of earlier time so valuable. The lawyers had not, however, even then succeeded in making every thing dull and common-place. There are a few things in Mr. Payne's collections which remind us of earlier days. Charles Eyston, of East Hendred, in Berkshire, begins his will by a picturesque declaration of faith which reminds one of the style of two centuries earlier. This gentleman left to one of his sons an object which he called "Bishop Fisher's Staff." We wonder whether it was a pastoral staff or a walking stick! The Earl of Stafford's will is memorable for its fierce vituperation of his wife. The latter part of the volume consists of a series of extracts taken from the "Forfeited Estates' Papers" now at the Record Office. All were well worth printing, though some parts are more important than others.

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They help to fill in the outlines of the picture, and bring home to us, in a way that mere rhetoric will never accomplish, how very sad must be the condition of a religious minority when the majority have determined to stamp them out by fines and confiscations.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*Phoenicia.* By George Rawlinson. (Fisher Unwin.) A popular history of Phoenicia was unquestionably needed; and the want is admirably supplied in the volume by Prof. Rawlinson, which displays not only a thorough knowledge of the subject, but also a greater degree of attractiveness in style, and of skill in the selection of material, than the author's previous works had prepared us to expect. Without any undue compression, the book contains a surprisingly large amount of information, very little being omitted that is of interest to others than special students. There are few of Prof. Rawlinson's conclusions from which we are inclined to dissent; but it may be reasonably doubted whether he is right in his disbelief in the existence of any Phoenician settlements in Boeotia. There must surely have been some historical ground for the traditions which assert that there was a time when Phoenicians were not only settled at Thebes, but actually formed the ruling class of the community. With regard to the origin of the Phoenician alphabet, Prof. Rawlinson adheres to the old theory that the letters were originally pictures of the objects whose names they bear. His view, if we understand him correctly, is that the Phoenicians adopted from Egypt the principle of using the figure of an object to express the initial sound of its name, but that they applied this principle quite freely, with little or no reference to the forms of the Egyptian characters. This is, perhaps, still a tenable hypothesis; but Prof. Rawlinson should, we think, not have omitted all mention of the powerfully-argued theory of De Rougé. He speaks as if no one had proposed to derive the Phoenician alphabet from any other form of the Egyptian writing than the hieroglyphic. Against the hypothesis of derivation from the monumental character his objections are conclusive; but it is doubtful whether this is now maintained by any competent scholar. The misprints in the volume are rather numerous: five of them occur in the few words that are unnecessarily printed in Hebrew characters in chap. ii.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*Media, Babylon, and Persia:* From the Fall of Nineveh to the Persian War. By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. (Fisher Unwin.) Mdme. Ragozin's volume, which bears on its cover the not very appropriate title of *Media*, is a sketch of the history of Western Asia from the fall of the Assyrian empire to the time when the history of Asia became permanently connected with that of Europe. The writer has undertaken a difficult task in attempting in one small volume to trace the history of the culmination and decline of the Babylonian power, and the rise and development of the Median and Persian empires, and to give an intelligible account of the relations of these three powers to each other and to the peoples of Asia Minor and of Palestine. Notwithstanding the complexity of the subject, however, the book is extremely interesting. A good deal more than a third of the space has been devoted to an account of the Zoroastrian religion and its relation to the older faith which found expression in the Vedas. No doubt the soundness of many of the author's views is open to dispute—on some of the questions touched upon, indeed, the highest authorities are widely at variance—but of the vigour and lucidity of the exposition there can only be one opinion. The chapter on Cyrus seems to be written with due regard to the results of recent investigation, and there is a detailed notice of the discoveries of M. Dieulafoy at Susa. On the whole, the book will sustain the reputation which Mdme. Ragozin has gained by her brilliant volumes on *Chaldea* and *Assyria*.

The Dynasty of Theodosius: or, Eighty Years' Struggle with the Barbarians. A Series of Lectures delivered to the Durham Ladies' Educational Association. By Thomas Hodgkin. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) This little volume contains an outline of the history of the conflicts of the Roman Empire with Goths, Huns, and Vandals, from the crossing of the Danube by the Goths under Valens down to the sack of Rome by Gaiseric. The narrative is, of course, abridged from the fuller account given in the author's *Italy and her Invaders*, though some few points are touched upon which were not dealt with in the larger work. The style is lively and interesting, and the author has been careful to avoid the mistake, too common in popular historical writing, of assuming too much knowledge on the part of the reader. We note that Mr. Hodgkin inclines to the tempting, though slenderly supported, hypothesis that a Hunnish conquest or invasion of the the Baltic and North Sea shores was the cause of the Angle and Saxon migrations to Britain in the fifth century. Some of the remarks on points of philology are not quite accurate; and it is going too far to say that "there is *no doubt* that Gaiseric, and not Genseric, is the correct form of the name of the Vandal king." The question is still disputed by scholars. The volume contains two useful maps.

THE publication of the Minutes of the S. P. C. K. from 1698 to 1704, as set out by its editorial secretary, the Rev. Edmund M'Clure, in a volume entitled *A Chapter in English Church History* will be heartily welcomed by all interested in church history. The objects of the society were, with but one exception, admirable; and such a work was, as is too evident, much needed. The spread of education formed the primary object of its existence, and the weekly proceedings of the subscribers abound in references to the establishment of parish schools. The formation of parochial libraries in the colonies and in the old country—a scheme with which the name of Dr. Bray is indissolubly connected—took the second place; but the "fixing parochial libraries throughout the English plantations in America" was soon handed over to a kindred body. The Quakers became the centre of the society's keenest interest, and much of its income was ill employed in subsidising such Anti-Quaker controversialists as Keith and Bugg. The seeds sown by these zealous Churchmen often took many years in arriving at maturity. Their thanks were voted to "Sir John Philips for the noble and Christian example he has shown in refusing a challenge after the highest provocation imaginable"; but duelling was not generally reprehended for many generations. Eight hundred copies of the "Kind Cautions against Swearing" were ordered for distribution among the hackney coachmen, but the practice seems as rife as ever. The value of a Quaker convert when secured stood high. Mrs. Mary Everard was one of the select few, and twenty pounds were ordered "for her present relief and encouragement by way of trading in chocolate, tea, and coffee." Playhouses came in 1703 under the society's scrutiny, the effect of some manager with a keen eye for theatrical effect, who, after the great storm had devastated England, tried to draw people to his house by "the acting of a Play called the 'Tempest.'" The new organisation grew rapidly, but did not meet with universal encouragement. One of the canons of Exeter writes (p. 293) that he has "communicated the designs of the society to the bishop of the diocese, and found him utterly averse thereto." Sir Jonathan Trelawny was the then bishop; and he, as is well known, "preached like a bishop, but swore like a baronet." Perhaps the tracts against swearing had come in his way.

RHETORICAL as are not infrequently the pages of Mr. R. W. Free's *Lux Benigna, being the History of Orange Street Chapel* (Whittingham), the narrative of the church's foundation and progress is worthy of writing and perusing. It has been occupied in turn by the teachers of three creeds. For more than eighty years (1693-1776) it was the home of the French refugee church founded in Glasshouse Street in 1688. Members of the Established Church then ministered within its walls for eleven years, and during the last century its pulpit has been filled by pastors of Congregational dissent. Its highest fame was reached during the period when the exiled Huguenots in eager crowds met at Orange Street to continue their worship in a strange land. Their many names now imbedded in English literature are to be found in its documents. Two of the Barbaulds preached there for a few years to their countrymen; and one of these ministers was the grandfather of that Barbauld, whose wife, says Mr. Free, "was an authoress, and has given us some interesting particulars about the French services." A certain Joseph de la Motte was minister at Leicester Fields for thirty years, "and that name is not without praise in the world of art." A third name is that of Chamier, and his descendant maintained an honourable record among the friends of Johnson and the officials attacked in the letters of Junius. Of the ministers of the Church of England who for a brief period directed the service at the chapel in Orange Street, the best known are those of Cecil and Eyre, the latter of whom during his career at Hackney helped to found many useful institutions at home and for the English settlements. Under the sway of the Congregational ministers the chapel has been a centre of useful work; and, amid ever-increasing difficulties from the withdrawal of the wealthy from its vicinity, its usefulness is still maintained. Perhaps the most vigorous minister of this class was the Rev. John Townsend. As an addition to London topography as well as to ecclesiastical history this book is welcome.

MR. W. P. COURTNEY, joint compiler of the *Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*, has now finished a companion volume upon which he has been engaged for several years past—a parliamentary history of Cornwall from the earliest records down to the Reform Act of 1832, when the county lost at a stroke nearly all its excessive borough representation. The knights of the shire have, of course, afforded little difficulty; but the task of identifying the members for the twenty-two petty boroughs during a period of nearly three centuries demands a knowledge of both political and family history which would have repelled a less robust investigator. The number of names to be recorded—for the placemen and borough mongers often sat for an extremely short period—amounts to about 1700, many of them very obscure. The principle Mr. Courtney has adopted is to group them round the boroughs, giving also an alphabetical index. He has resolved to print only seventy-five copies of his work, for private circulation.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is preparing for publication a volume entitled *In My Lady's Praise;* being poems, old and new, written to the honour of his wife, and now collected for her memory

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By the special permission of the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), *Life* will publish, from week to week, "Thoughts of a Queen," being daily entries made by her in her private album. The queen intends to publish the series in book form afterwards.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett will publish immediately *Bench and Bar:* Reminiscences of one of the last of an Ancient Race, by Mr. Serjeant Robinson.

Mr. David Nutt will issue next week *Selected Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, rendered into English prose by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy. The book will be handsomely printed, in capitals throughout; and will be published in a very limited edition.

Prof. John E. B. Mayor will shortly bring out, at the Cambridge Press, a critical revision of what is known as the "Latin Heptateuch"—a version in Latin hexameters of the first seven books of the Old Testament, written in Gaul probably in the fifth century. A portion of Genesis was first printed by William Morel in 1560; but the greater part of the remainder has only recently been published by the Benedictine father (now Cardinal) Pitra. With the help of a MS. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, Prof. Mayor hopes to restore the original text by removing many barbarisms that have crept into the printed versions.

Prof. Taüber, of Winterthur, will very shortly publish the results of a collation in several MSS. of a considerable number of passages in the *Divina Commedia*. His book will be entitled, "I capostipiti manoscritti della Divina Commedia."

Messrs. A. Westwood & Son, of Cupar Fife, have in preparation an illustrated volume on *The Castles and Mansions of the Kingdom of Fife*. Several artists have been engaged for some time past on the illustrations; and the letterpress has been entrusted to Mr. A. H. Millar, author of "The Castles and Mansions of Ayrshire," who has devoted special study to modern architecture, historical reminiscences, and the national antiquities of Scotland.

Two Centuries of Border Church Life is the title of a work by Mr. James Tait, which Messrs. J. & J. H. Rutherfurd, of Kelso, have in the press. It will contain the results of much original investigation.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. will issue shortly *The Fatal Phryne*—a novel written by Mr. F. C. Philips in collaboration with Mr. C. J. Wills, author of "The Land of the Lion and the Sun." It will be found that more attention has been given to the details of plot-construction than has been usual in Mr. Philips's novels. The same publishers have almost ready a new sporting novel by the Earl of Desart, dealing with life on the turf as seen from above. It will be entitled *The Little Châtelaine*.

Mr. Spencer Blackett has made arrangements to publish a cheap uniform edition of L. B. Walford's novels, commencing with *Mr. Smith:* a Part of his Life—which will appear early in June. Each volume will contain an etching, from a picture by Mr. J. Laslett Pott.

The next volume of the "Canterbury Poets," to be published in July, will be *Selections from Landor*, edited by Mr. Ernest Radford.

The Rev. Joseph Eddlestone is engaged in copying the parish registers of Gainford, in Durham, which will be issued at intervals by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Middlesex antiquities have been strangely neglected, so that it is worth while recording that a column of Middlesex notes and queries has recently been started in the *West Middlesex Standard*—a new local paper published at Ealing. A list of London and Middlesex *Inquisitiones post mortem* is now appearing therein week by week.

At the next meeting of the Library Association, to be held in Gray's Inn Library, on Monday, May 9, Mr. Ernest C. Thomas, one of the hon. secretaries, will read a paper on "Free Public Libraries for London."

At the meeting of the Historical Society on Thursday next, May 16, a joint paper will be read by the Rev. Dr. W. Cunningham and Miss E. Lamond, of Girton, upon "The Management of Manorial Estates in the Thirteenth Century," mainly based upon unprinted documents.

On Monday next, and on the seven following days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the stock of books of the late Charles Hutt, which comprises a large number of the modern English first editions and illustrated works which are now so much in demand, and also illustrated French works of the last and the present centuries.

Mr. Andrew Lang's *Myth, Ritual, and Religion* has received the distinction of being translated into Dutch, where it appears under the title, "Onderzoek naar de Ontwikkelung van Godsdienst, Cultus, en Mythologie," forming two substantial and well-printed volumes in paper covers (Haarlem: Bohn). The translator is Dr. L. Knappert, preacher at Kwadijk, who has added a few notes of his own; and the well-known Amsterdam professor, P. D. Chantepie de la Saussaye, contributes a very complimentary introduction.

Dr. Karl Meyer, of Hamburg, has just published at Bonn his doctorate-dissertation on Gower's relations to Chaucer and King Richard II. Dr. Meyer gives an account of the Gower MSS. in England, which number about forty.

Prof. J. M. Hart, of Mount Auburn, Cincinnati, informs us that Haydon's picture, with the portraits of Wordsworth, Keats, and Hazlitt, is not, as Prof. Dowden supposed—relying upon Prof. Knight's authority—in his review of *Wordsworthiana* (Academy, April 6), in the Roman Catholic Cathedal of Cincinnati, but in the Art Museum of that city, in Eden Park. Prof. Hart promises to ask for leave to have the portraits, or the whole picture, photographed, so that Wordsworth students may be able to get copies. He says that there is no foundation for the report that Haydon's picture was burnt in Philadelphia, and that the Cincinnati one is only a copy. It is clearly the original. Joseph Longworth, one of the principal early patrons of the Art Museum, was an ardent Wordsworthian.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

Mr. John Cook Wilson, of Oriel, has been appointed to the Waynflete chair of logic at Oxford, vacant by the resignation of Mr. T. Fowler. Mr. Wilson has the distinction of winning the only Conington Prize that has yet been awarded—in 1882, when the subject was "The Manner in which the Writings attributed to Aristotle have received their Present Form, to be illustrated especially from the *Nicomachean Ethics*, the *Politics*, and the *De Anima*"; and he will be known to readers of the Academy by his controversial letters on the text of Plato and Aristotle.

Prof. W. P. Ker, of Cardiff and of Oxford, has been elected to the Quain Professorship of English Language and Literature at University College, London, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Henry Morley.

Prof. Freeman, having returned to Oxford, will deliver a public lecture on Wednesday next, May 15, upon "Sicily."

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, Slade professor of fine art at Oxford, is giving a course of three lectures on "Wood Engraving and Illustration." Each lecture is delivered twice—in the morning and in the afternoon—the audience on the second occasion being confined to members of the university.

Prof. Butcher, of Edinburgh, will deliver a course of three lectures at Oxford this term in connexion with the Association for the Education of Women, on "Some Characteristics of the Greek Genius."

Prof. Nettleship has nearly ready for publication, at the Clarendon Press, a volume of contributions to Latin Lexicography. Lewis and Short's Dictionary has been taken as the basis, and nothing has been published which has not been thought a necessary improvement of that work.

Mr W. W. Rouse Ball, author of *A Short Account of the History of Mathematics* (1888), is now engaged upon a History of the Study of Mathematics at Cambridge, which will be published by the University Press.

The Oxford Philological Society—hitherto notable for the modest character of its publications—has resolved to expend the accumulated surplus of its funds upon photographic reproductions of the facsimiles of Herculaneum papyri in the Bodleian, more than 800 in number. Sets of these will be presented to the chief libraries on the continent.

Magdalen College, Oxford, of which Prof. Vines is a member, announce a fellowship in Botany, the first, we believe, that has ever been offered for this subject in the university.

On the occasion of Dr. Talbot's resigning the wardenship of Keble, a double presentation was made to him by past and present members of the college: (1) a pair of silver candlesticks of the date of George I.; (2) a sum of £800, which is to be devoted to the endowment of an Edward Talbot prize, to be awarded from time to time to some graduate for the completion of his education, or for the promotion of some special subject of research.

Dr. Edwin Hatch has been appointed to deliver the annual lecture of the Robert Lee trust in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. His subject will be "Scientific Methods in their Application to Theology."

The last number of *Bibliographical Contributions*, issued by the library of Harvard University, consists of a catalogue of publications (1) by the university officially, (2) by officers of the university, (3) by outsiders relating to the university—which have appeared in the twelve months ending September, 1888. Is it too much to hope that Mr. F. Madan might be induced to compile a similar catalogue for Oxford, in amplification of his Oxford bibliography in recent numbers of the *Oxford Magazine*?

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

Twitt'ring around that willow's pallid gold—
With many a call 'mong alders—by this hedge—
'Mid tall elms—flitting by the sere gray sedge
In joyous search the hurrying warblers, bold
As sure of welcome, loitering suns or scold,
Or dream of nestlings by the park's green edge;
And where the primrose lights its rocky ledge
Practice soft love songs o'er ferns half-unrolled.
With kindred stir is nature's bosom moved,
Music and buds swell from her fulness poured;
Such new-born bliss the maid, all wonder, takes
To find another o'er her heart is lord,
Soon as from smile, sigh, tear, she conscious wakes,
And blushing, whispers "Mother, I am loved!"

M. G. Watkins.

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OBITUARY.

WILLIAM HENRY SIMCOX.

IT is with much regret that we have to record the death of the Rev. W. H. Simcox, rector of Harlaxton, which took place on Saturday last, May 4, after only a week's illness.

He was born in 1843, and won a Balliol scholarship in 1860. After an undergraduate career only less distinguished than that of his elder brother, Mr. G. A. Simcox, he was elected fellow of Queen's and a colleague of his brother in 1864. For a few years he stayed up at Oxford as a lecturer; but in 1869 he accepted the college living of Weyhill, in Hampshire. Here he remained till 1885, when he moved to another college living, that of Harlaxton, in Lincolnshire. At Harlaxton he died; but his body was brought to Weyhill, to be buried by the side of his wife, on Wednesday, May 8.

Like his brother and his sister, Mr. W. H. Simcox was from the first a valued contributor to the ACADEMY, especially in theological literature, of which he possessed a very wide knowledge. He also wrote lately several papers in the *Expositor* on questions of New Testament criticism and early ecclesiastical history; and a recent number of the *English Historical Review* contained an interesting article from his pen on the campaigns of Alfred against the Danes, which showed his intimate acquaintance with the scenery of the North Downs. His friends must always regret that his career has been cut short before he completed any permanent work worthy of his literary powers.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

MR. F. MADAN contributes to the *Library* for May an article entitled "Some Curiosities of the Oxford Press"—a subject which he has made his own, and upon which we are glad to hear that he proposes to write at length. Here he first touches upon the famous *Expositio Hieronymi* which purports to have been printed at Oxford in 1468, six years before Caxton set up his press at Westminster; and he adduces some arguments to show that this date may not after all be a misprint. He then refers to the fragmentary *editio princeps* of St. Barnabas (1642), discovered a few years ago by the late J. H. Backhouse; to the illustrated Oxford almanacks, which go back in an unbroken series to 1674; and to the forged *Uranius* of Simonides, which the Clarendon Press published, on the authority of Dindorf, in 1856. He concludes with some statistics of the Oxford press, from the fifteenth century down to the present time.

THE May number of the *Archaelogical Review* opens with an article by Mr. Joseph Jacobs upon the question, "Are there Totem-Clans in the Old Testament?" After considering the evidence adduced by Dr. Robertson Smith some years ago, he concludes that there is good ground for attributing a totem arrangement to the Edomite clans enumerated in Genesis xxxvi.; and further that, as regards the Israelites proper, there are indications of "survivals" of totemism, but not of the actual existence of totemism in historical times. A paper by Miss Russell, on "The Early Church Dedications of the South of Scotland," contains many strange statements outside her proper subject. In the series on "Roman Remains," Mr. J. E. Price has now reached the county of Lincoln; but, as we have hinted before, his method of work is not sufficiently accurate to inspire confidence. For example, in the first half-dozen lines he talks of the Corativi (*sic*), "an aboriginal race," who "originally sprang from Germany." Finally, under the heading "Correspondence," Mr. Joseph Jacobs, from his researches in the Pipe Rolls, is enabled to put his finger upon the Jew moneylender who financed Strongbow's conquest of Ireland.

THE *Altpreussische Monatsschrift* (1 and 2 Heft 1889) has for its two salient articles a statistical exposition of the Prussian railway system to the east of the Vistula, and an examiuation by Dr. E. Arnoldt of the correspondence between Kant and Herz from 1771 to 1779. The object of the latter discussion is to fix the date of the first composition of the *Kritik* more precisely than has yet been done. In the *Proceedings* of the Antiquarian Society of Prussia there is a sketch of Scharnhorst's life up to 1807, illustrated by two plans of the battlefield at Preussisch-Eylau.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKSPERE'S USE OF THE VERB "TO LATCH."

Cambridge: April 27, 1889.

In Act III. sc. ii. of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" we have the lines:

> "But hast thou yet *latch'd* the Athenian's eyes
> With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?"

It is remarkable that this word has not yet been rightly explained. It has nothing to do with *latch*, to catch, which occurs in other passages of Shakspere, and which seems to have misled the commentators. The suggestion of Hanmer's, that it is allied to French *lécher*, to lick, is still worse. Mr. Aldis Wright also cites the Prov. English *latch-pan*, a dripping-pan, so called because it "*catches* the dripping from the meat"; and the Prov. English *latching*, catching. Halliwell remarks on *latch-pan*, that "every cook in Suffolk could settle the dispute" on the above passage; and adds "the Athenian's eyes were Puck's latch-pans."

The fact is that the whole trouble has arisen from the above etymology of "latch-pan." Halliwell does not explain the word "latch" at all, nor make it the least clear how a pair of eyes can be a dripping-pan. The explanation depends upon the fact that there are two separate and distinct verbs, both spelt "latch," which are wholly unrelated to each other. Shakspere's "latch" is related to "latch-pan," precisely because a "latch-pan" is totally unconnected with "latch," to catch. It correctly means "dripping-pan," just because "latch" means to drip, or to cause to drop, or to dribble. We must put aside the Anglo-Saxon *gelæccan*, and all notions about "catching," and see why "latch-pan" means a dripping-pan. To "*latch* with love-juice" is to drop love-juice upon, to distil upon, to dribble on, or simply to moisten. If this can be established by etymology, I think it will be seen how admirably it suits the sense.

If we will consent to give up the Anglo-Saxon *gelæccan*, and allow ourselves to consider the common English verb "to leak," we shall soon come to a satisfactory result. To "leak" means to admit drops of water; and "latch" is practically the causal form. An excellent use of the latter occurs in the Prov. English *latch on*, "to put water on the mash when the first wort has run off," says Halliwell. It merely means to dribble on, to pour on slowly, to let on a new flow. The Swedish language has the very phrase. Widegren's *Swedish Dictionary* (1788) gives us: "*Laka*, to distil, to fall by drops." And, then, remembering that Swedish *på* answers to English *upon* or *on*, we also find: "*Laka på*, to put the hot water on; to put the hot water into the mashing-tub, to convey the hot water from the copper into the mash-tub." What is this but to "latch on"? Note also the sb. *lake*, "pickle." This *laka* gives us the original *a*; the mutated *a* occurs in Swedish *läka*, "to leak." Icelandic has the strong verb *leka*, "to drip, to dribble, also to leak"; pt. t. *lak*, pp. *lekit*. A final *k* becomes *g* in Danish; and so we get Danish *lage*, sb. "pickle"; and *lage*, v., to "lay in brine, to pickle."

Koolman's *E. Friesic Dictionary* also helps us. He gives: *lek*, "a drop, a dripping from a roof"; *lek-bēr*, "drop-beer," *i.e.*, beer caught by standing a vessel under a leaky cock of a cask; *lek-fat*, "a drop-vessel," *i.e.*, a vessel in which drops are collected. The connexion of the latter with a "latch-pan" is obvious. The E. Fries. verb *lekken*, "to drop, drip, leak," has a host of cognates too numerous to mention. One sentence involving this verb may suffice. Koolman gives *dat lekt fan de bōmen of*, "it drips from the trees." Compare Prov. English *lecks*, "droppings"; *leck on*, "to pour on"; *leach-troughs*, &c.

The nearest related Anglo-Saxon word is *leccan*, "to moisten, wet, irrigate." This would have given a verb to *letch*, with the sense "to moisten." The Prov. English *latch* seems to be due to some confusion between this form and the base *lak*, which appears in Swedish *laka*, Danish *lage*, and in the past tense of the Icel. strong verb; or else, as is common in English, "latch," to catch, and the less known "letch," to moisten, were fused under one (viz., the commoner) form. Whatever the true history of the form of the word may be, I think we need have no doubt now as to its true sense.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

DR. P. CORSSEN ON "OLD-LATIN BIBLICAL TEXTS."

Oxford: April 26, 1889.

The editors of *Old-Latin Biblical Texts* have much reason to be grateful to their critics—last, and by no means least, to Dr. P. Corssen, who, in a most thorough and searching review in the April number of the *Göttingische Gelehrte Anzeigen*, has mingled a good many strictures with his praise.

With most of these strictures, if I were to take the point of view of Dr. Corssen, I should myself agree. The credit of initiating the series belongs not to me, but to the Bishop of Salisbury, for whom I have no authority to speak: still, I think it very possible that if the series were being planned now, at this interval of time, with all the knowledge acquired in the process of editing, and with other knowledge acquired since, it might in some respects have taken a shape more like that which Dr. Corssen would have preferred for it. The original idea was, I believe, to publish certain more or less inaccessible texts, with introductions mainly historical (such as that so skilfully worked out by Bishop Wordsworth for g_1), and also in part palaeographical, but without presupposing any critical theory. It was my contribution which spoilt the symmetry of this plan; and that not deliberately, but because it grew under my hands.

The state of the case was this: When I returned to Oxford in 1883 the series was practically half-finished; Part I. was already out, and the texts of Part II. were in type. Though I had for some little time been working at the text of the Greek Testament, I had only recently begun to make a special study of the Latin. Hence, when it was arranged that I should contribute a section on the relations of the texts, this was only intended to be a short one. As it was, it expanded, and became an excrescence upon the original scheme, which, by entering upon new and speculative ground, laid it open to the charge of incompleteness which Dr. Corssen brings against it. This I admit. At the same time, if Dr. Corssen really thinks that my contribution served to advance the study of the

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subject ("erheblich fördern" is his phrase), I would ask him to let that weigh in the opposite scale. We do not apply to exploring work in science exactly the same measure that we should apply to a work of art or to an exposition of a subject already well-understood.

What I did was not only exploring work, but it was work at the first stage of exploration. It consisted almost entirely in the development of a single observation, viz.—that particular forms of expression, often much-buried and obscured, had a tendency to recur and to characterise the different MSS. I tried, out of this and on the basis of the texts which the Bishop of Salisbury was publishing, to construct an *organon* for attacking the problem of the Latin versions. Dr. Corssen himself seems to think that this was applied with some success so far as it went. But I did not aim, or think of aiming, at a review of the whole subject, or at "ein befriedigendes und abschliessendes Urteil über die angeregten Fragen." To attempt anything of the kind, as it seems to me, would be premature now, and would have been still more premature then. I expressly reserved the consideration of a number of most important questions. But to omit certain points in a particular book is a different thing from leaving them out of sight altogether. I was careful to restrict the positive conclusions to those for which I adduced direct evidence—the relation of *k* to Cyprian, the relative value of the MSS. of Cyprian (which I respectfully submit was carried a degree further than it had been by the writers to whom Dr. Corssen alludes), the relation of *k* to *e*, and the mutual relations of the other MSS. to each other. All outside these were merely "working hypotheses," and were intended to be used as such. If I did not succeed in making this clear before, I may be allowed to do so now.

The work done for Part II. of *Old-Latin Texts* was done at high pressure, and it might almost be said while the printers were "waiting for copy." Since then it has proceeded at a more leisurely pace, and in the intervals of other things. But I can assure Dr. Corssen that the points which he notes as *desiderata* have not been neglected. In regard to some of them, we have made not inconsiderable progress. But, at the same time, we have widened our researches so as to include the extant texts of the Old Testament and the Greek basis of the Latin texts; and Dr. Corssen knows too well the intricacy of the questions involved to expect results to be produced quickly.

I am glad to think that the points of substantial difference between Dr. Corssen and myself are few. A large proportion of the errors in detail which he notices arose from following too implicitly, and, in some instances, too mechanically, Hartel's index to Cyprian. It is a mark of the extreme care with which Dr. Corssen has gone to work that not one of these instances (of which we had recently become aware) has escaped him. The identity of *n* and a_2 is admirably argued. Though that part of the Introduction was actually written by Mr. White, I rather think that I was responsible for forgetting that a photographic facsimile need not represent the exact scale of the original. Mr. White hopes to verify the point by ocular inspection of the Chur fragments in the course of the summer. I will give my best attention to the argument which Dr. Corssen urges against Cyprian's authorship (at least, in its present form) of Book III. of the Testimonia, and also to the view expressed on pp. 312, 316, that the age of Cyprian witnessed an attempt on the part of the Church authorities to introduce greater uniformity into the Version. It is true that this hypothesis conflicts with my own, but it fully deserves testing.

On the other hand, as to the lists of words, I believe that our procedure was justified. No doubt they are open to enlargement and further illustration. But we took a definite objective standard—comparison with certain specified MSS.; so that, within the limits to which they extend, and used in the way in which they were intended to be used, I do not think that they will be found misleading. At the time when they were made I do not think that any other method could have been followed. I should also not as yet be willing to admit that I was wrong in saying that the Latin texts were developed for some time *pari passu* with the Greek, in Graeco-Latin MSS. of double columns like D. Of course, this does not exclude independent development as well. But it was based upon the fact that MSS. with the same fundamental Latin text from time to time differ in the Greek text which they presuppose; and that the assimilation of a Latin to a Greek text may be seen actually at work in D. I would not, however, wish to speak at all dogmatically. Dr. Corssen may like to know that Mr. Maunde Thompson is of opinion that *k* is really an Italian MS. I hope, when the time comes, to show that the so-called African text circulated in several European districts, and especially in a corner of North Italy. It would not at once follow that *k* was derived from this source, and the presumption that it was so derived has not yet been tested. Of Commodian I had not lost sight; but I should hesitate to suppose (as Dr. Corssen seems to do) that Firmilian wrote in Latin and used Cyprian's Bible. It is surely more probable that his letter was translated in Africa after its arrival. Cyprian would naturally wish to send it round to his fellow-bishops.

I have touched directly upon some, by implication upon more, of the points raised in Dr. Corssen's article; but I cannot part from it without again expressing my sense of the obligation under which he has laid us. He has subjected our book to the closest and most rigorous scrutiny that it has yet received. My only regret is that he should have expended over it an amount of labour which would have sufficed to produce a book—and a very good book—of his own.

W. Sanday.

DR. HATCH'S "ESSAYS IN BIBLICAL GREEK."

Oxford: May 2, 1889.

Prof. Sanday, in his valuable review of Dr. Hatch's *Essays in Biblical Greek* (Academy, April 27, p. 289) criticises the author's opinion on the sense of δίκαιος in Matt. i. 19. I would ask leave to notice that Dr. Hatch's view has the support of Dr. Franz Delitzsch (who celebrates this year the jubilee of his work on the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew). In his *Jüdisches Handwerkerleben* (1879), p. 48, the veteran Hebraist remarks that the sense in which the word "righteous" was employed by the nobler teachers in the early post-Christian period was that in which it is used in Matt. i. 19—"following the law of love."

T. K. Cheyne.

Chetton Rectory, Bridgnorth: April 30, 1889.

Dr. Field, in his remarks on Heb. ix. 16, 17, quoted with approval by Prof. Sanday in his review of Dr. Hatch's *Essays in Biblical Greek*, asks: "What document is that which is of no force at all during the lifetime of the person who executed it? The answer can only be, 'A man's *will* or testament.'"

But (1) the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews was not speaking of any "document" at all, but of a covenant made by man with God over slain victims. Comp. Ps. l. 5, "Gather my saints together unto me, those that have made a covenant with me" (τοὺς διατιθεμένους τὴν διαθήκην αὐτοῦ LXX.) *with sacrifice* (ἐπὶ θυσίαις, LXX. = ἐπὶ νεκροῖς in Heb. ix. 17).

2. If by the words "is of no force" Dr. Field meant "is of no effect," it is doubtless true that a will cannot take effect until the death of the testator. But if, as appears from the following sentence, he meant that it is of no validity, it is not true that the validity of a testament depends on the death of the testator. For surely its validity depends entirely on the formality of the document itself and its due execution according to law. An informal will is *ipso facto* invalid, whether the maker of it be alive or dead, and it must be "proved" before it can take effect.

Dr. Field also says:

"As to the word itself, it should be observed that διαθήκην διέθετο is generally used in classical Greek of making a testament, not a covenant."

It would have been more to the point if Dr. Field had adduced a single passage from the LXX. (constantly quoted or referred to in the Epistle to the Hebrews) or from the Greek of the New Testament, in which διαθήκη is used in the sense of a "testament."

J. S. Purton.

A CONTINENTAL MISPRINT IN POPE.

Copenhagen: May 4, 1889.

From Lessing's witty prose essay on Pope's "Essay on Man," *Pope ein Metaphysiker!* (1755), in which the German author discusses the philosophy of the poem, it will be seen (*Sämmtl. Schriften.* Herausgeg. von Lachmann, Leipzig, 1854, vol v., pp. 9, 10) that Lessing made use of a copy of the poem in which Epistle i., ll. 43-45 were printed:

"Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must *fall* or not coherent be."

instead of the correct reading of l. 45:

"Where all must *full* or not coherent be."

Lessing very naturally conjectured that instead of "not" we ought to read "all," and thus, by a clever emendation, made sense of the misprinted line.

This misprint of "fall" for "full" seems to be a continental one. I have not seen it in any English edition. On the other hand, I have found it in a German poetical translation by Brooke (Hamburg, 1740; the book contains some others besides), in which the English text is printed opposite to the German translation. It is rather curious that the same misprint reappears in a Danish metrical translation of Pope's poem, by Lous—so far as I know, the only existing Danish translation, although the poem itself has left some traces in our literature. In the first edition of this translation (Soröe, 1759), Lous evidently translates the line with the reading "fall." He may possibly have known Lessing's essay; at least, he adopts the emendation suggested by the German author. He says:

"Hvor alting sammenhœngs man indbyrdes eller falde,"

literally translated into English: "Where all must cohere mutually or fall."

In the second edition of his translation (Copenhagen, 1776) Lous seems to have translated from the correct text.

Adolf Hansen.

PRIMITIVE MEASURES OF DISTANCE.

London: May 7, 1889.

In Sir W. W. Hunter's *Statistical Account of Assam* (vol. ii., 228), the following statement is made regarding the Khasias, who are, on many

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grounds, one of most interesting of the Indian hill-tribes:

"The hill people have no proper measurement of time or distance. If there be any standard for measuring distance, it is by the number of *puns* [areca-nut, betel-leaf, and lime] a man chews in the course of a journey, generally about one every half hour."

In the May number of *Scribner's Magazine* (p. 529), I have noticed a curiously exact parallel to this primitive mode of measuring distance. It occurs in an article describing the mode of fishing for "winanishe" in Lower Canada.

"If we asked the way to any point, one responded, 'di[deux] lieues'; another, 'trois lieues et encore'; and the third, 'trois pipes,' the time required to smoke a pipe being a measure of distance."

Is it possible that the South American Indians similarly measure distance (or the time required to accomplish a journey) by the number of *cocas* they chew? Lime, by the way, is also mixed with the *coca* leaves.

JAS. S. COTTON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 13, 7.30 p.m. Library Association: "Free Libraries in London," by Mr. E. C. Thomas.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture. "Heat Engines other than Steam," II., by Mr. H. Graham Harris.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Indian Philosophy," by Siv N[a] Mukharji.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: Discussion on Mr. H. M. Stanley's Letter.

TUESDAY, May 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Italian Renaissance Painters, III., their Employments," by Dr. J. P. Richter.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Venetian Glass," by Dr. Salviati.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Treatment of Steel by Hydraulic Pressure, and the Plant employed for the Purpose," by Mr. W. H. Greenwood.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Tasmania: its Resources and Prospects," by Mr. E. N. C. Braddon.
8 p.m. Metropolitan Scientific Association: "Correlative Evolution," by Mr. W. H. Davis.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Osteology of the Veddahs of Ceylon," by Mr. Arthur Thomson; "The Yoruba Country," by Mrs. R. Braithwaite Batty; "Salutations," by Mr. H. Ling Roth.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Use of Spirit as an Agent in Prime Movers," by Mr. A. F. Yarrow.

THURSDAY, May 16, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: Experimental Lecture, "Chemical Affinity," I., by Prof. Dewar.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.
8 p.m. Historical: "The Management of Manorial Estates in the Thirteenth Century, with Special Reference to the Unprinted Treatises of Walter de Henley and Robert Grosseteste, and to a MS. entitled *Senescalcia*, being the Basis of Fleta's Chapters on the Duties of Manorial Officers," by the Rev. Dr. W. Cunningham and Miss E. Lamond.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, May 17, 8 p.m. Philological: Anniversary Meeting, "Pâli Miscellanies," by the Rev. Dr. R. Morris.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Optical Torque," by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

SATURDAY, May 18, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Origin and Development of Opera in England," with Musical Illustrations, III., by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

SCIENCE.

On Truth: a Systematic Inquiry. By St. George Mivart. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

PROF. MIVART describes the doctrines enunciated in his new work as "the results at which he has arrived in a life's pursuit of truth." Much less than a lifetime might, one would think, have sufficed anyone possessed of fair industry and ability for the task of putting together such a tissue of truisms and fallacies as forms the substance of this diffuse and tedious volume. A master of anatomy and natural history might surely have found some more profitable occupation than that of working up the threadbare, ragged commonplaces of popular metaphysics and mythology into philosophic shoddy. Professional theologians take care that there shall be no lack of the article in question. Only last year a large amount of it was turned out in superior style by Dr. James Martineau, who is practically equal to Prof. Mivart in knowledge, and far superior to him in eloquence and humour.

The result offered to us was dictated beforehand by the author's creed. It may be briefly described as a pervading dualism—the dualism of subject and object, of mind and body, of God and the world, of duty and happiness. It is always possible to defend old positions by new weapons, but in this instance there is as little originality about the one as about the other. Walls held together only by the ivy of habit and association are manned by invalids armed with rusty pikes and matchlocks. The author tells us that he has "avoided controversy as much as possible." If so, he must be very pugnacious indeed when he seeks it, for his work bristles with controversial matter from beginning to end. But the statement is so far correct that he systematically avoids strong opponents or meeting his opponents on their strongest ground; that he prefers a blunt contradiction to a critical analysis of adverse statements; and that he is more careful to reiterate his own beliefs than to guard them against possible objections.

Much space is occupied by a refutation of idealism, understanding that term in its Berkeleyan sense—the doctrine that nothing exists except in and for consciousness. Two reasons are given for rejecting this doctrine.

"(1) It contradicts that conception of the universe which the advance of science makes more and more convincing and secure; and (2) it asserts that we have not that direct knowledge of the world about us which our minds assure us we certainly have" (p. 140).

Such objections exhibit a complete misapprehension of idealism, and, but for some indications to the contrary, would make one suspect that Prof. Mivart had not studied the theory he impugns in the works of its latest and most powerful defenders. Modern idealists no more question the results of science than he does himself. Their quarrel with realism is not about the phenomena either of the present or the past, nor even about the laws of those phenomena, but about the ultimate analysis and interpretation of our experience. In this connexion it is important above all things to come to an understanding about what is implied by physical causation; and Hume was well advised when he put the causal problem into the fore-front of philosophical discussion. But, for Prof. Mivart, Hume and his successors have written in vain. He does not, however, make the mistake, common among philosophers, of crediting our belief in an external world to the application of a supposed innate category of cause and effect; as if we knew, before all experience, that our sensations were produced by the action of material objects on our minds. He holds the old "common-sense" view that we apprehend things in themselves with the help of our senses, but by a process which is neither sensation nor an inference from our sensations; and he asserts that this process, which he calls perception, is as trustworthy as it is "inexplicable" (p. 218). Elsewhere we find perception defined as "a power of grouping clusters of present sensations and associating imaginations therewith" (p. 201), which is exactly what the idealists say, and which makes the whole process clear enough.

Prof. Mivart is well aware of the various objections urged against the claim to erect "common-sense" into the supreme arbiter of truth—a claim, I may observe, not countenanced by common-sense itself; and he devotes a good deal of ingenious, though not, I think, very sound reasoning to the task of upsetting them. The notorious fact that there are illusive perceptions is admitted, but not satisfactorily dealt with. Take the well-known instance of the man who continues to feel pains in his toes after losing the leg to which they belonged. Here we have a decisive case of external perception which is certainly not a revelation of external reality, since the object which the subject supposes himself to perceive does not exist at all. It is no answer to say that "if the organisation be impaired, the action of our sensitive faculty, which depends upon our organisation, will be impaired likewise" (p. 119). It is just because the mechanism of psychic association continues to act as before that an illusion arises. Hence we infer that the sentient subject before losing his foot became conscious of it through this mechanism of association, not through the agency of an inexplicable but infallible perceptive faculty. Again, the true theory of the solar system seems singularly at variance with "common-sense" judgments on the subject, and a telling rebuff to the pretensions of the vulgar to arbitrate on speculative questions. On this Prof. Mivart observes that the sun was never really seen to move nor the earth to remain still—a change in the relative position of the two bodies being that of which alone men's senses informed them; and he goes on to explain that even in the moving objects around us motion is not perceived but only inferred from a change of place (p. 123). Now all this may be very true, but to tell us that we never see things moving is surely as great a shock to common-sense as anything in Berkeley. The idealist will also maintain that what he denies is not the facts of consciousness but the inferences deducted from them.

Our two great oracles, common-sense and physical science, again come to blows over what are known as the secondary qualities of matter. The plain man believes that sound and colour, as such, are located in the objects to which he attributes them. The physicist tells us that they are affections of our minds, or, if the phrase be preferred, of our nervous systems, proximately occasioned by the impact of an undulating medium on the appropriate organs of sense, and remotely due to the molecular movements of the sonorous or luminous bodies Prof. Mivart's solution of the difficulty is delicious:

"It is a great mistake to think that in the absence of sense-organs the world would have neither light nor sound, and that continual darkness would envelope such perfectly silent motions as might still exist. For to speak of such an unseen world as dark is to express objective existence in merely subjective terms, after all. Such a world would be neither light nor dark, but in a condition absolutely unimaginable by us, and one which we may far more

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reasonably think of as possessing light than as plunged in darkness. . . . Though all 'sensations' would, of course, vanish from an insentient universe, yet the objective qualities those sensations make known to us would continue to exist" (pp. 116 *sq.*).

In one of Dickens's short stories there is a very worthy man, who is commonly known as "the Major," but on whose pretensions to that rank some doubts are cast. Questioned by his landlady on this delicate subject he replies: "At any rate, madam, I am not a minor." Whatever may be true of the insentient universe, "darkness and silence" may be predicated in an eminent degree of our philosopher's attitude when he is pressed to tell something about the "objective qualities" referred to. For he is well aware that the so-called primary qualities of matter—as extension, resistance, and motion—may, equally with the secondary, be resolved into groups of sensations and the relations between them. The idea of space in particular he elsewhere subjects to a merciless analysis; and, in accordance with the Aristotelian principles on which his whole philosophy rests, denies that it represents a real entity.

"No one," he says, "pretends that space has any character except a power of receiving extended bodies within it. If, then, we imagine all extended bodies perceptible by the senses to be annihilated, there would remain a mere empty power or potentiality, the existence of which by itself the mind sees to be positively impossible" (p. 407).

By parity of reasoning it might be urged that were all sentient beings to be annihilated nothing would remain but "a mere empty potentiality" of sensation, the separate existence of which is impossible. Thus the position of Prof. Mivart resolves itself on examination into complete agnosticism.

Nothing can well be more unlike our sensations or perceptions of light (whichever phrase be preferred) than the vibratory movements which physicists tell us are its objective condition. Perhaps for this reason Prof. Mivart makes an attack on the undulatory theory, which, however, will be found less damaging to it than to his own reputation. His objection to the theory is that,

"if different colours are, like different musical notes, but differences of wave-lengths, then no dispersion such as that which is produced by the spectrum ought to take place with respect to light. . . . This objection has been met by the hypothesis that the velocities of the several coloured rays may vary according to the wave-lengths" (p. 396).

And he goes on to prove that the different coloured rays are propagated with equal velocities through cosmic space. But physicists know this perfectly well. What they contend is that light waves of different length are propagated with unequal velocities through a solid medium such as glass; and that were sound passed through a medium so constructed as to bear the same relation to its waves that the molecular constitution of a glass prism bears to light, then the sonorous waves would be similarly dispersed—the different musical notes would be heard in different places.

The dualism of mind and body rests on two great assumptions; one is the dependence of language on abstract concepts, the other is free will. I do not mean that dualism is necessarily involved in the truth of either or both assumptions, or refuted by their disproof; I mean that the issue is habitually fought out on this ground. As regard language one need only refer to the arguments recently advanced by Mr. Romanes, which probably appeared too late to be dealt with in this volume, merely remarking on the singular infelicity of the following illustration:

"As well might the concavities of a curved line be supposed to exist without its convexities, as the spoken word be supposed to have arisen prior to the idea which it represents. Experience shows us . . . that . . . words do not generate thoughts, but the very reverse" (p. 234).

Although the concavities of a curve cannot exist without the convexities, it should seem that the convexities may exist without the concavities. Besides the usual platitudes about consciousness and moral responsibility, we are treated to what seems a rather novel argument for free will:

"The reader is no doubt as able as is the writer to compare the relative attractions of some competing pleasures, and to be sure that he has resolved to act in opposition to the motive which seemed to promise the fullest gratification. . . . Nothing can be easier . . . than to compare the comfortableness of two armchairs or the sweetness of two kinds of champagne [by the way, Prof. Mivart seems to have a curious taste in champagne], and the exercise of a real power of choice in the very smallest matter is sufficient to vindicate the existence of such a power" (p. 270).

Can Prof. Mivart be possibly ignorant of the fact that repulsion plays at least as great a part as attraction in moral dynamics? The pain of leaving a duty undone may, and often does, far more than counteract the immediate gratification offered by some selfish indulgence.

Until it has been shown that intelligence and will energise independently of the conditions to which all other vital activities are subjected, or, in the language of inductive logic, until it has been shown that mind is a *vera causa* of phenomena, all attempts to deduce the universe from a transcendent mind must remain futile. No space need therefore be occupied with a discussion of Prof. Mivart's attempt to establish the existence of a personal First Cause. His reasonings on the subject are a bewildering *pot-pourri* of Aristotelian philosophy, Semitic theology, and modern science. To dissect them would be a useful exercise for the student of fallacies, while it would interest the student of history to trace them back to their original sources. Among the spiritualistic arguments is one that I do not remember having seen before, but it strikes me as too absurd not to have been employed by some ancient philosopher. That there are so many bodies without intelligences proves, we are told, the possibility that there are many intelligences without bodies (p. 492). Why not brains also?

In his last chapter, entitled "Evolution," Prof. Mivart, who is himself a believer in that process, but who desires to except man from its operation, descends to language altogether unworthy of a layman:

"The Darwinian view is one due to incoherent thought and superficial inductions, made in the teeth of contrary evidence . . . The doctrine of the 'bestiality of man' is an essential and integral part of the Darwinian system. . . . The absurdity of the Darwinian doctrine about man. . . . The Darwinian doctrine is supported by men, and only by men, who are victims to the fundamental error which confounds 'ideas' with 'faint revivals of past feelings,' and 'the association of imaginations' with 'rational inference.'" (p. 524).

Such scolding will do the Darwinians no harm, but it may do Prof. Mivart some good. It may help him to make his peace with the obscurantist section of the Church to which he belongs.

Alfred W. Benn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE EPISTLES OF PLINY TO TRAJAN."

Oxford: May 6, 1889.

I am much obliged to Prof. Wilkins for his correction of some inaccuracies and misprints in his notice of my edition of the Pliny-Trajan Letters. He, however, puts several questions on other points which imply that here too I am in error. Perhaps, therefore, in fairness you will allow me briefly to reply to them. (1) The use of leaden pipes in aqueducts is proved in Middleton's *Rome* (ed. 1885), p. 459 foll. (2) Kiepert in his *Imperii Romani Tabula Geographica* (1885) marks a road between Gangra and Amisia through Carissa. I traced this road from Nicomedeia to the Upper Euphrates region, to show the main route on which Nicomedeia had depended hitherto for its inland trade. (3) I do not understand why Prof. Wilkins doubts that Scaevola and Rabirius Postumus were impeached under the *lex repetundarum*. Scaevola was accused by T. Albucius for his conduct as praetor in Asia (Cic. *De Orat.* i. 17, ii. 70; *De Fin.* i. 3); while the most casual reference to Cicero's speech, *Pro Rabir. Post.*, will prove that I am right about the latter. (4) Suet. *Caes.* 55, as Prof. Wilkins will find, contains a reference to the speech of Strabo Caesar against Albucius on behalf of the Sardinians, while (5) Cic. *Pro Cluent.* 47 refers to the means by which the acquittal of Terentius Varro was secured (see Fausset's note *ad loc.*). No doubt I might have given fuller references on all these points; but the fact that my allusion to eleven trials is contained in seven lines shows that I mentioned them incidentally and without detail. (6) The statement about Glabrio is taken from Xiphilinus 67, 14. I know it is inconsistent with Juv. iv. 94; but this did not affect my argument.

E. G. Hardy.

Manchester: May 8, 1889.

Brevis esse laboro: obscurus fio, and Mr. Hardy has some reason for complaint. But my point was, not that the statements were erroneous, but that the wrong references were selected to support them.

The reference to Scaevola's prosecution is in *De Orat.* ii. 70, 281, and more precisely in *Brut.* 26, 102, but not in *De Orat.* i. 17. The trial of Terentius Varro is referred to incidentally in *Pro Cluent.* 47, 130; but we learn that the obscure reference is to this trial only from other passages, which would have been better quoted. Similarly, the fact that the speech of Caesar Strabo, *Pro Sardis*, was delivered in prosecuting Albucius, is not learnt from Suet. *Caes.* 55, but from other sources. Rabirius was impeached under a clause of the *lex Julia de repetundis*, but not as himself guilty of extortion. Xiphilinus says, ἐφ' ᾧ που καὶ τὰ μάλιστα ὀργὴν αὐτῷ ὑπὸ φθόνου ἔσχεν ὅτι ὑπατεύοντα αὐτὸν ἐς τὸ Ἀλβανὸν ἐπὶ τὰ νεανισκεύματα ὀνομασμένα καλέσας, λέοντα ἀποκτεῖναι μέγαν ἠνάγκασε. This makes the foregoing κατηγορη-

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θέντα τά τε ἄλλα καὶ οἷα οἱ πολλοί, καὶ ὅτι καὶ θηρίοις ἐμάχετο rather obscure. Mr. Hardy has undoubtedly good authority for his leaden pipes, and for his road from Gangra to Amisia; but the Halys must have been a formidable obstacle between Gangra and Carissa.

Merivale's account is as follows:

"Acilius Glabrio, lately consul, was accused of the high misdemeanour of having fought with beasts in the amphitheatre. . . . [He] was convicted and degraded to the arena; and, when he came off victorious in the combat, he was sent into exile, and promptly despatched there."

This is, perhaps, a legitimate way of interpreting Dio's confused narrative; but it is inconsistent with our other authorities.

A. S. WILKINS.

OBITUARY.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Robert Damon, of Weymouth, widely known among naturalists as a collector of objects of natural history. As agent for the sale of specimens, he had scientific connexions in various parts of the world, and was himself a frequent traveller, especially in Russia. Mr. Damon was the author of a valuable *Handbook to the Geology of Weymouth and the Isle of Portland*, which appeared originally in 1860, and in an enlarged form in 1884. Among his latest acquisitions were the collections of the "Museum Godeffroy," formerly at Hamburg. Mr. Damon died on May 4, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

SCIENCE NOTES.

VOL. IV. of the "Translations of Foreign Biological Memoirs," to be published by the Clarendon Press, will contain eight essays upon heredity and kindred biological problem by Prof. Weismann. The essays have appeared from time to time during the past eight years. The subjects treated of have roused the keenest interest among biologists in this country, and there have been many discussions about them. The question as to the transmission or non-transmission to the offspring of characters acquired during the lifetime of the parent has become the most important problem in general biology since the appearance of the *Origin of Species*; and Prof. Weismann's essays are considered by many to mark a crisis in the history of evolution. The translators are Mr. E. B. Poulton (the general editor of the volume), Dr. S. Schönland, and Mr. A. E. Shipley.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE delegates of the Clarendon Press have nearly ready for issue a Russian Grammar by Mr. W. R. Morfill. The author has endeavoured to give a concise and clear analysis of the word-forms and syntax of the language. It is, perhaps, worth noting that the first Russian Grammar which ever appeared, written in Latin by Henry Ludolf, was issued from the Clarendon Press in 1691.

Streifzüge durch die Mittelenglische Syntax. Von Eugen Einenkel. (Münster i/W: Schöningh.) Under a modest title, Dr. Einenkel has made an important and original contribution to English philology. The phonetics and inflection of Middle-English no longer present difficulties of the first moment. But its syntax is still an almost untrodden field, abounding in problems not surpassed in difficulty or intellectual interest in the case of any other modern language. This is mainly due to the two remarkable features in which it stands practically alone: the rapid decay of its inflections, and the prolonged and intimate influence of a foreign tongue—both of which, though primarily and principally affecting vocabulary, phonology, and accidence, reacted in a host of subtle ways upon syntax. On the one hand, the fusion or loss of the inflections, by reducing numerous constructions to a formal identity with others completely unlike them, gave singular facilities to that fruitful process which Paul calls "Verschiebung der syntaktischen Gliederung"—the transition from one to the other needing no substitution of a new form, but merely of a new interpretation for the old, usually through the attraction of some dominant analogy. And, on the other hand, a mass of such analogies, tending, in the main, to deflect from O. E. usage, was presented by the syntax of Old French, the influence of which was further facilitated by the wholesale invasion of French words. This mingling of the genius of the two speeches reached its climax in the age and in the writings of Chaucer, and this is the region which Dr. Einenkel has chosen for his "rambles." He has described the conditions of the problem in vivid and suggestive language in the preface. "We observe here Teutonic elements in a Romance—Romance elements in a Teutonic—mould. We find worn-out Teutonic elements extruded by vigorous Romance elements, decayed Romance elements recalled to life by German ones. And, amid all this, the development of the most singular "bubbles"—fantastic devices of minds struggling for expression—which, though now in some cases obsolete, are still invariably of the highest historical and psychological interest. Hence it comes that the meaning of an English expression is less the result of the words it contains than of the relation in which it stands to other expressions of similar meaning — that, in brief, English is now a "make-shift language," perfect security in the use of which is possible only to one who commands the whole mass of its material." The present volume professes to be merely a reconnoitring tour in preparation for the systematic treatise upon the problems here posed as regards Chaucer, which is to follow. But it falls short of a systematic treatise only in range and completeness, not in strictness of method. To become a Chaucer-syntax it needs to be supplemented rather than rewritten. It is not difficult to see that, as the preface hints, the book has grown out of an investigation into two related topics—the cases and the infinitive-with-substantive phrase. Nearly half of it is occupied with an elaborate view of the Chaucerian usage of the prepositions, which may be regarded as an introduction or appendix to the former, and is full of good observation in detail. We may refer to the discussion of such phrases, as "on hond beren," "hath him to," "by himself." More difficult questions are raised in the investigation of the case of the M. E. absolute construction. Three analogies present themselves: the absolute dative of O.E., the absolute accusative of Old French—both adaptations of the Latin ablative absolute; and the nominative, which was demonstrably used in many M.E. cases where the test can be applied. But where the test cannot be applied, how was the case understood? Always as nominative (clearly the rule which finally obtained), or only in certain conditions, and, if so, in which? Dr. Einenkel attempts to lay down a distinction which is at least plausible, though naturally incapable of rigid proof, between a nominative absolute phrase relating to the principal sentence as a whole, and an accusative relating to its subject as such. More decisive are the results of the discussion of the substantive with infinitive. Here we have again the spectacle of a Romance idiom (the accusative and infinitive) intruding upon, and for a while replacing, as in Chaucer, the native Teutonic dative and the infinitive, but finally expelled. We can only call attention to a few points in a book strewn with suggestive remarks: *e.g.*, the discussion of "at an end," "swich" (fyve, &c.), "worth a bene," "one (of) the best men" (where in addition to M.H.G., the parallel Icel. idiom—*einn likligastr maðr*, &c.—might be quoted). No serious student of English philology can afford to neglect this acute and learned study.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(*Friday, April 26.*)

DR. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mrs. Alexander Ireland, of Southport, read a paper on "A Toccata of Galuppi's." After reading the poem, Mrs. Ireland gave a most interesting commentary on it, in which she upheld her opinion that the poem, instead of representing, as was usually supposed to be the case, the light frivolous nature of Italian life of the period, had a far deeper import; and Mrs. Ireland believed that it was a speech of an imaginary spectator of this gaiety, in which he saw and regretted the hollowness of it all, and foresaw that the whole of this life, and youth, and gaiety would end in death, and that this solemn feeling tinged the whole poem.—Dr. Furnivall said that the paper had given a different impression to what the poem had previously made on him, and that it was a great contrast to Browning's two other great poems on music. Mrs. Ireland had imported a good deal of the spiritual into her treatment of the poem; whether she was justified was a question for discussion. He did not think that the slight passing clouds of sorrow and mortality hinted at in the poem were the outcome of the music, but only a slight thread running through it. Of course, if Mrs. Ireland were right, the poem would have to be put on the high spiritual plane of "Abt Vogler"—Mr. Arthur Symons thought that Mrs. Ireland's interpretation was correct. It reminded him of Watteau's pictures, in spite of the general opinion being that these were quite frivolous representations of fashionable life. He saw a vein of pensiveness in them, arising from the consciousness that that kind of thing could not last for ever.—Dr. Berdoe protested against the idea that Venetian life was all frivolous. There was a serious side in the life of the Venetians, although when making holiday they certainly were very joyous, and this was noticeable also in their architecture and pictures.—Mr. Slater was indebted to Mrs. Ireland for the view she had given, although he owned that previously he had not looked for a deep meaning in the poem, as he had been satisfied to enjoy the charm of the picture given in the easily flowing lines.—Mr. Ford Madox-Brown said he had known Mrs. Ireland some years, and knew she was a good musician, and therefore her judgment was valuable; and he pointed out that the further back you went in the history of music the more doleful you found it, and so it did not do to take the actual sound of music as expressing too much spiritual meaning.—Mr. Vincent (of Plymouth) thanked Mrs. Ireland for the new view she had given, and referred to Browning's great knowledge of artistic subjects, especially music.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(*Monday, April 29.*)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Prof. J. Brough was elected a member.—Canon Aubrey Moore read a paper on "Some Curious Parallels between Greek and Chinese Thought in the fourth and fifth Centuries, B.C." In a brief introduction he pointed out that there were only two systems which could properly claim to be indigenous to China, viz., Confucianism and the Taoistic Philosophy, Buddhism being introduced in the post-Christian period, while the religion of Taoism is a fusion of Buddhism with the older superstitions of the country. In the systems of Confucianism and philosophical Taoism we find morals and metaphysics—the practical and the speculative reason—not only separated but developing by antagonism to one another, while in Greek thought in its best days such a separation did not exist. In spite, however, of this contrast,

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there is a remarkable parallelism between Confucianism and Greek ethics on the one hand, and between Taoism and Greek metaphysics on the other. Mr. Moore confined himself (1) to a comparison between the Aristotelian doctrine of the mean and the Confucianist treatise by Tzŭ Tzŭ, grandson of Confucius, on virtue as a state of equilibrium and harmony, translated by Dr. Legge for the "Sacred Books of the East," and (2) a comparison between the philosophy of Heracleitus and that of Chang Tzŭ, a Taoist philosopher of the fourth century, recently translated by Mr. H. A. Giles. In the treatise of Tzŭ Tzŭ, virtue is represented not only as a mean between extremes of more and less, but as the realising of the law of human nature, the perfect man being one who "embodies the mean," and becomes thereby not only a law to himself, but a standard for others. The long chapter in Chuang Tzŭ on the Identity of Contraries presented striking parallelisms of thought, and even of language, to the extant fragments of Heracleitus, while his account of the moral life as human and second best in comparison with the more excellent way—the divine life of speculation—recalls the well-known Aristotelian view of the relation of πρᾶξις and θεωρία. The mystical character of Chuang Tzŭ's philosophy, and the emphasis laid upon the doctrine of inaction, Mr. Moore explained by the philosopher's antagonism to the now dominant system of Confucianism, and represented it as the protest of idealism against a positivism which would limit reason to the human and the finite.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(*Friday, May 3.*)

THE REV. DR. R. MORRIS, president, in the chair.—Mr. Alex. J. Ellis, vice-president, read his final report on "Dialectal Work." He stated that Part V. of his *Early English Pronunciation*, containing "The Existing Phonology of English Dialects compared with that of West Saxon," was now practically complete at press, after having occupied the writer for about twenty years. It consists of 835 pages of text, with about 100 pages of preliminary matter, containing information from 1145 places in the English-speaking parts of England, Isle of Man, Wales, and the Scotch Lowlands, derived from 811 informants, independently of printed books. The regular comparison of the different modes of speech was made by 104 local versions of one comparative specimen of about one page in length, 116 versions of a much shorter specimen (called the dialect text), and 112 classified word lists, arranged by the original West Saxon vowels which the words contained, so that the relation of any local speech to the West Saxon is seen at a glance. These materials are arranged in forty-two districts, by no means conterminous with counties. Alphabetical county lists, referring back to the districts, and two maps showing the relation of counties and districts, are given in the preliminary matter, with other lists, and a complete explanation of the uniform phonetic notation used, called palaeotype, because old types alone are employed. These forty-two districts are grouped in six divisions: (1) the Southern, from Cornwall to Kent, as far north as Worcester in the west, and the Thames in the east; (2) the Western, on the borders of Wales; (3) the Eastern, from Bucks to East Anglia; (4) the Midland, reaching across England from Lincolnshire (which is nearly *sui generis*) to Lancashire, containing also the South Yorkshire; (5) the Northern, containing all the counties up to Northumberland and Berwick; and (6) the Lowland, comprising the south and east of Scotland and the island groups of Orkney and Shetland. The characteristics of each division and each district are carefully but briefly given in abstract at the beginning of each; and in some cases other examples of interest have been added, as Akerman's "Wiltshire Hornet and Beetle"; Seward's Dialogue for Burton in Lonsdale, Yorkshire, as read by Mr. Powley, the postmaster, a compatriot of the author; a yarn from Warkworth, Northumberland, as read by Mr. Ridley, a native; Burns's "Tam o' Shanter," as given by many natives; Mr. Innes's speech of the Cromar district of Aberdeenshire; and Mr. Dennison's admirable Orkney specimens from dictation. For Lincolnshire the author had the advantage of hearing Lord Tennyson read his own "Northern Farmer." In a final chapter "a few results" are given as a specimen of the philological conclusions which may be drawn from this investigation. The author expresses his obligations to Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, who greatly assisted him throughout his labours and put his extensive dialect library at his disposition; to Dr. J. A. H. Murray, editor of the New Dictionary and author of *The Dialects of the South of Scotland*, whom he has followed in the mainland Lowland Scotch classification; to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, principal, and the teachers and students of Whitelands Training College, Chelsea, who were able to dictate most valuable information; to Mr. C. Clough Robinson, author of the Leeds and Mid-Yorkshire Glossaries, for important assistance in North-east and South Yorkshire; to Mr. J. G. Goochild for wonderfully accurate work in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Craven, Yorkshire; and especially to Mr. Thomas Hallam, of Manchester, for his thorough work in the Midland counties and the parts adjacent, comprising accurate and careful information from 490 places, mostly visited on purpose in a series of journeys during the last twenty years; with 700 others whose names are given in the preliminary matter. Altogether, the author hopes that he has accumulated a body of facts relating to the pronunciation of language over a large area, reduced to a uniform scientific notation, and carefully examined for trustworthiness of source, which cannot fail to be of service to the student of language. And the fact that these differences of speech are being rapidly obliterated by the joint action of railways and school boards renders their preservation all the more important. If the author's health and strength allow, there will be a brief Part VI., containing a summary of the whole work, remarks on the observations of other scholars, and an index of the matters not included in the present partial indexes. The present work will be ready for delivery to the Philological, Early English Text, and Chaucer Societies during the summer. A special abridgment, under the title of "English Dialects—their Sounds and Homes," with shorter illustrations in Glossic, has been prepared by the author for the English Dialect Society, and will be ready next year.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

IT would be a difficult task to state what are the most distinctive characteristics of the great picture show this year. No special change or development is to be noted among the protagonists of English art whom, on these occasions, the general public first seek out. Such striving after new ideals as is to be observed is very naturally to be found among the works of the younger generation. The tendency to assimilate—or to seek to assimilate—the modern innovations of French technique is to the full as apparent as ever; and, unfortunately, with the technique the foreign standpoint and the foreign mode of interpretation are too often adopted. As a rule the French artist of to-day—whatever may be his excesses or his shortcomings where matters of taste or the choice of subject are involved—is thoroughly in earnest in facing either some technical or some social problem; or rather, in most cases, both in combination. He does this in the fashion permitted by his training, his idiosyncracy, and his natural development. But if the English painter, in his latest phase is to put on French glasses, and to attempt the interpretation of English humanity and English nature, not only with the aid of French accomplishment, but from the French standpoint, art of serious and enduring worth can hardly be the result. Is it not possible to emulate the pictorial thoroughness, the technical energy and inventiveness, of our neighbours, without sacrificing national sincerity, and with it the genuine earnestness and the serene charm which have distinguished English art in its nobler and more distinctive phases? That the renewal of a national art is possible under such conditions is being satisfactorily demonstrated by the new Scandinavian school, as well as by some among the increasing band of German impressionists. In the former instance, a style built on all the most modern fashions in technique, but retaining a bracing freshness and purity of true northern flavour, is the result; while, in the latter, some painters, trained according to the French system, are successfully seeking to show that through its medium there may be expressed a measure of true Teutonic earnestness and quasi-mediaeval intensity. On the present occasion it is pleasant to observe, as one of the main features of the show, the development in various quarters of an unusual freedom from the conventionality noticeable of recent years in the choice of landscape subjects. This may, in a certain sense, serve to distinguish the exhibition of 1889 from some of its immediate forerunners. On the other hand, the high level of excellence shown lately in portraiture has this year hardly been reached, although, with the exception of Mr. Watts, most of our best portrait painters are sufficiently represented.

It would serve no purpose to attempt a strict classification into the usually accepted divisions of the canvases contributed to Burlington House. Monumental and decorative art in the higher sense is almost, if not entirely, unrepresented; unless we are to accept as coming under this head the gigantic and over-ambitious productions contributed by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon and Mr. Arthur Hacker. Few things here rise, even in intention, higher than the category of classical *genre*. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Greek Girls playing at Ball" (300) shows, on a marble terrace, beyond which stretches the painter's favourite background of purple rock and dark blue southern sea, two Greek maidens, clad in loose, wind-blown draperies, one of whom has just cast, while the other has not yet caught, the ball. As usual, there is here revealed an intense and sustained effort to realise the painter's well-known ideal of feminine beauty; the self-set task being in this work especially to display grace of form and movement heightened by energetic action. The drawing of the faces is worthy of high admiration, the fore-shortening of that of the maiden seen to the left of the picture being especially remarkable. The beauty and vigour of life, the spontaneity of unpremeditated gesture are, however, not to be found in these painfully contorted figures—through whose seemingly agitated vesture blows yet no real wind; who themselves give forth no real breath. The ideality of true Greek art was not of this type. It was more living than this too delicately fastidious mannerism, and was more truly evolved from a reality which it kept more closely and more reverently in view. Mr. Poynter this year emulates Mr. Alma Tadema's industry and inventiveness in the working out of archaeological detail in two comparatively small works, of which "A Corner in the Villa" (291) is the more elaborate and the more successful. All the classical *ameublement* is wrought out with much skill, while the rather trivial and unmeaning figures are harmoniously drawn and grouped. The grace of their general arrangement would, however, be more apparent were the wealth of surrounding detail somewhat abated. Mr. Ernest Normand, with more skill and far more variety as a draughtsman than are possessed by Mr. E. Long, seems determined to destroy that artist's monopoly of the dramatic subjects of ancient Biblical history. He shows this year a new version of the "Death of the First-born" (1210), composed with a certain harmonious balance not too common in the English art of to-day, and fairly well drawn—with the exception of the singularly unfortunate hand and arm of a kneeling figure

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in the foreground — yet, from a dramatic point of view, half-hearted and insufficient, seeing how tremendous is the import of the subject chosen. If such a scene is to be treated from the lower—that is to say, the modern French spectacular—point of view, it must be informed with the passion and energy which a Cormon, a Rochegrosse, or a Benjamin Constant would well know how to impart to it. So far as thoroughness of draughtsmanship and skill in composition are concerned, few English painters are better equipped than Mr. Frank Dicksee. In his work we must, however, deplore the constant ingredient of a quasi-romantic, yet passionless, sentimentality, which deprives his productions of the convincing force which they should possess. One of the best of his recent performances is the "Passing of Arthur" (150)—a moonlight scene, treated somewhat after the fashion of Poole, in which appears, borne in a stately barge on ruffled waters, the prostrate form of the stainless king, reverently tended by the three queens, the boat being rowed and steered by shadowy half-defined forms. The outlines of these are rendered with a rare, if slightly over-studied, grace, while the characteristic weakness of temperament of the artist appears, though less conspicuously than usual, in the central group. The suggestion of a moonlit humid atmosphere enveloping the scene is singularly well conveyed; and the whole may rank as, with one exception, the most complete performance presented this year by a member of the Academy. One of the most remarkable works here is certainly Mr. John M. Swan's "The Prodigal Son" (136). It would hardly be too much to say that in a certain genuine, yet unobtrusive, imaginative quality, as in the expression of an unforced intensity of pathos, it stands well-nigh alone. The hapless prodigal is seen tending his swine in the midst of a lonely, yet not wholly desolate, landscape, lighted by the pale uncertain rays of early dawn. He sits, his nearly nude form clothed only with skins, crouching in utter desolation, with head averted and three-parts hidden, among the wallowing beasts which lie around him on the stony ground sparsely covered with fresh herbage, relieved by a few brilliant poppies. In these, as in the uncertain yet beautiful light of daybreak may be symbolised the dawn of a hope which is to succeed this desolation. There is here no display of an obtrusively literary poetry of interpretation; but what is rarer—a genuinely pathetic and unobtrusively natural rendering of a great and simple subject. It is open to much question whether, under the dim diffused light chosen by the painter, the central figure could receive the isolated illumination in which it here appears; yet it seems to us that, in a work not absolutely realistic, there is no need to insist on a close adherence to realistic truth in such matters. It is, perhaps, of more importance that the effort to detach and isolate the central figure by pictorial means — an effort, no doubt, indispensable to the due presentment of the artist's conception—is somewhat too strongly felt, and a little detracts from the spontaneity of the whole. The picture is drawn and executed with delicate and reticent skill, and with a refinement of technique acquired evidently by training in a French school. Some further breadth and freedom of brush might be wished for; but this is a quality which, with further practice, will, seeing how sound has been Mr. Swan's training, easily and naturally develop itself. Mr. Alma Tadema's only contribution to the Burlington House galleries is "At the Shrine of Venus" (313), a consummate performance of the usual unstimulating type, showing in the crowded background of the shrine female votaries worshipping, while in the foreground two young Roman women, with hair unbound, are lounging, languidly engaged in the mysteries of the toilet. The novelty of this last of an innumerable series of *genre* studies of antiquity is the rendering of a large vase of deep blue glass with white cameo-like ornaments. The semi-transparency of this beautiful object—in design a clever combination of the Portland Vase with one of similar material in the Naples Museum—is most happily simulated. It may be objected that this vase is represented on a scale of magnitude for which there is absolutely no precedent; but to the painter, though he be ever so much the archaeologist, full license in such matters may well be accorded. It is impossible to praise either the execution or the title of Mr. Watts's single work, designated "The Habit doesn't make the Monk" (318), though this figure of a rainbow-winged Love emerging from a monkish hood has outlines of charming harmony. Apart from the hesitations of the execution—to which the great artist's admirers are now pretty well inured—the conception is one which, halting as it does between the serious and the merely arch and trivial, is scarcely worthy of his powers; and, further, its real intention is not made thoroughly clear.

Even those who, like ourselves, are not prepared to accept Mr. Orchardson's "The Young Duke" (243) as by any means his *magnum opus* must derive great pleasure from the examination of a work so full of consummate technical excellence. In a splendid tapestry-hung chamber, decorated in the pompously magnificent style which marks the end of the seventeenth century, at a board laden with wrought and burnished silver and with sumptuously decorated china—the latter somewhat too late in style for the period indicated — is seen a brilliantly arrayed company of gentlemen, brave in the flowing fair wigs which the canvases of Lely and Kneller, and the miniatures of Samuel Cooper, have made familiar. The moment chosen for representation is that at which the pleasureably-excited yet supercilious young nobleman, who is the hero of the occasion, receives seated the toast proposed with acclamation and given by the whole company standing, with glasses lifted high in the air. Considering the difficulties of the subject, the picture is composed with singular felicity, the oblique position given to the tables which occupy the centre of the canvas being a skilful device to avoid over-formality of arrangement. Nothing could well be happier, or in appearance more unpremeditated, than the sinuous, yet rhythmical line which connects from left to right of the painting the series of standing figures seen in various phases of energetic action. The picture suggests to the full the clash of many voices and the rush of simultaneous gesture, and thus far fulfils its purpose. Further, it is doubtful whether any other English painter could rival the technical skill and brilliancy here shown in the representation of the furniture and tapestry, and of the gorgeous services of plate and porcelain, with which the tables are adorned. The cardinal fault of the work—apart from a certain undue repetition of a haggard, aquiline type of face much affected by Mr. Orchardson—is the unpleasant hotness of colour brought about in the effort to obtain a general level tonality by the grouping and assimilation of masses, too nearly kindred, of red, brown, gold, buff, and grey tones. The more difficult problem of giving balance and harmony to frankly splendid and contrasting masses of colour is thus avoided; but the result yields a rusty reddish tone which not even the gleaming whites of the linen and silver or the peacock blues of the porcelain and certain garments can redeem. The canvas, too, is, for a mere piece of decorative *genre*, too vast. If the subject is meant to take higher rank than this, its leading motive is not made apparent with the dramatic power and subtlety which Mr. Orchardson has on many former occasions displayed. Apart from the happily-realised expression of the young duke—exultant, yet contemptuous and unconvinced—we imagine, rather than can be sure that we actually discover the eagerness of some friends, the sycophancy of others, and the concealed envy of disappointed relations. We have learnt to look to Mr. J. W. Waterhouse for work combining excellence of technical execution with much dramatic intention; and in his "Ophelia" (222) he has not altogether disappointed us. It must be owned that it reveals, as did his performance of last year, a too pronounced sympathy with the over-crude freshness of tint and the intentional angularities of Bastien Lepage—peculiarities which from their genuineness added a certain zest to his sincere and pathetic art, but which cannot but constitute a danger to an imitator. Still, the conception of this distraught maiden, with ruddy hair unbound, lying prone on the flowery grass, in the foreground of a too uncompromisingly green summer landscape, is one of the few genuinely dramatic things of the exhibition. The agony of the unavailing struggle to fix the wandering thoughts is given with real subtlety and convincing pathos; and the work, though undoubtedly open to criticism, thus justifies its existence, as but few in the Academy can be said to do.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF LYKIA.

Oxford: May 1, 1889.

I have received the following letter from M. Imbert, Receveur de l'Enregistrement at Tence, which, I believe, will interest historians as well as students of the Lykian inscriptions:

"The history of Lykia would profit greatly by the solution of the chronology of the Xanthian tombs which form the glory of the British Museum. I think that these problems can be solved by epigraphy. Among the texts on the Horse Tomb, or monument of the Lykian Payafa, there is one which gives us the name of a Persian satrap; it is that reproduced in the 3rd plate of the 2nd volume of Savelsberg, *Xanthos*, No. 5*a*:

"'Rat[ap]ata: Khsadrapa: Paryza.'

"If we consider that *n* is frequently not expressed in writing before a dental, at all events in Persian, we shall find no difficulty in restoring the name as Ra(n)tapata, *i.e.*, the Ὀρονταβάτης of Greek authors. This Persian satrap, according to Strabo, succeeded his father-in-law Pixôdaros, dynast of Karia and Lykia. The tomb accordingly must have been constructed in B.C. 330 at the latest.

"The eighth tomb of Xanthos, the remains of which are in London, by the side of the sarcophagus just mentioned, belongs to a certain Merehi, an important personage at the court of Kherykhe. Here we read: *Merehi: Kudalah Khntlah: tideimi;* that is to say, 'Merehi, the son of Kôdalos Kondalos." Now, Kondalos was the agent of Mausôlos, and is mentioned in the *Oeconomics* of Aristotle. On the other hand, a Merehi is referred to on the Obelisk of Xanthos, which belongs to an earlier date than Mausôlos; he is the grandfather of our hero, and we are, therefore, able to draw up the following genealogical tree:

Merehi, the older (of the Obelisk)
|
Kôdalos, Kondalos
|
Merehi, the younger.

"The latter was a contemporary of the Payafa of the fifth tomb."

A. H. SAYCE.

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NEW ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS.

Lancing College: April 27, 1889.

Two very interesting discoveries have lately been made in France and Holland.

1. At Saint Valery, near the mouth of the Somme, a pig of lead, weighing 165 pounds, and inscribed:

NERONIS AVG BRITAN L. II.

It is now in the museum of Saint-Germain, and has been published, first by M. J. Vaillant, and (more correctly) in M. Cagnat's *Année Epigraphique*. The pig itself was found in 1883.

2. In Friesland, an inscription *Deae Hludanae conductores piscatus mancipe Q Valerio Secundo v. s. l. m.* A figure of the goddess seems previously to have stood above the lettering. The goddess's name is not new, but the inscription is the first which has been found in Holland north of the Rhine. It belongs probably to the time between A.D. 70 and 120, and has been published by Prof. Zangemeister in the *Correspondenzblatt der Westdeutschen Zeitschrift*.

F. Haverfield.

DUCCIO OF SIENA.

Athens: April 24, 1889.

While I sympathise with Mr. Mercer in his annoyance in finding that some one had more influence than himself in his application to the authorities at Siena in reference to the Duccios, I should have supposed that his letter (Academy, March 30) required no attention were it not that several correspondents have sent me the cutting, with an inquiry as to the statement I made and which Mr. Mercer thinks scarcely to need contradiction. More than that, it does not permit it. Those who know Mr. Murray's position and influence, in Tuscany especially, will hardly stand aghast at knowing that he succeeded where Mr. Mercer failed. But the simple fact is that we owe to the initiative of the former the removal of the panel to the Opera; and, if I am not mistaken, it was the engraving by Mr. Cole of two of the subjects which was the immediate occasion of the application to have them put where they could be seen. As these engravings are done directly from the originals, and as Mr. Cole has the authority of the Ministry of Public Instruction to engrave any work which is under its jurisdiction, the objections of the ecclesiastical functionaries were not likely to go very far. Other representations were not wanting in support of those of Mr. Murray; but the fact is that his were the first and, probably, the most influential in persuading the authorities responsible that the removal was a step in the interests of art and in provoking the others.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Mr. W. E. Lockhart has nearly finished his picture of the jubilee celebration in Westminster Abbey, with portraits of nearly all the distinguished personages who were present on the occasion, which was commissioned by the Queen for the royal galleries at Windsor. A reproduction of the picture will be made by the photogravure process, of which Messrs. William Doig & Co. have secured the copyright. Permission has also been granted to the same firm to exhibit the picture for twelve months in the principal towns in the United Kingdom.

The most interesting exhibition to open next week is that of American decorative art and American etchings, at Messrs. Johnstone, Norman & Co.'s galleries, in New Bond Street. The eighteenth exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, in Conduit Street, also opens next week; while Mr. Mendoza will have on view, in King Street, two new pictures by Mr. Heywood Hardy, entitled "Love's Barrier" and "Forgiven," and Mr. McLean, in the Haymarket, a painting by Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples of "The Last Shot for the Queen's Prize, Wimbledon, 1887."

The exhibition of the New English Art Club, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, will be opened free on the evenings of May 16 and May 23 to holders of tickets, which may be obtained from the acting secretary.

During next week, from Monday to Saturday, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling the very choice cabinet of English coins formed by Mr. G. W. Egmont Bieber, who has now determined to relinquish the pursuit of collecting, after having made expensive purchases at some of the most recent sales. Mr. Bieber's interest appears not to have extended to the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods, but to have begun with the introduction of a gold coinage under Edward III. His collection includes a very complete series of patterns and proofs from Charles II. onwards, and some extremely rare pieces in the finest state of preservation. Perhaps the greatest rarities are one of three known half-crowns of Philip and Mary, and Simon's "petition" crown of Charles II., with a pedigree from Lord Clarendon.

A third series of Mrs. Allingham's water-colours is on view at the Fine Art Society. The drawings are not all actually finished, and finish is an essential element in Mrs. Allingham's work. They will be finished, however (those few that are not so), before they go to the purchaser; and meantime it is perfectly safe to say of them that they are among the most delightful things yet given to us by this dainty and much appreciated artist. The scenes are mostly Surrey scenes: the cottage post-office, the village shop, the labourer's garden, with its continual Surrey background of pine wood and hill. Some people would no doubt suggest that Mrs. Allingham has given us these things in abundance, and would wish to see her change her theme. But with an artist of individuality there can hardly be change of theme without entire change of treatment, and change of treatment means almost (or may mean in many cases) transformation of talent. Mrs. Allingham is probably very wisely advised in continuing to pour forth only the dainty work by which her name was established.

A marvellous series of drawings by Jules Jacquemart—one of the "Four Masters of Etching" of our time—has recently been, one may almost say, "discovered." For probably not half-a-dozen people in France or England were aware that the daintily-wrought coppers by which, in his father's *Histoire de la Porcelaine*, the then young and unknown artist won his first triumphs as an etcher had been preceded by drawings, of the utmost elaboration, of the precious objects represented in that now historic book. The later watercolours of Jules Jacquemart—flowers or landscapes of the Riviera, done when his strength was attacked by mortal disease, and etching had to be abandoned—are known to many amateurs and to some of the more cultivated among practising artists. But few would have imagined that before ever he achieved reputation as the very daintiest of etchers of porcelain, crystal, jade, finely-wrought sword blades, Renaissance mirrors, and precious objects of art, Jules Jacquemart had achieved to perfection the art of imitating these things in pure water-colour. The etchings—and especially the later etchings—are freer in interpretation; but, for delicate imitative quality, for the faculty of absolutely realising texture and hue of the precious things of Sèvres, of Vincennes, of Nevers, of China, of Japan, it is not possible that anything can excel these six-and-twenty water-colours, upon vellum, which Mdme. Veuve Techener has shown us privately in England this week. Fineness of perception and manual dexterity have said in them their "dernier mot."

THE STAGE.

"WEALTH" AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Wealth," with all its merits, was a risky piece to produce. On the first night it seemed to be a failure, and we are not quite sure whether patching and mending have succeeded in making it a permanent success. We do not take any exception to it on the ground that it is a pathological study. "King Lear" is a pathological study; so, perhaps, is "Hamlet"; and so, to some extent, is *Le Père Goriot*. Again, half the dramas of the present Alexandre Dumas are studies in pathology, made possible by exceptional penetration, by sternly logical argument, and by singular brilliance of dialogue. Mr. Jones's play, though forcibly conceived and undoubtedly written with directness and freshness, is not however quite great enough as literature to stand upon its own merits. This he knows; this he even intended. It must have the actor's help. It is, in a certain sense, intentionally too simple to do without it. The question is, whether when it gets the actor's help it is quite interesting enough to hold the public ear.

As far as conduct of a play can make a play interesting, "Wealth" is interesting undoubtedly. Mr. Jones is too experienced and too dexterous to be habitually dull, but in asking us to care vitally for the fortunes of Mathew Ruddock, he gives himself certainly a difficult task. Mathew Ruddock, as Mr. Jones has drawn him, and even as Mr. Beerbohm Tree has represented him, may be perfectly true to a type of hard-headed successful North-country man of business. But he is absolutely unlovely and unlovable. His merits are those which upon the stage are among the least telling and the least attractive—mere push, mere pertinacity—an egotistical, grinding, business capacity. The man having made his gigantic fortune has done, it seems, nothing for the public; and his generosity to his troops of tiresome cousins has been, at all events, without graciousness. What are his relations to his daughter, the only person now left to him in his old age on whom his heart may be supposed to be set? His relations with his daughter are such as permit him to think first, when it is a question of marriage, of how the business shall be best promoted and the over-swollen fortune best kept together. He loves her, no doubt, but in a dull, thick, stupid, inevitable way. The idea of sacrifice has never once occurred to him in connexion with his love; and yet no substantial sacrifice, nothing that a sensible person would feel to be a sacrifice, was ever demanded of him. He might perfectly well have allowed the young woman to marry Paul Davoren from the beginning; and if he had been anything of a judge of character, as he was a judge of stocks and shares, he would have seen that, in the matter

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of a son-in-law, Paul Davoren was *son affaire*.

We have declaimed, at some length, against this worthy North-countryman, because it is necessary to see that Mr. Jones has given both to himself and to the chief actor some stiff uphill work. The gradual growth of madness in such a character is, of course, less interesting to watch—less painfully interesting, if you like—than its gradual growth in a person whom you may care about. Yet the exposition of Mathew Ruddock's character and the development of his disease are the main theme of the piece. To present that theme quite triumphantly on the stage demands an actor either of unmistakeable genius, or with a complete and accustomed command of all the resources of his art. Now, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has several times, by his previous performances, raised the question in people's minds whether he really is not an actor of genius. Perhaps he is; but we are not quite sure of it. And, on the other hand, it is certain that—ingenious and painstaking, inventive even, as he often shows himself—he is not, at the present moment, an artist with anything approaching to full command of the resources of his art. In a certain sense, it may be said of a part so sombre, and so overwhelmingly important, as that of Mathew Ruddock that not to triumph in it is to fail. I cannot honestly say that Mr. Tree triumphs, but I can honestly say that most actors on the stage would have failed much more obviously. Mr. Tree's make-up *is* perfect. His accent is often exactly right and, on the whole, well maintained. But in what is meant to be his most impressive scene—that in which he tears down the curtains and scatters the gold and bonds upon the floor—he is not, perhaps, very markedly finer than was Mr. Shiel Barry in the miser scene of the "Cloches d'Corneville." But, if Mr. Tree wants variety of passion and fire, he does not want pathos. In pathos, his voice is mellow and impressive, and his reticence of manner of good service to him.

The support given to Mr. Tree by his brother actors is of somewhat various quality, and the part which, next to Mr. Tree's own, most requires to be played with fulness of sympathy, and likewise with a measure of abandonment, is interpreted by Mrs. Tree with the utmost intelligence and smoothness, with faultless elocution and with elegance, but with hardly a single accent that comes from the heart. Miss Norreys, on the other hand, brings not only intelligence, but the required temperament and a most refined artistry, to the performance of Madge Davoren—naïve, gay, and sincere. Miss Rose Leclerq, generally cast with great success for sympathetic parts, shows her range in this case by acting a poor relation, and making her entirely selfish, entirely well bred, and pleasant to be with. Many compliments have been showered on Mr. Weedon Grossmith, for whom Mr. Jones has written some of his best things. Why has Mr. Kemble, who plays the difficult part of the doctor excellently, been rather left out in the cold as far as criticism is concerned? And if Mr. Macklin is sympathetic and manly as Paul Davoren, it must be said, too, that Mr. Brookfield, a clever man, occasionally given to exaggerate a character-part, indicates very skilfully the absolute untrustworthiness of the nephew whom Mathew Ruddock would have had his daughter wed.

On the author's account and on the principal actor's many people will go to see "Wealth"; and "Wealth" has what is rather rare now-a-days, a moral that is thoroughly sound, even if it is a little too obvious. The play has many well-constructed scenes, several comic people, to whom Mr. Jones has managed to give freshness, and, as been clearly shown already, opportunities for the display of passion and of pathos. Balancing its merits with its demerits, it will be for the public rather than for criticism to decide upon the extent of its good fortunes.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE little first piece at the Opera Comique, called "Her Own Rival," is a favourable example of the *lever de rideau*, neither pretentious nor of merely farcial comedy. The story is briefly that of an artist who, having been once violently in love with a country girl, manages to forget her, and after a lapse of years is quickly fascinated by one who is seemingly a young woman of society. The two women are one and the same person. The lapse of years, various experiences, and excellent ability having sufficed to turn the rusticity and immaturity of the one into the accomplishments of the other. But the young woman of society, whose experiences have not spoilt her, will not accept the artist until she has made him take a decided step. The suddenness with which he takes it is the weak point of the story; but, on the stage, action has often to be somewhat sudden and hurried. The step is no other than that of promising that he will return to the country girl, and follow in this way what is pointed out to him as the path of duty. The path of duty in this case has its reward, and the artist marries with a very clear conscience the young woman of society who had urged him to make restitution to her earlier self. The little piece is well played. Miss Cissy Grahame, as the heroine, acts with a certain amount of elegance and expression. It is not required of her that she shall show much feeling. Mr. Grahame is manly and competent as the lover; and quite a small part is played with truth of effect by Mr. Nutcombe Gould, who is worthy of being given something better to do.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

WE have been unable hitherto to notice the concerts of the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society. The third, and last, was given at Tenterden Street, on Friday evening, May 3, and proved successful. The programme included a clever and effective Concertstück for piano and wind, by J. Rietz, Rubinstein's piano Quintet (Op. 55), Weber's excellent Duo Concertante for piano and clarinet, and the Brahms Trios for female voices, accompanied by horns and harps. The society deserve every encouragement. There are many fine works for wind instruments practically unknown. For instance, Mozart's Serenade for thirteen wind instruments, which it is proposed to give at this society's next series, has never been performed at the Popular Concerts.

Dr. Parry's "Judith" attracted a large audience at the Bach Choir last Saturday afternoon. The impressive choruses of the first act were sung with great spirit. The soloists were Miss A. Williams, Miss Lena Little, and Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills, who all sang with dramatic effect. The choir was in good form. Dr. Stanford, who conducted, evidently tried to do full justice to his friend's work; but he was at times somewhat too energetic. Dr. Parry was called to the platform at the close of each act and vigorously applauded.

Mdme. Frickenhaus gave a Pianoforte Recital the same afternoon at the Prince's Hall with an admirably selected programme. This lady knows well how to choose pieces which suit her. We can only speak of her rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in E (Op. 109). Her playing was clear, and her reading sound, though at times rather cold. There was a good attendance.

The Richter Concerts commenced at St. James's Hall on Monday evening. The programme contained no novelty, so the notice of it need only be a brief one. So long as Herr Richter finds that Beethoven Symphonies, and oft-repeated Wagner selections, continue to draw the public, we suppose he does right to stick to them. The programme further included Brahms's delightful variations on a theme by Haydn, in which the simple subject-matter of the old, and the skilful and elaborate treatment of the modern, master, contrast so well. We wish Herr Richter would put his Liszt Rhapsody at the beginning, or, still better, at the end, of the programme. This clever, but extremely light, style of music sounds positively vulgar coming between Wagner's Vorspiel to "Parsifal" and Beethoven's "Eroica." The conductor was received in a most cordial manner.

Miss Fanny Davies gave a concert at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, and Brahms's new Sonata, No. 3 in D minor (Op. 108), for violin and pianoforte, was performed for the first time in London. The work, though containing four movements, only lasted twenty-one minutes. The opening Allegro is easy to follow: a certain sombreness pervades it, but it is attractive. The whole of the middle section is curiously built upon a dominant pedal, and in the Coda a short tonic pedal seems to call it back to the memory. The Adagio in D major is an exquisitely simple and chaste movement. It is short, and there is no change of key. The interesting harmonies, however, prevent any monotony. Then comes a delicate and fanciful movement, a Presto in F sharp minor, with a middle section in F. The Finale, at first hearing, appears less inspired. Some of the passages, however, display great energy. The Sonata was played with much feeling by Miss Davies and Herr Straus. Miss Davies afterwards gave Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 11). Her intentions were good, but she was not in her best form. Fraulein Fillunger sang songs by Schubert and Clara Schumann, and took part in Schumann's Liederspiel. The other vocalists were Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Shakespeare and F. Davies.

Mdlles. Marianne and Clara Eissler gave a Violin and Harp Recital at Princes's Hall on Wednesday evening. A special feature of the programme was an unpublished Sonata for violin and piano by Spohr. The MS. was given to these ladies by the niece of the composer. They have played the work in Germany, but it is new to London. The Sonata consists of two movements, an Allegro Vivace and a Rondo—the first in C minor, the second in C; and of these the second is the more taking. The whole work is not one of very deep import. The rest of the programme consisted of solos for the two instruments, and one other duet. Schumann's "Fantaisie" scarcely suited Mdlle. F. Eissler. We have already spoken, on a former occasion, of the clever and graceful performances of the other two sisters.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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Contains Papers by the Rev. R. H. CODRINGTON, D.D.; A. W. HOWITT, F.G.S.; T. W. SHORE, F.G.S.; Miss A. W. BUCKLAND; E. H. MAN, and the Report of the Annual General Meeting with the Anniversary Address, by FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S., President; Anthropological Miscellanea, Title-page, and Index to Vol. XVII.

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LITERATURE.

The Infallibility of the Church. By George Salmon, D.D. (John Murray.)

A COURSE of divinity lectures is not generally thought worthy of the distinction of publication in a permanent form. Having achieved the object of its existence within the walls of the lecture-room, it is usually consigned to the oblivion which is in most cases no more than its due. Occasionally, however, we come in contact with a series of lectures which, from various circumstances—the position of the lecturer, the subject of the lectures, or the peculiar conditions, controversial or otherwise, under which they are delivered—merit the renewed and enlarged existence which the press confers. The lectures which Dr. Salmon has collected and published under the above-named title seem to me to possess these claims in a marked and preeminent degree. Setting aside the titles which the author's name and position confer, it is obvious that a divinity lecturer in the chief Protestant college of Ireland, and dealing with the most vital of all the controversial issues between Protestants and Romanists, he might have been expected to produce, not the incidental opportunist nutriment which divinity professors think it sufficient to impart, but a work of permanent utility, both for those for whose use it was intended, and for the general public necessarily interested in a controversy of such profound and national importance.

But, while the utility and substantial excellence of the book must be admitted, I think Dr. Salmon would have done better if he had wholly recast his lecture-room materials, and adopted a more logical and compact system in their rearrangement. A philosophical treatment of the whole question should, in my opinion, have started with a preliminary consideration of the nature of human belief in general, together with those conditions and stages of conviction which lead up to infallibility. This might have been followed by a discussion of religious belief in particular. Next would have come those elements in the first teaching of Christianity which appeal to human conviction, and the reasons which justify such an appeal. Then would have followed in due course the history of infallibility in the Christian Church, pointing out its motive principles and tracing its exaggerations and perversities to their causes. Some such arrangement, inherent in the very nature of the subject, would have tended to lift the book out of the arena of mere controversial theology and made it less resemble a Protestant polemical pamphlet on a large scale. The scheme actually adopted has the further disadvantages of being too discursive, and admitting of perpetual repetitions, both in fact and argument. I am far from asserting that these defects may not have had counterbalancing excellencies in the original intention of the lectures: all I contend for is that the lecture-room form of the argument is not the most perfect literary and philosophical presentation it is capable of receiving as a permanent contribution to theological literature.

Dr. Salmon commences his subject with an introductory lecture on the controversy with Rome. Lectures ii.-v. criticise the contributions to the Romanist theory which have been made by different advocates—with an especial but not undue stress on the considerations and thought-processes which seem to have most influenced perverts from Protestantism. The Romanist theory of infallibility, its grounds and history, forms the subject of lectures vii. to xi. The lectures xi. to xv. are mainly critical. Dr. Salmon here shows convincingly that the Church of Rome does not believe in her infallibility, striking instances of her hesitation on the point being given. It is proved that she continually seeks to corroborate her partial faith by modern revelations, and that "the blunders of the infallible guide" are neither few nor insignificant. Under this last heading occurs the celebrated episode of Galileo, and Dr. Salmon criticises ably the theory (which has once more been enunciated in the *Logic* of Father Clarke, just published by Messrs. Longmans, in the series of "Manuals of Catholic Philosophy," p. 400) that the pope's personal infallibility did not come into play in Galileo's condemnation, inasmuch as this was the act of the congregation of the index not of the pope *ex cathedra*—an excuse obviously open to the retort that, assuming the Pope to have possessed that power, it seems curious he should not have exercised it to prevent his supreme tribunal on the subject of orthodoxy from stultifying itself to all after ages. Surely never was an occasion when the intervention of a *Deus*, whether *ex machina* or *ex cathedra*, was more imperiously called for. In lectures xv.-xviii. Dr. Salmon treats of the collateral forms of infallibility implied in the Gallican theory and in the appeal to General Councils. Next, in lectures xviii.-xxi. he returns to the whole history of Roman supremacy, commencing from New Testament times and ending with the proclamation of the dogma of infallibility. Lecture xxiii. is devoted to the consideration of the pope's temporal power.

I have thought it best to give this conspectus of Dr. Salmon's lectures, not for the purpose of pointing the remarks already made as to the defective arrangement of his materials, as much as to give my readers a fair view of his subject and the outline of his treatment. The masterly manner in which this outline is filled up will be admitted by every impartial reader. As a cumulative plea against infallibility it is itself as nearly infallible as human reason and judgment can make it. Dr. Salmon is not satisfied with refuting the dogma from one point of view, he demolishes it in every guise and aspect in which it has ever been put forward. He treats it like a terrier does a rat—after scientifically killing it, he repeats the process, according to the old legal formula, by slaying it. Not content with this, he again attacks it, submits it to another process of mangling, or flings its dead body in the air. He repeats the destructive operations so often that if it were only a physical organism, it would be impossible that the least atom of vitality or even organic coherence should be left to it. I do not, however, intend by this illustration to express more than the superabundant execution Dr. Salmon has lavished on the obnoxious dogma. Though a formidable antagonist, keen-sighted in espying points of weakness in his enemy's armour, and equally ready and resolute in taking advantage of them, he never forgets the primary requisites in every controversialist. He is always considerate, kindly, and urbane, without the slightest taint of the rancour and virulence of unscrupulous partisanship. Romanists might read his book—and it is to be hoped many will do so—without the slightest fear of having their susceptibilities wounded by any intentional unfairness, either in the statement of their position or in its demolishment, severe and ruthless though the latter may be.

Among the many incidental excellencies of the work, which in its whole scope covers nearly all the points at issue between Romanists and Protestants, a conspicuous place must be assigned to Dr. Salmon's remarks on the Protestant claim of the right of private judgment. This is commonly alleged by Romanists as a foolish plea, born of exuberant individualism and self-assertion, and utterly opposed to the humble deference which they manifest as their primary duty to the Church. Dr. Salmon's reply to the well-worn argument is conclusive (pp. 47-8):

"That submission to the Church of Rome rests ultimately on an act of private judgment is unmistakably evident, when a Romanist tries (as he has no scruple in doing) to make a convert of you or any other member of our Church. What does he then ask you to do but to decide that the religion of your fathers is wrong? . . . Well, if you come to the conclusion to reject all the authority you have reverenced from your childhood, is not that a most audacious act of private judgment? But suppose you come to the opposite conclusion, and decide on staying where you were, would not a Romanist have a right to laugh at you if you said that you were not using your private judgment *then*; that to *change* one's religion, indeed, is an act of private judgment, but that one who continues in his father's religion is subject to none of the risks to which every exercise of private judgment is liable? Well, it is absurd to imagine that logic has one rule for Roman Catholics and another for us; that it would be an exercise of private judgment in them to change their religion, but none if they continue in what their religious teachers have told them. *An act of our judgment* must be the ultimate foundation of all our beliefs."

I have not space to adduce the many other points of interest and importance I had noted on reading the book. I have already remarked on its defects as not containing any philosophical and coherent account of the grounds and progress of human belief, but I must in fairness allow that Dr. Salmon does incidentally and perfunctorily touch on the subject (see pp. 72-79). He also allows that there must be a certain element of uncertainty in most speculative truth (p. 76):

"On the contrary, no wise man holds any conclusion of his to be absolutely irreversible. There are some things which we may firmly believe, with a full persuasion that no new evidence will turn up to contradict them. In that persuasion we may legitimately refuse to

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attend to opposing evidence that is manifestly not of the first class. Thus I have a firm belief in the universality of the law of gravitation, &c."

Here Dr. Salmon approaches what I take leave to consider the root-thought of his subject, though, as I have said, he does not follow it up. After all, infallibility is merely the mental condition which produces and asserts dogma—it is an unwholesome plethora of conviction which may, and does, manifest itself in various forms of Protestantism, as well as in bibliolatry and in science—in a word, in every department of knowledge in which conviction is more or less possible. Dr. Salmon thinks that the best mode of meeting Romanist infallibility is insisting on the many and clear proofs which exist of Romanist fallibility; but it is obvious that his weapon is two-edged in every case when its wielder insists on an unenquiring belief in his own dogmas, no matter what their alleged sources or sanctions. The outcome of his argument for all Protestants is the insistence on the inalienable rights of private enquiry, and the assertion of all truths required to be believed in their least dogmatic, *i.e.*, infallible, form.

JOHN OWEN.

Through England on a Side-Saddle in the Reign of William and Mary: being the Diary of Celia Fiennes. (Field & Tuer.)

THE Hon. Mrs. Griffiths, daughter of the late Lord Saye and Sele, and possessor of the MS, has published, and dedicated to her father's memory, these travels of her kinswoman. That lady, daughter of Nathaniel Fiennes, and sister of the third Lord Saye, thus makes her address to the reader:

"As this was never designed: so not likely to fall into the hands of any but my near relations, there needs not much to be said to excuse or recommend it. Something may be diverting and profitable, though not to gentlemen that have travelled more about England, staid longer in places, might have more acquaintance and more opportunity to be informed. My journeys as they were begun to regain my health by variety and change of air and exercise; so whatever promoted that was pursued; and those informations of things as could be obtained from inns en passant, or from some acquaintance, inhabitants of such places could furnish me with for my diversion, I thought necessary to remark: that as my bodily health was promoted my mind should not appear totally unoccupied, and the collecting together remain for my after conversation (with such as might be inquisitive after such and such places) to which [I] might have recourse; and as most I converse with knows both the freedom and easiness I speak and write as well as my defect in all, so they will not expect exactness or politeness in this book, though such embellishments might have adorned the descriptions and suited the nicer taste."

This tone of modest assurance is characteristic. Her style is breathless, but engaging. She has not too sublime a sense of her own worth and consequence. She thinks she can write her little experiences as well as need be. There are incentives to the task. She has felt at a loss for subjects to converse upon, and has seen others of her sex "labouring under uneasy thoughts how to pass away tedious days, and feeling time a burden when not at a card or dice table." The example, too, might be salutary. A habit of observation might be "a sovereign remedy to cure or preserve from those epidemic diseases of vapours—should I add laziness?" Even gentlemen, "of whom many, if not most, are ignorant of anything but the name of the place for which they serve in Parliament," might be better if they informed themselves of the circumstances of their constituents. From these reflections she abruptly turns to make her apology for that part of her work wherein she has given a rudimentary account of the working of the constitution. "These were matters," she says, "far above my skill or capacity, but herein I have described what has come within my knowledge." Where she has mistaken she will easily submit to a correction, and will enter "such erratas in a supplement annexed to the book." Somehow one fancies that her friends would be shy to offer contributions to this part of her work; and, as a matter of fact, there is no supplement. Her concluding wish and recommendation takes a higher flight. She is no longer thinking of topographic details, but of mental culture generally, "which makes our lives pleasant and comfortable as well as profitable . . . and renders suffering and age supportable and death less formidable, and a future state more happy."

This introduction, though brief, is sufficient to keep us in touch with the miscellaneous experiences of her wanderings. So miscellaneous are they—often mere jottings needing an elucidatory note—that it is hopeless to attempt more than to group together some specimens of the thousand vagrant posies of Celia's arbour. The old-world spelling has been scrupulously (and uselessly) maintained. What is the good of starting with an account "off" her several journeys? The reprint has been very carefully made, with but one or two slips, *e.g.*, "Joychurch" should be *Ivy*church. Celia Fiennes is eminently practical. She would have demurred to the vague theory that our lives consist of the four elements. inclining, with all due reservation, to Sir Andrew's opinion that it rather consists in eating and drinking. She loved good ale. Her chronicle is not (in that respect) of small beer. "Here I met with the strongest and best Nottingham ale, that looked very pale, but exceeding clear." In Nottingham itself, "at the Crown Inn, is a cellar of sixty steps down, all in the rock, like arch work over your head; in that cellar I drank good ale." From a ruined chapel and its legends, from a shattered castle, she turns to the consolation proferred by Johnson's hermit. At Malton a relation, owner of almost all the town, supplied her with "very good beer, for the inn had not the best." At Winchester she "drank light French wine," (smuggled, it is to be feared); and at a little Scotch village she fared even better. Though she could have no stomach to eat the food the dirty and smoky cottages afforded, yet

"their wine was exceeding good claret, which they stand conveniently for to have from France; and, indeed, it was the best and truest French wine I have drunk this seven year, and very clear. I had the first tapping of the little vessel, and it was very fine."

She keeps a tight hand on her purse, noting the dearness of the Nottinghamshire inns, though in so plentiful a country, and the reasonable charges of the Quakers, who had almost the monopoly of the lodging-houses of Scarborough. She is perplexed by the stupidity of the country folk:

"I observe that the ordinary people, both in these parts of Yorkshire and in the northern parts, can scarce tell you how far it is to the next place, unless it be in the great towns, and there in their public houses; and they tell you it's very good yate, instead of saying it is good way; and they call their gates yates, and do not esteem it uphill unless so steep as a house or precipice; they say it's good level yate all along, when it may be there are several great hills to pass."

A recurring nuisance is the varying length of the miles. A Buxton mile is twice as long as a London one, and the more northerly the longer is the mile. Celia was always loyal to her London memories, and recalled Holborn at Nottingham, and the Royal Exchange at Newcastle, where also was one place "so like Snow Hill in London, with a fair conduit." York market place was so mean that Southwark was far before it. To the glories of the corporation and the companies of the great city she devotes many pages. The Lord Mayor's show is described, and the pageant of the Mercer's Company; and a detailed account is given of the reception of King William on his return from France. Her description of the city sword-bearer can yet be verified:

"He walks before the Lord Mayor with the sword in an embroidered sheath; he wears a great velvet cap of crimson, the bottom and the top of fur, or such like, standing up like a turbant or great bowl in form of a great open pie; this is called the cap of maintenance."

She is duly interested in housewifery and handicraft. She is elaborate in her account of the making of clap-bread. Of fish she is a professed judge, and her decisions as to lobsters and crabs are doubtless good law. She takes care to witness the salt-making at Lymington, and the coining at York. The looms and the paper mills of Canterbury, the baize and oysters of Colchester, the crapes of Norwich, and the serges of Exeter find due commemoration.

The number of Spas in England (and in vogue) is remarkable. Besides those of our own day are mentioned Astrop, in Northamptonshire, "much frequented by the gentry, it has some mixture of alum so is not so strong as Tunbridge." Marsborough, twelve miles from York; Cockgrave, six miles from Harrogate; Barnet, "a large place, and the houses are made commodious to entertain the company that comes to drink the waters" (of the spring, "full of leaves and dirt," she gives a most uninviting account); and Canterbury, with "fine walks and seats, and places for the music." The Shooter's Hill water she found "very quick. It purges much like Epsom and Dullage, but I think far exceeds either in strength and operation." She experimented freely in these waters, drinking the "sulphur, or stinking spaw (not improperly termed)," a quart in a morning for two days—considering them a "good sort of purge if you can hold your breath so as to drink them down"—and so on, with quite a relishing discrimination.

Celia Fiennes had an eye for old customs, and dwells lingeringly on such antique pageantry as the coronation procession at Bath

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in honour of a queen-regnant, or the Border feast at Lichfield. She has a taste for sumptuous (or comfortable) habitations. To a similar taste we owe the *Délices*, of which her descriptions of seats and mansions continually remind us. In her case, a love of cosy, cushioned ease is the guiding principle, as is evident from the following:

"At Blith was a very sweet house, and gardens, and grounds. It was of brickwork, coign'd with stone, and the windows with stone, all sashes; the building was so neat and exact, it was square with four juttings out at each corner; it stands high and commands the sight of the country about. The fine river by it, with fish-ponds, and meadows, and fine woods beyond makes it look very pleasant. The gardens are very neat, and after the London mode, of gravel and grass walks and mounts, and the squares with dwarf and cypress, fir, and all sorts of greens and fruit-trees; it's very fruitful. I eat good fruit there. It's just by the church, so that a large arch which did belong to the church is now made a shady seat to the garden with greens over it, under which is a sepulchre for the family. . . . It's in all parts a most complete thing, with accommodation for the living and the dead."

One curious observation suggests itself, and gathers confirmation as we read. All the history of the Civil War has, to the ordinary apprehension, become blurred and dim, within fifty years of the king's execution. At Bristol no word escapes the "daughter of Nathaniel Fiennes" to show that she has ever heard of its surrender, or of her father's peril. She talks of an engagement between the king and the parliament in 1640, and of Carisbrook, oddly enough, as "a place into which King Charles retired when he was worsted by the Parliament's forces." At Colchester, she notices the fact that the town is ruinated, but says not a word of the siege. "Our hero, King William," is the only historic personage she cares for. His name often recurs. Once she makes a queer comparison between him and Guy of Warwick, of all people. At Dover she records an absurd story that Elizabeth was prisoner there at her accession, and is silent as to the meeting-place of Charles and his queen. The Tower has no associations for her, the granddaughter of Laud's antagonist. Nothing is said of the comparatively recent affair of the seven bishops, though that striking incident might have been endeared to her by the union of Church and Dissent against "Popery." She remarks with satisfaction that at Coventry the Presbyterians and Independents "seem to love one another. . . . Charity and love to the brethren being the characteristic marks of Christ's true disciples." To the epitaph of Fulke Greville, "Friend of Sir Philip Sidney," she adds the sour comment, "which is but of poor avail to him now dead if he was not the friend of the great Jehovah." Superciliously she regards the "abundance of the devout Papists on their knees all round St. Winifrid's well . . . to be pitied by us that have the advantage of knowing better and ought to be better." Indeed, her lack of real interest in history may be partly accounted for by her contempt for the older form of English Christianity—a contempt grounded on family prejudice and comfortable ignorance. To her the "Bible alone" would seem to have represented, not merely the religion, but the literature of Protestants, for she mentions only one other book—the *Arcadia*—and that not as having read it. Her spelling, though not worse than that of some distinguished contemporaries—is, like Lord Duberly's, "a little loose." Preferring the conventicle to the church, she yet anticipates a roguish pun of Lamb's (about people who feel surest of going to heaven) by calling her fellow-worshippers "descenters." She does get nearer "piazza" than "epyasses," but allows that form to stand, as also "nise-prises" and "naisprise," with the odd variant of "Belial" as the name of a college at Oxford—at which university, by the way, New College is said to "belong to the Fiennes" family. At Hampton Court she notices a "noble gallery with curious pictures of the Scriptures painted by the Carthusion"—meaning the Cartoons of Raffaelle.

The picturesque element is discernible in these travels. Windermere and the Devonshire lanes have charms, though the hard fare and bad roads are not compensated thereby. But the pleasure derived from such sources is unenhanced by any—even the commonest—literary association.

Whence did Celia get her name? A name associated with the "harlotry players" and especially with Jonson's "Volpone." The county-history pedigrees ignore her existence. But for the authority of Mrs. Griffiths, I should hazard the conjecture that she is really the "Cicely," or "Cecill," Ellis, "of St. Martins in the Fields," daughter of a London alderman, and a Fiennes by her mother, and by her own second marriage, who died at Bath, July 22, 1715, in her fifty-eighth year (Chester's *Registers of Westminster Abbey*, p. 8). Such an identification would account for several things in the MS.

Whoever Celia was, to us she is not without attraction, "as good a sort of woman, madam, as you would wish to know." But she is no denizen of Arden. She would have held with Touchstone that when she was at home she was in a better place. In all that golden world, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," the tree-trunks carven with lovers' names, the leaves rustling with adventure and romance, in all that she has no portion; there she is "not Celia, but Aliena."

R. C. Browne.

"Great Writers."—*Life of Frederick Marryat.* By David Hannay. (Walter Scott.)

As a succinct record of Capt. Marryat's career, Mr. David Hannay's little book will be found extremely useful to those readers who are unable to consult the longer Life by his daughter; and it is also valuable as a critical examination of Marryat's claim to be one of our notable novelists of the sea. Possibly with an inherited predilection for such themes, the writer—favourably known already by his brief Lives of Blake and Smollett—has used well his somewhat scanty materials. His style, moreover, is both easy and flowing; and he has produced an eminently readable little volume.

The account of Marryat's early days is written with especial vigour. Nevertheless, I do not see why Mr. Hannay should sneer at Marryat's father as a "provincial Dissenter." Does he not know that many men and women among the finest types of English character have had such parents? Marryat was educated at "some sort of academy kept by a Mr. Freeman, at Ponders End." And Mr. Hannay puts one important plea for public schools with clearness and force when he says "What is inflicted by a public school is inflicted by the school itself; in a private establishment it is inflicted by the master, and is a personal wrong." This was partly the reason, perhaps, why Marryat, not abiding correction, ran away so frequently. However, Marryat's short school-days could hardly have been very full of painful memories. His real education began, when as a boy of fourteen, he joined the *Impérieuse*, commanded by the brave, though headstrong, British seaman who will always be better known as Cochrane than by the title which came to him in later life. Mr. Hannay, seeing what an important influence Cochrane exerted on Marryat, has devoted, as was fitting, some attention to the hero of the Basque Roads; and his remarks are thoughtful and just. We find, almost with a sense of relief, how, in the years immediately after Trafalgar, when England had an even greater acknowledged naval supremacy than at present, there were blunders and mistakes on the part of persons in responsible positions every wit as serious as those that have disquieted us in more recent days. A noteworthy instance was the conduct of the Port-Admiral, who, in Marryat's words, "*would* be obeyed, but *would not* listen always to reason or commonsense." Ordering the *Impérieuse* to put to sea unprepared during a heavy gale, he was morally to blame for her going on the rocks off Ushant. And here it may be remarked, in passing, that Mr. Hannay aptly describes Cochrane's Parliamentary conduct as chiefly "attacks on abuses in the Admiralty and dockyards which were so uniformly right in substance and wrong in form"—a description quite bearing out the general impression obtained from reading that sailor's autobiography, which (though, perhaps, not now much read) is full of matter of the liveliest interest. I have only space to mention one other incident of Marryat's youth, an incident characteristic of the time, but such as we find nowadays a little difficult to believe possible. This was the daring capture and destruction of a notorious pirate, for which good deed the *Impérieuse* (instead of receiving £500, the nominal reward for ridding the seas of such a scourge) was condemned, owing to the corruption then prevailing in the Admiralty Court at Malta, to pay, in her captain's words, "five hundred double sequins"! Such was Marryat's introduction to what Mr. Hannay neatly calls "the lawless and scoundrelly fringe of the great naval war."

But we must now pass on to the second stage in Marryat's career, when, with singular adaptability, he relinquished the active pursuit of the naval profession to become an equally active novelist. It is not altogether easy to understand how Marryat acquired his pleasant and facile style; for he very quickly became a successful writer, commanding high prices. For his first story he received £400, and for *Mr. Midshipman Easy* £1,400. Nevertheless, far from being satisfied, he was greatly the reverse. In truth, the contentions between authors and publishers seem to have been hotter, if that be possible, between 1830

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and 1840 than now; in times, too, when, perhaps owing to the less fierce competition, authors probably got, all things considered, more for their work. Marryat, when angry, was sometimes amusing, and is especially so in a letter quoted by Mr. Hannay, in which, with more drollery than reverence, he says about his "idea" of future happiness in a place I need not name, that [to him] "the more pleasurable portion of anticipated bliss is that there will be no publishers there"! Wanting in the composure and methodical habits necessary in the case of a man who has to undergo constant mental labour, he was exceedingly erratic in his method of work, and at fault even in so vital a matter, to a writing man, as the care of his eyes, allowing his handwriting to be so small as seriously to injure his own sight. Still, to suppose that Marryat had not excellent points of character, and especially a vein of deeper and more noble feeling, would be to do him grievous wrong. Time seems to have worn away the asperities of his disposition, and the close of his life was marked by genuine religious aspirations.

In many of Mr. Hannay's critical estimates I fully agree, and would especially call attention to his thoughtful comparison between Marryat, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Reade, though I cannot wholly concur in the opinion he expresses that neither the "pictorial imagination" of Kingsley nor the "conscientious workmanship" of Reade "gives reality to their sea scenes." It is incontestable however, that Marryat, as a practical seaman, had a great advantage over both these writers; and it is much to be regretted (as Mr. Hannay points out) that he did not comply with Washington Irving's request, and give us, by diligent study of the old chronicles, more tales of the "chivalry of the sea" in bygone ages. The truth probably was that, like several other notable English novelists, he did not view his work in fiction with sufficient seriousness. This is shown by a remark of his in a letter to John Forster (who had begged him to write a Life of Collingwood), to whom he says, "Biography is most difficult writing, and requires more time and thought than any original composition." Marryat was a typical Englishman, and his stories paint with absolute fidelity life on board British cruisers at the close of the last and the beginning of this century. Notwithstanding his perfect fidelity to truth, however, he has scarcely written anything which, on moral grounds, we could wish omitted; and to be able to say this—remembering the actual conditions of life on board our ships at the epoch named, to which no excess of patriotism should blind us—is of itself high praise, especially when it was coupled, as in Marryat's case, with no abatement of the healthy interest of his narratives. Possessing a brilliant fancy rather than a vitalising imagination, he found no difficulty in embellishing his stories with the daring adventures which readers require in this branch of fiction. While he would have been a greater novelist had he been stronger on the side of character, there is in most of his books one personage at least with some individuality, even though the others too frequently resemble lay-figures. Nor does Marryat fail to merit our respect by his sincere wish to remedy abuses in his beloved profession, as when, in a long passage in *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, he completely lays aside the novelist to become for a while a pamphleteer on naval regulations. Despite all his faults as a novelist, and he had many, it is difficult to believe the time will ever come when he will cease to be read; but should that time ever arrive it will augur ill for the continued stamina of our race.

H. T. Mackenzie Bell.

Speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill, 1880—1888. Collected by Louis Jennings. (Longmans.)

To publish a living politician's speeches is a kind of political promotion for him. When a man, who is still active upon platforms and in the heyday of a statesman's youth, has the good fortune to see his speeches placed before the world in admirable print upon excellent paper, with introductions and footnotes by a faithful friend, he may, if the venture succeed, congratulate himself upon having become a serious personage. His wild oats are sown; his salad days are over. Hitherto his opinions were buried in the impenetrable oblivion of yesterday's newspaper. They were of the things which to-day are and to-morrow are cast into the waste-paper basket. But once let him be pilloried or glorified in a couple of volumes upon the bookshelf, and he must take heed to what he says. Henceforth it is an easy task to expose his inconsistencies and refute his baseless pretensions, and his opponents will perform it with gusto.

This is what has befallen Lord Randolph Churchill. His speeches, or rather a few of them, have been collected by his admirer, Mr. Louis Jennings, who contributes a notable preface. Briefly, Mr. Jennings' point is "the mantle of Elijah" over again. He draws a very encouraging parallel between the career of Lord Beaconsfield and that of Lord Randolph. He points out how, like his great exemplar, the latter was in conflict with his party (p. xxiv.), even when Lord Randolph was telling the people of Bow that there was complete unanimity throughout his party (i. 253); he dwells on the attitude of both towards democracy and the "masses," and more than hints that Lord Beaconsfield's work, ending just as Lord Randolph's was beginning, has been taken up by his worthy hands and will be rewarded by a not dissimilar celebrity. But the services rendered by Mr. Jennings by no means stop here. These speeches have been "edited" with zeal tempered with discretion. They begin with 1880; not that Lord Randolph was not a well-known speaker before that date, but questions might have arisen as to the precise harmony of the speeches before 1880 with those delivered since then. This, however, is a question which can hardly be entered upon here; for Mr. Jennings, in answer to comment on this point elsewhere, has indicated that he may presently have more to say upon it, and will be able to dissipate the illusion that the mantle has fallen upon a Protean politician. But, while awaiting this demonstration, one may remark that not only have some interesting speeches subsequent to 1880 been judiciously omitted—for example, the speech made in the Maamtrasna debate in 1884—but those that remain have not only been avowedly "abridged," but actually bowdlerised. A comparison of the text of the mischievous and violent Belfast speech of February 23, 1886, with the report in the *Times* of the following day shows that there must have been a written peroration beginning about the words: "It may be that this dark cloud, which now is impending over Ireland, will pass away without breaking." This written peroration contained the gravest of the passages in which Lord Randolph not obscurely invited the Ulstermen in certain events to take up arms against a government the creation of an Act of Parliament. But the final and concluding words, almost the most unambiguous of all, Mr. Jennings has not republished:

"There will not be wanting those who, at the exact moment when the time is fully come, if that time do come, will not hesitate to address you in words, which are perhaps best expressed by one of our greatest English poets:

"'The combat deepens; on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave;
Wave, Ulster, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.'"

As the book is not provided with an index, it is not very easy to ascertain in detail what Lord Randolph's opinions may be. Whether or no he is a consistent politician can hardly be discussed in the Academy; yet if he be, it is a singular misfortune for one who has not failed to attract his full share of public attention to have failed so completely to convince the public of his consistency. A few passages on Free Trade may be taken as an example of the difficulty of reconciling these speeches with one another. In 1881, at Hull, Lord Randolph, in a moment of vaticination, and in a sentence 170 words long, pictured to his audience "our commerce waning, our industries decayed, and the mass of our labour, skilled and unskilled, driven by free imports to other lands"; and at Blackpool, in 1884, after a similar description of the state of trade, he proceeded:

"What produced this state of things? Free imports? I am not sure, and should like an inquiry; but I suspect free imports of the murder of your industries, much in the same way as if I found a man standing over a corpse and plunging his knife into it I should suspect that man of homicide."

No wonder that in 1887 he was able to say "I certainly am no fanatical adherent of the Cobden school." That he certainly is not. But, at the same time, he pronounced, with tolerable distinctness, against Fair Trade, with a curious reservation about the Tory party being free of all responsibility for the Corn Laws, and a hint that he would offer no obstinate resistance to a demand for the taxation of food if sufficiently generally made. Consistency in a politician is a virtue which, as Aristotle would say, lies between an excess and a defect. It is, indeed, possible to have too much of it. But still, on the whole, the right course seems to lie nearer to rugged obstinacy than to supple pliability; and certainly, on the testimony of these two volumes, Lord Randolph's position would appear to be a very long way from rugged obstinacy.

The style of these speeches (not always adequately corrected in point of grammar by Mr. Jennings, *e.g.*, i. 168, 195; ii. 289, 297,

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298) is lively and easy; rarely dull, and never grand. They contain some sentences of extraordinary demerit. For instance:

"What has been the action of the House of Lords? It has been very much misrepresented, very much obscured, very much distorted by all kinds of accusations and imputations and insinuations, which are utterly untrue and inaccurate, and founded upon nothing else than the imagination of those who make them"

appears to have been modelled upon the pulpit eloquence of Mr. Chadband. The speech on the Primrose League abounds in curiosities. For example, it describes Lord Beaconsfield's career as

"a career of resistless triumph over obstacles to ordinary mortals insuperable as was the triumph of a mediaeval knight"

—a sentence which it would take a Knight Harbinger to understand. He says of the Indian government:

"Our rule in India is as it were a sheet of oil spread out over a surface of, and keeping calm and quiet and unruffled by storms, an immense and profound ocean of humanity."

But it is in their exaggerations, their offences against sobriety and good sense, at once in personal description and in statement of fact, that they most fail. Lord Randolph is at his best in attack, especially in attack upon Mr. Gladstone; and in that form of criticism which relies on sharp antithesis and contrast at any price, he can be very effective, and has twice, at Manchester in 1884 and at Bow in 1885, made very dashing onslaughts in almost identically the same form. But not even the necessity of moving a workman's guffaw can justify repeated reference to Mr. Gladstone "perspiring" as he fells trees. Elsewhere he asks:

"What was the Compensation for Disturbance Bill but a gospel of plunder? Finally, what was the Land Act of last session but gospel, epistles, and revelations of plunder all combined? Of these three robberies Mr. Gladstone has been the apostle. And in the diffusion of this last gospel of plunder we may truly say that Davitt planted, Parnell watered, but Gladstone gave the increase."

This is mere taproom eloquence. Exaggeration is the note, too, of all Lord Randolph's comments and all his statements of facts. We have "no army at all"; our navy is "absolutely impotent to protect our coasts":

"I know this, if I know anything at all, that if once the people of this country as a whole can be induced to interest themselves in any matter, to take it up, to make it their own, to settle it one way or another, the people will not go wrong. Governments will go wrong, Parliaments will go wrong, classes will go wrong, London society and Pall Mall clubs always go wrong, but the people do not go wrong. You must take up this Egyptian question and examine it for yourselves."

These are not statements temperate and deliberate, which befit one who wishes to lead the people. They do not proceed from enthusiasm, but from recklessness. One turns from their perusal with a strong feeling that they do little credit to the indubitable talents of Lord Randolph Churchill, and that Mr. Jennings would have done better by his friend if he had allowed them to be forgotten.

J. A. HAMILTON.

Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice. By F. M. Halford. (Sampson Low.)

THE art of fly-fishing, after an existence of more than two centuries from Walton's time to our own days, has been of late years revolutionised, first by the use of eyed hooks on which to dress flies, next by the custom of throwing a dry fly only to the fish. Mr. Halford, in a previous book, fully described all the most useful flies for trout fishers; and now, as a skilful exponent of dry-fly fishing, he has put forth the best book on the art that has appeared. In clear chalk-streams, and in public waters where trout are constantly harassed by fly-fishers, the fish become cunning or "educated," as the phrase runs; and it is only at times that one is taken by the old method of using a sunk or wet fly. On such streams it is now found necessary to approach a rising trout (and none other are attempted) much as a man would stalk a wary deer. He must draw near to the feeding fish up-stream, crawl into position, and, taking the utmost care that the gleam or sweep of his rod is invisible to his hawk-eyed quarry, gently deliver a floating cocked fly exactly where the fish is feeding. If this has been deftly performed, probably the fish takes the lure; but the least bungle sends it off in alarm, and the angler may at once begin to look out for another. We are old-fashioned enough to prefer the pre-scientific, but more pleasant, theory of fly-fishing—that of sauntering along, and here and there in likely places casting a leash of artificial flies. But then fly-fishing is with some people a recreation, not a profound study on scientific lines, in which the fisherman must wear Jack the giant killer's coat of darkness. Granted that by the latter method finer fish are killed. We have a hankering for the old plan, by which at all events a few fish could almost always be taken, and which pleasantly combined enjoyment of the scenery, birds, and flowers, and even an ode or two of Horace, instead of an absorbing devotion to casting a dry fly. *Chacun à son goût*, however, and Mr. Halford's art unquestionably demands much skill. Happy they who atttain it; perhaps happier they whose rivers are of a wild nature, and who, fishing only for amusement, are hampered by the trammels of no theory! There is pleasure *(pace* Mr. Stewart) in fishing down stream at times. There is profit at times, as when the May-fly is out, even for unscientific anglers, in adopting Mr. Halford's favourite style. The wise man casts in his lot unreservedly with neither method.

On the southern and western streams of England dry-fly fishing may be deemed the established style. The trout which they contain must have an evil time of it. Directly one rises a fisherman gently crawls up (there must be no hasty steps or the vibration of the bank would convey a sense of danger to the fish), and casts in a dry fly on strictly scientific principles. So many are thus caught, and so many more pricked or frightened, that the author waxes prophetic, and adopts the vein of a Darwinian Cassandra. It is questionable, he thinks, whether

"the perpetual danger of taking surface-food does not in time keep the fish down, and even make abstention from floating insects an hereditary instinct. This, too, is probably enhanced by the fact of the free-rising fish being gradually but surely killed off, and the new generations being bred from those who habitually find their food on the bottom of the river, so that each generation is less likely to rise than the one immediately preceding it."

Fortunately these ill-omened vaticinations are for our late descendants. Precisely the same reasoning applies to fishing with the sunk fly; and though trout have thus been fished for since Dame Juliana Berners' time—nay, for centuries before—they have not yet sulkily given up rising, and adopted the securer method of feeding on the bottom upon caddis-worms and water-snails.

Apart from the advocacy of his theory, concerning which there may be room for difference of practice, much of Mr. Halford's book is most useful. His chapters on "Where to cast" and "When to cast" are especially sensible, and may add wrinkles even to veteran fishermen. Indeed, they are so good that we are inclined to regret the pages spent on describing scientifically the different casts ("undercuts," "steeple casts," and the rest), which anglers pick up unconsciously, and still more the dozen beautifully tinted plates expended on them, marvels though they be of instantaneous photography. The whole *rationale* of fly-fishing is lucidly explained, not in the perfunctory manner in which it is treated in most manuals, but with particular care to meet all the difficulties of the art at the river-side, the perpetually varying incidents which may perplex a beginner. "Studies of Fish Feeding" is another chapter well-thought out and carefully expressed. Much sensible advice is given on the method of conducting an autopsy of a trout in order to find out the insect which is being most fancied by the fish. Best of all to every philosophical angler are Mr. Halford's enquiries into the life-history of the May-fly. These are carried out in the spirit of Pictet's experiments on the breeding of the *Phryganidae* of the Lake of Geneva. Fable after fable concerning the generation of the *Ephemeridae* is repeated by most fishermen at the river-side, fables worthy of Pliny or Walton's favourite authorities. The author, however, traces the history of the May-fly most carefully from the egg to the death of the fly, when its life-work is finished. These pages are full of interest and are illustrated by admirable figures, some hand-painted, some life-sized, and some magnified, of every metamorphosis of the angler's most celebrated fly. It is much to be wished that he would give anglers some further studies in the familiar insects of their craft.

In spite of a few solecisms (such as "seldom or ever" for "seldom or never"), this book is as well written as it is well printed and illustrated. Both author and publishers may reasonably be congratulated for what they have given to scholarly fly-fishers. The subject appears to possess inexhaustible interest, to judge from the enormous literature of fishing, which is perpetually having additions made to it; but it must be long before any actual addition can be made to the stores of learning which Mr. Halford has here accumulated.

M. G. WATKINS.

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NEW NOVELS.

Greifenstein. By F. Marion Crawford. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Severed Ties By Mrs. Henry Wylde. In 3 vols. (White.)

In Hiding. By M. Bramston. (Walter Smith & Innes.)

Anstruther's Wife. By Josephine Michell. (Roper & Drowley.)

Two Daughters of One Race. By C. H. Douglas. (Digby & Long.)

Blood Money, and other Stories. By Charles Gibbon. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Fate's a Fiddler, Life's a Dance. By Richard Russell. (M. Barstow.)

During the whole of his literary career Mr. Marion Crawford has produced nothing quite so powerful as one or two of the situations in *Greifenstein*. Indeed, the early chapters in the second volume which tell the story of the dreadful deed of retributive justice done by the half-brothers Greifenstein and Rieseneck upon the wretched woman who had betrayed them both is so terribly impressive that, like one of Turner's fiery sunsets, it kills everything in its immediate vicinity. It reminds one more of some of the luridly tragical crises in Webster and Ford than of anything in more recent literature; but Mr. Crawford, unlike these distinguished predecessors, is able to make the moral terror of the situation perfectly realisable without resorting to the use of the physically horrible or loathsome accessories which appeal to the imagination of the senses rather than to the imagination of the spirit. The *motif* is one which would have delighted the lesser men of our great dramatic period, and we can imagine how their stage would have resounded with groans and run with gore. Mr. Crawford dispenses with these adjuncts, which would to him be hindrances rather than helps. His manner is Greek rather than Elizabethan; and he produces his effects not by imaginative riot, but by the reserve, the restraint, the sense of fitness and congruity which are, much more truly than mere exuberance and luxuriance of feverish invention, notes of a master's art. Mr. Crawford has shown great skill in preventing the symmetrical structure of his story from becoming obtrusive and artificial. There is a perfect balance between the two contrasted groups – the elder group consisting of a couple of half-brothers and the woman by whom they are ruined, the younger group of another couple of half-brothers and the woman by whom they are redeemed; but the handling is so dexterous that the duplication is hidden save from the critical person who always reads with an open eye for mechanism. So far as the masculine characters are concerned, the strongest interest is about equally divided between the elder Greifenstein and the younger Rieseneck. Both are very noble and pathetic portraits of men to whom the preservation of personal honour is the one condition which makes life worth living; and to each comes a crisis when this condition, seeming to be no longer existent, the call of duty is a call to voluntary death. Greifenstein is a much simpler and more elementary character than Max; and from the moment of the terrible discovery that his son, in whom all his ambitions are centred, has no right to the name which has been dragged through the mire by a vile woman, the reader sees at once that the end is inevitable. With Max it is different: his gamut of moral sensibility is wider; and when Hamlet's question, "To be or not to be?" is presented to him, the working of his way to a satisfying answer is more laborious, and the issue of the process, being more doubtful, is therefore more intellectually interesting. As an artistic creation the younger Greifenstein, who is the nominal hero of the book—Max being surely the real one—is not less admirable than his father and half-brother; but he is certainly a less impressive individuality than either of them, and while they act he is acted upon. Never, I think, save in *Marzio's Crucifix*, has Mr. Marion Crawford given us more delicately truthful delineation of very subtly modulated developments of human emotion than in the pages of *Greifenstein*; and the only notably weak portions of a book, which is remarkable for sustained strength, are the incursions into the region of the supernatural which are to be found in the first volume. Max's feats of astrological prediction appear somewhat gratuitous; and to me they do not seem to harmonise with the rest of the story, which, though ideal in conception, never leaves the solid earth. They are, however, mere episodes, and are of comparatively little importance. Some readers always think that the latest work of a favourite author is the best; should any reader declare *Griefenstein* to be the best book of Mr. Marion Crawford it would be far from easy to show him to be mistaken.

It is impossible for a critic to say with perfect confidence that *Severed Ties* is the worse novel of the season, because it is improbable that he has read all the novels of the season, and some unique miracle of badness may have escaped him; but he may without undue temerity put it in the first—or ought I to say the last?—half dozen. The story of the young Italian lady who is separated from the young Italian gentleman to whom she is betrothed by the machinations of a worldly mother who wishes her to marry a wealthy English baronet, and of the very unpleasant and improper consequences which follow the success of the worldly mother's scheme, is about as absurd a story as was ever written. And its tiresomeness is not behind its absurdity, though neither is quite equal to the combined tiresomeness and absurdity of certain very juvenile love affairs which are sprinkled over the second and third volumes. The general character of the author's literary style may be inferred from the sentence in which she remarks that "Love, after a few hours' acquaintance, is usually rather a doubtful feeling; but Meredith's was just the nature in which this was likely to happen"—a sentence which seems to be fashioned after the model provided by a memorable judicial utterance—"Prisoner at the bar, Providence has blessed you with health, strength, and a good education, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks."

In Hiding is a title which suggests plots, crimes, detectives, and all the machinery of the sensational novelist; but it is really a very quiet story, which may, indeed, be regarded by the ordinary subscriber to the libraries as somewhat unduly deficient in exciting incidents. Readers of the more thoughtful class will feel that Mrs. Bramston has filled her small canvas very artistically; and should they come to the book fresh from the perusal of such a story as *Severed Ties*, they may attach even an exaggerated value to the good taste and literary skill which are everywhere manifest. The heroine, a childless widow, has centred her affections upon the little daughter of her half-brother, and she obtains the parents' consent to take the child with her on a visit to America. The steamer in which they are supposed to have sailed is lost with all hands, and they are, of course, believed to have gone down with her. They have, however, been prevented by an accident from embarking; and Mrs. Mallard yields to the temptation to conceal the facts, to change her name, to go into hiding in a neighbourhood where she is unknown, and to present the child to the world as her own daughter. Her reticence concerning the past excites the suspicions of one or two shrewd people, and the appearance upon the scene of an old lover makes the situation decidedly complicated; but the tangled skein is unwound in a very natural sort of way, and a pretty tale is brought to a pleasant ending. Though there is nothing great in the book, it contains one or two rather powerful chapters; and its art is from first to last refined and truthful.

When the moderately experienced reader finds himself adjured on the first page of *Anstruther's Wife* to "Behold my heroine and hero"; when he finds himself confronted with the fatuous question "Do you, my readers, want to know what they are like?" and when, as he continues his perusal of the book, he finds that one character can assume a "metallic voice" and another a "metallic look," he knows that the the literary amateur has him in her thrall. Such is, indeed, his sad case; for, though Mrs. or Miss Michell has apparently written two other novels and threatens the world with a fourth, it is to be feared that she will remain an amateur to the end of the chapter. Of the dozen well-worn plots which reappear every season she has chosen quite the most threadbare—that old, old story of the beautiful wife with a disreputable brother, whom she meets in secret, and a husband who is very devoted, very honourable, very proud, and very deficient in commonsense. Of course, the secret meetings are discovered; and equally, of course, the devoted husband is at once convinced that his wife is unfaithful, and "carries on" like the idiot that he is. The plot is intrinsically worthless, and there is nothing in the treatment which gives it any value.

Two Daughters of One Race is a much less tragical story than that told in the Laureate's poem from which the title is taken. There is no fair but wicked earl, there is no unpleasant play with a dagger "sharp and bright"; and though there is some "hate" in it, which may, if we so please, be described as "the hate of hell," it resides in the bosom of an elderly farmer, and is not felt by either of the "daughters," who are, indeed, most amiable young ladies. One of them is the legitimate child of a man of wealth and position; the other is the illegitimate child of the same person who has betrayed her mother under cover

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of a false marriage. The two girls, who have, naturally enough, been brought up in ignorance of each other's existence, meet for the first time as young women, when one of them is instrumental in saving the other from a position of considerable discomfort, not to say peril, whereupon they swear eternal friendship. There is not much in the story, but what there is may fairly be commended.

Mr. Charles Gibbon's short tales are not great things, but they are not bad enough to deserve the exceptionally hideous cover in which they are attired. They are simply respectable pot-boilers, and no one knows their true worth better than the author of *Auld Robin Gray*. The title-story is not devoid of pathos, and some of its companions are not wanting in invention, so the book may be called readable; though to those who remember Mr. Gibbon at his best it is rather sad reading.

Fate's a Fiddler, Life's a Dance is a poorly written story of the seamy side of life upon the turf. It is not worse than much of the literary material intended for railway consumption, and while this may seem faint praise it is all the praise that can honestly be given.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME BOOKS ON ANCIENT GREEK HISTORY.

"CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL ESSAYS." — I. *Political Parties in Athens during the Peloponnesian War.* By L. Whibley. (Cambridge: University Press.) Mr. Whibley was fortunate in being set a very interesting subject, and he has worked it out with care and skill. Any account of the position of parties at Athens cannot but be imperfect; for the secrecy of the clubs and the character of the historians combine to baffle our curiosity. Thucydides "was not writing the history of a period, but of an event"; and he neglects to tell us of domestic changes, the attitude and platform of parties, and even the names of more than a few public men. Diodotos must have been a person of some importance; but we learn nothing about him from Thucydides. Much must, therefore, be done by conjecture, or by the use of historical analogy, in interpreting the times of the Peloponnesian War; but conjecture is quite legitimate if it be checked on the one hand by such facts as we have, and on the other by some use of deduction, as in computing financial items which are not directly certified for us, or in estimating the incidence and effects of taxation. Nor do we think that Mr. Whibley has indulged too freely in conjecture, though he has, of course, done his best to eke out our scanty knowledge. He describes pretty fully the democratic party, which contemporary authorities place in comparative distinctness, and which was strengthened by alliances all over the Athenian empire; the oligarchic party, which burrowed underground and only came up, he thinks, to do mischief; and a rather hypothetical third party—the middle or moderate men—"who, though they might criticise the constitution, were not disloyal to it." This middle party was the peace-party through the first half of the war; the democrats' constant effort was to maintain the constitution and the empire, or (as Mr. Whibley calls it) the alliance, and, therefore, they would not consent to an untimely or inglorious peace; the oligarchic party was steadily hostile to the constitution. But is Mr. Whibley right in believing that "each club was centred round a single individual"? The *συνωμοσίαι ἐπὶ δικαίᾳ καὶ ἀρχαίᾳ* are surely not known to have been so. On the whole, Mr. Whibley's essay, though it shows some want of maturity of style and arrangement, is of a very promising character. He has done well to make accessible to English readers the theories of Müller-Strübing, Gilbert, and Beloch. But he must not be too ready to accept new lights. He will find that in Fränkel's note 427 to Böckh it is by no means "shown" (though it is quite possible) that pay for the assembly did not exist before Eukleides.

Histoire des Grecs. Par Louis Ménard. (Paris: Delagrave.) The history of the Greeks has been so often and so well told that an attempt to write it afresh must strike out some special line if it is to command our attention. The time is not yet fully come for working up into the story of the Greek people all the new information which can be extracted from inscriptions; and merely to go again over the old literary material seems hardly worth while. Dr. Ménard has traced in two volumes the fortunes of the Greek people down to the extinction of civilisation. What novelty there is in his treatment is found not in critical examination or in new theorising (for that does not seem to be his line, and the guides whom he follows are quite old—Heeren, O. Müller, Thirlwall), but in the all-embracing nature of the view he gives us. He traces a very firm outline of events, but tells them briefly; and the space thus gained enables him to represent Greek civilisation on all its sides, and to include art, letters, religion, geography, customs. This largeness of view rather breaks up the main story; but the direct narrative is saved from the dryness which so often goes with brevity by the introduction of large and well-chosen quotations from Herodotus or other authors. The really new thing, however, about Dr. Ménard's work is its lavish illustrations, taken from monuments of one sort or another. They are, it is true, small, and sometimes chosen a little at random. A view of a temple at Paestum is out of place between two views of the Parthenon, and a sketch of the Akropolis which represents it covered with modern or mediaeval houses is now out of date. But even so, the illustrations, and the reflections on art to which they give rise, are very useful. The so-called Vase of Darius (from Naples) comes in conveniently to illustrate the Persian Wars. The Persian history is enlivened by drawings of the remains of Persian architecture; and even a sketch of the well-known late mosaic from Pompeii is welcome when we are reading of the battle of Arbela. But a still wider study of the monuments would prevent Dr. Ménard from saying of Mithras that "l'inscription d'un de ses monuments lui donne le titre d'invincible." The truth is that *invictus* is a standing epithet of Mithras. We do not see how it can be said that "Un fait que personne n'a remarqué, et qui peut seul expliquer l'histoire des républiques anciennes, c'est que dans toutes et à toutes les époques les fonctions politiques furent entièrement gratuites." This fact is surely familiar to all readers of Aristotle.

Beiträge zur Griechischen Geschichte. Von L. Holtzapfel. (Berlin: Calvary; London: Nutt.) This pamphlet contains three essays upon Greek history—on the date of Solon's legislation; on the chronological order of events between the battle of Leukimme and the first invasion of Attica by the Peloponnesians; and on the relations of Athens to Persia between 465-412 B.C. The last mentioned essay, the most interesting of the three, seems likely to cast light on a very obscure subject. Did the Persian Wars end with a definite treaty of peace? On the one hand, Krateros was supposed to have actually copied such a document at Athens into his collection; on the other hand, Thucydides says nothing of such a treaty, yet could hardly have failed to mention it if he knew of its existence. If one tradition placed the peace after the battles of the Eurymedon, or about 464, another placed it in 449, after the campaign of Cyprus. Herr Holtzapfel will not believe in a peace to which no good authority bears testimony, and which is ignored by our most important witness; but he thinks that there were negotiations going on between Athens and Susa, and that this was the "other business" which took Kallias to Asia. The negotiations were for a truce only; for while a peace would enable the allies of Athens to say, "Now we may safely leave the League," a truce would not be so contrary to Athenian interests. As to the date, the year 449 is not a likely one for the negotiations, since neither power had then much interest in coming to terms; but in 464 both powers might be glad to let warfare rest. The Persians might, after Eurymedon, fear to lose both Cyprus and Cilicia, and would be anxious to recover their numerous prisoners. Athens was troubled with a revolt in Thasos, and dreaded Spartan interference. If Kallias were punished, as Demosthenes (*F. L.*, section 273) said, on his return home, rather than rewarded, as Plutarch (*Kimon*, 13) said, it must have been because he had agreed to a truce on terms too favourable to Persia. No truce was therefore ratified; and war went on. But it did not suit either party to push it vigorously, and the warfare is therefore on a very small scale—*e.g.*, the support given by Pissuthnes to the revolted Samians in 440. This state of things lasted till 424, when Lamachos attacked Heraclea on the Black Sea—a town under Persian government. But a real peace was concluded not long after this (see Andok. *De Pace*, section 28 *sq.*). But Greek vanity presently exaggerated the *de facto* cessation of important hostilities into a peace; and it was some record of the proposed terms of the truce which Krateros copied. This theory hangs well together, and fits better than any other yet invented both the recorded history of the time and the motives of the contracting powers.

L'Ancienne Alexandrie. Étude archéologique et topographique par le Dr. Néroutsos Bey. (Paris: Leroux.) A second title, which appears, not on the outside or title-page of the work, but at the top of page 5, more exactly answers to the real contents of this pamphlet than the title given above does. It is really nothing more than an "Etude sur les fouilles exécutées à Alexandrie pendant les derniers douze ans (1874-85)." But within these narrower limits it is useful and, indeed, valuable. Néroutsos Bey complains bitterly that, while the Boulaq Museum is daily enriched with precious objects of the Pharaonic times, Alexandria, the city of the Ptolemies, is neglected. It is worse than neglected. Objects which come to light in excavating the soil for new buildings or railway cuttings are stolen, wantonly destroyed, or left to perish under the attacks of weather and of relic-hunters. The catacombs and other burial-places, pagan, Jewish, and Christian, are impartially destroyed or filled up and buried. Ruins of temples, remains of camps, and mosaic floors have disappeared within the last fifteen years. Very little, in fact, is left in the way of building, except the column of Diocletian and some substructions of uncertain origin. The author has, therefore, done good service in carefully describing all that he has seen or known brought to light, and in publishing the Latin and Greek inscriptions, Alexandria had one perfect model of a

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Christian mortuary-chapel to show, on the south slope of Karmoûz:

"Il ne reste plus rien aujourdhui de cette relique sacrée. . . . Tout a disparu, peintures et inscriptions; même le double et, quelque part, le triple enduit du revêtement des parois a été gratté, et les moulures ont été martelées pour faire place aux griffonnages et aux noms de visiteurs imbéciles."

Surely, the Mahdi and all his dervishes could not do much worse than this. Néroutsos Bey's little book is nicely got up, and, for the most part, carefully done. But the printing of Posidippus's epigrams on the Aphrodite temple of Cape Zephyrion is deplorable; and we cannot follow the translation of Inscription No. 44B, Αὐτὴ δ' Ἄλκηστις ἀρετὴν ἔστευσα—"Mais ce fut la vertu qui précipita Alcestis vers la mort." Either the reading or the translation must be wrong.

Commentarii Critici ad Thucydidem pertinentes. Scripsit Carolus Hude. (Copenhagen: Gyldendal; London: Nutt.) Mr. Hude has collated with evident care the readings of the Codex Laurentianus of Thucydides for Books iii.-viii., and of the Codex Vaticanus for Books vii.-viii. Books i.-ii. of the Laurentianus have, he thinks, been already sufficiently examined by Schön. Books iii.-iv. were collated for Arnold's edition "cui tamen collationi fides haberi non potest." The results of his examination are given in the pamphlet before us. For the most part his changes seem to affect the sense little; but editors and readers who value a text for its minute accuracy owe warm thanks to Mr. Hude. Some difference of sense, however, follows on the choice of a reading for vii. 44, 45. Διέφευγον αὐτοὺς ἅτε ἐκείνων ἐπισταμένων τὸ σύνθημα is the original reading of the Vaticanus, although . . . οι is written over ἐπισταμένων, and the Laurentianus has ἐπιστάντων, which is plainly a corruption of ἐπισταμένων. With the reading ἐπιστάμενοι, which was followed for instance by Göller, ἐκείνων must be referred to the Athenians. But it is awkward so to take it immediately after αὐτοὺς used of the Athenians; whereas, if we follow the Vaticanus, ἐκείνων can be quite naturally taken of the troops on the Syracusan side. But Mr. Hude makes use of conjecture as well as of collation in restoring the text of Thucydides, as on viii. 32, or again on iii. 98, 4. In the latter passage the expression ἡλικία ἡ αὐτὴ has been felt to be obscure; and he conjectures that Thucydides wrote ἡλικία ἡ πρώτη = *aetatis praestantissimae*, comparing vi. 55, 2, where πρώτῃ is written in all MSS. for αὐτῇ. But, even if we could admit that a reversed instance is a parallel case, we should doubt whether πρώτη can mean *praestantissima* as applied to age. It would rather point to early youth. Why after all should not Thucydides have remarked on the agreement in age among the Athenians who fell in Aetolia?

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE King of Sweden, who takes a very active interest in the meeting of the International Congress of Orientalists, to be held at Stockholm in September, has invited Prof. Max Müller to be his personal guest during the Congress.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS have in preparation a series of handbooks on athletic games, to be called the "All-England" series, which will be issued, with illustrations, and bound in cloth, at a very low price. The first volume, to appear before the end of the present month, will be *Lawn Tennis*, written by Mr. H. W. W. Wilberforce, secretary of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, with a chapter for ladies by Mrs. Hillyard (Miss Bingley). During June and July, this will be followed by *Cricket*, by the Hon. Ivo Bligh; *Rowing*, by Mr. W. B. Woodgate; and *Sailing*, by Mr. E. F. Knight, author of "The Cruise of the Falcon." Other volumes that have been arranged for are: *Football*—Rugby, by Mr. H. Vassall, and Association, by Mr. C. W. Alcock; *Athletics* and *Cycling*, both by Mr. H. H. Griffin; *Fencing*, by Mr. H. A. Colmore Dunn; *Boxing*, by Mr. R. G. Allanson-Winn; and *Wrestling*, by Mr. Walter Armstrong.

MR. HUBERT HALL, of the Record Office, has in preparation a new book, which will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. next autumn, under the title *Court Life under the Plantagenets:* Reign of Henry II. It will be illustrated with numerous reproductions of contemporary drawings, both coloured and plain, and will form a kind of companion volume to his "Society in the Elizabethan Age," now in a third edition.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS, of Norwich, have nearly ready for publication Mr. Walter Rye's monograph on *Cromer: Past and Present*; which is intended to be a sample of his projected History of the Hundred of North Erpingham. After popular chapters dealing with the landowners from Domesday, the old traders and fishers, the churches buried and living, the discovery of the watering-place, the habits and superstitions of the people, there will be given in an appendix (1) notes of every inscription in the church and churchyard, (2) notes of all the feet of fines down to 32 Geo. III., (3) references to every will, and (4) transcripts of every subsidy roll and poll book relating to the parish, besides papers on the geology, botany, and etymology. The work is abundantly illustrated with architectural drawings; and we may add that the entire profits of publication will be handed over by the author to the Cromer Church Restoration Fund.

MESSRS. W. & J. ARNOLD, of Liverpool, will publish this month—in a limited edition, printed on hand-made paper and bound in antique boards—Miss Emily H. Hickey's new volume, entitled *Verse-Tales, Lyrics, and Translations*. One of the poems, written a little while ago, has for its subject Father Damien, of Molokai. The translations are mostly from the Anglo-Saxon.

EDNA LYALL'S new story, "Derrick Vaughan—Novelist," which is now running through *Murray's Magazine*, will be published in volume form on June 1, by Messrs. Methuen & Co. It is understood that the story contains autobiographic touches.

MESSRS. G. ROUTLEDGE & SONS have in the press a second and cheaper edition of Miss Amelia B. Edward's *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys*, revised and brought up to date by the author. The second edition of *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*, recently published by the same firm, is already exhausted.

MR. FISHER UNWIN announces for immediate publication *Chopin, and Other Musical Essays*, by Mr. Henry T. Finck, author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty," containing papers on German opera, the difference between the German and Italian vocal styles, and the philosophical relation between music and morals.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN & Co. will issue next week the collection of early letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by Mr. D. G. Ritchie. In addition to those of Mrs. Carlyle, the volume will include eleven unpublished letters of Carlyle, dealing chiefly with his studies in connection with the projected History of German Literature and his *Cromwell*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press an English edition of Prof. Böhn-Bawerk's important treatise on Capital and Interest, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of May 4 by Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth. The book has been translated, with the author's approval and assistance, by Mr. William Smart, lecturer on economics in Queen Margaret College, Glasgow.

THE next volume of the "Camelot" Series, to be issued on May 25, will be entitled *Political Orations from Wentworth to Macaulay*. The editor is Mr. William Clarke, who provides a general introduction, as well as prefatory notes to each of the speeches.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. have in preparation a new edition of *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, edited by his brother the Rev. G. H. Hodson, who has supplied additional matter in answer to the fresh charges against Major Hodson recently made by Mr. Bosworth Smith and Mr. T. R. E. Holmes.

THE same publishers will shortly issue a metrical translation of the *De Imitatione* by Dean Carrington.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish next month a new novel, in three volumes, by Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), entitled *That Other Woman*.

NEXT month's volume of Count Tolstoi's works, published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be *Childhood, Boyhood, Youth*. The translator is Isabel F. Hapgood.

THE Rev. Frank Ballard, of Liverpool, has written a reply to Rev. A. G. Brown's pamphlet on amusement, entitled *Is Amusement Devilish?* which will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. WALTER SCOTT will shortly publish a cheap edition of Mr. J. Bernard Shaw's novel, *Cashel Byron's Profession*.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & SON, of Bolton, will commence to publish in July, through a number of newspapers, a new story by Mr. W. E. Norris, entitled "Misadventure"; and later on in the year "By Order of the Czar; or, The Queen of the Ghetto," by Mr. Joseph Hatton.

To the tenth number of Mr. Eyles's *Popular Poets of the Period*, to be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., Dr. A. H. Japp contributes a paper on the life and writings of Lord Tennyson. Mr. George Barlow, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Canon Bell, will also find representation in the same number.

THE publishing office of "Wyman's Technical Series" of Practical Handbooks has been removed to 65 and 66 Chancery Lane.

THE *Literarisches Centralblatt* for May 4 contains an interesting article, by Prof. Bernhöfft of Rostock, on Mr. Whitley Stokes's edition of the Anglo-Indian Codes.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish early in June the first volume of the Gifford Lectures on Natural Theology, delivered by Prof. Max Müller at Glasgow during last November and December. This first course consists of twenty lectures on the definitions of Natural Religion, the proper method of its treatment, and the materials available for its study.

MR. S. G. OWEN, classical lecturer of the Owens College, Manchester, has nearly ready for publication his promised critical edition of Ovid's *Tristia*, with Latin Prolegomena. It forms a substantial octavo volume, and will be issued by the Clarendon Press.

PROF. STOKES has chosen as his subject for the Rede Lecture at Cambridge, to be delivered on Wednesday, June 12, "Some Effects of the Action of Light on Ponderable Matter."

MR. GOSSE, Clark lecturer in English literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, announces

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a course of four lectures on "The Development of Naturalism in English Poetry from 1780 to 1820." Mr. Gosse's three years' period of office ends with the present term.

PROF. NETTLESHIP will deliver two public lectures at Oxford this term upon "Literary Criticism in Latin Antiquity."

MR. SELL, fellow of the Madras University, was to give a lecture at the Indian Institute, Oxford, on Friday, May 17, on "A New Departure in Islam in South India."

MR. ERNEST GARDNER, director of the British School at Athens, has been re-elected a second time to the Craven studentship at Cambridge. A grant of £80 from the Craven fund has also been made to Mr. W. Gilchrist Clark, of King's College, to assist him to carry out excavations in the necropolis of Carmona, near Seville.

THE Oxford Historical Society has just issued to subscribers its second volume for 1888, being a continuation of *Hearne's Collections*, edited by Mr. C. E. Doble. The period covered is from May, 1710, to December, 1712; and it is no less full than the preceding ones of learned jottings and spicy gossip. Among the events recorded are the deaths of Bishop Ken, Dean Aldrich, Henry Dodwell, and Richard Cromwell; the appearance of the *Spectator*, and the Hamilton-Mohun duel. For 1889, two volumes are now in course of printing for the society—the index to the University Register from 1571 to 1622; and *Wood's History of the City of Oxford*, edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark. There will also probably be given a volume of Collectanea, edited by Prof. Montagu Burrows. We may add that the annual subscription is one guinea, and that the published volumes may be obtained by new subscribers and can also be purchased separately. The hon. treasurer of the society is Mr. F. Madan, St. Mary's Entry.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. have published this week a second series of *Keble College Sermons*. Besides the late warden (Dr. Talbot) and the sub-warden (Mr. Lock), the preachers include the present Bishop of Chester, the Rev. the Hon. A. T. Lyttelton (warden of Selwyn College, Cambridge), Canon Aubrey Moore, and the Rev. G. W. Gent (principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea).

ORIGINAL VERSE.

AMOR IN EXTREMIS.

"'Say, hast thou lied?' And 'I have lied
To God and her,' he said, and died."
R. BROWNING (*Count Gismond*).

LORD, I have sinn'd; yet grant me grace
Once more again to behold her face,
Ere I go to mine own appointed place.

Lord, I had vowed to fight for Thee there,
Where Paynims are holding Jerusalem fair,
That Christian men might kneel in prayer

Before the place where Thou, Lord, didst lie,
Upon the spot where Thou, Lord, didst die,
And gave up the ghost with that bitter cry.

Yet for my vow is there nought to show,
I broke no lance with the heathen foe,
Lord, I have lied unto Thee, I know.

Lied, because a woman was fair,
And the sun shone warm on her golden hair,
Ah, but her beauty was passing rare!

Blame her not, Lord, for the sin was mine,
She had not sworn to fight for Thy shrine,
Let me drink of the cup that is bitter as brine.

But Lord, if I ever found grace in Thy sight,
Let no drop from that cup dim the gold so bright
Of her hair; which drew me away from the light.

I mid the lost on the Judgment day
Must go to my place; yet to Thee, Lord, I pray,
That Thou wilt have mercy on her alway.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

OBITUARY.

PRESIDENT BARNARD.

IN Dr. F. A. P. Barnard America loses the *doyen* of her college presidents, and one of her most distinguished scholars. Born in 1809, he passed away on Saturday, April 27, within eight days of his eightieth birthday.

Dr. Barnard's entire life was one of uninterrupted labour in the cause of learning. Having graduated at Yale College, which he entered at the early age of fifteen, he began his professional career, while yet under twenty, as principal of the Hartford Grammar School. From Hartford, being still a minor, he went back to Yale as tutor, but resigned his tutorship a year later in order to accept the charge of a department in the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford. He was next elected to the professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy in the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, and, twelve years later, was translated to the chair of chemistry and natural history in the same university. In 1859 Dr. Barnard accepted an invitation to the chair of mathematics and mental philosophy in the University of Mississipi, of which he became president in 1861. In 1862 he was appointed director of the Map and Chart department of the Coast Survey, where he was chiefly engaged in superintending the preparation of war maps. Finally, in 1864, he was called to the presidency of Columbia College, which distinguished office he resigned in the month of May, 1888, after holding it with pre-eminent honour and success for a term of twenty-four years. Virtually, however, Dr. Barnard continued in office till the day of his death, his resignation not having been formally accepted by the trustees of the college.

As a scholar and a man of science, Dr. Barnard was unquestionably one of the most eminent of contemporary Americans. He was the author of a large number of mathematical text-books, as well as a frequent contributor to various scientific publications on abstruse questions of chemistry and physics. He also wrote an admirably logical and decisive treatise on "The Metrology of the Great Pyramid," which was reprinted as an octavo volume, in 1884, from the *Proceedings* of the American Metrological Society. Genial, catholic, and progressive in the widest sense of the word, Dr. Barnard took a lively interest in *belles lettres*, as well as in the march of Oriental research. In his youth he, too, lived in Arcady, and wrote many poems; nor did he, even in old age, wholly forget the pleasant paths of verse, but in 1887 wrote his last lines in honour of the centenary celebration of Columbia College. Many universities, both European and American, honoured themselves by honouring Dr. Barnard with academic degrees.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for May contains a philosophical essay by Hugenholtz on the consciousness of God and of moral freedom; a very bold article by Daniel Völter on the genuineness, integrity, and composition of the four chief Pauline epistles; and a defence by M. Chavannes of his recent work, "La Religion dans la Bible," against the criticisms of Prof. Oort. Van Bell reviews Talma's work on the doctrine of the human consciousness.

THE *Theologische Literaturzeitung* for May 4 opens with reviews by Budde, well known as one of those who do not despair of an alliance between the Church and criticism, of Forbes's "Studies on the Book of Psalms" and Cheyne's "New Translation of the Psalms, with Commentary." The reviewer devotes more space to both than is usual with some German critics of English books, and recognises the love to their subject shown by the two authors. For the study of the final redaction and arrangement, and possibly also of the structure of the Psalms, something may be gathered from the former work. But its standpoint is far removed from that of an historical criticism. This, of course, is more interesting for German than for most English readers. A standpoint may be antiquated in Germany, but still be recognised in England; and if recognised, it is well that it should have representatives as learned and laborious as Dr. Forbes. Prof. Cheyne's commentary is criticised in a cordial and sympathetic spirit. More indications of corrections of the text are called for, and a special treatment of the verse and strophe question. The critic complains of being sometimes tantalised when the author breaks off suddenly with a reference to a second volume, but finds the general execution of the work satisfactory, so that "jeder zufrieden aus dem Hause geht."

THE GREEK PROFESSORSHIP AT CAMBRIDGE.

FOR the Regius Professorship of Greek at Cambridge three candidates have presented themselves:—(1) Dr. Jebb, formerly public orator, late fellow and tutor of Trinity College, and now honorary fellow of that society and professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow; (2) Dr. Jackson, fellow and classical lecturer and praelector in ancient philosophy at Trinity College; and (3) Dr. Fennell, late fellow of Jesus College.

Dr. Jebb was Porson scholar and Porson prizeman in 1859, Craven University scholar in 1860, and senior classic in 1862. He has edited the *Electra* and *Ajax* of Sophocles in the "Catena Classicorum," and the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, *Oedipus Coloneus*, and *Antigone*, published by the University Press. He has also edited and translated the Characters of Theophrastus. He is the author of a *Primer of Greek Literature*, an *Introduction to Homer*, *Translations in Greek and Latin Verse*, *The Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isaeos*, four essays on modern Greece, and the volume on *Bentley* in "English Men of Letters." He has besides contributed to the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* papers on the Homeric House, on Pindar, and on Delos. He is honorary LL.D. of the universities of Edinburgh, Harvard, and Bologna. Dr. Jackson was third in the first class of the classical tripos of 1862, and has edited the fifth book of the *Nichomachean Ethics* and contributed to the *Journal of Philology* (of which he is an editor) an important series of papers on the Platonic Theory of Ideas. He has resided continuously in Cambridge, where he has made his mark as an able lecturer on Greek philosophy. He has recently been president of the Cambridge Philological Society, and is now chairman of the board of classical studies. Dr. Fennell was in the first class in the tripos of 1865, has edited Pindar for the University Press, and has published papers in the *Journal of Philology* and elsewhere.

In accordance with the regulations governing the election, the candidates are to deliver praelections before the council of the senate, on subjects proposed by themselves. On Friday, May 24, at noon, in the Arts School, Dr. Jebb will discuss the passage on Sophocles in Suidas, *καὶ αὐτὸς ἦρξε τοῦ δρᾶμα πρὸς δρᾶμα ἀγωνίζεσθαι ἀλλὰ μὴ τετραλογίαν*. On Saturday, May 25, at 2 p.m., Dr. Jackson will lecture on the first two chapters of the first book of Xenophon's *Memorabilia*; and on the same day, at noon, Dr. Fennell on Aesch. *Septem contra Thebas*, 78-181.

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SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BASTIAN, A. Einiges aus Samoa u. anderen Inseln der Südsee. Berlin: Dümmler. 1 M. 80 Pf.
BECKER, H. Die Brahmanen in der Alexandersage. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
HAVARD, H. Dictionnaire de l'ameublement et de la décoration depuis le 13e siècle jusqu'à nos jours. T. 3. Paris: Quantin. 55 fr.
NACHTIGAL, G. Sahará u. Súdán. 3. Thl. Hrsg. v. E. Groddeck. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 15 M.
SCHWEITZER, Ph. Geschichte der scandinavischen Litteratur. 3. Bd. Leipzig: Friedrich. 6 M.

HISTORY.

MENDHEIM, M. Das reichsstädtische, besonders Nürnberger Söldnerwesen im 14. u. 15. Jahrhundert. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
OTTO, J. K. Th. v. Geschichte der Reformation im Erzherzogth. Oesterreich unter Kaiser Maximilian II. (1564-1576). Wien: Braumüller. 1 M. 50 Pf.
PASINI, F. F. Il sacro militare ordine gerosolimitano del S. Sepolcro. Cenni storici. Rome. 20 fr.
PRECIS des campagnes de 1796 et 1797 en Italie et en Allemagne. Brussels: Muquardt. 5 fr.
SEITZ, Ch. L'œuvre politique de César, jugée par les historiens de Rome au XIXe siècle. Basel: Georg. 2 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ANAGNOSTAKIS, A. La méthode antiseptique chez les anciens. Athens: Wilberg. 2 fr.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

OLD NORTHUMBRIAN GLOSSES IN THE VATICAN.

Oxford: May 11, 1889.

The following glosses were found by Mr. W. M. Lindsay in the course of his recent researches in the Vatican library, and he has very kindly placed his copy at my disposal. The manuscript in which they are (MS. Pal. 68) contains Glossae in Psalmos. Interspersed in the text are a number of Irish glosses as well as the following English ones. The Irish and English glosses, which are written in the text itself, are distinguished from the Latin by slanting strokes over each letter. The whole MS. is written in an Irish hand, and in the printed catalogue is ascribed to the eighth century, but it is questionable whether this statement can be relied upon. A page of the MS. is now being photographed, so that the question of age may soon be settled.

The dialect of the English glosses is Northumbrian, as shown by the form *sifu* without the final *n*, and by the forms *selaes* and *selas*, which must be Mercian or Northumbrian. Just as the West Saxon *weorc*, *beorht* are represented in these dialects by *werc*, *berht*, so to the West Saxon *seolh*, gen. *sēoles*, there corresponds a Merc. and North. *selh*, gen. *sēles* (*cf.* Sievers, *Ags. Gramm.*, § 164). The occurrence, too, of English and Irish glosses side by side in the same MS. points to the same conclusion.

The contractions in the Latin have been expanded and the punctuation modernised. The Old English words are printed in italics.

(1) Fol. 12b (Ps. 74, 14):

"Dedisti eum escam etc. .i. eo quod timore eius pisces ad terram aethiopiae veniunt. Timet enim et manducat unum quodque animal in mari alterum. Et dicunt quod vii. minoribus saturantur maiores, ut vii *fiscas selaes fyllu, sifu selas hronaes fyllu, sifu hronas hualaes fyllu.*"

That is, "seven fishes (form) a seal's fill, seven seals a hron's fill, seven hrons a whale's fill." *Hron* and *hwæl* are generally used indifferently for "whale"; here the *hron* evidently denotes a smaller species.

(2) Fol. 15a (Ps. 78, 45):

"Et ranam .i. *frose.*"

(3) Fol. 20b (Ps. 90, 13):

"Conuertere, domine .i. ad nos rogantes. Usquequo .i. *nudu hiru scaealt.*"

Nudu . . . scaealt (= *nū ðū scealt*) means "now thou shalt." The *hiru* presents some difficulty. Of the various possible explanations the most probable is the one suggested to me both by Mr. Plummer and by Prof. Zupitza, that *hiru* is mis-written for *huru* (= certainly, indeed, at any rate). "Now indeed thou shalt" belonging to *Usquequo*.

A. S. NAPIER.

CHAUCER'S "HOUSE OF FAME" AND PROF. TEN BRINK.

Aberystwyth: May 9, 1889.

I regret that engrossing private affairs have prevented my noticing at once Mr. Palgrave's interesting and suggestive criticism upon Prof. Ten Brink's discussion of the *House of Fame*, as referred to and supported in my review. Prof. Ten Brink assuredly needs no defence of mine; but, as I am directly associated with him in the critique, I should like to state my own reasons for sharing his view. At the same time I must own that I owe these reasons themselves in large part, though not wholly, to him; and although I have, since Mr. Palgrave's letter appeared, gone carefully over the whole question once more, I am aware that, in much of what follows, I am travelling over ground much more adequately covered already in Prof. Ten Brink's *Chaucerstudien*, which I read with care years ago, but have not since referred to, and which is not at the moment accessible to me—writing, like Mr. Palgrave, "in the country."

1. It will be convenient slightly to depart from Mr. Palgrave's order, and to attempt to establish at the outset the position against which his principal attack is directed—viz., that the *House of Fame* was written with a very conscious reference to the *Divina Commedia*, and may fairly be termed, in Prof. Ten Brink's words, "eine Art Gegenstück" (rather inadequately rendered in my review by the word "counterpart") to it. Mr. Palgrave admits a single trace of imitation on Chaucer's part—the address to Apollo at the outset of book iii., from *Paradiso I.*—"and with this," he contends, "all just inference ceases." I must ask him, however, with all deference to his riper judgment, whether he considers the following analogies wholly futile and accidental:

(*a*) At the close of Book I. Chaucer, after leaving the Temple of Venus, finds himself in a pathless wilderness, and looks about for some one who may tell him where he is. So, the starting-point of Dante is the *selva selvaggia*, in which he has gone astray.

(*b*) In his distress, a heaven-sent messenger appears to his relief. Chaucer's Eagle plays the part of the Dantean Vergil, and the prayer which evokes the Eagle,

> "O Criste, that art in blysse
> Fro fantome and illusioun
> Me save!"

may be compared with Dante's first cry for help to the Mantuan Shade against the terrible phantoms of that wild wood.

(*c*) At the outset of the second book, like Dante in the second canto of the *Inferno*, Chaucer prefaces the account of the most marvellous part of his experience with a solemn appeal to Thought:

> "O Thought, that wrote all that I mette
> And in the tresorye hit shette
> Of my brayne! now shal men se
> If any vertu in the be,
> To tellen all my dreme aryght;
> Now kythe thyn engyne and myght."

Cf. Inferno, ii. 7 ff:

> "O Muse, o alto ingegno, or mi aiutate!
> O mente, che scrivesti ciò che io vidi,
> Qui si parrà la tua nobilitate."

(*d*) The messenger, in addition to his timely intervention, becomes the poet's guide to a supernatural vision never before disclosed to living man. Chaucer, like Dante, marvels, and in almost identical language, that he should be singled out for this high favour:

> "Wher Joves wol me stellefye
> Or what thinge may this sygnifye?
> I neyther am Enok, ne Elye."

Cf. Inf. ii. 32:

> "Ma io, perchè venirvi? O chi l'concede?
> Io non Enea, io non Paulo sono."

The Eagle reads Chaucer's thought:

> "(But he that bare gan copye
> That I so thoughte)";

And Vergil interprets Dante's faltering words:

> "Sei savio, e intendi mei, che non ragiono."

The guide thereupon, in each case, relieves his poet's fear by explaining the cause of his mission:

> "I wol the telle what I am
> And whider thou shalt, and why I cam
> To do thys, so that thou take
> Goode herte, and not for fere quake."

Cf. Inf. ii. 49.

> "Da questo tema acciò che tu ti solve,
> Dirotti, per che io venni."

The explanation itself is no doubt widely different in the two cases. Chaucer is permitted to see the House of Fame as a reward for his laborious celebration of Love; while the mission of Vergil by Beatrice to the aid of her friend—"Amico mio, e non della Ventura"—and his journey through the invisible world which follows, are the symbols of a moral process of which there is as little trace in Chaucer as there is of the theological Paradise in the latter's Ovidian House of Fame.

2. We are then, I think, entitled to assert that Chaucer's description of his visionary journey with the Eagle was really sketched, with whatever playful variations to suit his purpose, from the austere narrative of Dante. What light does this throw upon Chaucer's use of the term "comedy" in the passage at the close of the *Troilus*? Two distinct questions require here to be distinguished. In hoping that he might one day write a comedy, was he referring to the *House of Fame*? And if he was, did he use the term in the Dantean sense? The matter would be simplified if the Dantean sense happened to be the only one which the *House of Fame* would suit. But this is by no means the case. The poem is pre-eminently cheerful, pleasant, almost gay. If it has an undertone of grave thought, it is

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also full of Chaucer's peculiar archness, while its metrical form is that light and lilting octosyllabic couplet which since his youth he had disused for measures of greater volume and sonority. I may here interpolate an *obiter* confession—viz., that Mr. Palgrave's criticism upon the assertion that this rhythm was "habitually used" by Chaucer in his pre-Italian period arose from my certainly somewhat loose rendering of Prof. Ten Brink's word—"geläufig"—to which it hardly applies. It is far nearer to a "comedy" than the *Tales*, which Mr. Palgrave, very strangely to my thinking, suggests as a likelier candidate. Whatever the comic qualities of a minority of the *Tales* may be—and no doubt they are pervaded by Chaucer's richest comic vein—how can he possibly have referred to the whole work as a comedy? And it appears equally out of the question to suppose a reference to some single one among them—say the Miller's or the Reve's Tale. If this antithesis of "tragedye" and "comedye" in the *Troilus* passage has any point at all, the latter must denote some work comparable in artistic scope with the *Troilus*, as well as in certain respects precisely opposed to it. And the *House of Fame* alone satisfies these conditions.

But did Chaucer mean no more by "comedye" than this prevalent cheerfulness of tone and subject? I think it can be made pretty clear that he used it to denote a certain type of plot in which the *dénoûment* was, as we say, "happy," but was reached by a gradual or sudden transition from adversity. For by "tragedye," which he expressly opposes to it, he certainly understood not merely a plot of prevalent gloom, but one in which a gloomy *dénoûment* was reached by a transition commonly sudden from prosperity. *Cf.*, *e.g.*, the opening of the Monk's Tale:

"I wol bewaile in manere of tragedye
The harme of hem that stode in high degre
And fellen so that ther was no remedye
To bring hem out of hir adversite."

Very instructive also in this respect is the *Troilus* itself, the tragedy *par excellence*. It is the record of a consummate happiness built up by slow degrees and then shattered at a blow. Its whole structure shows how vividly Chaucer conceived, and how strenuously he insisted on, this antithetic or rhythmic conception, if one may so speak, of tragedy. Nor can there be any doubt as to the influence which here dominates him. It is clear that the imposing scheme of Dante's poem, as an ascent by definite stages out of misery to joy, had deeply impressed his artistic sense. His own poem opens with a similar ascent, though only to prepare the way for a more abrupt downfall; and the successive phases of the process are marked with a deliberate and lingering emphasis which recalls, faintly enough no doubt, the tremendous antithesis of Dante's three-fold world, but which he learnt from no other source. Compare especially the opening of the second book:

"Out of thise blake wawes for to saylle
O wynde, O wynde, now the weder gynneth clere;
For in this see the boot hath swiche travaylle
Of my connynge, that unnethe I it stere;
This se clepe I the tempestous matere
Of desespeyre that Troylus was inne;
But now of hope the kalendes bigynne"

with the well-known opening of the *Purgatorio* (i. 1):

"Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele
Omai la navicella del mio ingegno
Che lascia dietro a sè mar sì crudele."

As, then, tragedy, in Chaucer's sense, implied a transition from prosperity to adversity, so comedy, it may fairly be argued, when expressly opposed to it, implied a transition of the opposite kind. And such a transition I still think is to be found in the *House of Fame*. Certainly, it is of far narrower emotional compass than that of the *Troilus*, or of the *Divina Commedia*. It is the transition from the narrow world of uncongenial drudgery and solitary labour in which he lived to the glorious vision of fame granted to him by the powers of heaven:

"In somme recompensacioun
Of labour and devocioun
That thou hast had, loo! causeles
To Cupido the rechelesse."

His "comedy" relates an imagined change in a real life, his own; his "tragedy" a real one in the imagined life of Troilus.

But Mr. Palgrave argues that Chaucer could not have been affected by Dante's conception of comedy, since he was necessarily unacquainted with his definition of it in the *De Vulgari Eloquio*, published after his death. I confess that it seems to me of little importance whether a poet like Chaucer had or had not read an explicit definition of what he found defined implicitly in the very structure of the *Commedia* itself. But is it so certain that Dante's definition was unknown to him? It is true that the "locus classicus" in the *De Vulgari Eloquio* was inaccessible until the fifteenth century. But a passage much more to the point occurs in the famous letter in which Dante dedicated the *Paradiso* to Can Grande—a letter of which the travelled student of the *Paradiso* itself can hardly have been ignorant. It is here that Dante, more explicitly than in the former passage, explains and justifies his usage of the word:

"Comoedia . . . inchoat asperitatem alicuius rei, sed eius materia prospere terminatur. . . . Et per hoc patet quod comoedia dicitur praesens opus. Nam si ad materiam respiciamus, a principio horribilis et foetida est quia *Infernus*; in fine prospera, desiderabilis et grata, quia *Paradisus*."

This definition is surely as unmistakeable as can be desired.

(3) I must notice, in conclusion, the argument with which Mr. Palgrave closes his case—one to which I cannot but think he would himself attach weight only so long as it is buttressed by those already discussed:

"Chaucer was indebted for his own art to the early Italian Renaissance—to the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio especially—in a degree only second to his debt to Mother Nature. . . . And in a small companion-piece to the *Commedia* one would naturally expect this Renaissance influence to be more or less clearly marked. Yet . . . the *Fame* is, on the contrary, purely mediaeval."

It is not very easy to know what to say to this. For, after all, Chaucer was just as much and just as little of the Renaissance as he was, and the *House of Fame* has to be explained as it stands. Mr. Palgrave's conception of Chaucer's attitude would seem at first sight to be favoured by our view of the poem rather than by his own, since we assert that direct relation to Dante which he denies. And if the work, in spite of that close relation, is "mediaeval," "incoherent," and what not—as, no doubt, it is—this merely shows that his imitation was, as we have asserted, free and not implicit, the product of an independent and profoundly alien genius, not of a rapt disciple. Or are we to say that Dante was a luminary of such fascination that even a Chaucer could not approach it without being absorbed? That may be said by some one (if such a one there be), who denies that Chaucer knew anything of Dante, not by Mr. Palgrave, who expressly asserts that without him, and his followers, "he would not have been our Chaucer" at all. It may be strange that Chaucer—a close student of Dante—should have written like a mediaeval; but it is a fact that he did; and Mr. Palgrave, who attacks us for discovering it in the *House of Fame*, is himself the convinced and brilliant exponent of it in Chaucer's literary production at large.

In the closing paragraph of his letter, Mr. Palgrave subjects that famous old bugbear of English criticism, the "German commentator," to one tempered castigation more, and regrets "the fate which too often appears to condemn the Teutonic mind to deduce subtle, erudite, but unsubstantial conclusions from admirably gathered premises." Well, we also are Teutons in part; and I fear we must own that, in so far as we English Teutons contrive to escape this "fate," it is too often only by deducing our unsubstantial conclusions from premises equally unsubstantial. Mr. Palgrave will possibly think my letter an instance of this, and he may be right. But I trust that I shall not be guilty of discourtesy to a scholar whom I, in common with all lovers of English poetry, look up to with (may I not say?) affectionate gratitude, and without whose golden volume I rarely leave home—if I suggest that his criticism of Prof. Ten Brink's theory would have been more unassailable had it rested on a discussion of the author's reasoned justification, not on a few translated sentences from the review of a book which itself professes not to justify, but merely to explain.

C. H. HERFORD.

ZEUS = SERAPIS IN INSCRIPTIONS.

Cambridge: May 13, 1889.

Prof. Sayce says he leaves it to classical mythologists to determine the identity of "Helisermanubis." I should have thought an Egyptologist was more likely to be acquainted with Hermanubis than a classic.

The *graffito* should be read:

(ε)Ἷς Ζεὺς σάραπις καὶ ἦλ (ε)Ἷς ἑρμάνουβις.

This identification of the Greek Zeus with the Supreme Deity, and of the Hebrew El with his subordinate and prophet, Anubis or Mercury, is of singular interest.

Εἷς Ζεὺς σάραπις ἅγιον ὄνομα σαβαὼθ φῶς ἀνατολὴ χθών, *i.e.*, Ra-Hor-Tum, was already known to us (*v.* King's *Gnostics*, p. 172); but on another gem Serapis appears to be identified with Hermes (*ib.* Pl. E., fig. 3). Perhaps even then the Hermes is not Serapis, but his three-headed dog. The name Jehovah Sabaoth being reserved for the Supreme Deity, the divine name used for the inferior deity is not Elohim, but El.

E. B. BIRKS.

Sare, St. Jean de Luz: May 10, 1889.

It may perhaps interest some of your readers to be reminded that a stone with the inscription EIC ZETC CEPAΠIC, and IAΩ on the palm of an open hand below, was found at Astorga, and is now in the museum of Leon. An excellent photograph of the stone and inscription are given in the *Boletin* of the Real Academia de la Historia, tomo x., p. 242. The inscription has been printed by Padre Fita in the journal *La Academia*, Madrid, p. 366 (1877), and also in the *Ephemeris Epigraphica*, tomo iv., pp. 17 and 111 (Berlin, 1879). It is difficult to judge from the best photograph, but to me there seem to be traces of letters on the first, middle, and index fingers of the open hand.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 20, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Heat Engines other than Steam," III., by Mr. H. Graham Harris.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute.
TUESDAY, May 21, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Recent Biological Discoveries," I., by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.
7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Variations in the Volume and Value of Exports and Imports of the United Kingdom in Recent Years," by Mr. Stephen Bourne.

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8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Treatment of Steel by Hydraulic Pressure, and the Plant employed for the Purpose," by Mr. W. H. Greenwood.

8 p.m. Folklore: "Dorsetshire Children's Games," by Mr. J. S. Udal: "Legend of the Buddha's Alms Dish and its Affinities to the Holy Grail," by Mr. Alfred Nutt.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Coleoptera of the Families Cicindelidae, Chrysomelidae, and Galerucidae, collected in Venezuela by M. Simon," by Mr. Martin Jacoby; "A New Genus of Fossil Moths belonging to the Geometrid Family Euschemidae," by Mr. A. G. Butler; "New Genera and Species of Odonata in the Collection of the British Museum, chiefly from Africa," by Mr. W. F. Kirby; "The Taxonomic Value of the Intestinal Convolutions in Birds," by Dr. Hans Gadow.

WEDNESDAY, May 22, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Use of Spirit as an Agent in Prime Movers," by Mr. A. F. Yarrow.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Hornblende Schists and Banded Crystalline Rocks of the Lizard," by Gen. C. A. McMahon; "The Upper Jurassic Clays of Lincolnshire," by Mr. T. Roberts; and the "Origin of Movements in the Earth's Crust," by Mr. J. R. Kilroe.

8 p.m. Society of Literature: "The Language, Literature, and Constitutions of the Channel Islands," by Mr. W. W. Marshall.

8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "The Legend of King Bladud," by Prof. Sayce.

THURSDAY, May 23, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: Experimental Lecture, "Chemical Affinity," II., by Prof. Dewar.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "Alternate Current Working," by Mr. W. M. Mordey.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, May 24, 8 p.m. Linnean: Anniversary Meeting.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Solar Surface during the Last Ten Years," by the Rev. Dr. S. J. Perry.

SATURDAY, May 25, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Origin and Development of Opera in England," with Musical Illustrations, IV., by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The Principles of Empirical or Inductive Logic. By John Venn. (Macmillan.)

THE epithets "empirical" or "inductive" would generally be taken to exclude deductive logic and the appurtenances thereof—the varieties of terms and propositions, and all the worn machinery of syllogism-grinding. Dr. Venn has not so understood his subject and title. He attributes to logic a dual nature intermediate between objective existences and the processes of the human mind when judging about phenomena; and in order to mark his "departure from the extreme subjectiveness of the customary treatment," he redresses the balance by employing a one-sided epithet. There results from this arrangement an unexpected heterogeneity of topics, a juxtaposition of matters interesting to quite different orders of mind. It is like a novel in which the plot proper to a romance is diversified with theological disquisitions; or like Mdme. de Staël's *Corinne*, made up of alternate layers of love and antiquities. We must omit the antiquities, debarred by want of space from paying more than a passing tribute to the research and ingenuity which are displayed in the more formal portions of the work. It is, for instance, a curious and, we believe, original remark that hypothetical propositions in which the consequent is universal—*e.g.*, "If A is B then *all* C is D"—are very rare. It is characteristic of this subtle disputant that he doubts whether there is any such thing as a merely verbal dispute. Perhaps the only instance is the old question whether a knife or ship, of which the constituent parts have been successively replaced, is the same object finally. Instruction of equal importance may be gathered from a notice which the author observed in a railway station that "On Sundays the 10 a.m. train will start at 9.30."

It is related of an Oxonian, not deficient in ability, that when in studying Aristotle's *Ethics* he reached the passage in which the question is raised whether happiness is honourable or praiseworthy he stuck fast. We fear that Dr. Venn's subtle *ἀπορίαι* may have a similar effect on the student whose taste in philosophy is Baconian rather than Aristotelian. But let not the practically-minded reader despair. For, though it may seem that disproportionate attention is expended on the mint and cummin of verbal refinements, yet it will be found that the weightier matters of the law of causation and the code of ethics have not been neglected. Dr. Venn's system of inductive philosophy bears a general resemblance to that of Mill, differing chiefly in that it is more homely and popular, less technical and mazy. Thus Dr. Venn inclines to the popular view that there is no difference in respect of evidence and importance between sequences and coexistences:

"Thus, for instance, the red colour of the strawberry is looked on [by the plain man] as a sign of its being both soft and wholesome, and no distinction would be recognised between the nature of one of these intimations and that of the other. So, again, the dull haze of a summer morning might be instantly taken as a sign that it is hot, and will be stormy."

It is maintained against Mill that the two kinds of uniformity—sequence and coexistence—do not stand upon a totally different footing; that nature did not make the "warp and woof in the texture of the phenomenal world" of quite unequal strength. It is admitted, however, that the laws of coexistence as compared with those of sequence are of less service in inductive investigation. From the uniformity of nature as here conceived it follows that the relations of antecedent and consequent are, from a certain abstract and ideal point of view, quite symmetrical and reversible. It may be regarded as an accident of language and practical exigencies that we say a cause must always have the same effect, but the same event may be the effect of different causes. The converse of this convention would be appropriate, if we imagined a people—somewhat resembling the inhabitants of Dante's *Inferno*—knowing the future by prophecy, and having to discover the past by induction.

In defining the term "cause" Dr. Venn takes what he calls the "Brown-Mill-Herschel" view; but he is more careful than is usual to point out that when we talk of introducing all the antecedents this must be understood in a conventional sense. The literal interpretation which G. H. Lewes and others have assigned is nugatory. In fact, the logician does but trim and tighten the loose popular notion of cause. He differs only in degree from the vulgar, who say that the cause of a room being cold is that the window was left open. From this view of causation it follows that "the inductive methods, which play so large a part in our logical treatises, are not of a rigidly scientific character. They belong rather to what may be called the plane or level of popular inquiry." The semblance of mathematical precision is deceptive. The parade of symbols *a*, *b*, *c*, *d* following A, B, C, D is illusory, fallaciously suggesting that our A, B, C, D are "jointed in certain places so as to leave us nothing to do but to break them off at the right points." Above all, the ordinary formulae

"scarcely make the reader realise sufficiently what a large amount of preliminary knowledge he must be supposed to bring to bear upon the observation or experiment which he has in hand."

The interest of these views is co-extensive with the province of science. We shall now direct attention to some particular fields which have been cultivated with special skill by Dr. Venn. There is an interesting chapter on the measurement of psychical quantity—a subject which is truly said to be forced upon us. Dr. Venn discusses the Fechnerian assumption that each just perceivable increment of feeling may be treated as an equal unit. He compares the method founded on this principle to measuring the contents of a bottle by the number of drops which it yields. If thirty drops go to one vessel and sixty to another, we may say that one contains twice as many "units" as the other, but not that its contents are twice as large in the ordinary sense of the words. The bearing of these remarks on the utilitarian philosophy is obvious.

At many points the fruits of Dr. Venn's special studies of probabilities appear. It is a very weighty remark that in the ideal of scientific method, in dealing with subjects not admitting of certainty, it would be proper to assign not only the amount of belief due to each judgment, but also the "probable error" of the same. How much controversy might be spared, if the lesson thus derived from the theory of physical observations were thoroughly mastered by dabblers in the moral sciences! Another remark connected with the theory of chance is that statistical generalisations are liable to be impaired by the action of statisticians themselves. If the Registrar-General marries or commits suicide, *pro tanto* he falsifies his returns. That is, indeed, a minimal result about which the law of averages does not care. It is more important to recognise that, if the national will is acted on, uniformities, such as the constancy of suicides, break down. The fatalistic tone in which Buckle appeals to social statistics is quite unjustified.

The consideration of the relation between speculation and action leads to some reflections of profound ethical interest. "Conceive an individual imbued with the determination to prosecute to the utmost the greatest happiness of mankind." Why should he not strike out his own line without constantly reckoning what would follow if others were to do as he does? One reason, of course, is that the intelligent utilitarian will sympathetically estimate the influence on others of example. But there is a deeper explanation:

"The firmest ground would seem to be the same as that which is always found strong enough to prevent the most consistent thinker from sinking into what may be called solitary Berkelyanism, or in more technical language Monistic Idealism. He may try to persuade himself that he is the only sentient being in existence, and that all other men are like all other objects—viz., groups of orderly ideas in his own mind. But his social and sympathetic instincts are much too strong for this reasonable and consistent deduction; and he soon finds himself obliged to take other sentient

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beings, so to say, into partnership, and to put them on the same footing with himself. So with our ethical schemes. . . . We may find that we are forced to transfer ourselves from the centre of a private scheme of activity . . . to that of some common sphere as it would be contemplated and legislated for by some one who was taking into account the actions of mankind at large."

We should like to ask whether this identification of the agent's position with that of others is practised by the egoist as well as the utilitarian? Also, what is the relation of the new view to the older doctrine that there is a difference of meaning between what ought, and what is intended, to be done? We do not attempt to estimate the extent of this contribution to moral philosophy. But when Dr. Venn, referring to this logic of conduct, submits that there is "an opening here for a new science," we feel that very great attention is due to such a claim advanced by a philosopher at once so modest and so profound.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANCIENT WRITING IN BABYLONIA AND IN CHINA.

London: May 7, 1889.

THE growing interest taken in the progress of discovery and researches in Babylonian and Assyrian civilisation is matter of common remark. The bearing the results already reached have on the study of the early history of the Western world is generally acknowledged. But it has lately been maintained that there is in another quarter, namely the extreme East, a connexion with the Mesopotamian culture; and of this theory Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie is a well-known and persevering exponent.

Among numerous papers devoted to the development of his views on this subject, there appeared about a year ago, in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*, one entitled "The Old Babylonian Characters and their Chinese Derivates," on which I should like to make certain observations. Leaving aside the more general questions touched upon, such as the rendering of the words *poh hsing* as "Bak tribes," the identification of *Shên Nung* with Sargon, and of the mythical Huang Ti with *Nakhunte*, as well as the alleged ancient sounds of Chinese (upon which I confess to cherishing a very robust scepticism) the following notes will be confined to that part of the paper dealing with the Chinese characters cited by the author in support of his comparisons. May I add that I have no rival theory to uphold, nor any prejudice against the proposed Western origin of Chinese writing? It is a question of evidence, and must be decided strictly as such.

The first comparison instituted is in section 15 of the above paper, where Prof. Lacouperie compares with an old Babylonian symbol *du*, signifying the "summit of man," a Chinese character composed of two parts, representing the hand and the foot, the meaning of which he gives as "reaching." The word means, however, to "seize," not to "reach"—a sense that neither its modern use, which is frequent, nor its definitions in Kang Hsi's Dictionary support. Probably the element "foot" has here a purely phonetic value, the sounds of the two words in the dialects of Peking, Nanking, and Canton being as follows:

	Peking.	Nanking.	Canton.
Foot.—	*Tsu*	*Tsuh*	*Tsok.*
Seize.—	*Cho*	*Choh*	*Chok.*

In Section 23, the statement is made that "the earliest Chinese characters . . . were composed of strokes more or less curved, and more or less thick at one end and thin at the other"; and in a note the writer adds, "Whence their name of *K'oh tou* or tadpole characters, given to them in the second century A.D." Dr. Edkins also, in his *Introduction to the Study of the Chinese Characters* (p. 145) says: "The *K'o teu* is a very ancient style, older than the *ta chwen* [or Greater Seal Character] and like tadpoles." Tai T'ung, the author of the *Liu Shu Ku*, is of a different opinion, for he writes that he purposely omits from his dictionary examples "from the 'Tadpole,' the 'Jewelled Chopstick,' or the 'Willow Leaf' styles, which are none of them primitive, but first introduced after the tendency to elaboration indulged in by an age succeeding that which used the knife for cutting words."*

In Section 29, Prof. Lacouperie writes, "Shen-nung . . . is reputed to have used signs in the shape of tongues of fire to record facts." As the words of the Chinese text (v., note 52) are *y hwo ki*, that is, as he justly says, "used fire to record facts," the meaning would seem to be that Shên Nung's characters were burnt into a wooden or other appropriate surface. It is hard to see any warrant in the passage for supplying the "tongues" of fire.

We come next (section 35) to the Chinese character *wu* (*o* in the text), a black bird or crow (not a "blackbird") compared by the author with the Babylonian *hu* = bird. Neither the *Shuo Wên*, the oldest Chinese dictionary extant, nor the *Liu Shu Ku* inserts the form given by Prof. Lacouperie, which is one of several, quite unlike it, found in the *Liu Shu T'ung*. Now, speaking generally, the three Chinese authorities just mentioned concur in reproducing, as old representatives of the characters they figure and explain, certain forms which undoubtedly have such claims to recognition as authentic as may be based, so to speak, on a *quod semper quod ubique quod ab omnibus* acceptance by native scholars. These forms, in which the modern shapes are in most cases easily traceable, deserve the production of very strong evidence against them before being repudiated. In the present instance, M. Lacouperie's "early Chinese" figure is not one of these normal or accepted forms, nor like them, but exceptional, and founded on a single example cited in the *Liu Shu T'ung*.

Same section, second paragraph. The arrow-headed form for "wheat," *lai*, here printed, and said to be derived from the Babylonian *sê* = wheat, is not in either the *Shuo Wên* or *Liu Shu Ku*, nor, except with another element at the left, in the *Liu Shu T'ung*.

Next paragraph. The "early Chinese" form for *tzŭ* = son, read *tih* by Prof. Lacouperie in note 63, does not appear as here printed in the *Shuo Wên*, the *Liu Shu Ku*, nor among the numerous variants of the *Liu Shu T'ung*.

Section 36.—The old symbol for "boat," cited by M. Lacouperie from the last-named work, of which he considers an archaic Babylonian form to be the origin, is omitted in the *Shuo Wên* and *Liu Shu Ku*, and, though one of the eight variants of the *Liu Shu T'ung*, is not included there among the normal forms, nor even given as a *Ku wên*; nor, again, does Prof. Lacouperie mention that it is the only instance among these eight where a horizontal, instead of the ordinary vertical, position is assumed by the character.

In the third paragraph of the same section the old Chinese symbol for "eye" is printed with a line projecting beyond the circle. None of the three Chinese authorities show this. There remains, consequently, only a vague likeness to the Babylonian *si*.

Section 37, third paragraph.—The old Babylonian character for "female" is curious and merits notice. The early Chinese form of *nü*=woman, in the text to which Prof. Lacouperie compares it, has been badly cut, and resembles rather *chung*=middle. Doubtless, it represents the last variant given in the *Liu Shu T'ung*, which exhibits a considerable difference from the normal old forms. The true analogue of the Babylonian symbol seems rather to be found in another Chinese character. This is *yeh*, now meaning in colloquial use "also" and "even," and in the literary style a particle of various functions. There are nine variants in the *Liu Shu T'ung*, the first two being those that appear also in the *Shuo Wên*. Now the *Shuo Wên* bluntly gives as the meaning of this character the words *nü yin*=*muliebria pudenda*, and adds with becoming terseness, "a picture." Tai T'ung, in the *Liu Shu Ku*, quotes, but disputes, this view, preferring the opinion more doubtfully expressed by Chalmers (*The Structure of the Chinese Characters*, p. 75) that the character was "originally perhaps the figure of a ladle with a tubular handle."

Section 38, second paragraph.—The early Chinese form of *tui*=opposite, cited by M. Lacouperie as derived from the Babylonian *ul, rû, dû*, rests for its sole authority on a single one of twenty-three variants in the *Liu Shu T'ung*, quite unlike the normal old forms.

In the next paragraph a comparison is made between a Babylonian symbol, *kin*=book, and a Chinese character which the author speaks of as an abridged form of the "modern *king*, book, sacred book." But this so-called abridged form is defined by the *Shuo Wên* as "veins of water" (*shui mo*—subterranean water-courses are perhaps to be understood). At any rate, neither it, nor yet *king* (except in a secondary and limited sense) mean book, the primary sense of the latter being the warp of a loom. The comparison, therefore, fails.

Sections 39-40.—The old Chinese forms reproduced by Prof. Lacouperie as the originals of the modern *ts'ai* = materials (rather than "power to make") of *tzŭ* = from, or self, and of *pi*=nose, are exceptional variants only given in the *Liu Shu T'ung*.

In the last paragraph of Section 42 the early Chinese character for "foot" does not quite correctly represent any of the forms in the *Liu Shu T'ung*.

Section 43.—I do not find the archaic Chinese figure for "ear," as printed in the text, in the *Shuo Wên*, the *Liu Shu Ku*, or among the eleven variants of the *Liu Shu T'ung*.

Again, in the following paragraph the "Chinese old symbol" for "dog" does not accurately reproduce the exceptional variant, only inserted in the *Liu Shu T'ung*, on which it is founded; nor is any allusion made by the author of the paper to the fact that the normal forms of the character have a vertical, and not, as in this single case, a horizontal position.

The last remark I shall offer refers to the forty-fourth section of the paper. In this, Prof. Lacouperie identifies the Chinese character *ming* = bright with an old Babylonian symbol made up of two parts, one standing for "the eye," and one for "presenting." M. Lacouperie is certainly entitled to his own opinion as to the derivation of *ming*, but there are two points to be noticed. Firstly, the old form is incorrectly printed, through the omission of one of the internal strokes in the right-hand element. Secondly, the ordinary view, ignored in the text, of the character, both in its old and present shapes, is that it is made up of the signs for the sun and the moon; and this view is strictly borne out by the form (when corrected) adduced by Prof. Lacouperie from the *Liu Shu T'ung*, the separate elements of which

* See the present writer's *The Six Scripts*, p. 41 (Quaritch).

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will be found represented in that work under the characters for "sun" and "moon" respectively. L. C. Hopkins.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The two following gifts have been made to the Royal Institution: the philosophical apparatus of the late Dr. Warren de la Rue, presented by his widow; and a fine portrait of Sir Humphry Davy, presented by Mr. James Young, grandson of the late Dr. James Young, of Kelly, the distinguished chemist and former owner of the portrait.

The volume for last year, recently issued by the Palaeontographical Society, is one of great value, whether we regard its numerous plates of fossils or its descriptive text. Prof. Alleyne Nicholson continues his monograph of the British Stromatoporoids, while the Rev. G. F. Whidborne commences a critical examination of the Devonian fauna of the south-west of England. The Inferior Oolite attracts much attention, its gasteropods being dealt with by Mr. W. H. Hudleston, while its ammonites are described by Mr. S. S. Buckman. Finally, Prof. Rupert Jones and Mr. C. D. Sherborn contribute to the volume a supplementary report on our Tertiary Entomostraca. The council of the society is anxious that new members should be enrolled in order to increase the resources which are necessary for the production of these invaluable monographs.

The section of Trewendt's *Encyklopaedie der Wissenschaften* devoted to zoology and anthropology has reached the letter "O"; the last part, which we have lately received, containing articles from "Nervenstimmung" to "Ophiactis." The most comprehensive articles in this part are those which deal with the structure, the development, and the functions of the nervous system. The ethnological contributions, though numerous, are generally brief, but as they include notices of all the principal tribes, in alphabetical order, they are convenient for reference, where detailed information is not required.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Clifton Shakspere Society.—(*Saturday, April 27.*) W. C. H. Cross, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. E. J. Sheppard read a paper entitled "*The Hystorie of Hamblet*; its Bearing on Shakspere's play," calling attention to the origin of the story in Saxo-Grammaticus, its incorporation into Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, and its appearance in English form, the earliest known edition of the latter bearing the date 1608. The murder of Hamlet's father; the marriage with the brother's widow; Hamlet's feigned madness; the death of Polonius; Hamlet's voyage to England and return, are all incidents of the original story, in which, however, all the names, except the heroes, are dissimilar. But with these incidents the resemblance ends. The outline we find, but it is to Shakspere that we owe the fascinating tragedy. The leading characters were then briefly reviewed.—Mr. J. W. Mills, in a paper on "'Hamlet' and 'Der bestrafte Brüdermord,'" said that Cohn, who prints "Brüdermord," with an English translation in *Shakspere in Germany*, affords no proof in support of his statement that it "had been brought into Germany as early as 1603." There is really no evidence to show that the tragedy entered in the Catalogue of the Dresden Stage Library in 1626 was this play of "Brüdermord." The titles are not exactly similar, and a slight discrepancy in such a case is important. The earliest certain evidence about its performance is in 1665. It is easy enough to discover in "Brüdermord" passages which may have been derived from the 1604 *Hamlet*, which Mr. Colin thought must come from the folio. His contention that the play is of English rather than German origin may be conceded, but its general character is pre-Shaksperian. Every characteristic which makes Shakspere's creation the delight of all ages and races of mankind is utterly wanting in this Germanised version. It contains, with some deviations, the story of Hamlet; but the resemblances are most easily accounted for by supposing that both Shakspere and the German worked upon the same old play, the *Hamlet* of 1589. This conjecture was made as far back as 1857 by Bernhardy, but is objected to by Dr. Furnivall. Bernhardy's theory, however, is confirmed (1) by an examination of the names of the *dramatis personae*. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern would have suited the German writer; but in "Brüdermord" these characters are unnamed, which they probably were in the old "Hamlet." But he has practically the Corambis of the 1603 quarto—a form which Shakspere derived from the earlier version. In "Brüdermord" the names of the Queen and of Polonius's son are not German, and, therefore, not adapted for the purpose. They are almost certainly the names of the older play. (2) The treatment of Ophelia's death differs so much from Shakspere that it is impossible to believe that the adapter could have thus intentionally departed from the quarto or the folio version; and here, again, is evidence that he took the old form which Shakspere had improved. There is no counterpart of Ophelia in the *Histoires Tragiques*. (3) The prologue, part of which in German is very respectable verse, is just the kind of thing with which we should expect the old "Hamlet" to be furnished, being full of allegory and mythology. Dr. Furnivall thinks it tells against this theory that "Brüdermord" does not contain "any phrases, words, or forms as early as 1589 or 1603" (*Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles*, No. 1, n.d.) Even supposing this to be the case (but the matter has never been thoroughly sifted), there is no necessity for believing that the adaptation of a drama and the drama itself must belong to the same period. There is no inference to be fairly drawn in favour of the assumption that "Brüdermord" is a distorted version of the 1603 "Hamlet."—Mr. G. Munro Smith in "Some Reflexions on Hamlet's Motives," said that Shakspere did not mean Hamlet to be a perfect or even a good man. His moral nature was unstable and in confusion. Hamlet is imaginative, ambitious, irresolute, lacking in courage, but full of high thoughts; distracted by love and passionate hate; a spoilt darling of the court during his father's life; by a supernatural mandate prompted to an action for which he is not fitted; tortured by the thought of his father's purgatorial punishment; and cast down by the loss of faith in his mother. None but the great maker of such a character can fitly analyse it. But if we look at his environment and consider him as a man and not as the hero of a story, there seems nothing in his words or actions that cannot be interpreted by human weakness, passion, or sin. He, more than any other, is the mouthpiece of Shakspere himself. His speculations baffle our deepest thought, and his actions are in a great measure the outcome of those speculations. It is, therefore, unwise to attempt to name his mental condition.—Mr. Leo H Grindon, in a paper on "The Female Characters in 'Hamlet' and the Colouring they give to the Play," said that Hamlet, when a lad, innocent, happy, and intelligent—as he himself tells us in Act. V., scene i., had an inexpressible admiration for his father, which became an earnest hero-worship. This showed rich powers of appreciation, and, combined with his accomplishments, constituted him one of the best qualified men of his day. His love for his mother was equally warm and devoted. Upon his father's death, to her he turned for guidance. When she fell from his lofty ideal the disenchantment was complete; and by nature lacking self-reliance, his future would inevitably be marred unless a woman's kindly support was forthcoming to uphold him. But sweet, pensive, loving Ophelia was no strength to him. Had she been of a vigorous nature the catastrophe would have been prevented.

Shelley Society.—(*Wednesday, May 8.*)

A paper was read by Mr. Todhunter on "Shelley and the Marriage Problem."—Mr. Todhunter said now that marriage, like most other honoured institutions, has come to stand accused before the bar of public opinion, it may be interesting to see what Shelley has to say about it. He briefly referred to the gradual development of the idea of marriage from the times of patriarchal tyranny, when the wife and children were slaves, till the present day when parents are more the slaves than masters of their children, and woman, like every one else, is beginning to strike for higher wages. We hear more than the first mutterings of that revolution prophesied by Shelley in "Laon and Cythna." Blake's little design in "The Gates of Paradise," with the motto "I want, I want," is a type of our own age. Never was there so much consciousness of pain as now. But this age in its best aspect is unselfish. Thousands feel themselves "as nerves o'er which do creep the else unfelt oppressions of the earth"; but we are not yet wise enough to organise that vital adjustment between conflicting wants and principles which shall be of deeper efficiency than mere superficial compromise. The most bitter and persistent cry of the present age is that of woman, who has come out into the light, attempts her own solution of things insoluble, and formulates a demand for Liberty, Fraternity and Equality, and a fair share of the world's goods in return for a fair share of the work of the world. Shelley outraged the conventional morality of his day in his life and writings; but this was due to his conviction that he outraged conventional in the interests of ideal morality. We may regard him as the precursor of the social agitation of the present day. He started as an anarchist, but an optimistic anarchist; the kingdom of heaven was at our doors, and as soon as man willed it, the mind-forged fetters of the mind would be loosed. Hence he would abolish marriage that free love might regenerate mankind. His whole history is that of an idealist who seeks his ideal in the actual, and not finding it, endeavours to bring the actual into harmony with the ideal. Shelley is above all things the poet of modern love, not Dante's supersensuous and fantastic love, but something of which Shakspere has given us glimpses, but Shelley had a fuller vision. Blake has expressed the paradoxical character of this love in his little poem, "The Clod and the Pebble." In all love, from the first step beyond mere animal appetite to the most trancendendal Platonism, there are these two antagonistic elements. If the self-indulgent prevail we tend towards lust, which Milton rightly places "hard by hate"; if the merely self-renouncing, we tend in the direction of monastic chastity. To understand Shelley's protest against marriage we must understand his ideal of love, the unconstrained rush together of two personalities of opposite sexes in whom the body is but the vehicle of the spirit. This love is not born of the flickering fire of the senses, but is a divine flame, fusing body, soul, and spirit into unity. Mr. Todhunter here set forth the objections of society, personified in the average ratepayer, to Shelley's ideas. Marriage is not ordained to be the Paradise of ideal lovers, but primarily for the production and rearing of good citizens; the good of society demands fidelity to incurred responsibilities, which men are inclined to shirk; and it does not necessarily leave love out in the cold. Shelley has given no completely satisfactory answer to this, because it was only just before his death he realised the complexity of the problem of life. But he saw clearly that the bringing of men and women into more complete harmony was the most important step towards that renewal of the world for which he sighed and after which he strove. Our solution of the marriage problem is imperfect as regards the subjection of women, which is the natural product of an imperfect civilisation. Men being in possession of the material means of life, women stand to them in the position of what the socialists call wage-slaves. They must do what is required of them, and there is no true freedom of contract. But English marriage has done something to raise their status by making the bond one of love and mutual service. It has put a curb on the polygamous instincts of men, and has fostered the monogamic habit among women. Still we are not satisfied with marriage as it is, and women demand economic independence that they may not be forced into marriage or prostitution on pain of starvation. Marriage was made for man and not man for marriage, and greater liberty of divorce must come, now that both men and women demand it. Were we all educated up to Shelley's

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ideal, we might try many experiments. But men are not harmonious creatures, but are torn by their lusts. Hence these bonds. Women have at last recognised that lust is their deadly adversary. Shelley, a better physician than Goethe, laid his finger on this plague-spot and said to the age, "Thou ailest here." But the abolition of marriage would get rid of lust as little as the abolition of private property would get rid of selfishness. Shelley seems, like the average socialist, not to have recognised that the interests and ideals of the sexes are different. He misunderstood the true bearing of the doctrine of Malthus; and he did not contemplate that strike against child-bearing, or at least demand for limited liability with regard to that function, among the women of to-day. Hence much social discomfort. The ascent of man is always a painful process.—Mr. Rossetti said that when Shelley attacked marriage we must remember that in his day divorce was out of the question, except for the very rich, and that the evils of the law were then greater than any in Shelley's practice. In his own life Shelley, he considered, conscientiously carried out his own theories.—Dr. Furnivall regretted that the paper had not dealt more directly with Shelley's own conduct. He regarded his relations to Harriett and Mary as justifiable, and regretted that his example was not oftener followed.—Mr. Salt said that the socialists perfectly understood the doctrine of Malthus, but disagreed with him.—Mr. Todhunter briefly replied. He did not think that the socialists had understood the population question. He objected to their materialistic views.—At the next meeting, on Wednesday, June 5, Mr. Stopford Brooke will give a lecture on "Shelley's Minor Lyrics."

FINE ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

I.

ALTHOUGH it is so shorn of its old notabilities and eccentricities that it is but a shadow of its former self, the Grosvenor has still much to interest and please, and a few things to show which cannot be seen elsewhere, and are well worth seeing. One of these is certainly the portrait of Colonel the Hon. Charles Lindsay (117*), by the Princess Louise—a work which not only honours but adorns the gallery. The fine face is full of character and strongly modelled; and the suit of armour is painted with a power seldom seen in the work of a lady and an amateur, and too often lacking in that of professional artists. Refined and accomplished also are the drawings by the Marchioness of Granby of "Miss Dallas Yorke" (117†) and "A. J. Balfour, Esq., M.P." (117‡). Then there are a few artists, like Sir Coutts Lindsay himself, who are not represented elsewhere, and others whose work is seen to best advantage at the Grosvenor.

Coming within one or other of these categories are Mr. W. R. Symonds and Mr. W. Llewellyn, who made a mark by his lady in green at the recent exhibition of pastels. This lady, "Miss Clare Wright," is here again, and looks equally well in oil colours. And there is a clever portrait of another lady by the same artist, "Mrs. Fennessy" (179), also clad in green; but the dress, though handsome and beautifully painted, is scarcely so becoming to her complexion as represented by Mr. Llewellyn. By the same artist is one of the finest of the many harbour scenes here, "'Twixt Night and Day" (158), with the pool of the little Cornish harbour cool in the gloaming, and the cliffs, and houses, and the tops of the rich-coloured sails of the fishing-boats warm with a rosy flush. Mr. W. R. Symonds will also do something to establish his reputation by two charming pictures. The more perfect of these perhaps is the smaller one, a three-quarter length of a gentle girl carefully holding a globe of the "Silver-fish" (92) which give the picture its name. The gentleness of sentiment, the sweet silveriness of the colour, and the cleverness of execution which mark this picture are to be found again in the larger composition called "Mignon" (111), where a girl in a white gauzy dress is seen arranging decorations for a church, the floor of which is strewn with white roses round a silver bowl. Here, likewise, is perhaps the most important *genre* picture yet painted by Mr. F. G. Cotman—"Her Ladyship's First Lesson" (29). Her ladyship is a little girl dressed in white, and she is taking her first lesson in cotton spinning in a cottage under the guidance of a buxom country lass, while her mother and another woman are looking on with interest and pleasure. The little girl's action is very pretty and natural, and the whole is painted with great care. Mr. Stuart Wortley's talent for catching a pleasant and refined "look" is seen to unusual advantage in his portraits of "Miss Tombs" (37) and "Miss Ella Stanier" (142); and, not to overstate the "specialties" of the Grosvenor, let it only be added that nowhere else can be studied so well the last extravagances of Mr. John Reid. This artist's largest picture, "Landscape" (214), is placed on the top of the staircase fronting everybody who enters, and is that by which the exhibition will possibly be best remembered, for its effect is too strong and strange to escape attention. Beneath a sky of intense blue and white, a red-faced woman, with her body swathed in a redder shawl, drives a red cow down a red road, and the artist has endeavoured to carry this high, full pitch throughout the work. In foreground and distance, in light and in shade, the eye seeks in vain for some cool space of green, some refreshing passage of grey; but nothing assuages its prismatic glare. Yet it is a picture which could not have been painted by an ordinary artist. As a *tour de force* it is almost successful, but the effect is like that of a sunset under a noonday sky, and is neither beautiful nor true. Unfortunately, this is not the only attempt of Mr. Reid's in the same direction; and his "Mussel Gatherers" (141) is a still more glaring failure, missing even the approximate harmony which he gets in his larger work. Mr. Anderson Hague, in two or three clever and brilliantly painted landscapes, of which "Evening" (49) is the most satisfactory, shows the same tendencies with regard to colour. "Feeding the Ducks" (72) and "Autumn Tints" (96) are on the verge of excess; but they are bold and sincere attempts to realise, as far as possible, the full scale of nature in bright sunlight. Both Mr. Hague and Mr. J. Reid have a naturally fine feeling for colour, and it is to be hoped that the latter artist's extravagances of this and last year are only marks of a passing phase in the development of his brilliant talent.

There are many good landscapes in the gallery, but most of them are by artists who have more important works elsewhere, and, therefore, need no extended notice here. Mr. Hubert Macallum's "Tidal Pools of Heligoland" is one of the best of his sunny pictures of dancing water shimmering with mother-o'-pearly tints. All is life and light and gaiety in this luminous scene of children bathing in the warm shallow water. On the same wall hangs another of the best landscapes here—"A Winter's Sunset" (28), by Mr. Moffat F. Lindner. He does not tell us the locality of this little town by the sea, which, surrounded by mudbanks left bare by the tide, rises against a beautiful sky glowing from within with rich tints of red and orange. Further on we come upon a charming Hook called "Hauling in the Spiller" (38), as fresh and sweet and strong as any of his more important pictures of the year; and a brilliant little picture of a "Fishing Harbour" (62), by Mr. Colin Hunter. Nor are other well-known painters of the sea unrepresented. Mr. Henry Moore has a fine grey and blue sea, "A Thunderstorm passing off" (76), with a rainbow in the corner; and Mr. Edwin Hayes and Mr. Henry send characteristic pictures. Somewhat oddly placed in the small fifth room is one of the largest pictures here—Mr. Helcke's "Squally Weather—Coast of Guernsey" (336)—a very sincere and carefully wrought study of an impressive subject, which yet wants something to make it as grand as it should be.

Different as are all these painters of landscape and marine, their art has one common aim—viz., to paint as nearly as possible the actual appearance of the scene chosen, with such omissions and modifications indeed, and seen under such atmospheric aspects, as their several tastes and feelings may dictate; taking particular interest in reproducing certain special effects of light and colour, and especially delighted when they happen on a fine "subject," or succeed in realising an effect which has been passed unobserved by, or has baffled the skill of, others. Such a subject has Mr. C. E. Johnson found in that pleasant bank between hill and river depicted in his delightful "Sussex Sheep Washing" (42); such effect has Mr. David Murray found in the glittering light of his clever, but rather sketchy and crude, "Oak Farm" (178), and Mr. Hennessy in his tenderly toned, blue-shadowed pastoral, which he calls "The Cuckoo's Note" (155). But from all these modern aspirations M. Legros holds aloof. To him landscape is only a means for conveying a particular sentiment by a studied arrangement of chosen forms and a set scheme of light and shade. He is often called an "old master"; but if his conception of the function of art is "old" his sentiment is modern enough. He is nearer to Corot than to Claude. His melancholy, touched with grandeur and careless of what is ordinarily called "beauty," is the melancholy of his century. But painted melancholy of this calculated kind is not in fashion, nor is the art of "design," of which in landscape he is one of the few remaining cultivators. Nevertheless, many even of those who do not appreciate his aims will be impressed by the hushed solemnity of his "Riverside" (18).

There is considerable vigour in the conception and drawing of the group of trees called by Mr. M'Whirter "The Weird Sisters," who stretch their twisted black arms against a sunset sky heavily barred with red and blue; but it is impossible to praise its colour. And the sickly scheme which Mr. Keeley Halswelle has affected for his scene, in which Macbeth meets the witches, mars a striking composition of wild radiating clouds and dreary waste of moorland, which would probably be very effective in black and white.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE New Gallery has a new room; it has nothing of importance by Mr. Burne Jones, but it has a sensational and brilliant picture by Mr. Sargent. The increase in wall space has assuredly not led to a lowering of the quality of the work, and English art is represented in most of its phases. Though Mr. Alma Tadema's principal picture is not exhibited in any public gallery, that artist has (at Messrs. Carr & Halle's) a group of interesting contributions, of which the favourite no doubt will be the picture of two lightly-clad girls in a Roman palace, with a distant view of sea and sky. Mr. Watts has more pictures at the New Gallery than Mr. Alma Tadema, but they are not all new ones. No one, however, can be sorry to see the first work Mr. Watts ever exhibited at the Royal Academy—a brilliantly and solidly painted picture of a wounded heron, which recalls, as so much of

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his work still does, the style of the great Old Masters. Nothing that is distinguished and refined could be at the same time more sumptuous than his "Wife of Plutus" (No. 184). But less fragmentary and more dramatic is the noble version of the "Fata Morgana" which, like the "Wife of Plutus," is now seen for the first time. In the "Fata Morgana," too, Mr. Watts reaches his highest level as a painter of the flesh.

After the pictures of Mr. Tadema and Mr. Watts, interest centres perhaps in the portraits and landscapes, for of subject-pictures generally there are few. Mr. Sargent's "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" is, of course, not only "sensational"—it is brilliant, and, as an exercise in colour, almost masterly. Lady Macbeth, in the gorgeous and barbaric raiment which it has pleased Miss Terry to assume at the Lyceum, lifts her hands above her head in act to crown herself, an expression of melancholy, very nearly of wildness, mingling with the look of satisfied and triumphant ambition. In portraiture, there is not much that excels Mr. John Collier's counterfeit presentments of Mrs. Harold Roller and of a child, Joyce Collier. Whatever this may be as likeness-taking, it is good, solid, even brilliant as art. Mr. Richmond's best portrait this year is that of Lieutenant-Colonel Bignold (No. 14). That is characteristic of the sitter, and does not fail to be masculine. Of course, Mr. Richmond has had the opportunity of representing, besides, more than one lady of elegance, of sweetness, or of fashion. But as a painter of fashionable people, of the grace of carriage, and the details and effect of dress, young Mr. Shannon is at least Mr. Richmond's equal. Again does Mr. Shannon paint the Miss Jean Graham who has been seen already at the Grosvenor Gallery. The young lady could not want grace, but the handling suggests an absence of solidity in the picture. Mr. Herkomer has several portraits, of which the best is that of an elderly man, very reflective and grave (No. 78). His portrait of the author of "John Halifax" does not indicate to the full the character and experience of a lady who must have been elderly, and very experienced, too, when Mr. Herkomer painted her. Mr. Herkomer's relative, H. G. Herkomer, has a strongly wrought portrait of Lord Londesborough standing (No. 59), and a representation of one of the most accomplished and ingenious of our younger musicians, Hubert Parry. The portraits by Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Merritt, Mr. Round, and Mr. Edwin Ward deserve some respectful attention. Mrs. Hastings paints the engaging Mrs. Outram Tristram, Mrs. Merritt paints Mrs. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Round shows us Mr. Edmund Yates at his writing desk, shrewd, humorous, good-natured—displeased neither with himself nor with the proof he is correcting. Mr. Edwin Ward's tasteful little portraits of greater or lesser celebrities are beginning to be well known. His likeness of Mr. John Tenniel (No. 26) is striking, but the colour therein is less agreeable and harmonious than it is in his portrait of the young Miss Caine. Miss Caine is interesting for her own sake, no doubt; but, surrounded by the blues and golds her painter has so subtly assembled, she, or the representation of her, is nothing less than fascinating.

Of the landscapes few are actually mediocre, and two or three are of quite exceptional achievement. If we had to choose two, one would be a river scene, "Flood Tide at Limehouse," by Mr. Aubrey Hunt (No. 153). It is done in his usual very broad style: the touch as free as possible, the colour gay yet harmonious, and the illumination somewhat vivid. His London river and his sky over the river are wholly without the murkiness which painters of the town—including even such an optimist as Mr. Vicat Cole—generally consider a necessary element of the scene; yet Mr. Hunt is not artificial and he does not idealise. He has simply chosen a happy day and painted it in a happy spirit. Mr. Alfred East's most admirable landscape—one of our imaginary "two"—is in some respects the gem of the new room. It is called "Gay Morning" (No. 208). With less mannerism, with more brilliance, and with more real refinement even than Mr. North (who has several pictures here), Mr. Alfred East paints an every-day English scene in serene weather. He has a moonlight sketch, more noticeably romantic and impressive; but in "Gay Morning" he has reached a point of accomplishment which he has never reached before, and which not many may hope to attain. After the quiet distinction of Mr. East's representation of the winding of a river, which might be Shakspere's Avon, through the meadows of the midland counties, there is a certain commonness about the forcible work of Mr. David Murray, though his "Willows" (No. 125) cannot be said to be crude or unskilled. He wants composition, however; he generally wants it. We have been speaking of three young men—Mr. Aubrey Hunt, Mr. East, and Mr. David Murray—but their elder, Mr. Boughton, has sent to the New Gallery a work which can be second to few in charm, "A Morning in May" (No. 134). Mr. Boughton's colour is more radiant here than he often allows it to be. He has variety and gaiety, while Mr. Adrian Stokes (in No. 91) works almost in monochrome. But if Mr. Stokes is neutral and grey, it is reserved for Mr. Peppercorn, in "The Hayfield," to be absolutely sombre.

We return to a few subject-pictures. Mr. Poynter in "A Roman Boat Race" (No. 5) manages to be pretty and, without loss of reasonable dignity, popular. Mr. Albert Goodwin in "The Gate of Zoar" (No. 67) shows that his imagination has not gravely suffered by his long course of the exquisitely topographical in water-colour. The "Death of Ulysses," by Mr. Richmond, is a good "school picture." It is no doubt all else that it ought to be; but it is not impressive or stimulating. Mr. Weguelin, whose refined and open air nudities were one of the most characteristic features of the New Gallery's first exhibition, follows up his success with "The Garden of Adonis," and paints again gaiety of gesture and the flesh, grey and pearly, in the fullest of daylight. But among the work of presumably the younger and the less famous men, the "Neptune" of Mr. Kennedy (No. 114) is certainly the most remarkable. It is large, and has a right to be large. It is full of vigour, almost of abandonment. The quotation from Keats is unhappy. "Noble winged creatures" these assuredly are not on which Neptune and his companions ride. They are the first whale and the first dolphin rather; but whatever they are, they rush wildly and finely through the deep waters. The joy of life and of the open air is on every foot of Mr. Kennedy's canvas. Perhaps Mr. La Thangue's pictures may be called "subject-pictures," though a good deal of portraiture would appear to be in them. One (No. 154) is professedly a portrait, but there is so much in it besides "Mrs. Tom Mitchell" that we are not obliged to class it under this head. Another work by Mr. La Thangue is called "A Study" (No. 16). It pleases one at first because of its vividness. The question is, whether there is much staying power beneath the first impression. Anyhow, it is finer than the larger painting. From these bold, brilliant canvases, the transition is complete to the latest method of Sir James Linton, in two tiny heads, "Sophia" (No. 182) and "Dorothy" (No. 186). The president of the Royal Institute has rarely painted flesh colour so prettily, and his illumination has not often been more delicate.

Frederick Wedmore.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

London: May 10, 1889.

I have only just seen that, by a printer's error in my article on the exhibition of the Watercolour Society (Academy, May 4), an unintentional injustice has been done to Mr. Alfred Hunt's beautiful drawing of "Windsor." I wrote, "It is full of rich and subtle colour," and with these words ended what I had to say of it; but the printer has tacked on to this sentence the beginning of the next, which does not refer to Mr. Alfred Hunt or to his drawing at all.

C. M.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The jubilee offering of the Germans in England to the Queen—being a portrait group, painted by Prof. Anton von Werner, of the imperial family on the occasion of the betrothal of Prince Henry of Prussia to Princess Irene of Hesse—was presented to Her Majesty on Thursday, May 16.

Mr. Talfourd Ely will deliver a course of six lectures, entitled "A Walk through Greece," at University Hall, Gordon Square, on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 p.m., beginning on Thursday next, May 23. He proposes to devote special attention to some of the less frequented parts of the Peloponnese, which he visited during his recent tour. The lectures will be illustrated by lantern-slides from photographs taken by Baron Paul des Granges.

Mr. Edwin Long's picture of "The Marriage Market, Babylon," is now on view at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street.

Messrs. Cassell's seventh annual exhibition of original drawings in black and white will be opened early in June at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. It will contain drawings by the following, among other artists: W. F. Yeames, J. E. Hodgson, J. MacWhirter, R. W. Macbeth, W. Small, E. Blair Leighton, J. Fulleylove, Dorothy Tennant, Alice Havers, M. L. Gow, Jane M. Dealy, Arthur Hopkins, C. Gregory, Frederick Barnard, and W. B. Hole.

At the South Kensington Museum a cast of the great bronze statue of St. John the Baptist, executed by Donatello in 1457 (1888—518), has been coloured with indifferent success in order to simulate the metal of the original. This work, by the way, which is stated by the South Kensington authorities to have been formerly in the Palazzo Martelli at Florence, and to be now in the Museo Nazionale of that city, never was in the former place, and is not now in the latter. It is, as it always has been, in the chapel of the saint, in the cathedral of Siena. A cast of the statue, made for the Donatello celebration, has been placed among the other reproductions at the Bargello. The "Madonna and Child" (1884—644) attributed to Giacomo della Quercia, and stated to be in the Ospedale degli Innocenti at Florence, is not by that great master, but by a Sienese sculptor of the latter half of the fifteenth century. It has been attributed, though without authority, to Antonio Federighi. This work, again, is not at the Innocenti, or in Florence at all; but in the wall of one of the cloister-arcades adjoining the church of S. Francesco at Siena.

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THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

OF the new Vaudeville production of "Angelina," which has thus far been done only at a *matinée*, we hope shortly to speak in more detail. Meanwhile, let it be chronicled that it is an adaptation from the French—almost wholly comic in intention and in fact—and that it affords to Mr. Thomas Thorne what is held to be an excellent opportunity for humorous effect.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD—whose name will always be associated in the minds of the public with her one great part in "Forget-me-not"—is playing that part now in a series of *matinées*, organised under the management of Mrs. Oscar Beringer at the Opera Comique. Mr. Vernon supports her with power and skill, with the relief of lightness, as well as with force. Mrs. Canninge's "Mrs. Foley" is a character, or an impersonation, somehow not very readily understandable; but Miss Robins is seen to advantage in the sympathetic part of Alice Verney—playing with feeling, unquestionably, as well as with discretion—and Mr. Nutcombe Gould and Mr. Bindloss are both of them, in their very different ways, sufficiently striking as Prince Malleotti and Barato. Great as is the part of Miss Ward herself, it gains by the adequate and skilled support which, speaking broadly, it now receives. For "Forget-me-not" does not suffer under the disadvantage of being a one-part piece. But for Miss Ward, nevertheless, remain its great opportunities, and it is with an assured skill that she avails herself of all of them. Handsome, commanding, as great, too, in the expression of terror as of an unworthy triumph, Miss Ward is eminently worth seeing in this, her most striking creation. It is now ten years, we believe, since the performance was first visible in London, and—unpleasant as the character inevitably is—we may may remind our readers that the play promptly took hold of public attention. And it has always interested actors, even more, perhaps, than the general public.

WE need perhaps hardly add that "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy" retains its place in the Opera Comique's evening bill—Miss Marion Terry now giving undoubted dramatic force to the strongest scenes in which Mrs. Errol appears, and Miss Vera Beringer retaining to a quite surprising degree the seeming spontaneity of her performance of the little lord.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

M. YSAŸE, a Belgian violinist, made his first appearance in England at the fourth Philharmonic Concert on Thursday evening, May 9. It had already been rumoured that this artist was an executant of the first rank, and certainly the long and showy cadenza which he introduced into the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto justified the report. He is a master of his instrument. But in Beethoven's work the interpretation of the music is the all-important matter. Now M. Isaÿe did not seem willing to sink his own individuality, but rather to make it at all times perceptible. A good player certainly must put something of his own into the music which he is performing. Hence, we have different readings of the same work, which may be all good. A great artist knows how to do this without interfering with the composer's intentions. M. Isaÿe may not have done justice to himself on the occasion of his *début*. We shall soon have another opportunity of judging of his artistic merits, for he plays at this society's next concert. His reception by the audience was most enthusiastic. The programme included an early and delightful Symphony in B flat by Haydn, and Mr. Cowen's clever Symphony in F (No. 5), which has already been heard at Cambridge and at the Richter Concerts. Both works were well rendered. Mdlle. Tremelli was the vocalist.

Sir Charles Halle gave his first Chamber Concert at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, May 10. The programme commenced with Chrubini's Quartet for strings in E, one of three recently published. The first two movements are clear in form, and, as one would expect from so distinguished a composer, well written; but they do not appeal vividly to the imagination. The Scherzo is peculiar, and not without humour, but it is mosaic in character. The Finale is a clever and spirited movement. The work had full justice done to it by Mdme. Néruda and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and F. Néruda. The programme included Brahms's fine pianoforte Quintet in A (Op. 81), Beethoven's piano and violin Sonata in G (Op. 96), and pianoforte solos by Schubert. There was a moderate attendance.

Señor Sarasate's first concert for the season took place on Saturday afternoon. Max Bruch's Concerto in D minor is not a very attractive work, but it was magnificently rendered by the great violinist. In a *morceau de concert* by I. Raff, and in his own "Carmen" Fantaisie, Señor Sarasate proved himself once again an executant *hors ligne*. He was received with customary enthusiasm. The programme commenced with Liszt's Poème Symphonique, "Tasso," to our thinking, one of his best; and concluded with Mendelssohn's "Athalie" Overture. Mr. Cusins was, as usual, the conductor.

The Popular Musical Union, which does good and useful work for the musical training and recreation of the industrial classes in London, gave a very successful concert at Grosvenor House on the same afternoon. The choir and orchestra of the society took part in the programme. Mdme. Antoinette Stirling and other vocalists gave their services, and M. J. Wolff delighted the audience with his clever violin playing.

The second Richter Concert last Monday evening drew a good audience. There was no novelty, but the performances were excellent. The only fault to find was in the arrangement of the programme. Last week the solemn "Parsifal" Vorspiel was followed by the tawdry Liszt Rhapsodie. This time the equally solemn "Charfreitagszauber" was placed before Glinka's light and humorous Komarinskaja Fantasia. In serious programmes, such as those of the Richter Concerts, such pieces, if they must be included, should be put at the end.

Miss Dora Schirmacher, who has not been heard for some years in London, gave a Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. Three posthumous pieces by Beethoven formed a special feature of the programme. They were only published last year. The first is a charming Allegretto in C minor, written about 1796. The others are two characteristic Bagatellen, composed in 1797. The opening notes of the first of these pieces appears in a Beethoven sketch-book among sketches for the second movement of the pianoforte Sonata in C minor (Op. 10, No. 1); and, from certain written remarks of the composer, this Bagatelle was evidently intended to form one of the movements of that Sonata. It was to come between the Adagio and the Finale. Miss Schirmacher has taste and good technique, but is heard to best advantage in works of light calibre. The Beethoven pieces were well rendered, excepting that the Allegretto was hurried. Weber's Sonata in A flat was unequally played, and there was often too much pedal.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

The History of the Great Civil War, 1642-9. Vol. II. By S R. Gardiner. (Longmans)

THE new volume of the History of the Civil War opens with Cromwell's accusation of the Earl of Manchester, and closes with the surrender of the king by the Scots to the commissioners of the Parliament. In the earlier part of his History of the Seventeenth Century, Mr. Gardiner had the advantage of dealing with a period which had been very superficially treated by previous writers. If his present subject lacks some of the novelty of his earlier volumes, its intrinsic interest is far greater. Well worn as the story is, it assumes a surprising degree of freshness in his practised hands. It is not merely that his invariable fairness presents familiar events from new points of view; there is also very much that is absolutely new in his narrative, and that not merely in the details. He has collected many new facts from the old sources, and more from sources that were unknown or inaccessible to his predecessors. The despatches of Montreuil in the French archives, for instance, have enabled him to reconstruct the history of the negotiations between Charles I. and the Scots. We also learn from these despatches the nature of the terms offered by the Independents to the king in the autumn of 1645, and the precise division of parties in the House of Lords in the following spring (pp. 379, 481). It was in French and Venetian reports that Mr. Gardiner discovered the proposals for the king's deposition made in the summer of 1644, of which he gave an account in his last volume. So, in the present volume, we learn from one of Montreuil's letters that in January, 1646, the leaders of the Independents projected making the little Duke of Gloucester king, and declaring the Earl of Northumberland lord protector of the realm. A rumour to the same effect had come to the ears of the Venetian Resident in the preceding March (pp. 144, 410). Mr. Gardiner has also gathered much new matter from the diaries of the different note-takers in the House of Commons, and given us by their aid a more complete and intelligible account of the passing of the Self-denying Ordinance than has been hitherto published. Of the three diarists in question, Yonge is occasionally referred to, and D'Ewes frequently, but Whitacre seems from the notes to have proved the most useful for this particular period.

The pages devoted to the New Model correct more than one popular belief about it. It was not entirely a volunteer army. No less than 8500 men were impressed by ordinance to fill up its ranks. "In London, at least, if the French ambassador is to be trusted, young men were seized in the streets, and carried off forcibly to serve against the king" (p. 149). Fairfax repeatedly complains of the alacrity of these pressed men in deserting, and the slowness of the local authorities in sending them back Neither was the New Model entirely composed of Independents, or even of "men of a religious spirit." The nucleus of the army consisted of the old soldiers who had served under Essex and Manchester, and even the soldiers of the latter were far from being all sectaries. Col. Pickering's regiment mutinied because when he took command he proceeded to preach a sermon to them (p. 148):

"In spite of such facts as these," concludes Mr. Gardiner, "the popular belief that the New Model was not merely a Puritan, but an Independent, army is not without foundation. An army is to a great extent moulded by its officers, and the officers of this army were men of a pronounced, and especially of a tolerant, Puritanism. The officers, too, had on their side, if not the whole of the old soldiers, at least those who were most energetic and most amenable to discipline, more particularly the sturdier Puritans of the Eastern Association. It was by such as these that the whole lump was ultimately leavened" (p. 149).

The excellent discipline of the army, which made it in the end, as Clarendon says, "famous for its sobriety and manners," depended not merely on its moral superiority to other armies, but on the fact that it was much more regularly paid.

The king's plan of campaign for 1645 was a reproduction of the strategy of 1644. "Once more Oxford was to be the basis of operations from which Rupert might dash out from time to time to relieve beleaguered garrisons, and to swoop down upon any weak point in the enemy's defences." Oxford, however, was so insufficiently provisioned that it was incapable of holding out in the absence of the field army. It was this which, after the capture of Leicester, prevented the king from carrying out Digby's plan of relieving the Yorkshire garrisons and defeating the Scots (pp. 133, 193). The necessity of staying in the Midlands to support Oxford, and to relieve it with a fresh supply of provisions, obliged the king to linger near Leicester, and gave Fairfax time to overtake him and bring on a battle. On the battle of Naseby itself Mr. Gardiner adopts the conclusions recently formulated by Col. Ross in the *English Historical Review*. "The parliamentarians, now that they had been joined by Cromwell, numbered about 13,600, while *at the highest calculation*, the king's troops can hardly have exceeded 7500" (pp. 208, 583). Admitting the great disparity of the two armies, is not the weakness of the king's force a little overstated? True it is that Charles himself, in a letter of June 4, describes his army as consisting of 4000 foot and scarce 3500 horse. At the same time, however, he announces his intention of staying at Harborough some time to pick up stragglers; and no doubt in the ten days which intervened before the battle of Naseby his numbers were increased from this source. Col. Ross writes: "I can come to no other conclusion than that the royal army at Naseby effectively numbered not more than 8000 men in horse and foot, and may probably, as stated by the Royalist authorities, have been actually only 7500 in all" (*English Historical Review*, iii. 673). Col Ross, however, arrives at this figure by making certain deductions from the strength of the king's army in May, as stated by Richard Symonds in his diary; and in two cases these deductions appear to be excessive. For instance, he overestimates the loss suffered by the Royalists in storming Leicester, and the number of horse left by the king to garrison that town. Moreover, the account of the battle given by Sir Edward Walker seems to warrant the conclusion that the king had about 4500 horse at Naseby. Walker says that Rupert had about 2000 horse on the right wing, that 500 more were in reserve, and that an unspecified number, consisting of Langdale's brigade and the Newark horse, were on the left. The left wing was probably not weaker than the right, for Langdale's horse numbered 1500 at the end of May; and the Newark division, allowing for the loss at Leicester and the detachment sent home, must have numbered 600 or 700 men. The weakness of the king's army at Naseby lay specially in the small number of the foot. Clarendon estimates them at 3300; Walker, as 3500; the king, as 4000. This is the utmost that can be said against Mr. Gardiner's theory as to the number of the royal forces at Naseby, and it does not amount to much.

After Naseby the king pursued no consistent strategic scheme, but a series of projects suggested by each turn of fortune. He fell more and more under the influence of Digby.

"As Charles's prospects grew darker Digby's influence increased. His adventurous activity dragged along with it Charles's passive resolution. With Digby every gleam of hope was as the rising of the day star; every fresh disaster a mere unfortunate accident, to be banished from the memory. He shared with Charles that trust in success of incongruous projects which contributed so much to the destruction of the Royalist cause." . . . "Unable to form any consistent scheme of operations, the king had thrown himself into the hands of an adviser who was not only no soldier, but who, with some of Buckingham's brilliancy, reproduced only too faithfully Buckingham's extravagances" (pp. 253, 359).

It will be observed that Mr. Gardiner's view of Digby agrees with that expressed by Clarendon, and he agrees with him also in the share in the Royalist disasters which he attributes to Goring and Grenville. One of the greatest merits of Mr. Gardiner's account of the last eighteen months of the Civil War consists in the skill with which he connects the affairs of Scotland and England, and shows the bearing of the victories of Montrose on the course of events south of the Tweed. He has devoted the same careful study to the battlefields of Scotland as to those of England, and explained much that was difficult to understand in the history of Montrose's campaigns. Moreover, some of the descriptions of these battles are admirably vigorous and spirited.

It was not, however, on battlefields alone that the issue of the Civil War was decided. The defects of the king's character were more fatal than the errors of his generals or the weakness of his battalions. His incapacity to understand the people he ruled brought about the Great Rebellion, and made it end in his de-

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feat. Nothing did Charles more harm than his attempts to obtain foreign troops, and nothing was more inexplicable to him than the feeling he thus roused.

"Irish, French, Dutch, or Lorrainers were all one to Charles, if only they would help him to regain his crown. Born of a Scottish father and a Danish mother, with a grandmother who was half French by birth and altogether French by breeding, with a French wife, with German nephews, and a Dutch son-in-law, Charles had nothing in him in touch with that English national feeling, which is too often the mother of much narrowness of view and of much cruelty and injustice to alien races, but which no ruler of England can afford to despise" (p. 159).

His attempts to regain by diplomacy what he had lost by arms were equally mistaken and equally mischievous. He was always dreaming of combining irreconcileable parties and pursuing incompatible policies. He was incapable of agreeing with any one party, or adhering to any one policy. The one point on which he was consistent and firm was his refusal to concede the establishment of Presbyterianism in England; and even on that question he was willing to let the Scots believe that he intended to yield, and incapable of speaking out plainly and honestly.

The story of the negotiations which led to the king's flight to Newark is one of the subjects on which Mr. Gardiner has thrown new light. The lowest terms on which the Scots were willing to receive the king was the establishment of Presbyterianism in both kingdoms. But they did not insist with sufficient plainness on the indispensableness of this condition, nor did the king make plain his determination never to accept it. On the contrary, he promised to give them full contentment on church government if only they could satisfy him that to do so would not be against his conscience; and he declared his willingness to receive instruction as soon as he reached their quarters. Finally the king threw himself into the Scottish camp without obtaining any definite engagement from them. The Scottish leaders were careful to confine themselves to a somewhat ambiguous verbal assurance, which they allowed Montreuil to put in writing, but refused to sign (pp. 474, 475).

Other questions of interest remain which it is only possible briefly to refer to. Mr. Gardiner's narrative of Glamorgan's negotiations clears the king of one grave charge against him. In signing the treaty which usually bears his name, Glamorgan went beyond and against his instructions, and used for one purpose the full powers given him for another. Charles was evidently justified in disavowing him (pp. 127, 414). On the rise and the relations of parties, there is much of great interest. Mr. Gardiner thinks that the effect of the elections of 1645 on the balance of power between Presbyterians and Independents has been exaggerated, and points out that the Long Parliament at that period, like some of the assemblies of the French Revolution, contained groups rather than parties (p. 449). Specially notable, also, are the criticism on Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, and the estimate of Cromwell's character as a party leader (pp. 17, 499). Finally, the portraits of Peters, Lilburne, and Prynne, do justice, long delayed, to men whom historians have generally misrepresented or ignored. C. H. Firth.

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Done into English by Henry Edward Watts. Vols. IV., V. (Bernard Quaritch.)

We congratulate Mr. Watts on the completion of his long and arduous task. He has succeeded in producing the translation of the *Quixote* which must be the favourite, among those hitherto published, for the book-lover and the scholar. These concluding volumes are distinguished by all the excellencies of their predecessors. Mr. Watts hits most happily in his notes the just medium between saying too much or too little. His remarks satisfy without wearying the reader; his longer excursus, as at the end of Vol. IV., are valuable essays. In that on Spanish proverbs he does not seem to be acquainted with the *Altspanische Sprichwörter und sprichwortliche Redensarten aus den Zeiter vor Cervantes*, by Dr. Joseph Haller (Regensberg, 1883), in which are given 555 Spanish proverbs, all beginning with the letter A, with parallels in Greek and Latin, and in almost every living European speech and dialect, including Basque, with the bibliography of them in each language. This is certainly an important contribution towards the building up of that "intelligent and well-arranged work on Spanish proverbs" which, as Mr. Watts says, "is still a *desideratum*." Like the former volumes, these two are not quite free from rare but inexplicable slips, which contrast most vividly with the general merits. *E.g.*, in the note on the *seguidillas* (v. 13), Mr. Watts writes that they "differed from the *redondillas*, in the first line rhyming with the third, and the second with the fourth, generally in assonants"; but in the example given there is neither assonant nor consonant rhyme between the first and third lines, and it is quite an exception to the ordinary rules of the *seguidilla* if there is one. So in the *facsimile* letter which closes the work, the signature is clearly Cer*b*antes; yet it is printed on the opposite page Cervantes. These are trifles, only to be deplored because there is so little chance of their being amended in another edition of so choice a work. As a last debt of gratitude we must not omit to thank our author for the excellent Index which he has given us to the *Quixote* as well as to the Life of Cervantes.

May I be allowed to devote the remainder of this notice to a consideration of the questions why it is that the best of the earlier editions should have been the work of an Englishman; why three such translations of *Quixote* as those of Mr. Duffield, Mr. Ormsby, and Mr. Watts should have appeared within the last few years; why a writer of the exceptional talent of Mr. Gibson should have devoted his powers mainly to the translation of Cervantes's verse? What are the qualities in Cervantes's writings which give them such an attraction for Englishmen? Mr. Gibson answered in his own case, when it was suggested that he should turn his attention to Lope de Vega. "Lope de Vega! The writer does not see that it is as a *man* that I admire Cervantes! Lope de Vega could not untie *his* shoe-latchet." This is doubtless an answer to one part of the problem. Of all foreign writers, of all his contemporaries in that wondrous time, Cervantes is the one who most nearly approaches, in qualities of heart and mind, to that god of an Englishman's idolatry, Shakspere; and it is no unnatural consequence that the deeper study and the more multiplied editions of Shakspere should be followed by a deeper study and multiplied editions of the author who is most like him.

Cervantes, indeed, is not to be named with Shakspere as a playwright and a poet. His verse has none of the almost cloying richness of fancy, the exuberance of diction, which marks the early poems and the sonnets of Shakspere. The songs intercalated in the *Quixote* and other writings of Cervantes are all unworthy to be ranked with those gems of melody which sparkle in the plays of Shakspere. The great problems of the universe and of man's destiny seem never to have weighed on the soul of Cervantes as they did on that of Shakspere; but in less, though perhaps in not less noble, qualities the genius and the character of Cervantes have a close affinity to those of our English dramatist. Both were men of clearest insight, yet of most kindly, genial temper; both were singularly free from literary vanity and from jealousy of their contemporaries; both were almost incredibly careless as to the printing and removal of the minor blots of their masterpieces. The editions of *Don Quixote* which appeared in Cervantes's lifetime are almost as faulty as the folios and quartos of Shakspere's plays. The chronology of the *Quixote* is as incapable of reconciliation with the events recorded as is the geography and history of Shakspere with that of actual fact. But in both, the power of seizing, divining, creating a character, and of preserving its identity in every variety of situation and circumstance is almost unsurpassed. In both there is the keenest wit and delight in all laughter-giving occasions, from the subtle conceit that can just tickle the fancy of the well-read and fastidious scholar down to the broadest farce; and, united with this, there is in each the truest humour, the widest and most tender sympathy for humanity of every grade of rank or condition, for saint or for sinner, from the highest to the lowest. In religion both dwell above the quarrels of their day; and thus Shakspere has been claimed as a Roman Catholic, and Cervantes as an almost Protestant, and in both cases with equal error. In both the glow of patriotism is at its highest. It is difficult indeed to say to which the palm should be accorded in this respect: to Shakspere, whose noble verse has thrilled and nerved generations of his countrymen to many a high emprise; or to Cervantes, whose "Numantia" was acted amid the ruins and the agony of Zaragoza. Yet, as we read, one difference forces itself upon us—a distinction which, if it does not exist in the pages themselves, we cannot help finding there by the light of after history. Shakspere's is the upward flame of patriotism in a nation which had only then begun its career of greatest glory—the eagle preparing itself for a fuller flight. With the glories of Lepanto ever in his memory, with all a Spaniard's pride in his race and in his country, and in her then unequalled empire, with all his boast of victories by land and sea, this note is still lacking in Cervantes—the con-

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fident, triumphant onlook to a future more glorious still. He was probably too clear-sighted not to see, too patriotic to express, the marks of the inevitable ruin that had even then begun. Spain had done so much that it already seemed that she could do no more. It is certain, from the *Tratado de la Tribulation* of Rivadaneira, that such reflections were then agitating many a mind. They were already part of the trials of a Spaniard's life, to be brooded over with a hidden sorrow.

But all such cogitations, joined as they were in his case with misfortunes and calamities enough to have broken the spirit of almost any other man; wounds followed by slavery; perils of every kind; well-earned promotion refused; dismissal from service; poverty, neglect; hopeless knocking for years at the gates of the great for aid and patronage that never came, or only in insufficient dribblets; his literary fame envied and stolen from him, below his merits as it really was, never meeting with his due reward—none, or all of these together, sufficed to depress the brave and genial nature, the cheery spirit, of the man. The *Quixote*, in which these kindly qualities are best displayed, was the work almost of his old age. Nothing could embitter the loving spirit with which he regarded the acts and follies of his fellow men. He always brought to light whatever of truly humorous, of tenderness, of good was in them; of whatever class of life, in whatsoever condition, however vile and contemptible the surroundings might be. Herein lies one of his closest points of resemblance with Shakspere. He has not the burning consuming indignation against wrong that the latter had; he does not make the tyrant and the slanderer so utterly hateful as the English dramatist does; but he ever sees the good, or at least the purely humorous side, even in things evil. In this respect both contrast instructively with the so-called realistic or naturalistic schools of our day. Think what such a scene as that of Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet, or even Dame Quickly's account of Falstaff's death, would have become in the hands of these writers! Compare Cervantes's account of Maritornes with the kindly sentence which makes the reader take his leave of her with the sigh, "Poor Maritornes"; for, "indeed it is said of her that, although of that trade, she had some shadows and outlines of a Christian" Compare this narrative with that of the Gallega in the false *Quixote* of Avellana, which stirs in us nothing but disgust, and every reader will see the difference. In one of his *Entremeses* Cervantes has gone to a depth lower still. The *Del Rufián viudo llamado Trampagos* is the mourning of a bully over the death of one of the victims who supported him, with the consolation of her companions over the bereaved—widower! Unsavoury as the theme may be, and as it would have been in almost any other hands, there is not the slightest allurement or excitement to vice in it, but only the grotesque humour of the situation, as impossible to be read without laughter as the pieces of Shakspere alluded to above. I do not mean that Cervantes, any more than Shakspere, was attracted to this class; but only to show, by an extreme case, that no portion of humanity was exempt from his sympathies. Cervantes had suffered much from the Moors of Algiers, and yet how many noble Moors are to be found in his pages! The very success of Cervantes in his Preciosa, the bright, pure-minded, witty gipsy girl, her innate grace and beauty, which have passed into every one's ideal, blinds us to the rare insight of the man who could first divine such qualities in the fortune-telling dancing girl of the public streets. Read of Shakspere's Rosalind and Cervantes's Preciosa one after the other, and then say if their authors are not akin!

Cervantes stood at the border of two great periods of the world's history. He saw the last of the age of chivalry. Bayard, Francis I., Don John of Austria, close the list of those who formed themselves more or less after the ideal of the knight of mediaeval times and of the lessons of chivalry. Contemporary, and equal in age with Cervantes, Ginez Perez de Hita was writing the story of the Wars of Granada, as if war were still a mere game of knightly love and romance. But Cervantes had a truer insight. He saw that the old ideal of exaggerated personal prowess was past for ever; that to model oneself on that, to indulge in its unreal fantasies, was to court destruction. Henceforth kingdoms would be ruled mainly from the cabinet and the desk, not with the knightly sword and helm of the monarch in the field. He saw, perhaps too dimly, that his own sovereign, Philip II., was failing in his stupendous task of trying to govern all his widespread realms alone, with no confidant, no counsellor, no minister, and with only secretaries as clerks and scribes. He would see some at least of the many blunders made, of the faults committed; he would remark the inner weakness, the growing corruption, the ever-increasing poverty, still veiled from foreigners by the outward show of power. Yet he was too wise to look backwards, to seek for the remedy of such things from a past that could never be recalled. No one has ever penned a better description of all that was good and lofty in knighthood and in chivalry than Cervantes has put into the mouth of Don Quixote. But a new era was begun, a new ideal had arisen: to copy the old models would be only mischievous now. He was indignant at the silly exaggerations, the empty caricatures of what had been noble once. He saw, perhaps, that in the new world that was coming Spain would no longer play the part that she had done in the old; that forces had come into being that she either could not employ, or that others would employ better. One of the best of commentaries on the *Quixote* is, I think, Turner's picture of "The Fighting *Temeraire*": the gallant old ship, the hero of so many fights, the thing of beauty and of life, towed—all helpless, to be broken up—by the ugly, noisy, smoking little tug; for the last time sun and moon unite to shed the halo of their glory around it. Then the beauty and romance of the old sea-life would be gone for ever; the newer life would be far more ugly, infinitely more vulgar and monotonous, but there were potentialities in it such as the world had never known. Only in the action of, and glory of, this newer world Spain's share would be growing less and less; to strive after it with the old methods would be only to court destruction. This is what Cervantes bravely tried to tell in one of the wisest, tenderest, most humorous and mirth-compelling books that has been ever written. Yet whoso doth not catch the undertone of sadness amid all this laughter has not fully understood *Don Quixote* — that undertone which makes it, as Sismondi says, "to some one of the most melancholy books that ever was written." Perhaps this, too, may be one secret of its attraction to the race "who love to take their pleasure sadly."

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

From Pekin to Calais by Land. By H. de Windt. (Chapman & Hall.)

ON April 7, 1887, Mr. de Windt—accompanied by an old fellow traveller, Mr. Lancaster—left England by the overland route for China with the intention of making his way back through Northern Asia and Europe. This section of the journey is not one that is often voluntarily undertaken even by the most hardened "globe-trotters"; and although it was successfully accomplished by our travellers, the result was not such as to encourage others to repeat the exploit. Indeed, the writer expresses a hope that his experiences may have a deterent effect and prevent others "from following his example," which is only another way of saying that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

The work in which Mr. de Windt communicates his impressions of his Mongolian and Siberian travels is of very unequal merit. The route followed was the usual caravan track from Pekin through Kalgan at the Great Wall, and across the Gobi to Kiakhta on the Russo-Chinese frontier; thence by the Siberian postal road, over Lake Baikal, through Irkutsk and Krasnoyarsk to Tomsk on the Obi; then by steamer and rail to Tobolsk, Niji Novgorod, and Moscow, and so on across Europe to Calais. It will thus be seen that the beaten path was nowhere deviated from; and it may be stated broadly that, so long as the text also keeps to this beaten path—that is, as long as the writer confines himself to a description of the scenes and incidents he himself witnessed—the book is singularly interesting and instructive. Few more graphic pages have ever been penned by any observer of foreign lands and peoples than those dealing with the scenery of the Gobi, the gruesome sights of Urga, the holy city of the Mongol Buddhists, the dismal hostelries of Kiakhta, the strange half-savage social life of the Russian officials in that place and other Siberian towns on the great postal route nearly 5000 miles long, which traverses Asiatic Russia from end to end. In all this there is nothing, perhaps, very new; but the descriptions are so intensely vivid and, it may be added, truthful that the reader feels as if he had now, for the first time, clearly realised the actual conditions of travel in Northern Asia. The inn they are fain to put up at in Kiakhta is pictured as

"a square whitewashed room, its walls and uncarpeted floor reeking with filth, and devoid of all furniture save a table and two hard straight-backed chairs, and an overpowering smell of sewage from a cesspool beneath the open window, through which a crowd of shock-headed Siberian boys watch our every movement. An old man in greasy rags and redolent of garlic, who resolutely refuses to allow us to enter even this fetid den unless the lodging-money is prepaid. No bed, no food, no drink,

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no washing appliances—such were the comforts awaiting us at the 'Hotel Glembodski,' Kiakhta."

In this town they are invited by a learned professor to dinner at nine o'clock; but although vodka, cognac, and other strong drinks are flowing all the evening, the dinner—consisting of "one diminutive chicken and half a dozen small cutlets, for half a dozen hungry men"—is not announced till half an hour before midnight. Then drinking is resumed; and at 4 a.m. an adjournment is made to the drawing-room, where a Russian and a German professor get to loggerheads over the story of the three-cornered duel in *Midshipman Easy*.

"Suddenly, while at the piano, a low choking sounding attracted my attention, and I looked underneath to find Russia (represented by the mathematician) lying on the top of Germany (represented by the chemist), and slowly but surely throttling her. The thing had been done so gently that neither Lancaster nor myself had noticed it. The others had returned to the dining-room and vodka. Quickly summoning Wormoff [the host] we managed to get them apart, but not without difficulty. The Russian had decidedly the best of the combat, for the chemist was half dead, his face purple and eyes protruding. It took at least half a bottle of vodka to bring him round again, and enable him to inform us that the *casus belli* was still the triangular duel! . . . It was broad daylight when we separated, English bottled stout being handed round as a finale to the entertainment. It costs about a guinea a bottle in Kiakhta and we drank it out of small wine-glasses. Then everyone kissed everyone else," &c.

The impression produced by these social amenities is compared to that left on the writer's mind by a head-hunting feast once witnessed by him in Central Borneo—

"a kind of wonder that human beings, however uncivilised, could become so animal, not to say bestial, in their minds and habits."

Mr. de Windt had several opportunities of studying the convict question, about which so many contradictory statements are made according to the bias of the writers. He draws the very necessary distinction between "criminal" and "political" prisoners, and comes very near the truth in the epigrammatic remark that the Russian criminal is exiled to colonise, the Russian Nihilist (in most cases) to die. In fact, it is notorious that, while for the latter Siberia is a "veritable hell upon earth," for the former it is a sort of land of promise, where they are well fed and well clothed, with the ultimate prospect of receiving an allotment of free land. Hence many atrocious crimes are committed in European Russia for the sole purpose of being transported beyond the Urals, just as the London starveling thrusts his elbow through a shop-window in order to secure the luxury of prison fare for a few weeks or months.

It is difficult to be angry with a writer who describes so well and so accurately everything that comes under his personal observation. But, in justice to the general reader, it is impossible to pass over a number of gross blunders occurring in those parts where the *rôle* of the observer is replaced by that of the geographer, historian and ethnologist, at second or third hand. At the very outset he makes the ludicrous mistake of supposing that Siberia has hitherto been an unknown region, about which it was impossible to obtain any information in London, except from such antiquated and doubtful sources as John Bell's book (1788) and Jules Verne's *Michel Strogoff!* And elsewhere he writes:

"My ideas of Siberia were, before I left England, extremely vague. It is a country in which, before I undertook this voyage, I had taken but little or no interest. There are but few works bearing upon the region we passed through. The only ones I had ever read were *Michel Strogoff* and *Called Back*."

Such being the case one cannot but admire the courage with which he goes out of his way to emphasise this ignorance by undertaking to instruct his readers on the relations of the Chinese to their present Manchu rulers; on the geography of Lake Baikal; on the ethnography of the Kamchadales, Yakuts, Tunguses, and other Siberian aborigines; and on other subjects, apparently introduced merely as padding to make a big book. A few specimens will suffice to give an idea of the kind of information conveyed to his readers by the writer whenever he ventures to deviate from "the beaten track." The Manchus are called "Tartars, who, as Mahometans, tried to force the Koran on the whole of China at the commencement of their dynasty," the fact being that the civilised Manchus are all zealous Buddhists, the rude tribes still mostly Shamanists. Shamanism, the primitive religion of all the aborigines from Lapland to Alaska, is elsewhere spoken of as "a sect now nearly died out." Mr. de Windt has travelled in the Eastern Archipelago, where he might have heard of the Sumatran, if not of the Australian, dingo; yet he suggests that Kamchatka "is probably the only country in the world where the real wild dog exists." He tells us that Ivanoff "travelling downwards (*sic*) from Yakutsk," discovered Lake Baikal, which would locate this basin somewhere about the Arctic Ocean; and the same basin is said to be the largest freshwater lake in the whole world, America excepted, whereas it is considerably smaller than Tanganyika, and little more than half the size of Victoria Nyanza. The depth also is given as 5000 and 6000 ft. in some parts, the extreme being not more than 4600 and the mean about 850 ft. Bogdo-Kuren, the Mongol name of Urga, appears under the form "Ta-Huren," where the first element is not Mongol at all, but Chinese. In one place the Tunguses are said to be more numerous than the Yakuts, who outnumber them probably tenfold; in another they are represented as "comparatively few, at most some four thousand," which again, though nearer the truth, is still wide of the mark. But the whole of the ethnological section, occupying about twenty pages, is absolutely worthless.

If this excrescence were removed, together with much of the preliminary matter about China, some of which is not in the best of taste; if a good map were also substituted for the wretched outline sketch of the author's route, and the numerous errors of all kinds rectified by which these pages are at present disfigured—*From Pekin to Calais* might take its place among the liveliest and most instructive books of travel in the English language.

A. H. Keane.

MEMORIALS OF GEORGIAN ANTIQUITY IN THE HOLY LAND AND ON MOUNT SINAI.

Pamiatniki Gruzinskoi Starini v' Sviatoi Zemlê i na Sinaê. By Alexander Tsagarelli. (St. Petersburg: published by the Orthodox Palestine Society.)

The mantle of the indefatigable Brosset, who may be said to have founded Georgian philology—constructing, as he did, a dictionary and grammar out of a meagre chronicle which fell into his hands—has descended upon Prof. Tsagarelli of St. Petersburg. He has an advantage over his illustrious predecessor in being a Georgian by birth, and he is as untiring and accurate in his labours. Already known by works on Georgian MSS., translations of some of her literary treasures, and valuable papers scattered among the publications of the Russian Oriental Society, in this work he gives the result of his researches in the monasteries of Jerusalem and Mount Sinai. He left St. Petersburg on January 23, 1883, and returned in the early part of September in the same year. We have no space to dwell upon some of the incidents of travel which he has recorded—among others, his interview with the Khedive. He arrived at Alexandia *en route*, finding traces of its bombardment by the English, and on one of the steamers had an interesting conversation with some officers who were about to join Hicks Pacha. The professor, confusing him with the late Irish Secretary, calls him Hicks-Beach.

The part of his book with which we are concerned more immediately on the present occasion is his account of the monasteries which he visited and their treasures. Before telling us of those at Jerusalem he gives us an interesting sketch of the relations between Georgia and the Holy Land. These date from the foundation of the Georgian Church in the first quarter of the fourth century, since which time there is a long succession of monasteries founded and endowed. Our author has even discovered traces of Georgian colonists in the Holy Land, for he writes on page 140 as follows:

"Near the monastery of the Holy Cross, at a distance of about twenty minutes' walk in the luxuriant Wady-el-Ward (valley of roses), there has grown up the little village of Malkha, settled, as it appears, by the descendants of Georgian colonists. This valley used to be celebrated for the production of rose-water; but at the present time the cultivation of roses has declined, and the greater part of the land once planted with rose-bushes is now turned into pasture. There are about 600 persons of both sexes at Malkha. They have forgotten the language and faith of their fathers, but remember that their ancestors came from the remote north, as they express it, and they call themselves *Gurdji*, or Georgians, and the surrounding Arab population also looks upon them as immigrants and men of an alien race. They speak Arabic and a little Turkish and Greek."

The learned professor has given an exhaustive catalogue of the treasures to be found in the Jerusalem monasteries, consisting of translations of parts of the Bible, of the Fathers, lives of the saints, and prayer-books, some of which are as old as the seventh century, and many are very finely illuminated. These books were presents from ancient Georgian kings and queens, and bear splendid testimony to the antiquity of the civilisation of this

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remarkable people, who, amid so many strange vicissitudes of fortune, have managed to hold their own, and have, on the whole, preserved their race with remarkable purity, as the type of features which the traveller now sees in the valleys of Kakhetia and Mingrelia shows great similarity to that which is found on ancient coins and frescoes.

The work, which is beautifully printed, is ornamented with some facsimiles, one of the most interesting being a psalter of the seventh century on papyrus. There is also a complete list of the Georgian inscriptions to be found in the monasteries of Palestine. These have been carefully deciphered and translated.

It is now a little more than fifty years since Brosset affixed to his Georgian grammar a meagre catalogue of such books as he had discovered, printed or manuscript, in the language. Since that time our knowledge on the subject has been greatly increased; and it would perhaps not be uninteresting if we were to mention some of the most important collections as indicated by Prof. Tsagarelli in a previous work.

(1) The Georgian MSS. and early printed books which formerly belonged to Prince Gruzinski, among which are 361 MSS., some of which date from the tenth century. This collection was begun in Genfia at the close of the eighteenth century, and it was made by members of the family of the last of their kings, George XIII. The Princess Keteran of Imeretia, who married his son, brought some valuable books into the family. Prof. Tsagarelli has made a careful catalogue of these MSS. They now belong to the Public Library of St. Petersburg.

(2) The rich collection, partly inherited and partly formed by the last Prince of Mingrelia, David Dadiani, who died in 1853. This Georgian was a great lover of the literature of his country, and a thorough bibliophile. In many of his books he has written an account of the manner in which he acquired them, and has added various critical notes. Although the bulk of this collection consists of ecclesiastical works, with which Georgian literature abounds, yet among the 227 books which it contains are to be found a rare and splendid copy of the Kostomiani—a Georgian version of the *Shah Vameh*, and translations of Homer (the *Iliad*), Plutarch, Josephus, and others. There are also tales and romances of the usual Oriental kind, dating from the eleventh century. This, again, is a species of literature in which the Georgian language is very rich. In 1884, the son of Prince Dadiani gave this library to the Society for the Diffusion of Education among the Georgians, and it is now at Tiflis, where the writer of the present article was shown many of the most valuable books which it contains.

(3) The collection belonging to the Iverian monastery on Mount Athos. Of this library Prof. Tsagarelli published a catalogue in 1883; but its contents had been already made known in the *Journal Asiatique* by Brosset, although somewhat imperfectly. There are about eighty-six MSS., among them a very fine Georgian Bible of the tenth century.

(4) The collections in the monastery on Mount Sinai and in Jerusalem are described in the work which forms the subject of our present notice.

Besides these, there are thirty-six MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, and thirty-four in private hands at Tiflis. Prof. Tsagarelli gives a total of 946 Georgian MSS. known to exist; but many more will probably be found when thorough search is made. Thus, in the exhibition held at Tiflis in 1881 at the Archaeological Congress many splendid Georgian MSS. were exhibited which are still in private hands, especially copies of the "Man in the Panther's Skin"—that favourite product of the Georgian muse, which seems to have been circulated among them in MSS. as extensively as Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* of old time among our own people.

Even the above brief details given in this article will suffice to show the riches of ancient Georgian literature. Its classical period dates from the tenth to the twelfth century. During the thirteenth and three following centuries the country was the prey of the surrounding barbarians, and by some marvellous force was able to preserve the continuity of its faith, its language, and its manners. Mongols, Turks, and Persians have been raging about it with fire and sword; but still it exists

> "a promontory of rock
> That, compass'd round with turbulent sound
> In middle ocean, meets the surging shock;
> Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned."

The renaissance of its literature began with the seventeenth century, and, in spite of drawbacks, has continued to the present time. For most of our information on these points we are indebted to the labours of Prof. Tsagarelli, the results of which are given in the present work and others which he has published.

The Georgian language presents so many interesting features to the philologist, and its history and literature ought to have so many attractions for all readers, that we will conclude by hoping that the efforts of Prof. Tsagarelli to make his countrymen better known to Europe will meet with the success which they deserve.

W. R. Morfill.

NEW NOVELS.

The Wing of Azrael. By Mona Caird. In 3 vols. (Trübner.)

On Circumstantial Evidence. By Florence Marryatt. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Pretty Sister of José. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Spencer Blackett.)

A Houseful of Girls. By Sarah Tytler. (Smith & Innes.)

Johnnie; or, Only a Life. By Robina F. Hardy. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

Chronicles of Glenbuckie. By Henry Johnston. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

Not for the Night-time. By Theo Gift. (Roper & Drowley.)

It is evident from *The Wing of Azrael* that the publication of the celebrated magazine article, "Is Marriage a Failure?" was but an incident, and did not mark a new departure, in the literary career of Mrs. Caird. No doubt the marriage of Viola Sedley and Philip Dendraith is not only a failure, but a tragic and (truth to tell) a horribly repulsive failure. But such teaching as is conveyed in *The Wing of Azrael* is not the same as that directly given in the article the publication of which preceded its own. One is inclined to say, indeed, judging by internal evidence, that the novel is in conception, and partially in execution, the older work of the two. It is avowedly a story with a purpose. It is unrelieved pain and horror from beginning to end, the heroine being another Bride of Lammermoor, who is, so far as ceremony goes, married, not to a Bucklaw but to a Quilp, without his humour, and with the air of Sir John Chester. Yet there is abundance of cleverness in it—sometimes fantastical, if not artificial, as in the idealisation of the dreary ornaments in Viola's drawing-room, which are compared to "lost souls that had migrated into glass and china bodies, and there petrified, entranced, were forced to stand in the musty silence till the crack of doom." Then there is power, and of at least two kinds, in *The Wing of Azrael.* Mrs. Caird does know the Eerie, as distinguished from Mrs. Oliphant's Unseen, and can people it with a variety of human life as no other contemporary writer can. Besides, Mrs. Caird, as she is quite entitled to do in a novel with a purpose, conducts a duel for the soul of poor miserable morbid Viola between Mrs. Lincoln, a fascinating, able (not simply clever), emancipated, but not unsexed, woman with resolutely heterodox views on the marriage relationship, and Adrienne Lancaster, the keen-witted, not less resolutely orthodox, sister of Harry, who loves, and is loved by, Viola. This is fought out with remarkable spirit to the very bitter end. It would be easy to point out faults of all sorts in *The Wing of Azrael.* The character of Philip Dendraith, in particular, is an irritating monstrosity; and the speech which he makes, after being very properly stabbed to death by his wife, recalls, not Euripides, but Mr. Toole in "Paw Claudian." But the book is full of undisciplined power; and occasionally Mrs. Caird reminds one slightly of George Eliot by such a bit of analytic description as that in which she contrasts Adrienne Lancaster with her mother, whose "old lace and miniatures and sundry valuable pieces of plate made eloquent allusion to her past." Mrs. Caird's abilities will some day find their proper groove. Meanwhile it is impossible to say whether she is a born novelist or merely a born controversialist.

There never appeared—there could hardly be written—a more preposterously lengthy story than *On Circumstantial Evidence.* There is hardly any justification for its appearance, there is absolutely none for its distention to three volumes. For the plot, alike in its details and in its general lines, is altogether commonplace. The marriage of Muriel Damer to the wrong and bad man, Colonel De Crespigny, and not to the good and poor one, Athol Fergusson; the treacherous and mischief-making maid; the rapacious and shameless mistress; the compromising meeting between the ex-lovers; the divorce trial—these are the stock-in-trade alike of fourth-rate solicitors and of third-rate novelists. Miss Florence Marryatt need not have resorted to them at all for the purposes of fiction; but if she found it necessary to do so, she ought to have spared her readers two of her three volumes. These are

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given up essentially to the subterfuges of a vulgar *grisette*, and the coarse hates and coarser loves of the man who utilises her for his own selfish ends. Above all things, if it was necessary that Muriel Damer should not marry the man of her choice in the first volume, why should she be condemned to the company of a self-indulgent brute like De Crespigny, whom she must have loathed the moment she saw him? Atholl is the one redeeming—or relieving—character in *On Circumstantial Evidence*.

The Pretty Sister of José demonstrates that the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *That Lass o' Lowrie's* can do anything; it demonstrates nothing else. Pepita is Mrs. Burnett's girl-woman — strong, passionate, loving—who conceals her love till its object is at death's door, when she reveals it in action preparatory to oral confession. There is really no difference between the Lass o' Lowrie's and Pepita, except that the one has a very bad English father, whereas the other has a very good Spanish brother; for it is really of no consequence whether it is in a mine accident or in a bull-fight that a lover all but loses his life. *The Pretty Sister of José* is delightfully written; and the bull-fight scenes, especially the last, are pieces of genuinely graphic description. But it is too much of a one-character piece. José is all that is loveable, vigilant, and respectful in brothers, and Sebastian is such a manly fellow that one sympathises invariably with him. But Mrs. Burnett is resolved that the attention of her readers shall be concentrated on Pepita and that struggle of hers between love and pride which ends in complete self-surrender. She succeeds almost too well. Regarded merely as a study, Pepita is a genuine success, precisely as is Jane Eyre. Yet one could have wished that Mrs. Burnett had given as much of José or Sebastian as she has given of Pepita, or had made Sarita a being of flesh and blood and not a phantom.

The author of *In Logie Town* supplies us, in *A Houseful of Girls*, with one of the secondary yet satisfactory stories the writing of which she seems to resort to by way of relief from the production of those three-volume novels which she works at with the assiduity of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope, or the living Mrs. Oliphant. There is no distinction about it; there is no passion in it; it is thin, pleasant, full of chat and prattle, and ethically irreproachable to a maiden-auntish extent. It takes four hundred pages and the virtual ruin of their father to induce the majority of the Millars—the daughters of a doctor in an old-fashioned town in the Midlands—to allow their sister Dora to marry Tom Robinson, the "college-bred," sensible, and magnanimous head of a large haberdashery store. Then Annie, Dora's strong-minded elder sister, goes in for nursing, and gets engaged to Harry Ironside, a student, who becomes a medical missionary. Dora's rejection of Tom in the early part of the book, and her young sister May's ambition to help her family by becoming a shop-girl, lead to a little of that quietly comic by-play which brightens up most of Miss Tytler's books. The old doctor, too, is a worthy fellow, as well as Tom Robinson. In short, this is a book which schoolgirls will vastly admire. But is it not too much of the character of Jane Austen-and-water?

Johnnie is a more than average specimen of that Edinburgh school of essentially evangelical fiction of which the high-priestess is the lady who still writes under the name of "Annie S. Swan." It is not remarkable either for skill in plot-construction or for profundity of moral teaching. It is merely the simple tragedy of a weakly little Edinburgh child, whose mother, by no means a bad-hearted woman, occasionally becomes drunk, and finally brings about his death, which is in reality a martyrdom. But it is told agreeably and unaffectedly; and the story of the conflict between Mrs. Laidlaw when she is under the influence of drink and the virago, Kirsty Orrock, proves Miss Hardy to possess a humour which would show to better advantage in a more distinctively secular novel. Not without success, too, does she introduce into *Johnnie* the bright Norwegian girl, Kaia Erichsen, her relative Mr. Erichsen, a Scoto-Danish merchant, and her missionary lover, Ronald Cameron. It must be allowed, however, that for ordinary or unregenerate readers the love-making of Kaia and Ronald is somewhat marred by the ethico-religious purpose of the story in which they play nominally the principal, but in reality the secondary parts. But Miss (or Mrs.?) Hardy's Scotch character and Scotch accent (of the Edinburgh variety) are unimpeachable; and she can draw romps of girls to the life. *Johnnie* is distinctly better than anything else from the same pen.

In *The Chronicles of Glenbuckie* Mr. Henry Johnston has made a most remarkable advance upon anything he has previously written—notably upon *Mertha Spreull*, which, in truth, was not quite worthy of him. Not only so; *The Chronicles of Glenbuckie* is out of sight the best story dealing with Scotch country-life during the period which is embraced between the Reform Bill of 1832 and the formation of the Free Church, that has ever appeared. It has not the hurrying but somewhat rough vigour or the farcical but genuine, humour of *The Disruption*, which was written while the bloom was not yet off the *certaminis gaudia* of 1843. But it is incomparably superior to that *tour de force* in repose, archness, suggestiveness, and a pensiveness which occasionally verges on pathos. Mr. Johnston is thoroughly familiar with the Cunningham district of Ayrshire, in which he places his typical parish of Glenbuckie, and with the Scotch country-life of the period of which he writes, and which was all Radicalism and spiritual independence, tempered by love, liquor, Burns, and superstition. Mr. Johnston's method is excellent. He allows the different "characters" of Glenbuckie, such as James Pinkie the Radical, Tammas Scougall the mole-catcher, Dr. Gebbie, Mysie Shaw the spaewife, and Peter Shule the "betheral," to tell their own stories and reveal their own natures, while a running commentary on them all, along with a *précis* of the history of the parish, is provided by its minister, the Rev. Robert McWhinnie. McWhinnie is Mr. Johnston's poorest character. His everlasting joke about "social sins" becomes intolerable; he never, even in domesticity, sinks the minister in the man; and, speaking generally, he belongs so unmistakeably to what Lord Randolph Churchill has termed "the snivel and drivel party," that it is highly probable his congregation—especially that sensible man, Robert Simpson—would have deserted him, even had there been no Disruption. Mr. Johnston's humour may not have that air of distinction which characterises Mr. Barrie's, but it is, perhaps, sincerer, and certainly less self-conscious. His accounts of the queer courtships of Dr. Gebbie, Richie Neebikin, and Peter Shule are well done, but not in the slightest degree overdone Than the pathetic story of errant Maggie Winlestrae, which merges in that of James Pinkie, the self-assertive Radical, there is nothing so strong and so realistic (without being too painful) in recent Scotch fiction. Mr. Johnston has now found his mission in literature. Let him do justice to it and to himself—at his leisure.

The lady—or, at least, ladylike author—who writes under the name of Theo Gift, has gone out of her depth in trying to imitate Edgar Allan Poe in the little volume of short stories to which is given the name of *Not for the Night-time*. There is nothing that is really eerie or even blood-curdling about them. The majority are purely preposterous, suggesting nothing more than the possibility that a tendency to commit murder may become hereditary. The last, "Number Two, Melrose Square," is merely the revelation of a murder which is not, though it might easily be, explained. The most appalling of the contents of the volume is "Dog or Demon?" but it disgusts and exasperates even more than it appals. One can understand Poe's black cat; it is a magnificent detective-Nemesis. But Theo Gift's savage dog that kills a poor innocent child—why should it exist, even in fancy? The author of *Pretty Miss Bellew* had better stick to writing of that sort.

William Wallace.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.

The Immorality of Idolatry. Section I.—The Metaphysics of Christianity. (Ridgway.) A casual reader taking this anonymous work in hand would probably be puzzled at its title. If he were a theologian he would naturally interpret idolatry in its commonly accepted sense. If a philosopher his thoughts would as naturally revert to Bacon and his "idols" of the theatre, market, &c. Each would, however, be wrong, or at all events only partially right, in referring such a conception to this work. The standpoint of the author lies exactly between the Baconian and the theological meaning of idol worship. To quote his own definition:

"To teach under the authority of the name of 'Christianity' propositions which are not true is to add to the immorality of teaching what is false the immorality of taking the name of Christ in vain. This double immorality constitutes the 'Immorality of Idolatry.'"

This definition is further enforced by subsequent passages in the body of the work—*e.g.*, pp. 73-77. All of them agree, however, in begging the question of truth and falsehood. Nothing is easier than to attribute to one's own *Idola* characteristics of Deity and to stigmatise reverence for other *Idola* as idolatry. The book is written from a liberal standpoint, and is marked by no small ability; but it is marred by the defect we have already noticed. The leading motive of the book is its stress on the ideal presentation of Christian history and Christian dogma. Such a lesson doubtless requires emphasising, especially in the present day; at

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the same time, an ideological reconstruction of Christianity such as would tend to resolve its historical basis into myth is a position not likely to be acceptable to the majority of Christian thinkers either of our own or of any future time. The work, as we have said, is anonymous; but those who are conversant with English controversial theology of the last half-century will have no great difficulty in identifying the author.

Evolution and its relation to Religious Thought. By Joseph Le Conte. (Chapman & Hall.) Readers of Prof. Le Conte's former works, especially of his *Religion and Science*, will have no difficulty in forecasting the treatment he awards to the subject of this work, nor the sober reverential feeling which marks its tone. The plan and purpose of the work he describes in the following terms:

"I have attempted to give (1) a very concise account of what we mean by evolution, (2) an outline of the evidences of its truth drawn from many different sources, and (3) its relation to fundamental religious beliefs."

An attentive perusal of the book enables us to assure our readers that the plan thus briefly announced has been carried out with equal ability and fidelity; and no careful reader is likely to be ranked in that large category of "very intelligent persons" who, as the author truly says, "have still very vague ideas on the subject of evolution." We need hardly say that in the consideration of such a burning question there are crucial points to which the interested reader will probably at once turn in order to estimate the author's standpoint and method. Such a point, for instance, would be the transition of matter into mind, or the question how physical processes or changes are transmuted into mental processes. Prof. Le Conte says, and the passage may be taken as illustrative at once of his cautious method and his attractive style (p. 290):

"Physical changes in sense organs, transmitted along nerve fibres, determine changes in brain-substance. So much is intelligible. But now there appear—how it is impossible to imagine—consciousness, thought, emotion, &c.—phenomena of an entirely different order, belonging to an entirely different world, so different that it is impossible to imagine the nature of the nexus between them, or to construe the one in terms of the other. Brain-cells are agitated and thoughts appear. Aladdin's lamp is rubbed and the genie appears. There is just as much intelligible causal relation between the two sets of phenomena in the one case as in the other."

Other crucial questions arising out of the subject are the bearing of evolution on immortality, on the problem of evil, &c. These Prof. Le Conte discusses with an ingenuousness and ability certain to inspire thought if not to ensure conviction. The work is a timely contribution, by a thinker qualified both in science and religious controversy, to the solution of some of the most burning questions of our time.

"Manuals of Catholic Philosophy."—*The First Principles of Knowledge.* By John Rickaby, S.J. (Longmans.) This manual of Father Rickaby is of considerable merit. With a competent knowledge of philosophy and no small amount of the adroit plausibility of his order, he treats the question of certitude partly as an outcome of the human faculties, partly as the subject-matter of the history of philosophy. The theme is largely identical with Cardinal Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, though it is treated from an objective standpoint, while the *Grammar of Assent* indicated a subjective process. Of course, the final issue in both is a foregone conclusion. We must, however, do Father Rickaby the justice to acknowledge that the inevitable goal of passive faith in an extraneous and authoritative dogma-system is not unduly obtruded on the reader. After 390 pages of general philosophic exposition, which, with trifling exceptions, might have emanated from a professor in a secular university, we suddenly come upon a chapter of six pages entitled, "Belief on Divine Testimony," which begins as follows:

"So far the claims of reason have been asserted and put higher than this sceptical age is inclined to allow. It is just that, after the assertion of the prorogatives of reason, the claims of a superior power should be briefly indicated," &c., &c.

We have no fault to find with a *dénouement* involved in the very structure of the plot, although it bears the appearance of being sprung upon the incautious reader. Our only criticism refers to the prudence of instilling into the minds of young and ardent students all the methods, theories, and devices of rationalistic and sceptical thinkers on the chance of their final summary preference for the "superior power" of ecclesiastical faith. After nourishing the young cuckoo of Free Enquiry until he is quite equal to the effort of ejecting the other occupants of the nest, it is a little late to attempt to arrest the inevitable consequences. Father Rickaby must be aware that "the claims of reason, even when they have not been put needlessly high," are apt to acquire in strong intellects an exigency which is irresistible, and which readily brushes aside the categorical imperiousness of ecclesiastical dogma as such. At the same time, we are willing to admit that there are many minds who would be influenced by an exhibition of reason and dialectics, which, by an ultimate effort of renunciation and repression, were compelled to bow before a dogmatic system invested with alleged claims of prescription and authority. We might, without offence, say of the dialectics of this Catholic manual what has been said of the Articles of the Church of England, that "they are like spiders' webs, they catch the little flies, while the big ones break through."

"Manuals of Catholic Philosophy."—*Moral Philosophy;* or, Ethics and Natural Law. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. (Longmans.) This work embodies the substance of a course of lectures delivered to the scholastics of the Society of Jesus at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. The preface which gives us this information thinks it needful to justify the teaching of moral and political philosophy by modern Roman Catholics by means of the strange argument that this was the only philosophy that flourished among the Romans of old. We are also told that it is a study especially valued by the Catholic Church, the great guardian of morals and teacher of nations. It is a field in which the Society of Jesus has laboured through evil report and good report. The author does not add by way of note "vide Pascal's *Provincials* passim," though it is an omission which nine out of ten cultured non-Catholics will be certain to supply. It is, however, a most fortunate circumstance for the author that this estimate of the field of Jesuit labour did not fall within the personal observation of the great Port Royalist, as it would have afforded a text for a new "provincial," doubtless as entertaining and severe as any of those which have so long ministered to our delectation. The book thus heralded is a useful compilation of the opinions of Thomas Aquinas on various moot points of casuistry and morals, though we feel compelled to add that the great doctor himself is a more trustworthy guide in Christian ethics than most of those who undertake to comment on him.

The Evolution of Ancient Hinduism. By A. M. Floyer. (Chapman & Hall.) This little treatise discusses an important question—the evolution of Hindu thought from its primary stage of nature-worship and Pantheism to the latest development of Buddhism. Mr. Floyer manifests considerable insight into the various subtleties and transcendentalisms of which Hindu thought is so largely composed, though we are obliged to confess a suspicion that his determination to trace a development from one step to another has induced a perception of pathways and boundaries where in reality none exist. The evolution of thought so metaphysical as that of India seems to us to resemble the flight of a bird through the air. We may detect its starting-point and goal, the tracing of the intermediate stages can be nothing else than more or less ingenious guess-work.

Christian Philosophy, by Ephraim L. and Arthur L Frottingham (Baltimore: Frottingham), is a well-meaning but chaotic and pretentious book, having for its object the defence of what it styles "Orthodox Christianity" against various forms of "Progressive Heterodoxy." However praiseworthy such an object, we cannot think that the authors show themselves qualified either in matter or in manner to undertake it. A few sentences will suffice to represent the style and method of the book. This, *e.g.*, is part of its account of the nature of God assigned to orthodox Christianity (p. 9):

"The Divine Nature being the synthesis of absolute subsistence, existence, and consistence, and the plenum of absolute ideality, reality, and actuality, entirely distinct from the ideality, reality, and actuality of the universe of Relative Existence; transcending, not immanent in this Universe, but omnipotent in it as its Creator, Preserver, and Governor."

This almost reads like a hyper-Athanasian travesty of part of the Athanasian Creed. If all Christian formulas were enunciated in this extremely scholastic manner, it is not Orthodox Christianity, but Progressive Heterodoxy, that would probably be most benefited.

Two Essays. By Arthur Schopenhauer. A Literal Translation. (Bell.) We are unable to say whether the adherents of Schopenhauer's rather sombre philosophy are increasing in England, as they are said to be in Germany. At any rate, his English admirers are now able, thanks to the anonymous translator of his *Fourfold Root* and *Will in Nature*, to peruse all his chief philosophical works in their mother tongue—his greatest work, *The World as Will and Idea*, having already appeared in an English form in Messrs. Trübner's "English and Foreign Philosophical Library." We agree with the translator that the *Fourfold Root* may be taken as the key to Schopenhauer's system, and we cordially commend it for that purpose. The translation is not only accurate, but makes a very successful effort to preserve the extremely vivid and lucid style of the original. Its value is further enhanced for the English student by a short glossary of German philosophical terms as employed by Schopenhauer, who took the liberty, while recasting his master Kant's philosophy, to reforge its leading terms anew on his own mental anvil.

DR. FERDINAND TÖNNIES, of Husum (Schleswig-Holstein)—who has long been known as an enthusiastic student of Hobbes—has just printed two elegant volumes (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) containing a revised text of two of the minor works of the philosopher of Malmesbury. These are (1) the *Behemoth*, more commonly known as the "Dialogue of the Civil Wars of England," to which is now first given as a subtitle "The Long Parliament." Of this work, of which only illicit editions were issued during the author's lifetime, Dr. Tönnies was fortunate enough to discover what he believes to

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be the original MS., in the library of St. John's College, Oxford. This he has carefully copied, not only marking the words and passages not found in the common printed text, but also restoring several passages which had been erased by Hobbes himself, doubtless on the ground that they were too strong to circulate even in MS. He likewise prints, for the first time, the dedication to "Sir Henry Bennett, Baron of Arlington." The second consists of the two treatises, called "Human Nature" and "De Corpore Politico," which really form part —as was first recognised by Prof. Croom Robertson—of a single work which Hobbes himself entitled "The Elements of Law, Natural and Politic." Many MS. copies of this must have been made for private circulation; for five are now preserved in the British Museum, besides one that has descended to the Duke of Devonshire. The last is apparently the copy which the author kept in his own possession, as it contains many additions as well as corrections. All these MSS. Dr. Tönnies has collated for the present edition, showing in footnotes the variations of reading. At the end of this volume he has appended a short English treatise on "First Principles," and extracts from a Latin tract on Optics, both contained in Brit. Mus. Harl. 6796, and both of which he has no hesitation in assigning to Hobbes. Altogether, it may be said that no such important contribution has been made to our knowledge of Hobbes since Sir William Molesworth published his collected English and Latin Works.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Cambridge University Press has now nearly ready for publication the anxiously-expected volume of *The Collected Papers of Henry Bradshaw*, the late university librarian, including his memoranda and communications read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. The work has been edited by Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, fellow of Trinity; and it will be illustrated with upwards of ten facsimilies.

HOLLINGBURY COPSE, near Brighton—a place that will always be associated by lovers of Shakspere with the name of Halliwell-Phillipps—is to be sold by auction by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis, Clark & Co., at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on Thursday, June 6. Those who have partaken of the late owner's hospitality will be glad to preserve among their other Halliwell-Phillipps publications a copy of the "particulars" of sale, which include not only a description of the characteristic buildings and the grounds—as familiar to American as to English visitors—but also two somewhat rough lithographed illustrations.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. will issue immediately the first number of a new periodical, to be called the *Periodical Press Index:* a Monthly Record of Leading Subjects in Current Literature. Mr. John S. Farmer, the compiler, has indexed about 160 different publications in the first number, and it is his ambition to make it by degrees as complete as possible. It will be published in future on the 15th of every month; and there will also be issued a yearly summary volume, which will include all that is contained in the twelve monthly numbers.

THE July volume of the "Camelot" series (Walter Scott) will consist of a selection from Lord Chesterfield's Letters, edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Charles Sayle.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK announce a new work by Prof. A. B. Bruce, of Glasgow, entitled *The Kingdom of God;* or, the Teaching of our Lord according to the Synoptical Gospels. The same publishers have just arranged with Prof. C. E. Luthardt, of Leipzig, for an English translation of his *History of Ethics.*

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS, of Norwich, have in preparation an elaborate work on *The Church Bells of Suffolk*, by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Raven, vicar of Fressingfield. It will contain an account of all the church bells in the county, and of their makers and history, so far as can be discovered; and it will be illustrated with engravings of ornaments, letterings, founders' marks, shields, &c., some of which are hitherto unknown. It will be published by subscription, in a limited issue.

MESSRS. T. & R. ANNAN & SONS, of Glasgow, will shortly issue a work entitled *The Castles and Mansions of Renfrewshire and Buteshire*, with sixty-five permanent photographic illustrations. Historical and descriptive accounts of the mansions and the families connected with them have been written by Mr. A. H. Millar, author of a companion volume on the "Castles and Mansions of Ayrshire." The work will form one large volume, royal quarto, and the impression will be strictly limited.

Beginner's Guide to Photography. (Perkin, Sons, & Rayment.) There are many more expensive books published on photography that do not contain half the real practical advice that is to be found in the hundred pages of this little guide. It can be safely relied upon by the novice, and covers his requirements from his first purchase of an outfit till he is far advanced in the art. There is no subject that the beginner is likely to attempt upon which he will not here find some brief yet reliable advice to assist him. Exposure tables are given as in most guides of the kind; but we must warn the uninitiated not too rely too much upon them, as they will never cover the ground so well as a little careful observation on his own part, accompanied by notes of the duration of exposure and the stop used each time he exposes a plate. There is also an outline given of the various means of making process-blocks for book illustrations.

WE have received from Messrs. Trübner & Co. very elegant large paper copies of their new "Lotos" series, which might have been thought attractive enough in their ordinary form. The first volume of the series was *Baron Munchausen*, with Alfred Crowquill's illustrations, which has already been noticed in the ACADEMY. The second is a revised and complete edition of the *Breitmann Ballads*, one of the few dialectal works which have become classical in the lifetime of the author. It is dedicated to the memory of the late Nicholas Trübner, to whom Mr. Leland pays a well-deserved tribute in his new introduction:

"He was an immensely general, and yet thorough, scholar; and I am certain that I never met with any man in my life who to such an extensive bibliographical knowledge added so much familiarity with the contents of books. . . . In fact, he was a wonderful and very original book in himself, which, if it had ever been written out and published, would have never died."

We are also told that the Glossary, here reprinted, was entirely the work of Nicholas Trübner.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE most notable article in the forthcoming number of the *Magazine of Art* will be "More Thoughts on our Art of To-day"—Words addressed to Students by a Student, by Mr. G. F. Watts. In this he treats of such subjects as the relative merits of Reynolds and Gainsborough as portrait painters; the intimate relationship of the Venetian school with the Greeks; and the future of art. The article is illustrated with an engraving of Mr. Alfred Gilbert's bust of Mr. Watts, in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy. The same number will also contain a paper by Mr. Claude Phillips, entitled "The Plagiarisms of the Old Masters."

THE June number of the *Scottish Art Review* will contain a series of hitherto unpublished portraits of Walt Whitman, with an article upon them by Mr. Ernest Rhys; also portraits of three living French poets—Leconte de l'Isle, Sully Prudhomme, and François Coppée. The same number will have an article by Prof. Blackie, and poems by Sir George Douglas and Mrs. Graham R. Tomson.

MR. C. A. WARD will contribute a paper on "Orientation" to the June number of the *Antiquary*; Mr. J. Lawler will commence a series of articles on "Book Auctioneers and Auctions"; Mr. W. Sydney will give an account of "Anchorites and Anchorholds"; and Mr. Philip Norman's illustrated papers on "London Sculptured House-Signs" will be concluded.

THE June number of *Scribner's Magazine* will contain an article, by Prof. Henry Drummond, upon "Slavery in Africa"; the concluding portion of Mr. Eugene Schuyler's reminiscences of Tolstoi, describing his quarrel with Turgenief; and the first of a series of articles on electricity. The end paper is contributed by Mr. P. G. Hamerton, who writes on "Past, Present, and Future," in relation to the life of the individual.

IN the June number of *Time*, Dr. Clifford will have an article on the position of Baptists in the Evolution of Christianity; the Rev. Harry Jones will endeavour to answer the question, "Is our World better or worse than it was?" and the "Work and Workers" paper will be on "Journalists and Journalism."

THE forthcoming number of the *Lyceum* will contain a contrast of the centenary celebrations in France and the United States; a sketch of the life and labours of Father Damien; a criticism of some recent discussions in the Irish Church Synod; a review of recent literature on Japan, with special reference to Pierre Loti's new work; and a review of the life of Thomas Drummond.

"Engaged to be Married" is the title of a new serial story by L. T. Meade which will be commenced in the June number of *Cassell's Magazine.*

THE June number of *Michael's Magazine* will contain, among other stories, "The Gamekeeper," by Alfred T. Story, and "Phantom Love," by Richard Russell.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IN the deaths of Prof. Chandler and Prof. Wright the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have each, within the last few days, suffered a loss which it is impossible to overestimate. The one as an Aristotelian, the other as as orientalist, had long ago secured an European reputation. But at the moment of writing, it is the personal character of the men, and the profound influence that they both exercised on a school of pupils, which comes first to the mind. Next week we hope to print some more worthy tribute to the two scholars, who were alike in their devotion to learning and in the simplicity of their lives. We must be content now to call attention to the "In Memoriam" notice of Chandler in the *Oxford Magazine* of May 22, written by Mr. J. Mowatt. The same number contains also an obituary of the Rev. W. H. Simcox.

ARCHDEACON WATKINS, of Northumberland, has been appointed by the heads of houses at Oxford to be Bampton Lecturer for next year, in succession to Prof. Cheyne, who is now delivering his course on the critical interpretation of the Psalms.

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ON the recommendation of a joint committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Council of the senate, Mr. J. Y. Buchanan has been appointed university lecturer in geography at Cambridge, in succession to Dr. Guillemard, who was compelled to resign the office by ill-health.

MISS AGNES MAITLAND, who has been elected to succeed Miss Shaw-Lefevre as principal of Somerville Hall, Oxford, is a local inspector of the government schools of cookery, author of some valuable handbooks on that subject, and well known as a lecturer on food, cooking, hygiene, and other cognate topics. Miss Maitland has also had a large experience in the conduct and organisation of various benevolent movements, and has long been connected with the periodical and weekly press of Liverpool and London.

CANDIDATES for the vacant Clark lectureship in English literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, are requested to send in their applications by June 4. The term of office is for three years, and the annual stipend is £200. The lecturer will be required to deliver twelve lectures in every academical year.

TWO public lectures in law are announced at Oxford: "The Administration and Law of the Roman Empire, illustrated from the British Empire in India," by Mr. Bryce, the regius professor of civil law; and "Feudal and Manorial Jurisdiction," by Sir Frederick Pollock, the Corpus professor of jurisprudence.

THE Royal Commissioners appointed to consider the subject of a teaching university for London are understood to have decided upon—we cannot say, agreed upon—their report. On two points they are unanimous: (1) that the petition of the Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons for a charter to confer degrees in medicine should be refused; and (2) that a teaching university of some kind should be constituted for London. But on the practical question how such a teaching university should be composed, the Commissioners are hopelessly divided. Three of them, who have had most experience in teaching, are of opinion that University and King's Colleges should form the basis of the future teaching university of London, by means of adequate representation on the government of the existing university. The other three members of the Commission do not see their way to recommending so important a change in the constitution of that university, which is at present only an examining body, whose examinations are open to all the world. In fact, the claims of the university and of the colleges are based upon fundamentally inconsistent principles.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot to mark the esteem felt by those who have come in contact with Prof. Henry Morley during the twenty-four years in which he has held the chair of English at University College, London. All who are willing to help are requested to communicate with one of the secretaries—Mr. H. A. Aitken (General Post Office), or Mr. T. G. Foster, jun. (University College).

THE Rev. Dr. Moore, the Barlow lecturer on Dante at University College, London, will give a course of five lectures on Wednesdays, June 5, 12 and 19, and Thursdays, June 6 and 13, at 3 p.m., on "Questions arising out of *Inferno* I.-III." On Thursday, June 20, he will deliver a concluding lecture (the period of his appointment having expired) on "Dante's Classification of Sins in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*." This lecture will be given at 4.30 p.m.

THE last number of the *Johns Hopkins University Circulars* contains two notable contributions: (1) a tentative bibliography of the Assyriological writings of Sir Henry Rawlinson, together with a biographical sketch, compiled by two members of the Semitic seminary; and (2) bibliographical hints for study in the Epistles of Cicero, sent by Prof. Hübner, of Berlin, with a view to the examination that he is going to conduct at Baltimore. Prof. Hübner remarks that, while a good deal has been done in the way of a close examination of Cicero's Letters, the general questions about epistography, Greek and Roman—its origin and peculiarities, its development in prose and poetry—have thus far been only perfunctorily treated.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

SWEET Pleasure thought her bliss would be complete,
Could she escape her spiteful sister, Pain,
Who plagued her life, dug pitfalls for her feet,
And when she sang mixed discord with the strain,
And as her shadow stalked from age to age;
Till Pleasure planned her death, half mad with rage,
And stifled with sweet odours Pain lay slain.
Then wiser, as she thought, than any sage,
She started forth to tread life's paths again.

I found her on a couch of fragrant flowers,
With thornless roses, sunshine overhead;
I thought she slept, and waited anxious hours,
Then kissed her cheeks, whence all the bloom had fled;
I called her fondling names, she never spoke;
I pressed her lips to mine, she never woke,
And then, alas! I knew that she was dead:
She slew her sister, but her own heart broke;
She tried to live alone, but died instead.

J. T. CHAPMAN.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE current number of the *Folk-lore Journal* (Elliot Stock) contains two papers of exceptional interest. The Hon. John Abercromby translates from the Finnish a detailed account of the beliefs and religious ceremonies of the Mordvins—a tribe of Finnish origin in South-Eastern Russia, who remained heathen until late in the last century. Mr. Edward Clodd, taking for his text a lately discovered Suffolk tale called "Tom Tit Tot," expounds the philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin; or, in other words,

"the [widespread] notion that the name of any being, whether human or superhuman, is an integral part of that being; and that, to know it, puts its owner, whether he be deity, ghost, or man, in the power of another, often involving destruction to the named."

In the same number is printed a list of books which the Folk-lore Society is desirous of having tabulated as soon as possible, together with some examples of such tabulation by Miss Roalfe Cox, who has taken the German tales for her share.

IN Number IV. of the *Journal of American Folk-lore* (London: Trübner), which begins a second volume, Mr. W. W. Newall returns to the subject of Voodoo worship in Hayti and Louisiana, reiterating his opinion that it is merely an echo of mediaeval French superstitions concerning the Vaudois, and that the stories of cannibalism, &c., in Hayti rest on no good evidence. Another interesting article is that on "Death and Funeral Customs among the Omahas," by Francis La Flesche, himself a member of the Omaha tribe of Indians, now settled as agriculturists in Nebraska.

Le Livre for May is occupied, as to its original part, entirely with two documents, which are of considerable intrinsic importance, but which do not lend themselves well to comment. The first is a list of *membres fondateurs* of M. Uzanne's new Société des Bibliophiles Contemporains. The second is a list of lists—a catalogue of the catalogues in common use at the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is to be feared that some reckless persons will cut this latter out, which will give to this particular number, when not mutilated, a special value.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

DELZANT, A. Les Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
DENKMÄLER, antike. Hrsg. vom kaiserl. deutschen Archäolog. Institut. 1. Bd. 3. Hft. Berlin: Reimer. 30 M.
DZIATZKO, K. Sammlung bibliothek-wissenschaftlicher Arbeiten. 2. Hft. Beiträge zur Gutenbergfrage. Berlin: Asher. 4 M.
FLAUBERT, G. Correspondance. 2e Série (1850-1854). Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
GAULOT, P. Rêve d'Empire: la vérité sur l'expédition du Mexique, d'après les documents inédits de Ernest Louet. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
GOETHE-JAHRBUCH, Hrsg. v. L. Geiger. 10. Bd. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Lit. Anstalt. 10 M.
HALÉVY, Ludovic. Notes et souvenirs 1871-2. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
HOFMANN, A. W. v. Zur Erinnerung an vorangegangene Freunde. Gesammelte Gedächtnissreden. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 20 M.
JOANNE, Paul. Dictionnaire géographique et administratif de la France et de ses colonies. Livr. 1-11. Paris: Hachette. 11 fr.
JUNG, le général. La guerre et la société. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 6 fr.
LEROI, M. Les armements maritimes en Europe. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50 c.
NICCOLINI, Ant. Arte Pompeiana. Monumenti scelti. Naples: Furchheim. 250 fr.
NIMAL, H. de. Légendes de la Meuse. Paris: Lebègue. 3 fr. 50 c.
PÉROZ, E. Au Soudan français: souvenirs de guerre et de mission. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
PITRÈ, G. Usi e costumi, credenze e pregiudizi del popolo siciliano. T. III., IV. Turin: Loescher. 10 fr.
PLAUCHUT, Edmond. L'Egypte et l'occupation anglaise. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
REUSCH, F. H. Index librorum prohibitorum. Gedruckt zu Parma 1580. Nach dem einzigen bekannten Exemplare hrsg. u. erläutert. Bonn: Cohen. 2 M.
SCHMITZ, I. M. Die Gedichte d. Prudentius u. ihre Entstehungszeit. 1. Tl. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
STUEBEL, A., W. REISS, u. B. KOPPEL. Kultur u. Industrie südamerikanischer Völker. 1. Bd. Alte Zeit. Berlin: Asher. 80 M.
VILAD, Antoine. La lutherie et les luthiers. Paris: Quantin. 25 fr.
WIESELER, F. Archäologische Beiträge. Abth. II. Ueber e. Anzahl v. Bronzen m. der Darstellg. v. Heilgottheiten. Göttingen: Dieterich. 3 M. 60 Pf.
WYNMANNI, N., Colymbetes, sive de arte natandi dialogus. Neu hrsg. v. K. Wassmannsdorff. Heidelberg: Groos. 2 M. 80 Pf.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

ABULFARAGH BAR HEBRAEI, G., in epistulas Paulinas adnotationes. Syriace ed. M. Loehr. Göttingen: Dieterich. 2 M. 50 Pf.
KNOKE, K. Praktisch-theologischer Kommentar zu den Pastoralbriefen d. Apostels Paulus. 2. Tl. Der erste Brief an Timotheus u. der Brief an Titus. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 6 M. 40 Pf.
OMONT, H. Notice sur un très ancien manuscrit Grec en onciales des Epîtres de Saint Paul, conservé à la Bibliothèque Nationale. Paris: Picard. 5 fr.
REUSCH, F. H. Die Fälschungen in dem Tractat d. Thomas v. Aquin gegen die Griechen. München: Franz. 2 M. 10 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

BAYE, le Baron J. de. Études archéologiques: industrie anglo-saxonne. Paris: Nilsson. 30 fr.
BROC, le Vicomte de. La France sous l'ancien régime. 2e partie. Les usages et les mœurs. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
BRUEL, A. Recueil des chartes de l'abbaye de Cluny. T. IV. Paris: Hachette. 11 fr.
CHERUEL, A. Lettres du Cardinal de Mazarin pendant son ministère. T. 5. Janvier 1652—Août 1653. Paris: Hachette. 12 fr.
DE MAS LATRIE, le Comte. Trésor de Chronologie, d'histoire et de géographie pour l'étude et l'emploi des documents du moyen âge. Paris: Palmé. 100 fr.
DOPFFEL, H. Kaisertum u. Papstwechsel unter den Karolingern. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr. 4 M.
DUSSIEUX, L. Les généraux et marine du 18e siècle. Paris: Lecoffre. 3 fr. 50 c.
HANSERECESSE. 1. Abth. Die Recesse u. andere Akten der Hansetage von 1256-1430. 6. Bd. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 22 M.
KRETZSCHMAR, J. Die Formularbücher aus der Canzlei Rudolfs v. Habsburg. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M.
LAIR, A. E. Des hautes cours politiques en France et à l'étranger. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr.
LAUGEL, Aug. Henry de Rohan: son rôle politique et militaire sous Louis XIII. (1579-1638). Paris: Firmin-Didot. 8 fr.
NORTEN. Der delische Bund, seine Einrichtung u. Verfassung. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

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PANNENBERG, A. Lambert v. Hersfeld, der Verfasser d. Carmen de bello saxonico. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 3 M. 40 Pf.
PINGAUD, L. Correspondance intime du Comte de Vaudreuil et du Comte d'Artois pendant l'émigration 1789-1815. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
RUBLE, le Baron Alphonse de. Le Traité de Cateau-Cambrésis (2 et 3 avril 1559). Paris: Labitte. 7 fr. 50 c.
SALLES, F. de. Annales de l'ordre de Malte ou des hospitaliers de Saint-Jean-de-Jérusalem depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours. Wien. 14 M.
SCHOELCHER, V. Vie de Toussaint-Louverture. Paris: Ollendorff. 5 fr.
SEELIGER, G. Erzkanzler u. Reichskanzler. Innsbruck: Wagner. 5 M. 60 Pf.
SOLDAN, F. Die Zerstörung der Stadt Worms im J. 1689. Worms: Kräuter. 4 M.
SOREL, Alex. La prise de Jeanne d'Arc devant Compiègne, etc. Paris: Picard. 10 fr.
TOEPFFER, J. Attische Genealogie. Berlin: Weidmann. 10 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BLENCKE, F. Die Trennung d. Schönen vom Angenehmen in Kants Kritik der ästhetischen Urteilskraft. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.
BRENTANO, F. Vom Ursprung sittlicher Erkenntnis. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 2 M. 80 Pf.
EIMER, G. H. Th. Die Artbildung u. Verwandtschaft bei den Schmetterlingen. Jena: Fischer. 14 M.
FALSAN, A. La période glaciaire, principalement en France et en Suisse. Paris: Alcan. 6 fr.
FRIC, A. Studien im Gebiete der böhmischen Kreideformation. IV. Die Teplitzer Schichten. Prag: Rivnáč. 6 M.
HOVELACQUE, H. Les Nègres de l'Afrique sus-équatoriale. Paris: Lecrosnier. 10 fr.
KADYI, H. Ueb. die Blutgefässe d. menschlichen Rückenmarks. Lemberg: Gubrynowicz. 20 M.
KOECHLIN, Maurice. Applications de la statique graphique. Paris: Baudry. 30 fr.
LE CHATELIER. Recherches expérimentales sur les équilibres chimiques. Paris: Dunod. 6 fr.
LÉVY, Michel. Structures et classification des roches éruptives. Paris: Baudry. 5 fr.
MAGNUS, R. Ueb. das anatomische Verhalten der Nebennieren, der Thyreoidea u. Thymus u. d. Sympathicus bei Hemicephalen. Königsberg-i.-Pr.: Koch. 1 M. 20 Pf.
MEUNIER, Stanislas. Géologie régionale de la France. Paris: Dunod. 17 fr. 50 c.
NIVOIT, E. Géologie appliquée à l'art de l'ingénieur. Paris: Baudry. 40 fr.
PLESKE, Th. Ornithographia rossica. 2. Bd. 1. Lfg. Grasmücken. St. Petersburg. 6 M. 25 Pf.
POUCHET, G., et H. BEAUREGARD. Traité d'ostéologie comparée. Paris: Masson. 12 fr.
PUSCHMANN, Th. Geschichte d. medicinischen Unterrichts von den ältesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart. Leipzig: Veit. 11 M.
REIFF, R. Geschichte der unendlichen Reihen. Tübingen: Laupp. 5 M.
RICHET, Ch. La chaleur animale. Paris: Alcan. 6 fr.
SOURIAU, P. L'esthétique du mouvement. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BERKHAN, O. Ueb. Störungen der Sprache u. der Schriftsprache. Berlin: Hirschwald. 2 M. 40 Pf.
DIONYSII HALICARNASSENSIS librorum de imitatione reliquiae epistulaeque criticae duae. Ed. H. Usener. Bonn: Cohen. 2 M. 80 Pf.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE END OF HAMLET'S "SEA OF TROUBLES."

3 St. George's Square, N.W.: May 17, 1889.

Shakspere critics and students have hithert° failed to make clear the meaning of Hamlet's

"Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them,"

because they have not been able to show that the Kelts, Gauls, and Kimbri, who were said to take arms against the oncoming billows and resist them, fought till they themselves were drowned, so that the lines above *must be* equivalent to Hamlet's "not to be." The reason is, that the said critics and students have, in their pride, not had recourse to that most helpful refuge for the destitute—those who have forgotten the little classics they once knew—Bohn's Library translations, and found in *Strabo's Geography*, Book VII., ch. ii., § 1, englisht by Falconer (Bohn, 1854, p. 449):

"Neither is it true, as has been related,* that the Cimbri † take arms against the flood-tides, or that the Kelts, as an exercise of their intrepidity, suffer their houses to be washed away by them, and afterwards rebuild them"—

with the notes:

"* Aristotle, *Ethics*, *Eudem*, lib. iii., cap. 1, Nicolas of Damascus, and Aelian, *Var. Histor.*, lib. xii., cap 23, have attributed the like extravagant proceedings to the Kelts or Gauls. Nicolas of Damascus, *Reliq.*, pp. 272, 273, says that the Kelts resist the tides of the ocean with their swords in their hands, till they perish in the waters, in order that they may not seem to fear death by taking the precaution to fly."

"† The Cimbri inhabited Denmark and the adjacent regions," p. 292.

On turning up the Nicolas-of-Damascus passage in the "Excerpts and Fragments from the Histories of the Greek Nicolas of Damascus, with a Latin Version, Leipsic, 1804," p. 144-5, I find that it runs thus:

ΚΕΛΤΟΙ.	CELTAE.
Κελτοὶ οἱ τῷ ὠκεανῷ γειτνιῶντες, αἰσχρὸν ἡγοῦνται τοῖχον κατακίπτοντα ἢ οἰκίαν φεύγειν.	Celtae Oceani accolae pro dedecore habent, si quis muro aut domui ruenti se subducat.
Πλημμύριδος δὲ ἐκ τῆς ἔξω θαλάττης ἐπερχομένης, μεθ' ὅπλων ἀπαντῶντες ὑπομένουσιν, ἕως κατακλύζωνται, ἵνα μὴ δοκῶσι φεύγοντες τὸν θάνατον φοβεῖσθαι.	Cum Oceani aestus accedit, armis induti ei obviam eunt, subsistuntque, *dones mergantur*, idque ne fugientes videantur quoquo modo mortem formidare.

This, being englished, is

"Kelts living near the sea think it disgraceful to fly from a falling wall or house.

"When a high wave [or tide] comes upon them from the sea, they meet it and withstand it till they are washed down [destroyed], that they, flying [taking to flight], may not be thought to fear death."

The fair inference from this passage is, that Hamlet's words, "by opposing, end them," mean "die," though they seem to mean "fight evils and conquer them." It also follows that "To be, or not to be," applies to this life, as most folks hold, and not to the future life; and that "Whether 'tis Nobler" to "end them" is in apposition to, and expands "To be, or not to be," and is not an introductory adverb-clause to it, as some able men think, as if the sense was, "Whether it is nobler to suffer ills here, or resist them, *the* question is, is there a future life." Shakspere, no doubt, got his sea-metaphor—first, from an after continuer of Holinshed: "A Registre of Hystories . . . written in Greeke by Ælianus, a Romane, and deliuered in Englishe . . . by Abraham Fleming." London, 1576, the Twelfth Booke, leaf 127, back:

"OF THE AUDACITIE AND BOULDNES OF THE PEOPLE CELTAE.

"The people *Celtas* are most ready, and able, to take any kinde of daungerous aduenture, and are not afrayde of any blustringe storme. . . . They count runninge away so reprochfull, that oftentimes they will skarce moue when a house is ruinous, and ready to fall vpon their heades, or when it burneth eagerly in euery corner, and is in a bright flame rounde about them: Moreouer some of them are so boulde, or rather desperate, that they throw themselues into y^e fomey floudes with their swordes drawne in their handes, and shaking their iauelines, as though they were of force and violence to withstand the rough waues, to resist the strength of the streame, and to make the floudes affraide least they should be wounded with their weapons."

But Shakspere might also well have seen the passage above from Nicolas of Damascus (born 64 B.C.), for it had appeared in print in 1593—at Heidelberg, says the Museum Catalogue; Geneva, the *Bibliog. Univ.*—both in its original Greek and a Latin translation opposite, by N. Cragius. The Latin of this first quarto version was reprinted in 1604 in a fat little duodecimo: *Mores, Leges, et Ritus omnium Gentium*, apud I. Tornaesium. It is in the extracts "Ex Nicolao Damasceno de Moribus Gentium":

"CELTAE.

"Celtae Oceani accolae, pro dedecore habent, si quis muro aut domui ruenti se subducat.

"Inundatio quum ex mari exteriori accedit, armis induti ei obuiam eunt, subsistuntque donec mergantur, idque ne fugientes videantur quoquo modo mortem formidare" (ed. 1593, p. 9; ed. 1604, p. 377).

Even if Shakspere's "less Greek" could not have englisht Nicolas of Damascus's sixteen-hundred-year old Greek, his "little Latin" was surely enough for Cragius's translation; and some of his audience at the Globe would have understood his "by opposing, end them," better than some of his successors have done.

The first Quarto of "Hamlet" (1603) has not the allusion to the Keltic custom, but only reads in sc. vi. (after II. ii. 169):

"*Ham.* To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all."

Aristotle, says Mr. W. A. Harrison, refers to the Kelts in the *Nicomachean* as well as in the *Eudemian Ethics* (Book III., cap 1). The latter passage is:

"He is not a brave man who exposes himself to danger knowingly, in consequence of fury [διὰ θυμόν], like the Celtae who take up arms and rush upon the waves of the sea." . . .

The former passage is in the *Nicomachean Ethics* (Book III., cap. 4, vii.):

"But the man who, like the Celts, fears nothing, neither earthquake nor waves, may be called, not courageous, but rather mad or insensate."

Dr. E. B. Tylor referred me to Strabo, and Mr. Harrison kindly gave me the extracts from Aristotle.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

THE FIRST OXFORD SCHOOL.

Hertford College, Oxford: May 4, 1889.

Readers of my previous communications on the origin of the university of Oxford may remember that I did not dispute the statement of the Oseney chronicler that the future Cardinal Pullus taught theology in 1133, though I did contend against the hasty inference that the university arose by spontaneous development out of the schools in which Pullus taught. I now find that there is much stronger evidence for the existence of some kind of theological school at Oxford in the early part of the twelfth century. The name of

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Theobaldus Stampensis is mentioned by Wood (*Annals*, ed. Gutch, i., p. 140) as an Oxford doctor *sub anno* 1129; but I have hitherto been misled by the authority of Bale and Fabricius, who place him in the thirteenth century. In D'Achery's *Spicilegium*, iii., p. 448 and Migne T. 163, p. 759, are printed five letters from this Theobald of Etampes which conclusively show that he must have lived and taught in Oxford certainly not later than *circa* A.D 1120. They are as follows:

(1.) "Ad episcopum Lincolniensem—De quibusdam in divina pagina titubantibus." D'Achery gives the date 1108. The Bishop of Lincoln at this time (1093-1123) was Robert Bloet. The mistake as to the author's date seems to have arisen from confusion with the better known Robert Grossetête, Bishop of Lincoln, 1235-1254. The object of the letter is to uphold the efficacy of *poenitentia* in all cases, even without *confessio oris*, where that is impossible. Some of the questions raised remind one of Abelard's *Scito te ipsum*, cap. xxi. and cap. xxiv.; but there are no traces of indebtedness to Abelard.

(2.) *Inc.* "Pharitio venerando Habendonensis Ecclesiae praelato, domino suo, et indubitanter amico Theobaldus magister Oxenefordiae." On the certain damnation of unbaptised infants, &c.

(3.) *Inc.* "Margaritae praecellenti reginae, praecellentis regis filiae, Theobaldus Stampensis, doctor Cadumensis." This is, perhaps, a letter of thanks refusing some offer of preferment if he would cross the seas. In the course of the letter he says: "Proinde si maris inconstantia non prohiberet, et praesentatio mea vobis fastidium non generaret, quod semper optavi, vestro aspectui me gauderem praesentare." This Margaret must be Queen Margaret of Scotland, who died in 1093.

(4.) *Inc.* "Theobaldus magister Cadumensis Philippo amico suo disiderabili." A violent attack on monasticism; in fact, an apology for clerical marriage or concubinage.

(5.) *Inc.* "Roscelino Compendioso magistro Theobaldus Stampensis magister Oxnefordiae." A violent reply to Roscellinus's attack on the preferment of priests' sons.

The last letter fixes the *terminus ad quem*. Roscellinus is not heard of after 1121. Theobald must, therefore, have left Caen, and established a school at Oxford before 1121. There is, of course, no authority for the statement of the authors of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* (xi., p. 91) that Roscellinus "excita de nouveaux troubles en Angleterre, dans l'Académie d'Oxford, en soutenant que les enfans des prêtres ne pourroient pas être élevés aux ordres sacrés." Faritius was abbot of Abingdon 1110-1135 (*Chron. de Abingdon*, ed. Stevenson, ii., pp. 159-287).

In the Bodleian Library is a MS. which gives us still more full and interesting information about the first recorded Oxford school. The MS. (Bodley, 561), written in the first half of the twelfth century, is an "Improperium cujusdam in Monachos" which begins—"Thurstano Dei gratia laudabili Eboracensium archiepiscopo T. Stampensis, Magister Oxenefordie," and is directed chiefly against the practice of impropriating parish churches and serving them by monastic priests. The tone of the document may be inferred from one of the opening sentences: "Aliud est ecclesia, aliud est monasterium . . . monasterium est locus et carcer damnatorum, *i.e.*, monachorum qui se ipsos damnaverunt ut damnationem evitarent perpetuam." Since Thurstan was Archbishop of York from 1119 to 1139, we get a *terminus a quo*. This treatise cannot have been written before 1119; and since its subject is closely connected with that of the reply to Roscellinus, it is probable that both were written at about the same time. Hence we get evidence of a school — presumably a theological school — established at Oxford at least *circa* 1120. Many circumstances would, however, suggest that the letter to Roscellinus was much earlier than this — say *circa* 1107 (see Wilkins, *Concilia*, i., p. 383).

The little tractate of Theobald is immediately followed in the MS. by an elaborate apology for the monks. In the course of this document we get the interesting information that Theobald had some sixty or one hundred pupils. The passage is worth quoting in full:

"Et si vagorum noveras vicia clericorum (68b), debueras tamen honorem deferre timori magistrorum et religiosorum canonicorum. O Coridon, Coridon, que te dementia cepit. Numquid non sunt ubique terrarum liberales magistri qui dicuntur et clerici? Tu quoque nescio quis nonne magistri vice sexagenos aut centenos plusve minusve clericos regere diceris quibus venditor verborum cupidus efficeris forsitan ut eos incautos nequissime fallas, sic et ipse falleris? Unde ergo ista tua clericorum penuria? Nam ut de ceteris provinciis sileam, fere totidem aut plures similiter per Galliam et Alemanniam per Normanniam et Angliam non solum in urbibus et castellis verum etiam et in villulis peritissimi scolarium magistri, quot fiscorum exactores et magistri. Unde ergo ista tua clericorum penuria? Quid igitur? Nunquid hic sic exensis efficitur ut tales nec clericos nec canonicos appellare dignetur"? (fol. 68b.)

Where, then, are we to place the school of Pullus? I answer without hesitation, "At S. Frideswyde's." It is obvious that Theobald was not teaching under the authority of any monastic house. The only schools of the time were connected with either conventual or collegiate churches. It is observable that the monastic *Apologia* throughout opposes canons to monks. The controversy forms part of the great struggle of the time between the monks and the secular (and usually *married*) canons. At the same time it should be observed that even regular canons seem to be included with the "clerici" and grouped against the "monachi." The tractate is largely occupied with proving the necessity of celibacy for canons (whether regular or secular) as well as for monks. The following extracts will illustrate these remarks:

"Veruntamen cum ait quod monasterium est locus et carcer damnatorum, *i.e.*, monachorum, cur oblitus est, ut quidem vulgo loquar, et regularium canonicorum? An ignorat quod sanctus Augustinus ypponnensium veniens concedente Valerio tunc episcopo monasterium fundaverit, in quo se et fratres quos ad servitium Christi de mundana conversatione predicando subtraxerat aggregavit? Sic enim de illo scriptum legimus. . . . Constat itaque monasterium esse tam canonicorum quam et monachorum. Quare ergo oblitus est et canonicorum? Forsitan ne damnarentur canonici sicut et monachi" (f. 63a).

"Si autem asserere voluerit apostolos fuisse canonicos potius quam monachos, unde et eorum habitum, *i.e.*, superpellicea linea canonici specialiter habere videantur, animadvertat omni remota ambiguitate nullum apostolorum usum fuisse linea, sed omnes pariter sine manicis colobia lanea colorem non causantes habuisse excepto sancto jacobo" (f. 67a).

The treatise, so far as I can see, leaves it doubtful whether Theobald was a Regular or a Secular canon; but they suit admirably with the supposition that he was the head of the schools of S. Frideswyde's. Whether the Regular or Augustinian canons turned out the Seculars in 1111 or in 1122 appears to be doubtful (see Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, ed. Caley, vol. ii., p. 134; Matt. Paris, *Chron. Maj.*, ed. Luard, vol. ii., p. 139; William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Pontificum*, ed. Hamilton, pp. 315, 316; Wood, *Annals*, i., pp. 138, 139). According to the S. Frideswyde's Chronicle (*ap.* Twyne, *Antiq. Acad. Oxon. Apologia*, p. 224), the transference took place in 1122. In the latter case, Theobald may have taught before the expulsion of the Seculars; in any case, he was probably a Secular himself, teaching more or less under the authority of the prior and canons. The argument against him implies that he was concerned to defend, or at least not attack, Regular as well as Secular canons. My argument to show that the university did not arise by spontaneous evolution from any pre-existing school remains where it was. That argument (so far as it was an *a priori* one) was based on the fact that the university schools are from the first grouped round S. Mary's, and show not the smallest trace of any connexion with S. Frideswyde's or any other Oxford convent. Indeed, since the Oxford MS. supplies a slight presumption that the pre-university Oxford schools were connected with a House of Canons, my argument is strengthened. I think it probable that the schools must, before the middle of the century, have declined very much since the times of Theobald and Pullus, or we should have heard of more Oxford masters or scholars between that and *circa* 1170, when we again begin to hear of the schools of Oxford. But, whether this be the case or not, the sudden rise of Oxford into a Studium Generale, totally unconnected with S. Frideswyde's, would require the assumption of some immigration of masters or of scholars from elsewhere, even if the direct historical evidence for such a movement were slighter than I believe it to be.

I must acknowledge my great obligations to Mr. Madan of the Bodleian for his kind help in finding the MS. from a very old press-mark in James's MS. *Ecloga*, where extracts from the MS. are given. Wood had apparently only seen these extracts, but Twyne had read the original MS. I was directed to the letters in Migne by Cousin, *Ouvrages inédits d'Abelard*, p. xcvii.

H. RASHDALL.

THE OLD-IRISH GLOSSES IN PALATINE 68.

London: May 19, 1889.

Palatine 68 is a Latin MS. in the Vatican library, in an Irish hand, said by Stevenson to be of the eighth century, but probably of the ninth or tenth. It contains a copy (imperfect at the beginning) of a gloss on the Psalms. What seems to be the name of a former scribe is preserved in the following note, fo. 46a:

"Edilberict filius berictfridi scripsit hanc glosam. quicumque hoc legat oret pro scriptore et ipse similiter omnibus populis et tribubus et linguis et uniuerso generi humano aeternam salutem optat in Christo . amen . amen . amen."

In ff. 12b, 15a, and 20b are some Old Northumbrian glosses, which were lately discovered by Mr. W. M. Lindsay, of Jesus College, Oxford, and were published by Prof. Napier in the ACADEMY for May 18, 1889. Mr. Lindsay also found in the same MS. the following Irish glosses, which he has very generously placed at my disposal:

Fo. 1a. Euge euge .i. *ait ait* .i. aduerbium optantis.
1b. erue me . *ba em carat.*
2a. eructauit cor meum uerbum bonum .i. *cridessel.*
Dico ego opera mea regi .i. *duasilbiu.**
4a. Numquid manducabo carnem .i. *isarafia dom.*†
7b. scrutinio .i. *o scrutunt.*
8a. Germinans .i. *intisiligfes* [leg. *inti siligfes* "is qui seminabit"].
10b. raucae .i. *truiss.*
12a. ascia .i. *taal* [= *tál*, Ml. 92d, 8, and 10].
16b. Propagines .i. *clanda.*

* Mr. Lindsay's copy has *tuasilbiu*, but the correction is obvious.

† Mr. Lindsay's copy has *isarafiadom*, but *cf.* Wb. 25c. 9.

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Fo. 17b. sicut stipullam .i. instabiles .i. *strom lasomuin.*

23b. sicut premium [*i e.*, cremium] .i. *brosne crin* [leg. *crinaig ?*].

28a. Et mirabilia eius in profundo .i. tempestas et tranquilitas .i. *tuile* et *aithbe* ["flood and ebb"].

28b. libes [*i.e.*, lebes] .i. *fund caire* [=*find choire*, Ml. 126c, 17].

29a. Nutantes .i. *fulmaini* [pl. of *fulumain*, gl. uolubilis].

30b. retrorsum .i. *frituile.*

There are one or two more. The most interesting, perhaps, is in fo. 37a, where we have the Old-Irish names for seven canonical hours: "Septies in die laudem dixi tibi .i. *antert, tert, sest, noon, fescer, midnoct, maten,* quod conuenit, quia septies in die cadit iustus." Hence it is obvious that *antert* is, as Dr. Güterbock maintains, borrowed from *ante tertiam* (horam).

These glosses, as well as some Early Middle-Irish which (thanks again to Mr. Lindsay) I lately found in the Bodleian, will be published, with a commentary, in one of the continental journals.

WHITLEY STOKES.

AN UNKNOWN EDITION OF COVERDALE'S BIBLE.

Huddersfield: May 20. 1889.

A fragment of thirty-two pages of an English Bible hitherto entirely unknown to everyone has just turned up here of the greatest interest.

It is a portion of a Coverdale version in 16mo. Folios and quartos are well known, but no one ever dreamt of there having been a pocket edition of Coverdale. It is not divided into verses, so most probably was printed before 1560. The size of the page is $3\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch. The text is printed in English black letter, marginal references in roman type, and the running titles in italics. The "imposition" of the forme is the same as was used at that period for printing Hebrew works.

The British Museum authorities have examined it, and say "the fragment is undoubtedly Coverdale's." I think myself happy to have made this discovery.

J. R. DORE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 27, 2.30 p.m. Geographical: Anniversary Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Heat Engines other than Steam," IV., by Mr. H. Graham Harris.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Development of the Distinction between the Physical and the Mental, from a Psychological Point of View," by Mr. G. F. Stout.

TUESDAY, May 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Recent Biological Discoveries," II., by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Annual General Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Westinghouse Alternating System of Central Station Electric Lighting in the United States of America," by J. S. Humbird.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Skulls found during some Recent Excavations," by Gen. Pitt-Rivers; "The Hyksos," by the Rev. H. G. Tomkins; "Property in Trees," by Mr. Hyde Clarke.

WEDNESDAY, May 29, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Science of Ventilation as applied to the Interior of Buildings," by Mr. D. G. Hoey.

THURSDAY, May 30, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: Experimental Lecture, "Chemical Affinity," III., by Prof. Dewar.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Discussion, "Electric Current Working," by Mr. W. M. Mordey.

FRIDAY, May 31, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Indian Wheats," by Mr. John McDougall.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "An Attempt to apply to Chemistry one of Newton's Principles." by Prof. D. Mendeleef.

SATURDAY, June 1, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: Tyndall Lecture, "The Classification of the Sciences, Historical and Critical," by Prof. W. Knight.

SCIENCE.

BOOKS ON HOMER.

The Iliad, XIII.-XXIV. By Walter Leaf. (Macmillan.)

Iliadis Carmina. Edd. Van Leeuwen et Da Costa. (Leyden: Sijthoff.)

Homer's Iliad, XIII.-XXIV. By D. B. Monro. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Scholia Townleyana in Iliadem. Rec. E. Maass. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE four works named at the head of this article represent three texts of the *Iliad*, two commentaries, and two volumes of scholia. It may seem somewhat rash to include them all in one review—if, at least, the reviewer's duty is to criticise in detail. Still, these books, taken together, afford the reader a tolerable conspectus of the present state of Homeric studies. On textual criticism, scholia, and exegesis, the information is complete; and, indirectly, a good deal can be learnt about the interesting question how far Greek scholars accept the results of philologers and archaeologists. It is, of course, not quite possible to separate these headings in a discussion. Textual criticism is now-a-days becoming less and less confined to the consideration of MS. readings and of conjectures based on them. The *Sprachgebrauch*, the "custom" of the writer, is set up as a rival to the written record; and that "custom" is determined first of all by exegesis. And if the MSS. are no longer our sole evidence in questions of syntax and style, they are still less so when the forms of words are in doubt, for there the philologer steps in demanding (and sometimes getting) serious alterations.

This complexity confronts the student of any classical writer, but it is nowhere more apparent than in the textual criticism of Homer. Hence it is natural that the three editions under review should represent three totally different methods of criticism. The Dutch editors, as one would infer from their previous work, follow Cobet. They hold that the MSS. are ringleaders in error, and that the Greek language, being αὐταρκής, needs little comparative philology to remedy Byzantine enormities. Mr. Leaf, too, as readers of his first volume know, puts philology in the background, but not because he believes in some other remedy. He is a sceptic, and thinks apparently that neither philology nor any thing else can restore us the original Homer. Curiously enough, his actual theory bears witness to the reverse of scepticism, for it is to the effect that we can recover the Homer of Perikles and Pheidias. Mr. Monro is not immediately concerned with the text, inasmuch as he writes for learners; but, so far as can be inferred, his "theory" admits of any evidence, manuscript, traditional, or philological, which bears the test of a somewhat rigorous examination. The common features in the views of these editors is the attempt to get behind the MSS. and the distrust of purely philological arguments. The latter will perhaps vanish, as the "new philology" becomes more settled; of the former we are likely to see a great deal more. Meanwhile, the actual MSS. are less discussed in the books before us. The one altogether new view started is Mr. Leaf's contention that C and D are less valuable than has been thought, and the proof of that is deferred. The *apparatus criticus* seems still to be based on La Roche.

An important addition, however, has been made to our knowledge of the scholia by Dr. Maass's edition of the Townley commentary. When Dindorf undertook to edit the scholia on the *Iliad* for the Clarendon Press, he decided to print the various MSS. separately, and accordingly edited the scholia of Ven A and B in four volumes. The Townley scholia are a continuation of the same series, forming vols. v. and vi. The great fault in the work is undoubtedly the original plan. It is, indeed, very much that which Keil and Götz have adopted for the analogous cases of the Latin grammarians and glossaries; but it is—here at least—not a success. The scholia B are practically a bad version of the Townley scholia, so that vols. iii. and iv. are now useless; a good many things are kept apart which would be better together; and, lastly, the series, with its six costly volumes, is not even yet complete. But this cannot now be mended, and the two new volumes are a distinct acquisition. Their permanent value depends, of course, on the accuracy of the transcription. This can only be tested by those who have access to the original, and it must be left to such to decide whether Ludwich—no mean authority—is too severe in his verdict, "dass die Ausgabe der nötigen Zuverlässigkeit entbehrt." But, as the text now stands, a good deal is to be learnt from it, the most important fact, I fear, being that nothing sensational can be expected from the scholia. There is little in the Townley scholia which was not, in one way or another, known before. All we can look for is the confirmation or suggestion of a few conjectures and readings, and possibly a little more light on Aristarchus and his kind.

It is in exegesis that the greatest advance has been made in the new books. It is not too much to say that the commentaries of Mr. Leaf and Mr. Monro are probably the best yet published in any land. These commentaries are, however, in no sense rivals. As I said when I reviewed Mr. Leaf's first volume in the ACADEMY two years ago, the two editors write for different classes—Mr. Leaf for the advanced scholar only, Mr. Monro for the learner. The remark holds good still, though not to the same extent. Mr. Monro—not quite logically, but quite admirably—has somewhat raised the standard of his commentary, excluding a few elementary details, and introducing some more advanced ones, among which may be mentioned the notes on archaeology. As a result, it is difficult to conceive of a better learner's edition than that edited by Mr. Monro; even the occasional austerity of style is not without its merits. Of course, the book is more than this: the work of one of the ablest living Homerists has a serious claim on every scholar, even on those—it is to be hoped, few—who think they have no more to learn about Homer.

Mr. Leaf has also slightly, probably unconsciously, altered the character of his notes. In some points, so far as the present writer can judge, he has made improvements, *e g.*, in the matter of etymologies. Of actual inaccuracies he never had a large share. Almost the only one I have noted is in the note on ἀδρόητα (xvi. 857), where the Pamphylian

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ἀδριῶνα should be quoted from Collitz, 1267, and explained (with Kirchhoff) as ἀνδρειῶνα, not ἀνδρίαντα. This is obviously a *lapsus pennae* and does not affect the argument. It is, perhaps, questionable whether the conclusion is right that ἀν (of ἀνδρότητα) represents the *nasalis sonans* usually appearing as α, but this is fair matter for argument. The omission of the ν is, however, confined to Cyprian and Pamphylian; and it is in those dialects extended to almost all nasals followed by consonants, ἐξάγοδι for ἐξάγωντι, γένοδαι for γένωνται, and other cases where there can be no question of a nasal sonant. It is, therefore, difficult either to explain ἀνδρότητα from these dialects or to bring in the nasal sonant. A more serious fault, in my judgment, is the frequency of references to Mr. Leaf's own theory as to the origin of the poems. In his preface, Mr. Leaf considerably develops this theory, and attempts to apply it in minute detail. One cannot help feeling—it may be prejudice—that his reasoning is at times rather personal and subjective. It is always suggestive, and far removed from the current German imitations of Jean Hardouin; but one doubts whether it can be possibly definitive. Perhaps Mr. Monro's caution is here the better part of valour.

But, differently as Mr. Monro and Mr. Leaf treat the Homeric question, the notes of both illustrate excellently the present condition of the controversy. It is clear that, at least in the present day, Grote is triumphing over Lachmann. Most competent judges seem now to agree that the *Iliad* began as an original unity, and owes its present shape to accretions. How long this agreement will last cannot yet be even guessed, but the "working hypothesis" of the present day is certainly that suggested by Grote. Thus Mr. Monro and Mr. Leaf differ only—though it is a large "only"—in the assignment of details to the original Μῆνις or to the additions. The future historian of the controversy will be able here to stop at liberty and observe that, for the first time since the days of Wolf, the enquiry was conducted on the basis of a generally accepted hypothesis.

F. HAVERFIELD.

THE SCIENTIFIC REMAINS OF ARSÈNE DARMESTETER.

IN accordance with a good custom—more honoured, naturally, in France than in this country—it is proposed to collect in a memorial volume the scattered scientific papers of the late Arsène Darmesteter, professor of mediaeval language and literature at the Sorbonne, whose untimely death was recorded in the ACADEMY of December 8, 1888.

Other works of his, we are glad to hear, will be brought out posthumously. These include a course of lectures at the Sorbonne on the History of the French Language, in which he expounded the general progress of knowledge and summarised his own special contributions to it. This will be edited by his brother, M. James Darmesteter. The great French Dictionary, also, on which he had laboured for full seventeen years, in conjunction with M. Adolphe Hatzfeld, was left practically ready for the press. Another work—for which he alone possessed the requisite combination of gifts—the restoration of the French language of the eleventh century from the glosses preserved in the contemporary Talmudists, cannot now be completed; but some of the materials he had collected will be published.

The collection of "Reliques Scientifiques," now being brought together by his brother, will consist of three parts, representing the many-sided nature of the man. (1) Etudes Juives, including the earliest work of the author, a general conspectus of all Talmudic literature; (2) Etudes Judéo-françaises, among which we may specially mention (apart from the better known works) the reports of missions to England and Italy, and the description of a Hebrew-English alphabet of the fourteenth century; (3) Etudes Françaises, subdivided into the literature and theory and the history of the language. In this last section will be reprinted his treatise on the protonic vowel in French, by which his name is perhaps best known to philologists, as having given rise to Darmesteter's Law.

The whole will form two volumes, of about 700 pages altogether, preceded by a portrait, a memoir, and a bibliography. It will be published, in a limited edition, by M. Charles Delagrave, Paris, at the subscription price of thirty francs.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE famous turquoise-blue enamel of the old Egyptians, with which their amulets and sepulchral figures were often coated, has been the subject in recent years of several communications to the Mineralogical Society of France. It is found to be a double silicate of copper and calcium, without any trace of alkali. This definite compound, known as "Vestorien," occurs in lamellar crystals, which present interesting optical characters lately studied by M. Fouqué. The most notable property is their intense pleochroism; in one direction they present in transmitted light a deep blue colour, while in another they appear to be of pale rose tint. Specimens were recently exhibited at the Royal Society Soirée by Prof. Judd.

WE have received Part IV. of *Scientific Memoirs by Medical Officers of the Army of India* (Calcutta), which contains two papers of general interest. In one of these, Surgeon-Major D. D. Cunningham discusses the famous "comma-bacilli" of Koch, arguing that, even though they be the proximate cause of choleraic symptoms, the epidemic diffusion of the disease is determined rather by the local conditions of soil and water. In the other paper, entitled "Are Venomous Snakes Auto-toxic?" Surgeon L. A. Waddell records the results of a series of experiments carefully conducted by himself. The conclusions at which he arrives are: (1) that venomous snakes are insusceptible to the venom of their own species, though not always to the venom of other species; and (2) that innocent snakes, in common with most other cold-blooded animals, enjoy no such immunity.

The Laws of Motion: an Elementary Treatise on Dynamics. By W. H. Laverty. (Rivingtons.) Another elementary text-book on dynamical *principia* to be added to the already glutted market! It is neither better nor worse than most of its companions. The writer complains of the obscurity in the ordinary definitions of "mass," "force," &c., and in the Newtonian statement of the laws of motion. We see no reason for recommending his new definitions and statements to the student. The old ones are obscure enough, but we prefer them to the present variations. The author must be very hopeful if he thinks the scientific world is likely to adopt his terminology, of which we give the following specimens: the British unit of velocity is a *Fas*, its unit of acceleration a *Sfas*, its unit of momentum a *Fasp*, its unit of kinetic energy a *Faspen*, its unit of mass acceleration a *Sfasp*, its unit of impulse a *Bim*. In C.G.S. we have the equally graceful expressions: *Cas*, *Scas*, *Casgram*, *Scasgram*, *Casgramen*, and the *Cim*. The writer, at least, does his best to gain the immortality of a paragraph in Dr. Murray's dictionary, if he fails to leave his mark on the history of science.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. GEORGE BERTIN will deliver a course of four lectures on "Babylonian Astronomy" in the British Museum during June, beginning on Friday, June 7, at 3.30 p.m. From his study of the original tablets in the museum, Mr. Bertin claims to be able to reconstruct the astronomy of the Babylonians, to identity most of the names of stars, and to throw new light upon the early divisions of time into years, months, and weeks.

THE progress of Semitic studies in America—to which allusion was made in the ACADEMY a few weeks ago—is well shown in a pamphlet, reprinted from *Hebraica*, which contains a series of addresses made at a reception tendered by the provost of the University of Pennsylvania to the members of the American Oriental Society, on the occasion of their meeting at Philadelphia last October. Dr. Morris Jastrow, jun., himself lecturer on Semitic languages at Philadelphia, dates the new era from the foundation of a Semitic chair at Johns Hopkins, of which Prof. Murray was the first occupant, and which is now filled by Prof. Paul Haupt, with Dr. Cyrus Adler as assistant. Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Columbia followed the example of Johns Hopkins; and now each of these has more than one teacher of Semitic languages, while mention is also made of professorships at Montreal and Toronto. Among the other speakers were Dr. William Hayes Ward, of New York, who combines an interest in Assyriology with the editorship of the *Independent*; Prof. William R. Harper, of Yale, who describes the undergraduates as eagerly studying Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian, Syriac, and even Ethiopic; Dr. Francis Brown, who deals with the theological seminary; and (more briefly) Profs. Toy, Haupt, Green, and Lyon.

WE have received the fourth Heft of the *Orientalische Bibliographie* (London: Williams & Norgate), which concludes the second year of this invaluable periodical. Henceforth, there will be eight parts in the year, issued at intervals of six weeks. We notice, by the way, an American on the editorial staff—Prof. Gottheil, of Columbia College, New York—but no Englishman, though we have no reason to complain that oriental work done in this country is neglected. The index of author's names at the end is particularly useful.

RECENT numbers of the *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift* contain several articles of interest to English scholars. Ludwich reviews Maass's *Scholia Townleyana* at length. Stahl notices Morris and Smith's editions of *Thucydides*, which he considers to be practically only a translation of Classen. Schwenke communicates some new readings of a Cicero MS., from which it appears that Dr. Reid's view of the Merton codex (*Journal of Philology*, xvii. 294) is incorrect. The last numbers contain a report of a paper by Mommsen on Horace, *Carm.*, iii. 1-6, which deserves the close attention of all students of Horace.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—*(Thursday, May 2.)*

DR. FENNELL in the chair.—Mr. Bayfield read a paper on "Conditional and Indefinite Sentences in Greek." The positions taken up were briefly as follows: (1) It is not true that in such a sentence

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as εἰ τοῦτο ἐνοίει, ἠδίκει ἄν (whether referring to present or past time) non-fulfilment of the condition is necessarily implied: cp. Eur. *Ion* 354 σοὶ ταὐτὸν ἦβης, εἴπερ ἦν, εἶχ' ἂν μέτρον. So far from believing the child to be dead, Kreousa has come to Delphi expressly to learn whether it is dead or not. Whenever it is evident that the condition is not fulfilled, this is so in consequence of knowledge possessed independently by the hearer or reader. (2) The so-called "general" conditional sentences (ἐάν ποτε λοιδορηθῶσι, ἀεὶ γελῶμεν) are rather indefinite temporal sentences, and should be classed as such (ἐάν ποτε = ὅταν). The present accepted classification confuses beginners, and it is for beginners alone that any classification is needed. (3) The title "indefinite" should be limited to sentences whose time is indefinite. Thus ὅποι ποτὲ ἡγεῖται, "whithersoever he is now leading," is an ordinary relative sentence; ὅποι ποτ' ἂν ἡγῆται, "whithersoever he may at any time lead" (or "shall lead") would be an "indefinite" sentence. If both are called "indefinite" a most important distinction is obliterated. In classical Greek ὅς ἄν never refers to definite time; *e.g.*, ὃς ἂν ᾄδῃ could not mean "whoever is singing now." The difference between ὅς and ὃς ἄν is not that between who and whoever, but that between who and who ever, *i.e.*, at any time—a fact which is either denied or lost sight of in the best school grammars and Greek prose manuals. (4) In such a sentence as:

ἀχθοῖς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν
γίγνεται, ὃς πενίῃ εἴκων ἀνατήλια βάζει
(*Od.* 14 156),

the clause ὃς . . . βάζει is purely descriptive; the time-notion is lost and κεῖνος ὃς βάζει is felt to be equivalent to ὁ βάζων. Cp. "who steals my purse, steals trash." Prof. Goodwin's classification of these sentences as "indefinite" is a fruitful source of confusion to learners.—Dr. Postgate read a short paper on "The Latin Future Infinitive in *-rum*." After referring to his paper read before the Philological Society, London, in April, 1887 (published in abstract in its *Proceedings*, p xvii.), in which he showed that the declinable forms *-urum*, *-uram*, *-urum*, &c., were descended from the indeclinable fut. inf. vouched for in early Latin, *e.g.*, by Gellius *Noct.* i. 7, and pointing out the objections which there were to considering it the neuter of the participle in *-urus*, he proposed to explain it as a compound of the dat. of the verbal stem *-tu* and an infinitive from √*es* "be" **ser-um*, parallel to the Oscan *ezom* and Umbr. *erom*, the rhotacism of which seems to be rightly explained by Mr. Conway (*Verner's Law in Italy*, p. 33), as due to their being enclitic forms. Thus *uenturum* = *uentū (e)rum* "to be for coming."

Edinburgh Mathematical Society.—(*Friday, May 10*)

George A. Gibson, Esq., president, in the chair.—Dr. J. S. Mackay contributed several solutions of two geometrical problems; and the Rev. Norman Fraser gave the fourth and concluding part of a paper on Kötter's synthetic geometry of algebraic curves.

Cambridge Antiquarian Society.—(*Monday, May 13.*)

Prof. A. Macalister, president, in the chair.—Prof. J. H. Middleton read the following notes on "The Choir-stalls from Brampton Church, near Huntingdon." The three oaken stalls from Brampton church, which the Baron von Hügel has kindly lent to the Archaeological Museum, are a melancholy example of the reckless removal of church fittings, which has so often taken place under the much-abused name of "restoration." They are of exceptional interest as being of unusually early date—namely, about the year 1350. Screens and stalls of the fifteenth century are common enough; but it is rare to find examples of wood-work of an earlier date. The arms of the stalls are richly moulded, with a characteristic fourteenth-century moulding, with a deeply cut hollow, designed in a way more suited to stone than to oak, as was usually the case before the fifteenth century. The misericords, or hinged seats, are decorated with very interesting carved subjects, three on each. Stall No. 1, beginning on the left, has a heater-shaped shield, once painted with a coat of arms, and supported by well-executed figures of a knight and a lady. The knight holds a lance, and wears armour of the time of Edward III., having a gorget of mail under his bassinet. The lady wears a hood and wimple. In the scrolls at the side are—(*a*) A scribe seated, writing on a long roll, with his inkstand and pen-case on a table before him. (*b*) A lion. Stall No. 2 has, in the centre, a man mowing hay and a woman raking it up At the sides (*a*) a carpenter wearing a belt, to which a wallet and a knife are hung: he is at work carving the little arches of a wooden screen. This subject is like one of those carved on a capital of the Doge's palace in Venice. (*b*) A weaver, with a large pair of shears, is cutting the pile smooth on a piece of stuff—velvet or pile carpet: the stuff is pinned down at each side on to a table. Stall No. 3. This is the end stall of a row, and so the moulding is only half worked. In the centre a man is reaping corn, and a woman brings him a fresh sickle. Behind a huntsmanlike figure is blowing a horn. At the sides (*a*) a woman is gleaning. (*b*) The harvest is represented by a pile of sheaves. In many cases stalls and other fittings were the joint gift of the various trade-guilds of a parish, and such was probably the case at Brampton. Hence the representations of various occupations. In agricultural districts the plough-guild was usually a large and important one, having often a special chantry altar, before which a lamp called the "plough-light" was kept always burning. The figure of the knight suggests that the lord of the manor was a joint donor together with the guilds. On each of the curved arms of the stalls is a head, two male heads, and one female, with hood and wimple like the lady by the shield. The carving is well designed, and all the details are very minutely finished, in a way which shows that the carver had taken a very keen pleasure and interest in his work.—Mr. M. R. James made a communication upon "Fine Art, as applied to the Illustration of the Bible in the Ninth and Four Following Centuries." He began by indicating the scope of his paper, which was only an attempt to deal with one or two sections of a very large subject. The lateness of the hour, however, compelled him to retrench even this limited field; and he was only able to deal with four varieties of Bible pictures—namely, those found (1) in complete Bibles, (2) in copies of the Apocalypse, (3) in a poem of Prudentius called the "Battle of the Soul," (4) in the *Biblia Pauperum*. The kindness of the Rev. S. S. Lewis had enabled him to illustrate the paper with chromolithographic reproductions taken from MSS. in Corpus Christi College library. The complete Bible was represented by two types: one of the twelfth century contained in two magnificent copies at Corpus, whose pictures were more decorative than illustrative; and the reader pointed out that they stood midway between the great Bibles of the ninth century with their full-page pictures, and those of the thirteenth and fourteenth with their historiated initials. The second type of Bible was represented by a good specimen at Corpus of the thirteenth century, containing a series of these figured initials, one to each book. Of illustrated Apocalypses, one at Corpus and one at Trinity College (the last probably the finest in England) were selected for special description. That at Corpus furnishes incidental evidence of the number of precisely similar copies of the Apocalypse that were turned out during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, especially in the north of France. It is also interesting as containing, besides the Apocalypse of St. John, the apocryphal vision of St. Paul, illustrated. This work goes back to the fourth century, and formed the prototype of most mediaeval visions of the future state. It also, in all probability, influenced Dante's conception of the *Inferno*. The reader then traced shortly the custom of illustrating the Apocalypse, from early mosaics and frescoes and from a number of Spanish copies of eleventh- and twelfth-century date, to the numerous specimens executed in the north of France in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and finally to the time of Albert Dürer. The next section was devoted to a description of the Corpus copy of the poem of Prudentius called the "Psychomachia." This is a MS. of the eleventh century, adorned with eighty-nine drawings by a Saxon artist—possibly at Winchester. Three other copies of similar date and style exist in the British Museum, and it was pointed out that all of them probably go back to a Roman original brought over by some early missionary. Reproductions of four drawings were shown. (1) The sacrifice of Isaac. (2) Lot carried away captive. (3) Abraham and Melchisedek. (4) Abraham and the three Angels. Examples of works of art derived from this poem were mentioned as existing at Laon, Paris, Salisbury, Chartres, Amiens, and Strasburg; and it was noted as likely that Bunyan was indirectly influenced by the book. Lastly, the reader described two works in the Corpus library, the one a collection of types, called "Pictor in Carmine" made in the thirteenth century, with the idea of substituting Bible pictures for the grotesque and secular subjects in vogue at the time. Another, a copy of the *Biblia Pauperum* made late in the fourteenth century by a Flemish hand, and closely connected with one in the British Museum (King's College MSS., No. 5).

FINE ART.

The Rude Stone Monuments of Ireland: Co. Sligo and the Island of Achill. By W. G. Wood-Martin. (Williams & Norgate.)

Col. Wood-Martin's former work on *The Lake Dwellings of Ireland* was a careful and valuable compilation of the extant information on its subject. His present volume is to a greater extent occupied with the results of his own investigations; and though, on account of the nature of the subject, it cannot be so generally attractive as its predecessor, it is an important addition to our knowledge of Irish antiquities. The book contains descriptions, mostly accompanied by ground-plans or sketches, of more than a hundred monuments in Sligo and the Island of Achill, chiefly consisting of cromlechs, stone-circles and tumuli. The most remarkable of these monuments is that at Deerpark, near Manorhamilton, which consists of an oval or oblong enclosure of rough stones, 50 ft. in length and 28 ft. wide, at one end of which is an "aisle" (as Col. Wood-Martin calls it) 27 ft. in length, and at the other end two parallel "aisles" of the same length. The interest of this monument is in part due to the resemblance which, though on a far smaller scale, it presents to Stonehenge. The late James Fergusson was decidedly of opinion that its purpose could not have been sepulchral, and remarked that its plan suggested the notion of its being a temple. It has, however, been discovered that the terminal "aisles" were formerly covered with roofing slabs, and they have been found to contain deposits of human and animal bones, and some slight traces of osseous remains were observed also in the central enclosure; so that the question as to the main purpose, at least, of the structure may be considered as solved. The objects found in the Sligo monuments are not, in general, of great interest. They consist chiefly of flint and bone implements of a rude type, and of earthen vessels, some of which are tastefully ornamented. A very few bronze articles are said to have been discovered, but either the objects have been lost, or there is some uncertainty about the place where they were found. The solitary gold ornament mentioned by Col. Wood-Martin—a "gorget" of semicircular shape, described as being of the breadth of a man's two hands—was sold to a jeweller in Boyle, and was afterwards sent to Dublin, but of its subsequent history nothing is known.

A considerable number of the most remarkable of the Sligo monuments are clustered

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ogether on the plain of Moytura, the reputed cene of the legendary battle between the uatha Dé Danann and the Fomorians. Col. Vood-Martin seems to think that the wild egends of Lug and Balor can be reduced to istory by the simple process of omitting all hat is essentially incredible; and he believes hat the story of the battle may be regarded s in its main outlines trustworthy. I doubt whether any person accustomed to deal with istorical evidence would now agree in this pinion. The legends as told in the *Four Masters* may possibly embody a much larger lement of historical tradition than Prof. hys, for instance, would admit; but the roundwork can no more be historical than an that of the narrative of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the geography has every appearance of being mere invention. The story-teller who wished to localise a famous legendary attle would naturally select a prehistoric emetery as the battle-field. When, therefore, e read that Nuada defeated Eochy (*anno undi* 3303) at Moytura in Mayo, and that wenty-seven years later the army of Nuada efeated that of Balor at the other Moytura n Sligo, this is simply what we should have xpected. There is no need to adopt, as Col. Vood-Martin does, the rationalising supposition either that the two battles were fought the same place, or that they are discrepant traditions of one and the same contest. The ue solution of the difficulty is that at each f the Moyturas there was, as the name nplied, a great collection of sepulchral onuments, and that the story-tellers thought nat these monuments must commemorate me famous battle. If what Col. Wood-Martin has written on this subject savours of ne historical speculations of a bygone age, it ust in fairness be said that there is very ttle matter of this kind in the book, which, n the main, displays good sense and scientific pirit, as well as great industry.

H. Bradley.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

In his large and important canvas, "The Chapel f the Charter House" (558), Mr. Hubert Herkomer has evidently sought to repeat the emorable success achieved by him some welve years since with his "Chelsea Pensioners." The present work is very happily rouped and painted with unusual care, hough even here the modelling in the umerous portraits—ostensibly those of the harterhouse pensioners—is painstaking rather han really firm or expressive of the structure eneath. The ensemble has not, however, the ramatic life and unity which were characteristic of the former performance; and it would, indeed, be unreasonable to expect that it hould possess these qualities in the same egree, seeing that the subject is one which must nevitably arouse less strongly the imagination and the sympathies, not only of the eholder, but of the artist himself. The cheme of colour of the picture is sober, usiness-like, and not inappropriate to the ubject; but it is also hot, and unduly wanting n variety and charm. Nothing in the exhibition can be compared for the particular quality f style to M. Emile Wauters's sober-toned nd unobtrusive "The Seamew's Nest" (1128), or the supplementary title to which—"An dyll of Morocco"—most ineptly and inappropriately tacked on for the enlivenment of he catalogue, we cannot hold the eminent master himself responsible. The motive is of the simplest. A poorly-clad Arab girl, over whose back is slung a heavy and by no means idyllic child, is stretching her arm warily over a wide stone parapet overhanging the sea, in the very act of seizing the invisible nest; while all around in the dull moisture-laden air circle the disturbed seamews. This is a piece of justly-observed realism, which, by the reason of the happy power of selection shown in seizing upon the essentials both of form and of movement, is already half-way on the road to that true ideal which is but the concentration of reality. An undue dirtiness and want of vibration in the low-toned colour—qualities not uncharacteristic of the master—alone detract from the enjoyment of a consummate piece of art.

Mr. Frank Bramley had a difficult task to perform this year. He had to show that he could again bring to bear the full resources of modern technique in giving true and tender expression to a subject genuinely national in its pathos. His contribution to the Academy is "Saved" (698), showing in the painter's favourite light of early dawn a woman just rescued from the terrors of the sea, and in front of a newly-kindled fire—the somewhat opaque yellow rays of which are in strange contrast with the light of breaking day—slowly reviving under the tender care lavished upon her by the inmates of a fisherman's cottage. Mr. Bramley reveals in the design and execution of this picture an enhanced boldness and mastery, some heads of young girls among the bystanders especially being drawn and lighted with admirable skill. But, on the other hand, he is much less convincing than before. He reveals too strongly the desire to dish up again in a new combination the elements of a popular success. The career of the admirable Josef Israels—who has lost his power over the emotions, though he still commands our admiration as a master of his craft—should be an example to one of the ablest of the younger generation of English artists. A French painter to all intents and purposes—and a very able one too—is Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who has never yet produced anything so complete in its way as his "The Health of the Bride" (655). Though the types of this humble company of shore and seafolk, assembled to do honour to a homely bride and bridegroom, are English, there is about the conception of the whole—the sombre grey tonality, and the almost grimly-sad seriousness of the scene—something which unmistakeably betrays, not only exclusively French teaching, but a French standpoint and mode of interpretation. A truly English touch of subtle pathos is supplied, however, by the figure of a young sailor, who, with a glance fraught with meaning, leans across the table, under the not altogether friendly glance of the bridegroom, to drink the health of the shrinking and downcast bride. Perhaps less complete than the two last-mentioned works, but far more convincing as a true piece of English realism, most sympathetically observed, is Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb's "Primitive Methodists; St. Ives" (1197). It represents with perfect simplicity, and with an agreeable absence of consciousness which enhances its unforced pathos, a few scattered fishermen and seafaring folk at prayer in a bare Methodist chapel, penetrated everywhere with a hard, cold light. Much of the picture is excellently painted in the French *luministe*, blue-grey manner; and it strikes us that the figure of the young preacher standing erect in the lofty pulpit has less value and atmospheric envelopment than it should possess in relation to the rest of the composition. "Minutes are like Hours" (670), by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, is a work akin to all these in the sobriety of its scheme of colour and the modern freedom (here amounting to looseness) with which it is executed; but it is distinguishable among its fellows for the delicacy of the warm, grey tones, and less agreeably for the insufficient sense of form shown in the rendering of wind-tossed wave and cloud. Evidence of rare keenness and sympathy of observation is furnished by Mr. T. B. Garvie's "Quiet Consolation" (949)—a little study of a resolute, middle-aged country-woman, smoking her well-earned pipe, as she sits by the side of her kitchen fire. Her reverie, though she enjoys momentary ease, is not a pleasant one, and the world's buffets have evidently left their ineffaceable mark.

Mr. Briton Riviere has rarely of late years shown the possession of the true imaginative quality as he does in "Pale Cynthia" (363)—a wide landscape of nobly-outlined hill and pine-forest, canopied by cloud piled on cloud, over which rises the shadowy moon; in the foreground a Greek shepherd tending his flock—in whom we may surmise Endymion—turns in dreamy reverie towards the pale orb, in the contemplation of which he stands spellbound. It cannot be said that any portion of the picture is painted with the decision or ease of a master, and in the rendering of the finely composed mass of cloud too great an opacity is apparent; yet qualities proper both to the painter and the poet have entered into the production of a work of rare and serene charm. It would not be easy to find serious fault with Mr. Luke Fildes's carefully studied "An Al-fresco Toilette" (307)—one of the painter's well-known Venetian street-scenes. It is executed with fastidious delicacy, and with a scheme of colour which, with all its brightness, is carefully thought out and balanced. Yet there is a deadness about the whole, a want of the reality of life, which renders the work depressing in general effect. It is, as it were, rather a composition carefully wrought out and pieced together, than a real page of life seen and rendered with the vision of the painter. Mr. Fildes is, to our mind, never at his best save when his own mother-earth invigorates and his own people inspire him. We may as well mention here his large portrait-group, "Sisters" (372)—presenting two young ladies in white evening dresses, relieved by a background of tempered red, which is also the dominant tone of the accessories. This, as a modish portrait, has much merit, the drawing of the faces being admirable, and much delicate and unobtrusive skill being lavished on the rendering of the stuffs and ornaments. The flesh-painting is, however, timid, and wanting in brilliancy, while the general tonality lacks force and accent. More was expected, and more may still be required, of the painter of the admirable "Mrs. Luke Fildes."

The "Carpenter's Son" (740) of Mr. Edward Simmons is, if not exactly a new departure, yet an audacious revival in English art. Few can have forgotten the famous "Carpenter's Shop," which was the most striking work of Sir J. E. Millais's youth. The present performance is akin to it in subject, but is rather inspired by the remarkable, if paradoxical, illustrations of Gospel history with which Herr Fritz von Uhde has of late years aroused the attention of Germany and France. There is much to commend in the execution of Mr. Simmons's picture—the lighting of the central figure and the suggestion of atmosphere in an enclosed space being especially good; and we should not be disposed to misinterpret the attempt, were it a thoroughly genuine one, to put new life into the sacred scenes which have, from too frequent repetition, according to certain traditions, lost in painting the greater part of their significance. That the carpenter's shop here delineated is a mean and common hovel of to-day is nothing; that the types chosen for the sacred personages are modern and local

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ones, which preserve unmitigated their realism and their individuality, may be defended, if a more poignant pathos be thus attainable. But if the aim of the painter in such an attack upon tradition be as much to surprise and to shock as to convince, then he stands self-condemned. We do not say that this intent is to a marked degree present in Mr. Simmons's work; but his earnestness is insufficient, and of a quality too commonplace, to overshadow the studied and imitative eccentricities of his mode of conception. The head of the infant Saviour is not wanting in feeling of a kind; but inexcusable and trivial, and quite without dramatic significance, are the figures which we suppose are meant to represent the Virgin and St. Joseph. By this failure to grasp the essential elements of his great subject, Mr. Simmons shows that to him may not be permitted the mode of treatment which we excuse and admire in a Millais or an Uhde, through the medium of which Rembrandt moves the beholder as no other painter of sacred subjects ever has done.

It is never fair to judge Mr. J. S. Sargent's works from the very first impression which they produce. Their strength of tone and power of self-assertion in the midst of other canvases is such that they often unconsciously arouse, in the first place, a spirit of combativeness and contradiction which stands in the way of a due appreciation of the artist's remarkable power. Whether we like them or not, Mr. Sargent's portraits have a way of their own of making all but the finest among their neighbours look wooden and inanimate, wanting in movement and life. We may pass over, as unworthy of the painter's powers, his portrait of Mr. Henry Irving (638), in which he has conspicuously failed to suggest the individuality of the famous comedian; and, in particular, he has missed that peculiar expression of inner life and contemplation which distinguishes his face in repose. The "George Henschel, Esq." (104) is a brilliant and living sketch, showing most subtly just that eagerness of thought and that strong vitality of temperament which are most characteristic of the model, and which are among the qualities most difficult to perpetuate with the brush. The strongly lighted and over-chalky flesh tints are not altogether satisfactory. This same defect—one which time will, no doubt, in some measure remedy—is noticeable in the otherwise charming portrait of "Mrs. George Gribble" (564)—a graceful blonde, frankly and vivaciously posing in an evening dress of dark blue striped velvet, relieved against a ground of pale, cloudy turquoise and yellow. The scheme of colour is prettily imagined and in perfect agreement with the fresh beauty and the ingenuous type of the sitter; but it is quite possible to imagine its being realised with greater purity and brilliancy. Nothing could well be finer than the drawing and modelling of the head, with its wealth of fair hair, or of the neck and the quaintly crossed arms. Among the numerous portraits by which this year Mr. Pettie is chiefly represented—most of them showing, as heretofore, the peculiar arrangement of tawny black set off by amber, and itself setting off the hot flesh tints which distinguish the Scotch school—his best performance is the presentation portrait of the "Rev. James Oswald Dykes" (783), which, *par exception*, is painted in cool and grateful grey tones, with vibrating grey background and a silvery sheen in the lights of the black robes. The obligatory touch of violet—most dangerous of tints to the unwary—is very successfully introduced, and happily sets off the combination. The head, though conceived with masculine vigour and painted with considerable charm, has not, as it appears to us, its full relative strength in the midst of all this bravura.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

II.

AFTER Mr. Reid's landscape, the picture which calls most strongly for attention to itself is Mr. Pettie's portrait of "H. Rider Haggard, Esq." (3), a likeness—a striking likeness, but much exaggerated in the expression of the eyes, which is meant possibly for the inspiration of genius, but looks more like the scare of terror. The tone of this painter's portraits this year is unpleasantly yellow, seeking apparently to anticipate the mellowing influence of time, but not producing anything like so agreeable an effect. His "Study of a Head" (23) is no doubt very cleverly done; but it suggests—is intended perhaps to suggest—a comparison with Rubens' well-known "Chapeau de Paille," which it will not bear even for a moment. Nor is his portrait of Mrs. Coatts a very attractive performance. Mr. G. Christian Symons's portrait of "Mrs. G. Gilbert Scott" (73) is much more successful. Her pose is *naïve* and lifelike as she stands ready dressed for a walk. There is something quite uncommon also in Mr. Arthur Hacker's portrait of "Mrs. R. E. Hoare" (9), the lines of which are, however, unpleasantly angular, the way in which the right wrist is bent being especially awkward. The artist has attained singularity rather than the distinction at which he aimed. Mr. J. J. Shannon shows no sign of erring in the same direction. On the contrary, his sense of the beauty of flowing lines might lead him to the opposite extreme. At present he would seem likely soon to have the monopoly of painting beauties of the tall and slender type; and he will, we hope, do much to bring back into fashion the slender elegance which enchanted Gainsborough, and which has been too long banished from art in favour of a squarer type. It would, however, be more satisfactory if he would give us a richer and more generous scheme of colour than those fawns and greys which he treats with such dexterity, and would paint his flesh with more care and solidity. Sketching however clever, "indications" however dexterous, will not give us all that Reynolds and Gainsborough and Velasquez gave, slight and unlaboured as much of their work may be, or seem to be. But Mr. Shannon's pencil is very skilful and very gracious, and he realises the charm and style of his fair sitters, and gives them more life and spirit than almost any living English portrait painter. "Miss Jean Graham," in her high-backed chair and silver-grey dress, seen sitting beside a bush of flesh-coloured azaleas, and against a tapestry background; "The Marchioness of Granby," with her graceful figure in profile, her hands at her waist, and her head turned towards you as though she were looking at the set of her dress in a glass; "Mrs. Towers," in dress and shoes of blue grey, a little more as if sitting for her portrait, but still easy and graceful—form together the most striking contribution to the Grosvenor which has been made by any artist this year. Sir John Millais's portrait of "Mr. Wertheimer" (215), and picture of a girl, "Shelling Peas" (58), deserve notice mainly on account of the fame of the artist, and Mr. R. Barrett Browning's portrait of his father on account of the fame of the sitter. Of the other portraits, perhaps the most noteworthy is that of "Frederick Villiers, Esq.," by Mr. Logsdail (171). It is very vigorous not to say truculent in character, and strongly painted, but singularly "dirty" in colour. Mr. W. H. Margetson's refined and powerful "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" (31) is notable rather as a study of expression than a portrait. To a somewhat different class of dramatic portraiture belongs Mr. G. P. Jacomb Hood's "Pauline in 'The Lady of Lyons'" (149); a charmingly fresh and supple figure breathing health and love, which deservedly occupies the centre of the north wall of the east gallery. Next to it is a slightly executed half-length of a pretty little girl, called "The Young Juliet" (148), by Mr. Sant, who by this and other recent works seems to be regaining the path of his early success. Charming also in its way, and with that sense of natural grace which the artist so often shows, is Mr. Boughton's figure of a country girl with a sheaf of corn—"Under the Harvest Moon" (71)—though the flesh, as is also the custom with him, is of a pink too uniform and too opaque.

If we were to judge by this exhibition alone, portrait and landscape would seem to be swiftly monopolising the whole field of art. Of *genre* there is little, of imaginative figure-painting still less. Of the latter, indeed, there is little or nothing except Mr. Briton Riviere's small but freshly conceived and carefully wrought picture of "Prometheus" bound to the rock. "Hung to a Cliff" would be, perhaps, a better description of the position of the figure as imagined by Mr. Riviere. The scene is laid at night, and on the top of a sheer rocky cliff, with the sea seen glittering below. Prometheus hangs by his extended arms as if crucified. His face is turned to the sky, and the eagle waits beside him. The composition is original and compact, and produces a profound impression, not without grandeur; but it is too realistic, and the artist has unnecessarily aggravated physical sufferings, which even when least dwelt upon are difficult enough to reconcile with prolonged existence. On the other hand, the Hon. John Collier's "Hetty Sorrel" (212) scarcely suggests tragedy at all. Her expression would be consistent with a more trivial motive—the loss of a purse, or even of a train. Mr. F. Markham Skipworth as usual prefers comedy, and sends a very clever seated figure of a young lady who has chosen to adorn herself in a piebald costume of black and white. The name "Magpie" (200) is characteristic not only of her dress, but of her expression, which is decidedly mischievous, with a touch of Mephistopheles. The picture would be more delightful on a smaller scale. If it were not quite so inky (a certain amount of dirt is, we allow, appropriate to the subject) there would be nothing but praise for Miss Marianne Stokes's cherub of the gutter who is asking us to look at his flowers (87). This charming urchin is much to be preferred to all Mr. Frank Goodall's "Pets of the Harem." We do not know whether the commonplace young lady on the divan is included among the pets; but she is certainly less interesting than either the ibis or the monkey. This large picture contains much clever painting; and it is a matter of much regret that an artist whose earlier works were often characterised by their dignity and noble sentiment should waste his time on a class of art in which he is not fitted to excel. Of *genre* of the old-fashioned humourous kind, Mr. John Burr is one of the few remaining professors. His old lady diligently reading a stirring article upon "Women's Rights" (154) is excellent in its way; and so is Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Darby and Joan" (121)—a picture of an old-fashioned couple drinking each other's healths in the long glasses in which our fathers (if we are middle-aged) and our grandfathers (if we are young) used to pour their champagne. From Mr. Yeend King we also derive some pleasant mirth. His lovesick miller (166), with floury face waiting at his door to waylay his lady love with a bunch of roses, is a capital study; but we wonder why he should have chosen so completely to banish the sun from a picture of such a subject. In this respect, it is a strong contrast to his brilliant little study of "An Autumn Sunset" (44). As well for its sea and landscape as for its figure, for its lighting

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as for its colour, Mr. Tuke's "Fisherman" (126) deserves more than ordinary praise; but it is too large for its subject. Mrs. Swan's "Le Pot au Feu" (160), Mr. H. Thomas Schafer's "Diocletian and the Cabbages" (142), Mr. J. Van Beer's "Le Prie-dieu improvisé" (63) are also good in very different ways. And Mr. J. P. Beadle has successfully triumphed over the difficulties of painting the red cloaks of Life Guardsmen against the snow (190) in a picture which, if somewhat wanting in interest, is one of the most noteworthy here for skill and thoroughness of execution. Fine, perhaps even finer than usual, are M. Fantin-Latour's groups of flowers, two of which have been senselessly "skied." Fine also is Mr. John Swan's study of a dead lion (24), though its merit is somewhat obscured by its unfortunate position. It is difficult to maintain the dignity of "A Fallen Monarch," or to feel much sympathy on his account, when he is turned so completely topsy-turvey. Nothing, however, prevents us from enjoying the beauty of Mr. C. N. Kennedy's pathetic picture of two young girls worn out with wandering, who are lying fast asleep on the marble steps of a temple. It is not his most important work of the year, but it is quite worthy of the painter of the "Neptune" in the New Gallery; and that is saying a great deal. Finally, among the better pictures not mentioned before are works by Messrs. W. L. Wyllie, Mark Fisher, W. H. Bartlett, John Varley, F. Brangwyn, T. C. Farrer, James Paterson, J. Haynes Williams, and Miss Clara Montalba.

The sculpture is not important, but it contains much that is pretty and interesting. Mr. Birch's "Water-Nymph" (378) is a graceful figure. Mr. Adrian Jones's "The Last Arrow" (380) is a vigorous group, Miss Spencer Stanhope's "Young Orpheus" (391) is a work of promise; and the names of Mr. Boehm, Mr. Harry Bates, Mr. Nelson Maclean, Miss Ellen Chaplin, Mr. Peploe Brown, Mr. G. Tinworth, and Mr. Conrad Dresslar, are a guarantee for the variety and general high quality of most of the rest.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUCCIO OF SIENA.

Florence: May 15, 1889.

Had Mr. Stillman, in his letter to the ACADEMY of May 11, not wandered from the point of my letter in the ACADEMY of March 30, I need not have prolonged a discussion depending on a simple question of fact.

If, instead of wasting his sympathy on what he calls my "annoyance" at finding the influence of Mr. C. Fairfax Murray greater than my own with the authorities at Siena, he had induced Mr. Murray to substantiate the paragraph in the *Century* article which I took exception to, then the readers of the ACADEMY could fairly determine between us, whether or not "it was owing to the efforts of Mr. Murray that the Duccio panel was removed from Siena Cathedral." Let it be noted that the "efforts" put in the form I objected to have dwindled in the reply to that very shadowy influence Mr. Stillman now entitles an "initiative." Upon what peg in my letter Mr. Stillman hangs his sympathy for my "failure," and consequent ire, I cannot imagine. As I attempted no share *pro* or *con* in the removal of the panel, I may ask, in a phrase borrowed from his countrymen, "Where does my failure come in?"

The end of the whole matter is that Mr. Murray neither had, nor could have, a voice in this affair. And, *pace* Mr. Stillman, I hope every man of taste and judgment would gladly leave to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction both the influence and initiative required to relegate a work of art and religion from a cathedral to a lumber-room.

WILLIAM MERCER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE two following pictures—Mr. Herkomer's "The Chapel of the Charterhouse," and Mr. Aumonier's "Sheep-washing in Sussex"—have been selected this year for purchase out of the funds of the Chantrey bequest by the president and council of the Royal Academy.

THE exhibitions to open next week include a series of recent landscapes in oil, by Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, at the Goupil Gallery, in New Bond Street; a collection of pictures by Miss Ada Bell, entitled "Flowerland," at Messrs. Tooth's, in the Haymarket; and some portraits by Mr. Herman Schmiecken, at Colnaghi's, in Pall Mall.

M. PHILIPPE VIREY, a member of the French Archaeological Mission at Cairo, has in the press a monograph on the famous tomb of Rekhmara at Thebes, No. 35, as numbered by Sir Gardner Wilkinson. This is one of the most instructive and important of the private sepulchres of Thebes, not merely for the archaeological and historical interest of its wall-paintings, but for the light it throws upon the civil organisation of Egypt in the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty, and upon the singular religious ceremonial prescribed in the funerary ritual recently discovered and translated by Signor Sciaparelli. M. Virey's memoir will be profusely illustrated.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will, we hear, be unable to publish the second and concluding part of *Royal Academy Pictures* until June 3 (instead of May 27, the day proposed), as they could not by an earlier date produce a sufficient number of copies to supply demands in full. The large edition which was prepared of Part I. has already been exhausted; and a second edition is at press, which will also be ready on June 3.

THE annual exhibition of work done in the classes of the Home Arts and Industries Association, including wood-carving, repoussé and metal work, bent iron, embossed leather, mosaic, pottery, baskets, rugs, embroidery, lace, handspun linen, rabbit wool, cloth, &c., will be held at the studios, Royal Albert Hall, from June 3 to 8.

ONE of the most recent publications of that indefatigable antiquary, Dr. James Burgess, director-general of the Archaeological Survey of India, is a handsome volume entitled *The Antiquities of Dabhoi* (Edinburgh: Waterston). Dabhoi is a ruined town in Gujarat, within the dominions of the Gaekwar of Baroda. Its buildings date from about the thirteenth century, when the native Hindu architecture had attained a most elaborate style of decoration, and was still free from Mohammedan influence. The town also possesses a modern interest, as having been towards the end of the last century the residence of James Forbes, author of *Oriental Memoirs*, who did not omit to record the local legends. The most notable ruins were photographed and drawn to scale by Mr. Henry Cousens, of the Archaeological Survey of Western India, and are here reproduced, in some twenty plates, by the collotype process or by photo-lithography. The text, written by Dr. Burgess, gives a concise account of both the history and the architecture; while the aid of Prof. G. Bühler, of Vienna, has been called in to interpret the Sanskrit inscriptions. The publication is due to the munificence of the Gaekwar, one of the most enlightened and liberal of the Indian princes. We must, however, protest against the ridiculous coat of arms on the cover, with which some English heraldic draftsman has presented him. The hereditary badge of the Gaekwar, to be found on his coins and on his flag, is a sword, and nothing more. The motto, "*Jai Mahádeo*," is correct.

THE STAGE.

A WEEK'S PLAYGOING.

AT a *matinée*, at the Vaudeville, on Wednesday in last week, two pieces saw the light. One of them, called "Her Father," was by Mr. Edward Rose and Mr. John Douglas, who, for a story of strong passion, confessed their obligations to a Spanish source. Perhaps, what was wanted in the dialogue—in the matter of literary quality—was made up for by the presence throughout the piece of powerful situations, skilfully led up to. Opportunity was given for a display of especial effectiveness—a *tour de force*, undoubtedly—by Mr. Hermann Vezin. Mr. Bernard Gould—always a welcome artist, apt to be natural and sincere—likewise distinguished himself. And Miss Annie Irish, as the heroine, was singularly sympathetic and winning.

The performance of "Her Father" was preceded by that of a duologue between Mr. Charles Myers and Miss Rose Norreys—a conversation called "Dregs," written by "Alec Nelson," and touching a very deep subject, not in a conventional way. The literary treatment was such as to suggest the want rather of amplification than compression, a fault so rare that it may almost be said to be welcome—at the very least, it is forgivable. Mr. Myers, who began his part with some suggestion of realism, became, we thought, less satisfactory as the piece proceeded. He failed to indicate the likelihood of reform in a scapegrace hero, who, at the end, is really strongly moved to better things. Miss Norreys played with feeling.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's final performances at the Princess's, before his departure for the country and for America, were given last Saturday amid a scene of genuine enthusiasm; and, taking the morning and the evening, they were able to include "A Clerical Error," "Chatterton," and "The Ben-my-Chree." The two first-named pieces alone would have sufficed to prove Mr. Barrett's versatility. Nothing can be better judged, more discreet, more finely practised than his performance of the delightful Broad Church cleric of forty-nine, of whom one feels that the unlessoned schoolgirl is rather silly to prefer to him the unripe and comparatively uninteresting youth. Mr. Cooper Cliffe played the unripe youth, and Miss Lillie Belmore—adding a very pretty filial feeling to her usual brightness and freshness—was very acceptable as the unlessoned maiden. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—the author of this piece—has managed to put into it some admirable and very telling humour, to which Mr. George Barrett does justice. In "Chatterton," too, a little lightness is introduced cleverly by the introduction of the engaging chatterbox who is the companion of the Lady Mary—a Rosalind and Celia, with the tables turned, so to say; the Celia being so much more than the Rosalind. But "Chatterton" is, of course, mainly a tragedy; and to its tragedy Mr. Wilson Barrett gives ample and various expression. Mr. Hall Caine's "Ben-my-Chree" was done in the evening; and the end—which, during the latter portion of its last year's run in London, was altered from the sad to the successful—was again properly tragic. To see Mr. Hall Caine's

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work for the second time is to become more conscious and appreciative of its literary flavour. It was played with picturesqueness and fire by Mr. Wilson Barrett; with humour by Mr. George Barrett; and with appropriate tenderness, discretion, and feeling by Miss Eastlake.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

A ONE-ACT play, of which the English version is by Mr. Frederick Wedmore—with strong parts for Miss Marion Lee, Mr. Fred. Thorne, and Mr. Gilmore—will be performed before "Angelina," at the Vaudeville *matinée* to-day.

A NEW and original comedietta, entitled "In the Corridor," by Mr. Rudolf Dircks, will be produced on Saturday night at the Court Theatre by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

A SERIES of performances of Ibsen's "Doll's House"—the most generally acceptable of the plays of a wholly unconventional writer—will be given at the Novelty Theatre during the second week in June. Mr. William Archer will be responsible for the piece in its present English form; and Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington will, we believe, have principal parts.

THE performances arranged for the first week of the French plays at the Gaiety will have the advantage of variety, and will be perhaps none the worse for including a full share of old favourites. In most, though not in all of the pieces, M. Coquelin and Mdme. Jane Hading will appear together.

THOUGH the death of Mrs. Dallas Glyn can scarcely be regretted, inasmuch as it put an end to sufferings which could have no other sequel, it is lamentable that we have lost not indeed a prominent actress—for Miss Glyn had for years quitted the stage—but one who remained a mistress of elocution, a teacher of the first rank. Even within the last few years, to see Mrs. Dallas Glyn give a lesson to a troup of pupils was a thing not to be forgotten. Her method not infrequently took the effective form of satire; but, if her reproach had pungency, her commendation had warmth. As an actress, Mrs. Dallas Glyn belonged, properly speaking, to the last generation. At Sadler's Wells, if we mistake not, she played with success a part in tragedy that is rarely ever essayed—that of Bianca, in Milman's "Fazio"—and she played likewise Lady Macbeth. Her comedy-parts have this week been recalled to us by the comments of a contemporary. But it is probably by her Cleopatra that she stands the best chance of being remembered. Even in the readings, which she continued after she had withdrawn from the stage, her Cleopatra had at once force, voluptuousness, and pathos.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS opened his season at Covent Garden last Saturday evening with Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles." Two years ago this work was produced by Mr. Mapleson under the name of "Leila," the heroine of the tale. It is unnecessary to enter into much detail with respect to a work which was but a stepping-stone to "Carmen," written twelve years later. When Bizet composed the "Pêcheurs de Perles," he had just returned from Italy, where, as winner of the Grand Prix de Rome, he had been studying for several years. The music is clever and graceful, the orchestration shows touches of genius; but the composer had not matured his style. His head was full of Berlioz, Gounod, Verdi, and even Wagner; and one can trace the influence of these masters on many a page. But, for all that, the work might have proved more attractive had good fortune provided the composer with a suitable book. "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" is a story not without bright moments, but on the whole dull. The maiden Leila has to offer up prayers to Indian deities for the success of the pearl-divers of Ceylon. She withdraws to a temple, and till the season is over swears to banish all thoughts of love. The reappearance of Nadir, an old admirer, turns her head. She forgets her solemn vows. Leila and her lover are condemned to death. The chief of the tribe, Zurga, has also a passion for the maiden, which is not returned. He, however, generously helps them to escape, and himself suffers death at the hands of the infuriated rabble. Miss Ella Russell (Leila) sang charmingly. She has a showy part, and made the most of it. Signor d'Andrade as Zurga was excellent, both in his singing and acting. Signor Talazac, the French tenor, as Nadir, may possibly not have done himself justice. He was uncertain in his singing, and his voice seems weak. The band, under the leadership of Mr. Carrodus, and the chorus were both very good. Signor Mancinelli conducted with much intelligence. The piece was thoroughly well mounted. There was a brilliant audience, and Mr. Harris had every reason to be satisfied with his opening night.

On the following Monday "Faust" was given. Miss Macintyre played Marguerite with considerable success. She is somewhat new to the stage, and she appeared nervous; but she has a pleasing voice and a graceful unassuming manner. M. Montarol, the new Faust, commenced doubtfully, but gradually improved. He sang in an artistic manner, but there seemed a want of resonance about his voice. M. Winogradow, a member of the unfortunate Russian troupe which gave Rubinstein's "Demon" last season, took the part of Valentino, and acquitted himself most favourably. Mdme. Scalchi and Mdlle. Bauermeister rendered useful service. The chorus sang splendidly. Artistic reasons apart, how much better it would be if encores were forbidden! "Faust" is quite long enough.

The favourite "Carmen" was performed on Tuesday evening, with Mdme. Marie Roze in the title-*rôle*; but her characteristic and finished impersonation of the flighty maiden is well known and needs no praise. Miss Macintyre appeared to advantage as Michaela both in singing and acting. Signor A. d'Andrade, a brother, we believe, of F. d'Andrade, was a new José. He has a pleasing, if not strong, voice, and his acting is good. Signor Arditi, the experienced *chef-d'orchestre*, conducted for the first time; and the band, under his guidance, greatly distinguished itself.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

SIR C. HALLÉ gave his second concert last Friday week, introducing, by way of novelty, a pianoforte Trio by G. Martucci. This is the first we have heard of this composer; but he would appear not to be lacking in industry, since this work bears the opus number 62. It contains some good writing, but is far too long and laboured. G. Martucci is an Italian name, but the music is decidedly German in character. The performance was excellent. The programme included Brahms's Sonata for piano and violin in A, and Schumann's seldom heard Trio in G minor (Op. 110). The last, though less attractive than the composer's other two Trios in D minor and F, is an interesting work.

Señor Sarasate's second concert took place on Saturday afternoon. E. Bernard's Concerto in the hands of an ordinary player would prove fearfully dull, but with this wonderful artist anything and everything sounds well. In the Mendelssohn Concerto he was heard at his best, but his very fast rendering of the Finale savoured of virtuosity. The hall was again well filled.

Herr Richter's programme on Monday was devoted entirely to Wagner, to commemorate the master's birthday, which fell in this week. Of course, such a concert would scarcely be approved of either by ultra- or by anti-Wagnerites. But if such a course cannot be defended, it may be excused. The ever-growing number of Wagner's admirers feel probably somewhat as did the master at Zürich in 1853. He was asked to give a concert of his own music; and in reference to the "Lohengrin" excerpts he wrote thus to Lizst: "I undertake the whole thing only to hear something out of 'Lohengrin,' and would willingly abandon this substitute if I could *once* hear the real 'Lohengrin.'" There is no opportunity of hearing the "Nibelungen" here, so when Herr Richter offers the Walkürenritt, the Götterdämmerung March, and the Love Duet from "Die Walküre," he gives pleasure. The programme included selections from the "Dutchman," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan," and the Siegfried Idyll. The performances were all exceptionally fine. Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Lloyd sang in the duet. Miss Williams interpreted her part with intelligence and proper feeling, but with a certain amount of reserve. She attempted the music, we believe, for the first time. On a second occasion she will be able to show more intensity. Mr. Lloyd was in fine voice. How much better it would be if the vocalists could interpret their parts without looking constantly at the music before them! St. James's Hall was crowded, and money refused at the doors.

Herr Schönberger gave an interesting Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. He selected two Sonatas—Beethoven in C (Op. 2, No. 3) and Schubert in C minor—which are by no means hackneyed. In the Allegro and Adagio of the former there was a tendency towards exaggeration; but the other two movements were brilliantly rendered, albeit the Scherzo was much hurried. In the first two movements of the latter there was much to admire, particularly the beautiful Rubinstein-like tone with which some of the melodies were given out. The Bach-Liszt Fantasia and Fugue in G minor was a fine technical display, but the reading was not altogether to our taste. Moreover, the best performance will not render that masterpiece for the organ effective on the pianoforte. Herr Schönberger gave also three German Dances by Beethoven effectively worked up in modern style—*à la* Liszt, by I. W. Seiss, a distinguished modern pianist, and formerly a pupil of Wieck and Hauptmann. His transcriptions of movements from Haydn's Quartets are much appreciated in Germany. The programme included, besides, pieces by Scarlatti, Chopin, and Raff; and a new Valse by the concert-giver.

Herr Waldemar Meyer had his Recital at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and played with much success Bach's "Chaconne" and other solos. He also took part with Herr G. Ernest in Ries' third Suite for piano and violin. Frau Schoepffer, from Dresden, sang some Lieder of Brahms, Schumann, and Lassen, with taste and expression. She also gave the first song of the "Queen of Night" from "Zauberflöte," but it is not effective without orchestra.

Space will only allow us just to mention Mdme. Haas's interesting concert last Thursday week; Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse's excellent Chamber Concerts, of which two have taken place; and Miss Gomes's concert, on Tuesday, with a high-class programme.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

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LITERATURE.

Reports on Elementary Schools. By Matthew Arnold. Edited by Sir Francis Sandford. (Macmillan)

THE New Code, about which so much, *dicenda tacenda*, has been heard, comes with singular opportuneness while the memory of Matthew Arnold is still green; and it was a happy thought that suggested the compilation and immediate publication of his most important educational reports as a commentary on the series of regulations which seem to owe to him and those of his way of thinking the salt that gives them whatever wholesome savour they have.

It has been a very easy self-advertisement for critics of Matthew Arnold, the Inspector of Schools, to call his work and opinions amateurish. The fly on the chariot-wheel has had from time immemorial a very lofty sense of the importance of minute knowledge and parade of details; and Arnold has even been accused in so many words of having done nothing for the pupil-teacher. For those who think that the most sagacious critic of his generation would be likely to spend thirty-five years in neglecting a duty for which he was incomparably well fitted there is rebuke enough in the volume which the kindly services of an old and distinguished colleague have here given us. It is likely enough that his reforming spirit lacked somewhat of the noisy and dogged persistence in which lies the only hope of making an impression on wood. But the woodenness was not his. Nor has education which is conceived in a partisan or "democratic" or "business" spirit any considerable advantages over other important interests similarly jerrymandered. Now Matthew Arnold was not given to woodenness; he was not a political partisan; and he does not seem to have believed that you can tie up your education, as you can your tea, in shilling packets, which can be submitted confidently to Her Majesty's Commissioners of Weights and Measures. Indeed you cannot. The general result of efforts directed to this end is the production of (we thank Miss Potter for the words) educated failures.

Let us see what Matthew Arnold chiefly strove for, or, at all events, petitioned "My Lords" for. Perhaps he was, of all things, most urgent to improve the education of the pupil teachers. Thus he writes in 1852 in regard to them:

"In the general opinion of the advantages which have resulted from the employment of them, I most fully concur; and of the acquirements and general behaviour of the greater number of those of them whom I have examined I wish to speak favourably. But I have been much struck in examining them towards the close of their apprenticeship, when they are generally at least eighteen years old, with the utter disproportion between the great amount of positive information and the low degree of mental culture and intelligence which they exhibit."

And he goes on during thirty-five years in the same strain. The evils that made of the most promising pupil-teachers and training-college students compendia of information instead of teachers have, of course, produced like effects on the less promising scholars of our public elementary schools. There is ample evidence in the chapters of his book that, if the reproach is not yet removed, the fault was not Matthew Arnold's. There is probably no subject capable of systematic treatment which is not also capable of being made in skilful hands a means of education. If the subject is, moreover, one which attracts a good deal of contemporary attention, and is making valuable additions to the stock of knowledge, enabling mankind to harness the powers of nature, so much the better, no doubt. But the amount of this latter kind of knowledge which can be profitably imparted to an elementary scholar before the age of thirteen is comparatively little; very little, indeed, compared with the more general training that can be initiated, at all events, with irresistible force just when the ordinary scholar has his one chance. Part of this indispensable general training is, no doubt, what Arnold quotes as "Naturkunde"; but Naturkunde is not the travesty of science with which anyone who will may make himself acquainted by running his eye through a few of the books specially designed for the outwitting of South Kensington examiners. So long as the public elementary school continues to teach such "science," we must be content with such result as is vouchsafed to wasted labour. In the meantime, observe what was Arnold's attempt at a remedy:

"We all complain of the want of taste and general culture which the pupil-teachers, after so much care spent upon them, continue to exhibit; and in their almost universal failure to paraphrase ten lines of prose or poetry, without doing some grievous violence to good sense or good taste, they exhibit this want most conspicuously. Here, too, perhaps the remedy will be found to lie, not in attempting to teach the rules of taste directly—a lesson which we shall never get learnt—but in introducing a lesson which we can get learnt, which has a value in itself, whether it leads to something more or not; and which, in happy natures, will probably lead to this something more. The learning by heart extracts from good authors is such a lesson."

The reason why the teachers of middle and higher schools do not feel so acutely as might be expected the want of professional training lies probably in the fact that the real professional training (apart, of course, from indispensable practice) is the training that strengthens the imagination and quickens the sympathies. The teachers of middle and higher schools have usually had the "tincture of letters" which makes the difference between the educated man and the boor. They have a larger vocabulary—that is, a greater power of abstraction; they can naturally, therefore, sympathise with a greater number of mental states, and are consequently often "born" teachers. With the elementary teacher this is not so often true. He often feels deeply the lack of "the humanities," and mere sojourning in the training school cannot entirely fill the void. There is at least one subject for the study of which a university chair was founded within the last hundred years, in which the head students of the best training colleges could give points to Oxford or Cambridge; but it by no means follows that such students are necessarily the best teachers of that subject—not, certainly, by reason of the possession of minute information. Let us consider this again from another point of view:

"'Our schools deal with children of from four to thirteen years of age.' We should constantly have this thought present to our minds, and the more so the more our system of primary schools becomes a great and complicated affair and attracts the attention of a number of ingenious and active-minded persons. Our system may be highly complicated, and the educationists, as they call themselves, who take an interest in it may be highly ingenious; but the matter in hand is, after all, the instruction of children between the ages of four and thirteen, and this is a plain and simple affair, and the more we compel ourselves to conceive and treat it as such the better. The one word which I feel disposed at present, as an inspector of primary schools, to keep perpetually repeating for my own benefit and for that of others, is this—*simplicity*."

So we are bidden to remember that our business is with very young children, who cannot take in very much during the time they are under our hands. But on the manner in which we present such intellectual food as is fit for their juvenile digestion will chiefly depend the taste they may have for stronger food hereafter.

It is interesting to note how much importance Matthew Arnold attached in 1858 to the separation of the infant school from the ordinary school. The luxuries of one generation become the necessaries of the next; and so we find that in 1889 there is no public elementary school of any pretensions that has not an infant department attached.

Perhaps, however, most interest of all attaches to points still unsettled, or not settled, at all events, to the great critic's liking. We find him, for instance, complaining in 1867 that the choice of school books is in England left to chance. He might have added, with perfect truth, that it is occassionally the result of jobbery. The effect, of course, has been in many cases disastrous, though the reproach has been of late years rapidly passing away. Many books for public elementary schools (as, for instance, Mr. Arnold Forster's Reading-book) are as high and healthy in literary tone and quality as could possibly be contrived by skilled good taste; but still there is no public authority whose business it is to review and, if need be, veto the books compiled by rival publishers for elementary schools. The consequence is seen in the abundance of empty cram-books—particularly, I am told, in science.

How far, again, have we advanced towards the most desirable fulfilment of this?

"I hope some day to see abolished all standards above the three lowest, and to see substituted

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for the three upper standards classes and class-teaching, *without tying the teacher's hands.*"

The italics are not Arnold's; but it is perfectly clear that without any *a priori* belief in the elementary teacher's divine faculty of unerring classification, he knew that a grown man or woman of sense is, in most cases, able to organise his or her own work better than any number of gifted persons who may know nothing of teaching, and who are certain to know nothing of peculiar local difficulties and trials.

Here, again, is another matter very near to Matthew Arnold's heart—the right choice of pupil-teachers:

"The Department might, with advantage, recommend managers to pay out of the higher instruction grant a sum to the principal teacher not less than the sum he would formerly have received as gratuity for instructing his pupil-teachers."

But he knew very well that managers will do very little that is really generous, and, therefore, wise, if the Department comes merely cap-in-hand and politely, so he adds:

"The recommendation would be sufficient in general without an absolute appropriation of the grant or a part of it; but the Department might also reserve the power of withholding the grant altogether in cases where it appeared from the inspector's report that the recommendation was disregarded without fully sufficient cause."

He regarded some such encouragement as indispensable to induce teachers to seek diligently for pupil-teachers and to cordially instruct them. Twenty years have made little difference. The inducements are still lacking; and, though the New Code threatens managers with unspeakable penalties if they fail to look after their pupil-teachers, the evils of neglect are likely to die hard yet. In the first place, a threat to visit the neglect of duty of one person on some others is grossly objectionable, and is certainly not likely in this case to increase the heartiness and vigilance of teachers; and, in the next place, the large towns, which are the almost only nurseries of pupil-teachers, are mostly working on the centre-system, which makes the pupil-teacher merely a kind of inferior assistant, not a pupil at all, to the teacher under whom he is apprenticed.

Arnold was occasionally curiously sanguine—for a critic. In 1869 he writes: "The institution also of a system of superannuation grants for teachers cannot be much longer delayed." We are now in 1889, with a Code that may carry us over another ten years, and nothing has been done yet.

He has a good deal to say about "free" schools, and almost all he does say is condemnatory. He uses many arguments now familiar enough to us, but of no avail in a community which expects to get something for nothing. But there is one most important consideration not mentioned by him which may be earnestly recommended to the consideration of those who are, or affect to be, solicitous about the status of teachers. Public burdens, both local and imperial, are increasing at a greater rate than the wealth of those on whom they chiefly fall; and whether the deficit resulting from the abolition of fees is made up from the rates or the Consolidated Fund, the increase will be acutely felt. Under such conditions teachers must not expect to receive higher salaries than they are receiving now, and the quarrel will not be a political one. I have heard it said by a consistent and influential "educationist" of notoriously Radical views, that these are not the days of raising teachers' salaries, these days of falling wages for "piece work." Yet whatever happens to reduce the earnings of teachers will most certainly have a disastrous effect on our system. If we offer less money, it is natural and right that we should get inferior men. We shall teach with success neither reading, writing, arithmetic, nor good manners, unless we can make it worth the while of a good labourer to offer himself for a reasonable hire. "Of education," says Matthew Arnold, quoting from Butler, "*information itself is really the least part.*"

P. A. Barnett.

Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco. By Joseph Thomson. (Philip.)

More than eighty years ago, a British Consul in Morocco declared that there was no country about which so many books had been written and so little was known as Barbary. He might have repeated his words so far as the western portion of El Maghreb is concerned had he lived in our times, with the addition that on few regions is the literature worse. Indeed, when Jackson wrote, the books were fairly good, and continued to be so until the age of tourists set in, when a few weeks' stay in Tangier, or a two months' visit with a minister to Fez, without any preliminary or subsequent study, was considered sufficient preparation for adding to the list of volumes over which His Majesty's Consul grew so choleric. Of late years, however, the character of the books in Morocco has been decidedly improving, albeit there are residents in the country who affirm after reading them, and just as often without seeing them, that all ought to be consigned to the Gehenna which is reserved for men who write on what they are ignorant of. Tomes of the type of Host, Chenier, Jackson, Ali Bey (Bordia), Renou, and Godard are still rare; but there are Erckmann, the early part of Lenz's travels, De Campou, Stuttfield, Cowan and Johnston, Tissot, Jannasch, and, above all, De Foucauld. And now we are presented with the present volume, which, if one of the smallest and least pretentious of its class, is worthy of being placed on the same shelf with Hooker and Ball's *Tour*; though, being less weighted with learned appendices and less spiced with botany, it is decidedly more readable than that admirable contribution to the natural history of Muley Hassan's wide-spreading empire.

Mr. Thomson and a young friend went to Morocco solely for the purpose of exploration, and chose the southern capital as the best centre from which to reach the neighbouring portions of the Atlas. They were provided with the usual letter which the Sultan is good enough to supply to distinguished personages. But, as their predecessors had already discovered, Messrs. Thomson and Browne did not find that document of much use. The region they set their minds on reaching, and which, to a certain degree, they did reach, is inhabited by mountain tribes, who have never quite recognised the emperor's authority and dread the approach of any strangers. These simple-minded folk are by no means so fanatical as the Moors of the cities or even the pure-blooded Arabs of the plains. But they know by bitter experience that the appearance of the Sultan's people means exactions, endless "mouna," and injustice of every kind, while any loss or mishap which the travellers may suffer—and there are strange tales of the disgraceful frauds practised in this respect—will be made good ten times over out of the pillage of their own flocks and herds. Hence, all classes, the Sultan, his Kaïds, and his nominal subjects, are equally inimical to such expeditions as Mr. Thomson's, and do their best to render their efforts futile. Moreover, they have exaggerated ideas of the wealth of their mountains; and they imagine that the moment any Nazarene goes there he will discover a gold or a silver, or an antimony mine, which will be the preliminary to a host of his countrymen insisting on settling down and taking possession of that interior happily still undefiled by the infidel. It is, therefore, greatly to Mr. Thomson's credit that he succeeded so well in accomplishing what he did in the way of exploration. Riding down the coast from Casablanca to Mogador, he passed by another route back to Saffi, and from that place to the city of Morocco. From this centre he made, almost by stratagem, several interesting journeys into, and even across, the Jebel Tilj or Great Atlas Range to Teluet, Demnat, Tasimset, Amsmiz, Gindafy, and other little known or, so far as Europeans are concerned, unvisited places. He also managed to ascend the Tizi Likumpt, 12,734 feet high, though he is of opinion that the peak called Tamjart which dominates the entire range, over which it towers 1500 or 2000 feet, will prove to be the highest summit in the Atlas.

Not much new could be expected from the earlier portion of this route; and though the city of Morocco is still not half exhausted, strangers who are debarred entrance into any Moor's house can scarcely add much to our previous knowledge. Nevertheless, Mr. Thomson's descriptions are charming, and we regret that he ends the itinerary of the journey from Agadir to Mogador so abruptly, for though it has been travelled before, the descriptions are now very old, and were always very slight. Interesting, novel, and often graphic narratives are, however, given of the other journeys, including the final one to Agadir—the condition of the inhabitants; their customs, so far as his limited time and ignorance of the language would permit; the ruins, attributed, as everything mysterious is in Morocco, to the "Rum" or Christians; the strange natural bridge of Iminifiri; the caves at Tasimset, which, like those near Aïn Tarâl (described by Hanno in the *Periplus*, and soon, we trust, to be redescribed by Mr. Harris) were most probably either the dwelling-places or the burial vaults of a troglodytic tribe closely akin to the Guanches of the Canaries; and a host of other features of the country traversed.

Mr. Thomson's journeys, therefore, though covering a comparatively small portion of Morocco, form a valuable addition to our scanty knowledge of it, as the admirable contour maps attached to his volume fully demonstrate. At the same time, we are of opinion that he

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would have done better in the north. No part of the empire is actually unknown, and no part is geographically fully explored. Jews, officers of the Sultan, traders, and the "Semsars," or agents of the coast merchants, have gone almost everywhere. Yet even within a few hours of Tangier and the other sea-board towns is country of which only the vaguest maps exist; while from the city where the foreign representatives reside to Fez the mule-track leads through valleys walled in by mountains, or over hills which, even in Angerá and the Béni Hassan country, are as untrodden by Christian feet as any section of the Atlas. Of this region nothing is known so far as the botany, zoology, geology, and, it might almost be said, the ethnology are concerned. Even the coast towns are most imperfectly described, topographically and historically, and the Rif country is still a *terra incognita*, though in sight of the villas of the diplomatists on "the mountain"; while within two or three days of Tangier there are towns into which no Jew or Christian has ever yet been able to enter. From Fez as a centre much could be done; and there the difficulties would be less, as "the Powers" are always within reach, and the ways of the Nazrani better understood. Yet one portion of Morocco is very much like another portion. The same bare tawny hills, burnt brown all the summer, and covered with verdure after the rains, the rich black earth or stony plains, the rising ground crowned with sacred groves, white shrines, or little Berber villages, or valleys through which some river rolls—muddy or clear, according to the soil which it erodes—and dotted with the camel's-hair tents of the wandering tribesmen, constitute the most striking features of this now almost woodless land.

The people are, after all, the studies to which the traveller turns with most interest, though to understand them thoroughly a knowledge of Arabic and Berber is necessary. Still, Mr. Thomson supplies many useful and, so far as we are able to judge, unusually accurate data on all of these points. The chapter on the Jews is particularly good. He loves them not any more than do the generality of travellers who have made their acquaintance; and, though he seems to think otherwise, we are convinced that most of his troubles with his men and the people of the towns (in which he was singularly unfortunate) might be traced to his Jewish guides. A good Moor would have done better; an indifferent Christian would have been less hated, and decidedly more trustworthy than the average Hebrew. We agree, however, with nearly all that he has to say regarding the knavery, the greed, the extortion, and the dirt of the chosen people. But, nevertheless, the European in Morocco feels that when he is in company with a Barbary Jew he is in touch with Europe. He is conscious that he is dealing with a man who is anxious to stand well with civilisation, who can appreciate some of your aims, and who, unlike the polite, double-dealing, haughty Moor, values to some extent your good opinion, even though he may not be able to make much out of you. Nor would many who have seen the beauty of the younger Jewesses concur in the low estimate which Mr. Thomson seems to have formed of their personal charms. With all their prejudice against soap, fair dealing, and telling the truth, the Jew is still the most remarkable element in the Moroccan population. The coast Hebrews are of Spanish and Italian origin. The interior ones are as old residents as the Arabs, and in some cases decidedly anterior to them, if what Procopius of Caesarea tells us is true, that at Tangier was anciently a pillar on which was inscribed these words: "We fled from the wrath of the robber Joshua, son of Nun." In the mountains we still find Jews—whole families, and sometimes even little tribes—under the protection of Berber and Arab sheikhs; and one of the earliest exploits of Muley Reschïd was defrauding a Jew who about the year 1660 had been accepted as their prince by an "Ait" of Atlas Berbers. In Sus the Jews are even warlike, being permitted to ride horses and bear arms.

Mr. Thomson was only a short time in the country, and information regarding Morocco requires some years to mellow. Conclusions will be formed in one journey which appear irrevocable, yet in a second they are seen to be founded on imperfect information or false premisses. This error our latest traveller could not entirely escape; and as his "personal conductor" was a Jew, it is certain that he was not permitted to hear or see much favourable to the abhorred Moors. Still, no other writer has done much better; few half as well. He had ample previous experience of Africa, and having seen men and cities was in a better position to draw comparisons between Morocco and the neighbouring region than a rawer visitor. Mr. Thomson is, moreover, an accomplished naturalist, as his geological and other notes show; and his merits as a photographer are displayed in the numerous excellent illustrations with which his pages are adorned. Nothing better have appeared.

It would be easy, no doubt, were we so inclined, to pick holes there, and to point to trifling inaccuracies here. Nor, since Mr. Thomson has the courage of his opinions, would it be difficult to cavil at an occasional statement, and to bemoan an error of omission in one chapter or an error of commission in another. We prefer, however, not to judge the book by a different standard from that set up by the author. A little more previous knowledge, a litle less dependence on his Israelitish friends might have saved him annoyance. But his pluck, his perseverance, his good sense, and his tact are displayed on every page. Hence, if we Morocco travellers in a small way consider it incumbent on us to shrug our shoulders now and then—which is a way they have in El Maghreb el Aska—the writer of these words desires all such comments as he has made to be understood with the qualification that Mr Thomson's book is a most praiseworthy one. It is not only the best which he has yet written, but one of the most admirable which has ever appeared on Morocco. Our principal complaint against the author is that his chapters are too few and too brief.

ROBERT BROWN.

American Sonnets. Selected and Edited, with an Introduction, by William Sharp. (Walter Scott.)

IN Lee and Leigh Hunt's well-known *Book of the Sonnet*, published in 1867, there were included about the same number (250) of American sonnets as are contained in this selection; and Prof. C. E. Norton, when reviewing the book in the *North American Review*, observed:

"With the exception of a very few—not a score—it would be hard to find a series of more faded, lifeless, and imitative verses than these specimen American sonnets. The unreal character of these works of hard labour for writer and reader alike reminds us of the unreality of the sonneteering in Italy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The sonnet becomes a mere *jeu d'esprit*, and the artificiality of its form is equalled, if not outdone, by the artificiality of the thoughts and feelings expressed in it."

Mr. Sharp, however, informs us that from the time when Longfellow first used this form of verse it has "perennially effloresced"; and possibly, therefore, the present selection may be somewhat more successful than its predecessor. The editor has, indeed, performed his task admirably; but he has attempted an impossibility in endeavouring to compile an anthology of 250 good American sonnets, for the simple reason that that number of good American sonnets does not exist. He has evidently gone into the highways and byways of literature, and compelled them to come in, whether presentable or not; whereas his readers would have been benefited had he limited his selection to half the number, and had only included sonnets that were above mediocrity. Yet Mr. Sharp can, when he chooses, be extremely critical; and he is, we think, unnecessarily severe in his remarks respecting our own English "verse-writers of repute" who compose "ballades that bear a cruel resemblance to each other," "French forms galore all about nothing in particular," and "poems which are only too manifestly not poems of growth, of impulsion, but of artistic manufacture."

Many of the authors represented in this selection are contributors to magazines who have not as yet published their poems in book form; but the examples from these writers are far inferior to Mr. Stedman's excellent sonnet, entitled "A Mother's Picture" (p. 205), or that by Mrs. Botta on "Love" (p. 154), which is almost worthy of Mrs. Browning. One of them, Mr. O. C. Auringer, referring to a forest glade, observes—

> "'Tis there a still and stolen guest I lie"—

but he does not tell us who stole him, or why the thief thought he was worth stealing. Another author, Mr. Arlo Bates, writes:

> "As some flame-crooked, venomed Malay blade
> Writhes snake-like through a dusky woman's side,
> Its film of poison deep within to hide,
> Does sorrow pierce, life's inmost to invade."

We must confess that we do not know how a Malay blade *writhes* through a dusky woman's side, but we do know that Mr. Bates has omitted a substantive which ought to have been inserted after the word "inmost."

It is a pleasant change, however, to turn from such compositions as these to the really fine sonnet-work by Longfellow, which Mr. Sharp very justly eulogises. He has given us twelve of Longfellow's sonnets; and he might very properly have included the *Divina Commedia* series, and those on "Chau-

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"The Burial of the Poet," and "The Old Bridge at Florence." A larger number might also have been given of the sonnets by Mr. Lowell, and also of those by Col. Higginson, who are somewhat inadequately represented in the selection. In his introductory note the editor states that "Edgar Fawcett seems to have written the most weighty sonnets after Longfellow's"; but surely this praise would be more justly conferred on Mr. Lowell, or on Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose "Fredericksburg" and "Enamoured Architect of Airy Rhyme" have hardly been surpassed by any of our own sonneteers. Moreover, Bayard Taylor, Paul Hayne, and Mr. Gilder have claims which cannot be overlooked in appraising the respective merits of American authors as regards this form of verse.

A few poets have been omitted from the anthology whom it may be well to refer to, as some of them are not unimportant. The first American sonnet is supposed to be that by Col. David Humphreys, entitled "The Soul," written about the year 1780; and it is a very remarkable composition to have been produced at that early period. Col. Humphreys was aide-de-camp to Washington, and afterwards American minister at Madrid; and, as being the first American sonneteer, he should, I think, have been included in the selection. Washington Allston, the painter and friend of Coleridge and Thorwaldsen, is a prominent figure in the literary history of America, and wrote a number of sonnets. His sonnet on the death of Coleridge has been praised by many competent critics, and might have been inserted in an anthology which contains many compositions of far less merit. But what, we would ask, has happened to Mr. Boker, who is one of the most productive, and in some respects the most celebrated, of all American sonneteers, and yet is not to be found in this selection of American sonnets? Was not Leigh Hunt's *Book of the Sonnet* dedicated to Mr. Boker, and was there not a larger number (twelve) of his sonnets included in that work than of those by Shakspere (eight), or by Milton (eight), or by Longfellow (four)? Mr. Boker's sonnets have been highly eulogised, and the one beginning—

> "What though the cities blaze, the ports be sealed"—

is unquestionably a very fine composition. But the editor will no doubt be surprised to learn that Mr. Boker *is* represented after a fashion in his anthology, for among the examples he has given us of Bayard Taylor's sonnets is one entitled "In Absence" (p. 215), which is *not* by Bayard Taylor, but by Mr. Boker. Mr. Deshler, in his "Afternoons with the Poets," quotes a graceful sonnet by the poet Dana, and another by Joseph Rodman Drake; but neither of these poets is represented in this volume.

The editor (probably through an oversight) has honoured several sonnets with two insertions—thus Mr. Aldrich's "England" is given at p. xl., and again at p. 3; Mr. Fawcett's "Other Worlds" at p. xli., and again at p. 45; and Mr. Lampman's "Railway Station" at p. xlvii, and again at p. 115. Might not the space occupied by these unnecessary repetitions have been more profitably employed by inserting some of the omitted sonnets to which we have referred?

It is necessary to point out these defects; but I would, in conclusion, state that, with these few exceptions, the volume is all that could be wished, and will no doubt have a large circulation in America as well as in this country.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

Four Famous Soldiers. By T. R. E. Holmes. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS book is not altogether free from the objections naturally incurred by any collection of independent articles. In binding them together the author has been led to adopt a common title which does not quite fit. The "four soldiers" were men whose careers had really very little in common. Sir Charles Napier, whose life occupies more than half the volume, was perhaps what is generally understood as a "great soldier"; but the other three were not. Hodson—so-called "of Hodson's Horse," which is as if you said "Toole of Toole's Theatre"—was a mediaeval *condottiere* who had strayed into the nineteenth century. An admirable scout-master and intrepid in the pursuit of plunder, he never commanded a brigade or took part in a general action. Sir William Napier is best known as the historian of the Peninsular War; and Sir Herbert Edwardes, though in his youth he showed great capacity for fighting under difficulties, passed the greater part of his life as an administrator in civil employ.

But, when this has been premised, there is little but good to be said of Mr. Holmes's papers. Something, indeed, is felt to be wanting in matters of detail. There are only two plans, both relating to Sir Charles Napier's war in Sindh (always spelt by Mr. Holmes "Scinde"); there is a want of information as to the numbers and constitution of the forces employed by the several commanders; and there are not sufficient particulars as to chronological facts. But the narratives are otherwise clear and skilful; and the attempt to resist the "biographer's disease" has produced an impartiality of tone which is worthy of the highest commendation.

The character of the conqueror of Sindh is given with all due light and shade; and the main points of his controversies with Outram and with Dalhousie are so stated as to do justice to those great victims of the eccentric hero's impetuosity without throwing undue shadow on his own high qualities. Sir Charles Napier was a man who reminds one of the late General Gordon, with a touch of Lord Beaconsfield. To a deep sense of his own merits, and a well-merited confidence in his own abilities, he added a fervent piety and purity of mind which were not always strong enough to make him charitable, or even just, in his judgment of adversaries. Looking back on the annexation of Sindh by the light of their own recorded language, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Anglo-Indian "political" Outram was noble and wise when the Peninsular veteran was hurried away by ambition. "We have no right," so Napier himself wrote, "to seize Sindh, yet we shall do so; and a very advantageous, useful, and humane piece of rascality it will be." This closely accords with Mr. Holmes's own view. "History," he boldly says, "sanctions those conquests—however rudely they may shock the scrupulous conscience—which last." It is neither as a casuist, nor, indeed, as a politician, that Napier will be chiefly commended by the judicious. He was a born soldier. While communing with the still small voice in his own heart, he could not shake off the lust of glory; and, however he might attempt to quiet his conscience by trying to throw the blood-guiltiness on the Amirs, it is plain from the evidence collected by Mr. Holmes that it was Napier who forced the Amirs to fight. Judged as a warrior, however, Napier's fame will always stand among the highest. He had the heroic plainness and contempt of personal comfort; he inspired his followers with boundless trust; he overawed his savage enemy; and, when war was over, he fostered the returning arts of peace. "Having added a great province to his country's dominions, he laid the foundation of its material prosperity, and paved the way for its moral regeneration." The remainder of his public life was less successful. Sent out as commander-in-chief by the voice of his alarmed country after Gough's mishap at Chilianwala, he arrived in India to find that the war was at an end. As a military ruler in such a position, he proceeded to make unpardonable mistakes. The fervour of his mind impelled him to write fantastic orders on the proceedings of courts-martial which exposed him to ridicule. He totally misunderstood the nature of his relations to the civil power; and he committed the fatal blunder of thinking that the governor-general was "a young Scots lord, as weak as water, and as vain as a pretty woman or an ugly man." Alas for Napier, the governor-general was Lord Dalhousie! and, when the insubordination of the commander-in-chief culminated in proceedings which led to a public reprimand, Napier had to undergo the censure of more than the "Scots lord," for it was confirmed by the head of his own profession, the great captain of the age. Napier had justified his trespass of authority by pleading the general mutinous spirit of the sepoys. The governor-general had replied by pointing out that, four days before, Napier had recorded his opinion that a more obedient and orderly army he had never seen, and that the evil spirit was only at work with "a few discontented scoundrels." When the case was laid before the Horse-Guards, the Duke of Wellington declared that Napier had no just cause, inasmuch as the mutiny had been too partial to justify his usurpation of authority. It is beside the mark to argue that the Bengal sepoys mutined seven years later; nothing was at that time apparent to support any sane man in anticipating such an event. And Napier himself had announced, in March, 1849, that his trust in them was "firm as a rock." In December of the following year he left India, first publishing a general order, in which he reflected on the honour and morality of the European officers. Such are the errors of an irritable, egotistic genius—for a genius Napier obviously was.

The remaining memoirs are of very dissimilar men. Hodson's career has been much discussed, and his great services may plead for his being left undisturbed. Neither his faults nor his good qualities are very likely to be soon imitated. His story is a very sad one,

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and one would wish to think that some strain of inherited disease must have been mingled in his otherwise able and manly nature. Of Sir William Napier, Mr. Holmes has naturally had less to say than of his equally heroic and more distinguished brother; but what he has said is said with taste and judgment. The rest of the volume is devoted to Sir Herbert Edwardes, of whom the present writer has lately recorded his opinion elsewhere (*Dictionary of National Biography*). There is little or nothing new in Mr. Holmes's chapter on Edwardes. Perhaps an imperfect acquaintance with the conditions of Anglo-Indian life may lead stay-at-home judges to imperfect apprehension of some of the peculiarities of the bygone school of Anglo-Indian officials. Readers of *The Newcomes* may call to mind the *hauteur* displayed by the amiable and chivalrous Colonel of Bengal Cavalry when encountering "the Rumman" in a London drawing-room. Something of this contemptuous race-aristocracy will be found even in the best doings of men like Edwardes. He seems really to have thought that his own particular form of Protestant theology was essential to the present and future well-being of the natives of India; and the result was shown in a want of sober judgment—if not of true charity.

"The form of the faith which he desired to see propagated is, in the opinion of many, passing away. . . . To Edwards the doctrine of the Thirty-nine Articles was literally, eternally true; but with him . . . the essence of religion was this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Let us hope that the young Indian officers, many of whom will read Mr. Holmes's book, will learn to imitate the essential beauty of Edwardes's character, while never failing in due respect for whatever is good in the convictions and feelings of those who follow other creeds, and for their rights as human beings.

H. G. Keene.

AN ITALIAN ON THE GIPSIES.

Gli Zingari: Storia d'un Popolo Errante. Per Adriano Colocci. (Turin: Loescher.)

There is a fascination about "gipsy-lore" which is, perhaps, increasingly felt now that these nomadic insurgents are being gradually —slowly, it may be, but surely—absorbed by the environing civilisation. The altered conditions of modern society make their wandering life more difficult, their language is invaded by *gaujo* elements, mixed marriages attenuate the strength of the Romany blood; and dotted over the map of Europe there are now little stationary colonies of house-dwelling gipsies who no longer take the road or "fold their tents like the Arabs." The gipsies have been clearly visible in Europe for four centuries and a half. Hated, despised, and persecuted, they have been the Ishmaelites of the modern world, with their hand against every man and every man's hand against them. If at the present day the law has ceased to treat them harshly, the social pressure is probably greater, so that it is now or never for those who wish to make a scientific study of these wanderers.

This book of Sig. Colocci's forms an excellent introduction to such a study. To personal investigation he adds a close knowledge of the already wide literature on the subject. The first chapter gives an account of the numerous theories as to the origin of the gipsies—theories often marked by fanciful extravagance. This is followed by a statement of the gradual diffusion of the Romany race throughout Europe. The persecutions of the Zingari have been many and bitter. Even in the last century they were accused of cannibalism! To their foreign appearance and strange mode of life they added the practice of arts that were regarded as irreligious and heathenish, for as Colocci observes:

"Difatti la Cabala, l'Astrologia, l'Alchimia, la Chiromanzia, la Cartomancia, la Necromanzia, e la Magia ebbero ad inspiratori e ad apostoli due popoli: gli Arabi e gli Zingari."

The chapter on the emancipation of the gipsies contains many details of interest; and it will be news to many to learn that it was not until 1856 that, by the abolition of Romany slavery in Dacia, the freedom of the Zingari in Europe was completed. Colocci agrees with other observers in regarding the gipsies as practically destitute of religion, although willing to adopt nominally the prevailing faith of any country in which they may be sojourners. In England they are Protestants, in Turkey Mohammedans. Morally they are untrained children, indifferent to everything but the satisfaction of the desire of the moment, whether that desire be the offspring of love, or greed, or hate. The manners and customs of the gipsies are discussed in a careful manner, and a judicious mean is observed between the calumny and eulogy so common on such subjects as the chastity of the gipsy women. In speaking of famous gipsies the name of Bunyam [*sic*] is included. (There are, we may add, too many misprints, chiefly of English names, in the book.) Colocci's contribution to the study of the language includes a glossary of the Italian dialect of Romany. While there is but little gipsy poetry among the English tribes, the "gift and faculty divine" appears profusely both in Spain and in the remoter parts of Europe; and one of the most interesting portions of this book is that which gives specimens of the Romany muse. The pieces are mostly short, often strange in form, but not infrequently inspired by genuine poetic feeling. This sometimes finds expression in modes so unexpected as to have almost the quality of genius. The gipsy sings the beauty of his sweetheart; apostrophises the sun and stars with heathen fervour, and celebrates the success of the knavish ruses by which he has gained an advantage over the *busno*. Filial affection, also, finds a place in his songs. While he shows the frankest enjoyment of the material side of life, there is often a spirit of profound melancholy manifested in these lyrics. The Zingari have always been famous for their love of music, and Colocci has given specimens of their fantastic melodies. In the chapter on geographical distribution and statistics, our author has to confess that the data are unsatisfactory, and that the estimate which gives the gipsy race a million souls is probably far below the truth. The bibliography which concludes the book is a careful compilation; but, although containing 643 entries, it does not even claim to be exhaustive, and it would not be difficult to indicate some omissions more or less important.

Colocci's book is so full of information that it has seemed more useful to describe it than to discuss its contents. Those who want to obtain the data for a discussion of the Romany problem will find the materials ready to their hand in this well-printed and handsomely illustrated volume.

William E. A. Axon.

NEW NOVELS.

A Babe in Bohemia. By Frank Danby. (Spencer Blackett.)

A London Life, and other Stories. By Henry James. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Deveril's Diamond. By Adeline Sergeant. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Featherston's Story. By Mrs. Henry Wood. (Bentley.)

In the Spring Time. By Alice Weber. (Walter Smith & Innes.)

The Wyvern Mystery. By J. S. Le Fanu. (Ward & Downey.)

The history of the fortunes and misfortunes of Bohemia has been more than once glanced at by eminent hands; but the Gibbon who shall tell it thoroughly has not yet arisen. What a beautiful country it is, or is said to be, all men know; all know likewise that it experienced a curious stroke of bad luck in having its seacoast, which is known on indisputable authority to have existed, taken away no one quite knows how or when. But the real troubles of Bohemia did not begin till a very few years ago—indeed, till just after people had been most loudly vaunting its charms. For it so happens that Bohemia marches in the most intricate manner with another country, called Vulgaria, the most detestable land in appearance customs, and population, that God ever created or suffered the devil to create. And not only does Bohemia find itself mixed up with Vulgaria almost inextricably; but far the greater number of the tour-writing fellows and guide-book makers who affect to deal with Bohemia never get further than Vulgaria, and describe its horrors and its bestialities just as if they were the natural growth of "the green uplands of sacred Bohemia" itself. Of these we regret to say is Mr. Frank Danby —a man of talent, as *Dr. Phillips* showed; a man, as *Dr. Phillips* also showed, not of taste. But though *Dr. Phillips* was rather grimy, *A Babe in Bohemia* is, we think, grimier; indeed, an extremely extensive acquaintance with novels in all sorts of languages furnishes us with few more finished examples of grime. The babe in Vulgaria (for, let it be repeated, we are never in Bohemia from first to last, unless it be for an odd minute or two and by accident) is the illegitimate daughter of a successful gutter-journalist. Her father lives with a *passée* actress, who is neither his wife nor the "babe's" mother, and who is habitually unfaithful to him. In this sweet Vulgarian home the pastime is to get fuddled amid cigarette smoke every night with more gutter-journalists and more fifth-rate actresses,

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the uniformity of rank being pleasingly broken by a few black-sheep peers from above and several music-hall singers from below. Lucilla, the heroine, has been brought up with an epileptic brother; and when she is introduced to the gutter journalists, the demi-reps, and the rest, her amiable left-handed stepmother is so annoyed by her innocence as to resolve to put an end to that quality as soon as possible. This indication of the agreeable moral atmosphere of the work may suffice. Of Mordaunt Rivers, the hero, a very charitable critic might say that he was really a kind of Bohemian exiled for his sins early to Vulgaria; but he is the only character throughout, except the hapless Lucilla, who could be touched even with the tongs and a stout pair of gardening gloves by a Bohemian gentleman. Mr. Danby has finished his book with a sickening kind of tragedy to match with his sickening comedy of manners, and has seasoned the whole with some laudation of the Salvation Army, which may, indeed, be described as the Church of Vulgaria fitly enough. No one but a critic probably will see the existing, but utterly misapplied, talent of the book; and there may be even some critics whom indignation at the insult offered to Prague and the country adjoining may blind to this talent. It is there; but it is wasted. The book is not in the least immoral in intention, but it is loathsome in subject.

It is rather too bad of Mr. Henry James to call his principal and title story "A London Life," for its real appellation is "To those about to marry American wives, Don't"—advice which may or may not be good, but which certainly conveys an imputation different from that of the actual name. We do not think the story one of Mr. James's most successful. His good heroine, Laura Wing, is indeed not a disagreeable young woman, and her good American lover, Mr. Wendover ("On the Imitation of Names in Novels" is a paper to write), is not a bad sort of stick; but the matrimonial quarrels of Lionel Berrington and Selina, his American wife (afterwards respondent with innumerable "co.'s" in a certain action), have a dull disagreeableness which is neither tragic nor comic, and the story is too long for any interest that it possesses. Two of the shorter pieces in the second volume—"The Patagonia" (a steamboat tragedy, as the newspapers say) and "The Liar," an agreeable variation on an old theme—are much better. Indeed, "The Liar" is very good. It contains, however, an interesting example of the bad trick of style which Mr. James has taught to so many American writers and to some English ones:

"She was a large, bright, negative woman, who had the same air as her husband of being somehow tremendously new—a sort of appearance of fresh varnish (Lyon could scarcely tell whether it came from her complexion or her clothes), so that one felt she ought to sit in a gilt frame, suggesting a reference to a catalogue or a price list. It was as if she were already rather a bad, though expensive, portrait knocked off by an eminent hand; and Lyon had no wish to copy that work."

Pity a poor image ridden to death! There really was no need for Mr. James to go beyond "new." Had he stopped at "varnish," no one but Momus could have quarrelled with him. But he must needs go on with the picture analogy, and successively pile up the "gilt frame," the "catalogue," the "price list," and (to make quite sure that we should not mistake what he meant) the "portrait," the "eminent hand," and the "copy." To be sure, his idea cannot be mistaken now; but, is it not rather a bad compliment to his readers to explain all the while in a popular style after this fashion? Of course, on the other hand, it is a very convenient way of telling a story when there is no story to tell; but Mr. James is not, or ought not to be, in such a case.

Miss Adeline Sergeant never writes without power; but we are not sure that her chief strength lies in such very "accidented" or incidented subjects as that of *Deveril's Diamond*—an evil stone, which occasions a really surprising number of crimes and disasters, from murders to misunderstandings between husband and wife. Still, it is a good story of its kind, though the villains (Robert Le Breton, a robustious villain, and Clifford Vargrave, a sneaking ditto) are a little conventional and stagy. The best interest of the book lies in matters which, though pretty closely connected with the crime-provoking fortunes of the diamond, are of a quite different character. These are the aforesaid matrimonial misunderstandings of Philip Lorraine and Lady Eleanor his wife; the loves (not running too smooth) of Cicely Lorraine, Philip's cousin (a rather agreeable young woman of the tribe of Shirley, but somewhat less masculine), and Giles Kinglake, a penniless person of talent and old descent; with, intervening, though not after the Queen's Proctor's fashion, the rather odd, but not ill-managed, figure of Pauline Le Breton, who, loving Philip Lorraine, and being loved by him, has married the rascal Le Breton under a misapprehension. This description may sound like a muddle; but the original imbroglio is not badly conducted, and the only fault that we have to find with the ending is that Miss Sergeant hands over Pauline, who is rather a nice person, for consolation to an elderly uncle—not an uncle of her own, of course. However, from the point of view of the elderly uncle, who is a very good fellow, this is well enough; and, if Pauline liked it, there is, perhaps, not much to say. The patience of Philip Lorraine with his wife and its reward are very well drawn; and Miss Sergeant has managed to distribute sympathy by putting each a little, but not too much, in the wrong, after a rather ingenious fashion. It is a book decidedly above the average.

Mrs. Henry Wood and Capt. Mayne Reid are the *revenants* of the novelist world. Both are understood (we speak, of course, with all reserves and apologies in case of mistake) to be authentically lapped in lead (or other sepulture-medium); and yet new books by both continue to appear in the most appalling fashion. *Featherston's Story* has most of the merits and most of the defects of the usual "Johnny Ludlow" tale. Its subject is simple enough, for it tells how two old maids went to husband their little property in a French town; how one unluckily husbanded an adventurer as well, and what rather terrible things happened. It is not, as a story, very cunningly machined, and it has the curious garrulity, the profusion of trivial and almost vulgar talk and incident, in which its author delighted. But it has also the readableness and, to a certain extent, interest which she managed to combine with these, and, indeed, as some paradoxers say, produced by means of them.

Of *In the Spring Time* it will be a sufficient word to the wise to say that it is a "pretty" book and that it ends with a death. It is rather too bad to kill another Little Nell; but there is no limit to the ruthlessness of the amiable murderesses who write pretty stories, and Miss Weber has butchered poor Eleanor Middleton duly. Before the execution, however, there is some agreeable writing, and nothing that is not harmless and in good taste.

As this is hardly the place to review, among "new" novels, such a book as *The Wyvern Mystery*, Mr. Henry James, in one of the stories noticed above, shall speak for us: "There was the customary novel of Mr. Le Fanu for the bedside; the ideal reading in a country house for the hours after midnight." And we say ditto to Mr. James, adding only that if all his critical dicta had been as well inspired as this one he would have been saved that terrible remark about Poe's verses, which, we greatly fear, is tied to his critical name for ever.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME BOOKS ON LOCAL HISTORY.

Calendar of Wills proved and enrolled in the Court of Husting, London. Edited, with Introduction, by Reginald R. Sharpe. Part I. 1258-1358. (Printed for the Corporation by John C. Francis.) Historians and genealogists have reason to be grateful to the library committee of the Corporation for their liberality in making their early records available for research. Of these records none are more important than those relating to the Husting (=house-thing)—a court of which the origin is lost in antiquity, but which recalls in its name the Norwegian Stor-thing, the Tynwald of Man, and the hustings of public nominations to Parliament. All that can be learnt about its early jurisdiction is set forth by Dr. Sharpe in his introduction to the present volume; but he gives no explanation why its jurisdiction was allowed to fall into desuetude—so much so that the Corporation recently proposed to abolish it altogether. When the records begin, it appears as a court for deciding and registering matters relating to real property. So far as regards litigation, actual or fictitious, the pleas of land commence in the year 1272 and end in 1724. Deeds and wills affecting real property within the city likewise required to be enrolled in this court. The oldest enrolment of a deed is dated 1252; and the practice continues to the present day in the case of benefactions to the City of London School, for which purpose a husting court was held in 1885 and again in 1888. Of these enrolled deeds a MS. calendar has been prepared, filling seven large folio volumes. For the light they throw upon social life, wills are of more general interest than deeds; and these early wills are of special importance because Londoners possessed the privilege of devise for centuries before it was granted to the country at large. The total number of wills enrolled in the husting court exceeds four thousand, extending from 1258 to 1688. Why the custom died out seems not to be ascertained; but its decline was gradual, and apparently not due to any special enactment. The present volume contains abstracts in English of about 2500 wills,

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between 1258 and 1358—a period for which very few other wills are in existence, though Dr. Furnivall printed fifty for the Early English Text Society in 1882. All sorts of interesting facts may be gleaned from these pages, not only about family history, but also about the manners and customs of the time. Here is the will of Richard Chaucer, vintner, who is to be identified with the third husband of the poet's grandmother, but not with the poet's grandfather. Here is the will of Nicholas de Farndon, who apparently inherited the aldermanry of Farringdon (together with his name) from his father-in-law, and devised it to one John de Pultneye. Two successive bishops of Ely devise the historic gardens at Holborn to be enjoyed by future occupants of the see, till torn from them by Elizabeth. The name of "Grobbestrate" occurs as early as 1277. A bequest is made to "the community of the house of Merton, Oxford," in 1289; and to "poor ascetic scholars, secular Masters of Arts, called Scholars of University Hall, Oxford," in 1325. The university of Cambridge, so far as we have seen, is nowhere mentioned. In the early wills, the notable feature is the large proportion—usually the residue, or ultimate remainder—left to religious uses, such as the endowment of a chantry, for the citizens of London were exempt from the restrictions against mortmain. In the later wills we find detailed bequests of personalty, some of which are very quaint. Drinking-cups seem to have been the usual objects of bequest, most frequently "mazers," but occasionally "gripeseys" (ostrich-eggs), and once a cocoa-nut, such as is used at the present day by the provost of Queen's College, Oxford. For further details, the curious must be referred to the book itself, which has a copious index of 130 pages in double column.

The Parishes of the Diocese of Worcester. By Rev. George Miller, Vicar of Radway. Vol. I. The Parishes of Warwickshire. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This is an enterprise that deserves to be encouraged. Its author takes a genuine interest in his subject, and has devoted to his work no small amount of honest and intelligent labour. Although there are defects which we cannot help noticing, the favourable features are so much the more conspicuous that we gladly give them the first place. The volume—handy in size, and well printed—begins with an introduction which treats first of the value of land, labour and agricultural produce from the Norman Conquest downwards; secondly, of the value of livings from the year 1291; and, thirdly, of the chief antiquities of the county of Warwick—that being the portion of the diocese of Worcester under review. The parishes are then treated seriatim, hundred by hundred. The details furnished comprise the etymology of the name; the succession of ownership; the area, population, and value at different periods; notes on the church and its goods; value of the living at various times; date of earliest register and list of incumbents. The whole book, therefore, forms a compendious parochial history of Warwickshire, and is the result of personal inquiry made upon the spot as well as of copious reference to public and private records. The introductory remarks upon the value of land and produce are both useful and interesting; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Miller will be able to complete the work he has taken in hand and do for Worcestershire what he has done for Warwickshire. But we ask for greater accuracy in the lists of incumbents. These are worth very little in the form employed. The dates of institution should, so far as possible, be supplied, Christian names should be given, and, above all, care should be taken to render them correct. We notice, for instance, that the names of three successive vicars of St. Michael's, Coventry, are wrongly spelt; and that Dr. Hook occurs on one page as Dr. Xook and on another as Dean Hooke, though the reverend gentleman thus misdescribed was neither a doctor nor a dean at the time. These may seem minor blemishes; but they are sufficiently numerous to throw a little doubt upon the editor's keenness of vision.

Ryedale and North Yorkshire Antiquities. By George Frank. (Elliot Stock.) As the railway from York to Scarborough passes through the district known as Ryedale, its principal features are tolerably well known, and must have tempted occasional tourists to make closer acquaintance with them. Mr. Frank has written a guidebook to Ryedale, and is competent to advise them whither to direct their steps, while he certainly does his best to communicate to others the ardent antiquarian spirit by which he is possessed. If his archaeological lore is for the most part derived from books rather than from personal investigations, he has the good grace to acknowledge his indebtedness. Whether his quotations are always accurate is another matter; and "the words of the immortal bard in "Hamlet": 'To what base uses we may return'" may not be suggested to all minds by the sight of the inverted font at Byland Abbey, or by aught else. Indeed, such a remark, when taken in conjunction with such slips of the pen as "Reubens" for "Rubens," "Dominicho" for "Domenichino," "Vambrugh" for "Vanbrugh," rather impairs one's confidence in Mr. Frank's exactness of eyesight or education. It need not be added that the present is not an important contribution to the study of English antiquities. But, scattered through its pages, there is a good deal of valuable and interesting matter. North Yorkshire, with its picturesque seaboard, wooded valleys, wide stretches of moorland and varied natural scenery, is about as pleasant a district as the home-traveller can find; and if he takes the smallest interest in the past history of his land he will meet with something to stimulate it at every step. Barrows and tumuli abound, and have been tolerably well examined by Canon Greenwell and others. Earthworks—including the Danes' Dyke and the Cawthorn Camps—recall the military operations of an early date; while from the twelfth century, when the Battle of the Standard was fought, to the seventeenth, and even the eighteenth, centuries, the scenes of conflict in the district have been neither few nor far between. The monastic ruins include Byland Abbey, beautiful in itself and its surroundings; Newburgh Priory, where the affix "new" points to the Roman and British remains which mark the neighbourhood; Rievaulx Abbey, the delight of architects as well as of those "in search of the picturesque"; and last, but not least, St. Hilda's Abbey, whose noble ruins crown the heights on the south of Whitby. Mr. Frank has a good deal to say about all these relics of the past; and, indeed, there is scarcely a single parish in which he has not found something worthy of mention. His mode of treatment may be best seen from the following extract—taken almost at random—which relates to the little village of Salton:

"The Church, built early in the twelfth century, is dedicated to St. John of Beverley, who was born at Harpham, in the East Riding: educated at Whitby Abbey, he was promoted to the See of Hexham, afterwards to York, and finally he retired to his favourite monastery at Beverley, and died within its walls 17th of May, 721. This Church was granted to the Priory of Hexham by Archbishop Thurstan, and was a valuable adjunct, as the inroads of the Scots failed to penetrate its seclusion, and thus its rents could be relied on.

"The south doorway, a fine specimen of Norman work, is deeply recessed with grotesque animals and figures in high relief, the chancel arch is also of good dog-tooth pattern.

"The original building, after being much damaged by fire, was restored about the beginning of the thirteenth century, many of the old lancet windows are still preserved. The old Norman corbel table was at that time mounted by a battlement, which at the recent and excellent restoration from the designs of C. H. Fowler, F.S.A., was removed to adorn the massive Early English tower. The decayed old porch has been replaced by one formed of the old oak rafters in the perpendicular style, and the oak pulpit, octagon in shape, has been preserved, the upper panels being carved and one of them dated, 1639."

From this extract the reader will easily gather that Mr. Frank's enthusiasm is his strongest point. He would probably have done better to have left his punctuation to the printer, who has certainly done his work well and has been content to remain unknown. A map of the district would have added to the value of the volume.

Ludlow Town and Neighbourhood. By Olive Baker. (Ludlow: Woolley.) This is the most considerable work which has appeared on the fascinating town of Ludlow for some time. There is an old-world flavour, too, about a book which is brought out at the local press in clear, bold type, with an extensive margin, plenteous illustrations, and a list of the subscribers with the number of copies taken by each. But, this being so, it is a pity that the other part of the work is not better than we find it to be. Ludlow is a town dear to all lovers of art, literature, and history; and Mr. Baker has attempted to give us an artistic description of it, single-handed. It could hardly have been expected but that he would have failed. Indeed, the wonder rather is that he should so nearly have succeeded. Mr. Baker's illustrations are all carefully executed, and he writes in an easy and unaffected style. Though his construction of the book too nearly resembles that of the ordinary local guide, yet we always feel that we are working with a man who is a thorough artist. But to a stranger the letterpress is most disappointing. The history of Ludlow Castle is dismissed in twenty-six widely-printed pages, with illustrations thickly interspersed. The "Comus" incident is passed over with merely casual allusions. No single extract is given from the Inventory of the Castle taken in 1650; nor are the churchwarden's accounts of 1540-1600 mentioned, except with a sneer. Shall we speak the whole truth? Mr. Baker should have left the letterpress to another hand, and devoted all of his attention to the illustrations. That the history of Ludlow can be interestingly written we know from Thomas Wright's papers printed, years ago, in *Once a Week* (where there is an admirable description of the local setting of the Milton episode); and the papers collected by the Hon. R. H. Clive in his *Ludlow* (1841) are still good reading. Mr. Baker will forgive us if we say that he would, perhaps, also have done more wisely if he had reproduced one or two of David Cox's sketches made in this neighbourhood, instead of his own drawings, though with these we have little fault to find. Indeed, one or two are in every way charming. There is a separate chapter on the geology of the country.

Ingleton: Bygone and Present. By Robert R. Balderston and Margaret Balderston. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) The district of Yorkshire to which this local history relates is a very remarkable one. It includes the loftiest mountain in the county—Ingleborough—some of its wildest moorland scenery, and an extraordinary number of caves, scars, and chasms of great beauty and interest. Ingleborough rises to a height of 2373 feet, and the view from its summit westward extends over Morecambe

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Bay, and includes at times the Isle of Man. On the other sides it is more or less limited by the surrounding fells; but the shapes of these are so various and often so grand that one does not desire a wider panorama. The peculiar feature, however, of the district is the abundance of natural caverns in the limestone formation. Of these the most remarkable are Weathercote, Gaping Gill Hole, Rowantree Gulf, and Clapham Cave. The present handbook describes these and other similar spots with much geological detail and accurate measurements; but we miss the palaeontological information we expected to find. The history of the descent of properties and families is traced at some length. The Foxcrofts, Lowthers, Balderstons, Shearebornes, and Tathams have been among the most prominent landowners; but, with the exception of Sir Gerard Lowther, none of them seem to have attained more than local reputation. The botanical section of the book seems particularly well treated, and the catalogue of local plants unusually full. We think the arrangement of the work might have been simplified, and we can assure the illustrious compilers that there is not the slightest connexion between the Act for Burial in Woollen and the Great Plague of 1665. One word of special commendation must be given to the map, on which the altitudes of the hills and the situation of the caves and chasms are clearly indicated. Altogether we may say with truth that the tourist who thinks of visiting this very beautiful and interesting district will be grateful to Mr. Balderston and his colleague for their guidance.

The Parish Register of Bircham Newton, Norfolk, 1562 to 1743. Edited by Richard Howlett. (Norwich: Goose.) Though not so stated on the title-page, this is another of the contributions to the local history of East Anglia which we owe to that indefatigable antiquary, Mr. Walter Rye. The editor does not claim that the little parish of Bircham Newton possesses any special historical interest, though it did pass to Robert Dudley on his marriage with Amy Robsart. Its present distinction is due solely to the fact that its old parchment register was recently found in private hands, and was lent for publication. It has since been restored to the guardianship of the rector. The entries have been carefully copied, with an index of names; and in the preface is given all available information concerning the parish. It is rather as an example of how the work should be done than for its own intrinsic value that this booklet deserves commendation.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A new year-book, specially prepared for business men, will be issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co. next month under the title of *The Year-Book of Commerce*. This work will form an annual statistical volume of reference, showing the movement of the foreign trade and general economic position of the leading countries of the world. It has been compiled under the authority of the London Chamber of Commerce, and is edited by Mr. Kenric B. Murray. Among the contributors will be Lord Brassey, Dr. R. Giffen, H. C. Burdett (secretary to the Stock Exchange), Mr. J. S. Jeans (secretary to the Iron Trade Association), Major Craigie (secretary to the Central Chamber of Agriculture), Mr. George Martineau, Mr. John Corbett, Mr. E. D. Milliet (of Berne, Switzerland), Mr. Boverton Redwood, Signor Luigi Bodio (Rome), Dr. Becher (Berlin), M. E. Fournier de Flaux (Paris), &c.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. announce a volume of sacred verse by Mr. George F. E. Scott, entitled *Sursum Corda*, or Song and Service. A short account of the "Sursum Corda" itself (almost the earliest form of Christian liturgical worship) precedes the principal poem, which describes a gathering of the primitive Church in the catacombs. The bulk of the volume is made up of songs and sonnets arranged for the order of the sacred year; and a page of interleaved prose occurs before each group of verses to illustrate and connect the various seasons. The book, which will be printed in red and black with original devices, is promised early in June.

Canon W. Sparrow-Simpson is engaged on a companion volume to his *Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's*, entitled *Gleanings from Old St. Paul's*. Among other chapters, it will contain three devoted to the music of St. Paul's in the olden time, with illustrations. The volume will be published shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

The literature relating to Morocco increases fast. Messrs. George Bell & Sons announce for immediate publication a work by M. de la Martinière, of Paris, giving a detailed account of his recent journeys through Fez, together with a bibliography of Morocco from 1884 to 1887. The book will be illustrated with numerous maps and plans, showing the itineraries of the author, and will have a preface written by Lieut.-Col. Trotter.

Under the title of "Letters of Two Centuries," Messrs. A. & W. Mackenzie, of Inverness, will shortly publish a collection of about 200 private letters written by or to members of Highland families during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which have lately been appearing in the *Scottish Highlander*. They are edited by Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, who has added explanatory notes, throwing light upon the writers and the history of the time. The edition of the work will be strictly limited to the number of copies subscribed for.

Messrs. F. V. White & Co. will publish shortly *A Little Fool*, by John Strange Winter; and *A Piccadilly Puzzle*, by Mr. Fergus Hume, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," each in one volume.

Maxwell Gray's new novel, *The Reproach of Annesley*, has already passed into a third edition, within little more than as many weeks after its first publication.

Max O'Rell has accepted a second invitation to lecture in the United States and Canada. His first appearance will be in January, at Boston, under the auspices of the Press Club.

The forty-eighth annual meeting of the members of the London Library was held on Wednesday, May 29, Mr. W. E. Gladstone being in the chair. The new members of committee elected were Dr. E. A. Bond, Mr. R. C. Christie, and Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. From the report of the committee it appears that the number of members, the receipts, and the number of books added, all show larger totals than in any former year. The number of volumes sent out for circulation during the past twelve months was 115,607, and the total sum expended on the purchase of books amounted to £1093.

Mrs. J. Napier Higgins, author of *The History of Europe in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries*, has been elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, being the first woman to receive that distinction since the time of Hannah More.

We have received, as a "Separat-Abdruck" from the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, Dr. Albert Cohn's invaluable Shakespeare-Bibliographie for the two years 1887 and 1888, which continues to be in every respect a model of what such a work should be. Here may be found duly recorded the now remote reverberations of the Donelly-cipher, which seem to have scarcely at all extended to Germany. But Germany produced during the two years thirty-six editions of separate plays, as compared with twenty-nine for England and America, thirteen for France, and eleven for Russia. There were also translations into Danish, Finnish, Modern Greek, Croatian, Polish, Portuguese, Roumanian, Ruthenian, Swedish, Spanish, and Hungarian. Australia is represented only by the Book of the Melbourne Shakespeare Society.

Messrs. Macmillan have this week added *The Water Babies* to their cheap edition of the more popular works of Charles Kingsley, which, we are glad to hear, is meeting with an exceptionally large sale. They have included (for the price of 3s. 6d.) the admirable series of 100 illustrations by Mr. Linley Sambourne, which have hitherto only been procurable in the somewhat expensive Christmas edition of 1885. It is pleasing to think that Sir Richard Owen and Mr. Huxley both survive to occupy the same position in the world of science which the author assigned to them more than a quarter of a century ago. The artist's portrait of the two professors on p. 69 is a masterpiece.

Correction.—A correspondent writes from Gibraltar to call our attention to the fact that "John Law," the author of *Captain Lobe*—a novel dealing with the Salvation Army, reviewed in the Academy of May 11—is the pseudonym of a lady, whose portrait, with a biographical sketch, will be found in a Souvenir issued to readers of the *British Weekly* by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

In accordance with general expectation—as soon as it was known that he would consent to leave Glasgow—Dr. R. C. Jebb has been elected to the regius professorship of Greek at Cambridge, vacant by the death of Dr. Kennedy.

In convocation at Oxford next Tuesday it will be proposed to confer the degree of M.A. *honoris causa* upon Dr. Selmar Schönland, sub-curator of the Fielding Herbarium; and upon Mr. George Claridge Druce, author of *The Flora of Oxfordshire* (Parker, 1886).

On the invitation of Sir Henry Acland, professor of medicine, Sir Robert Rawlinson will deliver a public lecture in the Museum theatre at Oxford, on Wednesday next, upon "The Rise and Progress of Modern Sanitary Works."

At the meeting of the Ashmolean Society at Oxford next Monday, Prof. O. J. Lodge will read a paper on "The Modern Theory of Light."

From the annual report of the Fitzwilliam Museum Syndicate, we learn that the most important acquisitions during the past year are: a collection of Cypriote antiquities in stone, terra-cotta, glass, and metal, presented by the committee of the Cyprus Exploration Fund; a number of terra-cotta heads from Cyprus, presented by Dr. Guillemard; and four Palmyrene sepulchral reliefs, purchased through Dr. Robertson Smith. Mr. Pendlebury has continued his generous donations of printed and MS. music, which now amount to more than one thousand volumes. Casts of the metopes of Selinus have been added to the museum of classical archaeology; and a catalogue of the casts is almost ready for issue.

The important question of academical dress has been engaging the attention of the council of the senate at Cambridge, which seems to preserve more curious refinements than the sister university. Persons to be presented for degrees (other than honorary) are required to wear not only a white necktie but also bands—

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which have been so generally laid aside by the clergy. Another article of what is commonly considered clerical attire—namely, the cope—appears to be the orthodox robe for university business of doctors in all faculties; but the council considerately suggest that the university should provide a cope for the use of doctors other than heads of faculties, as Rogers's court suit served for successive laureates. On festal occasions, all doctors, except those of music, wear scarlet gowns and hoods, but with a difference in the lining, which ranges from pink and cherry colour to violet and light blue. Doctors in music wear a damasked gown of cream-white silk, lined with satin of a somewhat dark cherry colour. Prof. Villiers Stanford is the proud possessor of such a gown, made about 1840. Finally, it is recommended that, on ordinary occasions, the doctors in the two new faculties of science and letters should wear the Master of Arts gown, "with a slight trimming of doctor's lace above the armhole on the sleeve, the lace being placed horizontally for science and vertically for letters." It is clear that the council of the senate at Cambridge are no less competent to supply patterns to the robemakers than they are to examine candidates for regius professorships in the dead languages.

WE regret to hear that the English Historical Seminar at Oxford—which was founded in the early days of Bishop Stubbs's tenure of the chair and flourished greatly for several years—has been permitted to die. It is said to have been killed by the excessive importance attached to special subjects in the present system of examination.

BUT, though the Historical Seminar is no more, we are glad to record that another institution of a different character has been reprieved. The university volunteer corps has obtained so many recruits within the last two terms that its complement now just exceeds the 360 men of all ranks required by a peremptory letter from the War Office to be enrolled by June 1. Balliol, with thirty-three men, furnishes the strongest contingent of any single college; but the Non-collegiate have a company of their own, fifty-three strong.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

"L'uccel che a cantar più si diletta."
(*Purg.* xvii. 20)

SING on, sweet bird, pour out thy soul among
You darkling woods, and flood the vacant air
With thy rich melody! Thou knowest no care
As yet, no memories of thine ancient wrong
Sadden thee now; the brimming thoughts that throng
About thy heart, and prompt thy love-lay, wear
No tinge of woe as yet—thou hast laid bare
Thy heart to love, love's rapture thrills thy song.
Sweet bird, sing on! too soon thy happy mood
Must change, thy song must fade, and thou wilt know
That love grows cold; and, voiceless, thou shalt brood
Upon that bitter past of long ago,
Till at grief's bidding thy wild song renewed
Burst forth once more—an ecstasy of woe!

PAGET TOYNBEE.

OBITUARY.

HENRY WILLIAM CHANDLER.

THE university of Oxford, in which the study of Aristotle has held the first place for nearly a century, has lost in Chandler the greatest Aristotelian scholar that it has yet produced. In a well-known passage of one of Pattison's essays (published in 1855), four periods of that study were distinguished: an early *scholar's* period; a *common-sense* age (that of which Whately was a leader); a *critical* school, when formal logic and Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy prevailed; and a *scientific* period, on which Oxford had then entered. Chandler belonged of right to the last of these periods; and, indeed, he had reached the maturity of his powers, if not of his fame, when Pattison wrote; but (like his friend Mansel) he had much in common with the third. Of the two essentials of a scientific study of Aristotle—that his philosophy should be understood as a whole, and that it should be understood in its relation to the general course of philosophy—the second perhaps had less prominence with Chandler than other students, such as Pattison himself, would claim for it. His sympathy with his favourite author had a tinge of the exclusiveness of passion. But, in familiarity with the text of Aristotle, in insight into his meaning, through the forms of expression characteristic of a writer who did not so much *write* as "dip his pen in thought," in acquaintance with all commentaries, editions, and books from which light can be shed upon Aristotle—in all, in short, that goes to make an Aristotelian scholar, he has hardly had a rival.

The writer of these lines became acquainted with Chandler in 1858, when he had become the leading "coach" for the school of *Literae Humaniores*. This is a position which the present generation can scarcely comprehend, now that the supremacy in Oxford studies has passed from the private tutors to the colleges. This movement had been begun before 1858, by men the chief of whom are still living, but had not yet become general in the university. Great as has been the consequent improvement, it may be doubted whether there has not been some loss. Three hours a week, spent with a man of the calibre of Chandler or Grant, in the years before age and routine had exerted their inevitable effect, gave opportunity for teaching of a higher and more intimate kind than is possible under ordinary conditions. Chandler's method was simple. He walked up and down his room, and delivered a kind of expanded paraphrase of the *Ethics*, while the pupil had his eye on the book, and took notes or followed him with understanding, as he thought best. Such was the usual practice; but the pupil who knew his teacher did not rest content with it. He interrupted with questions or difficulties, which unlocked the inner treasury, and then thoughts and reasonings were poured forth with the humorous directness and vivacity which characterised everything that Chandler said or wrote. A somewhat different method is thus described to me by a friend (of the same period):

"I used to take each time four or five philosophical subjects on which I wanted illumination, and made him treat them for me. I lost thus his *Ethics* teaching, but got a fuller idea of the extent and accuracy of his philosophical knowledge."

Another friend writes:

"Chandler was very well read in the principal German metaphysicians and psychologists, including the latest (such as Ulrici and Lotze). He had a very poor opinion of the physiological psychology so popular in England at present. His subtle mind inclined him to the study of the abstrusest parts of metaphysics, but he was profoundly dissatisfied with the results of all systems. He used to say that our reason was only fitted to guide us in our practical duties, and involved itself in inextricable contradictions if it attempted to speculate on metaphysical problems."

His own system, or working hypothesis, was in the main that of Sir William Hamilton, that is to say, the Scottish philosophy of the last century re-cast under the influence of Kant. Such further modifications as distinguished the Oxford teaching of this school were mainly due to Mansel, the one philosophical writer of the time who can be said to have shown genuine speculative ability. With him, indeed, the Hamiltonian tendency seemed to have spent itself; and since then—in the somewhat restless and inorganic movement of Oxford studies—at least two philosophies have successfully risen to the chief place in the "Schools."

It will be gathered from what has been said that Chandler, though he occupied a chair of Morals and Metaphysics, was not a leader of thought in the university. The field of knowledge is somewhat minutely mapped out among the different chairs; but in the case of a man so eminently fitted to be a professor, the electors are capable of neglecting these embarrassing sub-divisions. Chandler was primarily a scholar; but he rendered service to philosophy because the treasures of his learning were always at the service of his friends and pupils, among whom were generally to be found the most eminent of the younger teachers. Not that he was by nature communicative, or fond of making new friends; but he would do anything to help those who had shown themselves worthy of his esteem.

It is characteristic of those in whom the pursuit of knowledge is a true passion that they throw themselves from time to time into particular subjects or "hobbies," subsidiary to the main course of their work. When Chandler came first to Oxford, having never been at any school, he bethought him that at a great seat of learning the Latin language must be not merely known but habitually pronounced with the greatest correctness. He, therefore, read all the books he could find about the ancient manner of pronouncing Latin, and taught himself the pronunciation which he found to have the best authorities in its favour. Thus armed, he came up to stand for a scholarship. The result, in a *viva voce* examination before a group of old-fashioned "dons," may be imagined. Some little time before I knew him he had been occupied by the subject of the relation of thought to the various forms of language, and had got together much material for its study. Finding that he did not make much progress, he became anxious to find someone to whom he could hand over the books he had collected; and to this circumstance I owe the possession of sundry grammars of African and Polynesian dialects. For some time he gave much thought to mathematical questions, especially to infinite series, which he sought to connect with the philosophical problem of the infinite. In his later years his favourite hobby was photography, which he took up as a means of reproducing manuscripts and rare books, so as to place them practically within the reach of all students. The last time that I saw him he was deeply interested in the photographs now being made of the Bodleian copies from the Herculaneum papyri. The practice of lending such things to any person who wished to make use of them was one that he regarded with horror. It is needless to say anything here on the controversy about the use of the Bodleian, which already fills an undue space in the popular conception of Chandler's character. All scholars admired the vigour and acuteness of his attack on the Curators (though it was the acuteness of a schoolman rather than of a jurist), and all sympathised with the main object which he had in view. But few, perhaps, are aware of the energy with which he threw himself into the work of a Curator. The members of a governing council usually consider that they do their duty by attending its meetings with fair regularity. Chandler spent days in the Bodleian, looking into every detail on which his vast bibliographical knowledge could be of service.

It is the fate of scholars of this type that their learning mostly perishes with them. Chandler will probably be known hereafter

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the author of a book on Greek Accentuation. It was not a subject in which he ever professed to take much interest. It was a pleasure to him, indeed, to read through the ancient sources, and to produce an exhaustive and accurate analysis of them. He was also led to make some investigation of the general principles of accent in the Indo-European languages; but he found that the subject took him too far from the main course of his studies, and I understand that he afterwards destroyed the notes which he had accumulated. The appearance of Jelf's edition of the *Ethics* in 1856—a work which embodied the older traditions, hardly in their best form—moved him to review it in a pamphlet, the authorship of which was matter of much curiosity at the time. In 1859 he published a paraphrase of the first book of the *Ethics*, also anonymous. It remains to be seen what he has left in MS. Not long ago he told one of his friends that he never let a day pass without writing some translation from Aristotle.

The various questions of academic politics which have been debated during Chandler's life failed to interest him. The endowment of research, the specialising of study, the extension of the professoriate, were things that he regarded with profound distrust. German scholarship, as Mr. Mowat has noticed in the *Oxford Magazine*, was not much to his taste; and he was not disposed to imitate the German university system. In his view it had the defect of turning knowledge and study into a profession or *métier*, in which men sought fame and success by the methods of commercial rivalry. It was his fear that the reforms introduced in Oxford would impair the spontaneous and disinterested stamp which English learning had hitherto possessed.

His intimacies, as has been said, were not numerous; but the tie once formed was strong and irrevocable. The affection and regard which he bore to Mansel is still present to my mind as the highest example of friendship. His chief pleasure was in music, for which he had very great talent. Of late years he had given up his pianoforte; but at one time he played a great deal, often extemporising in a brilliant style of his own. His feeling for all forms of art was keen and just.

D. B. M.

PROF. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

WITH the deepest regret we have to record the death, on May 22, of Dr. William Wright, Sir Thomas Adams's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge.

William Wright was born in India on January 17, 1830, his father being in the service of the East India Company. He received his school and early university education at St. Andrews; and, after taking his degree there, he proceeded to the University of Halle, where, under the influence of Prof. Rödiger, in whose house he resided, he devoted himself especially to the acquisition of the Semitic languages. Gifted with quick intelligence, a retentive memory, and unflagging diligence, he made such rapid progress as to excite the wonder and admiration of his tutor. To complete his Arabic education he removed to the University of Leyden; and in a letter to Prof. Fleischer, dated from that place (*Zeitschrift der D.M.G.*, vii., p. 109), the young student of twenty-two, with astonishing self-reliance, and yet with a true instinct of his own power, drew up an ambitious programme of his future publications in Arabic which might well have daunted the ripest scholar, but which in the end was carried out successfully with but slight variations.

Of these projected works his edition of the Travels of Ibn Jubair came out the same year (1852), and three years later his contribution to al-Makkari's *Analectes sur l'Histoire et la Littérature des Arabes d'Espagne* (edited by scholars of four nationalities), his *Opuscula Arabica* in 1859, and his grand work, the Kamil of el-Mubarrad, in eleven numbers from 1864 to 1882; while of the other works there mentioned, we know that he has lately been preparing for the press the Diwan of Jarir and the Nakaid of Jarir and al-Farazdak.

After his return from the continent, Dr. Wright held in succession the professorships of Arabic at University College, London, and at Trinity College, Dublin. At the latter place, in order to meet the wants of those studying for the Indian Civil Service, he was required to lecture on Hindustani. Although the task was irksome, he performed it in no perfunctory way, but made large collections for a scientific Hindustani Lexicon.

In 1861 a new career was opened to him. At first it seemed doubtful whether the scene of his labours would be Oxford or London. However, the electors to the Laudian professorship of Arabic at Oxford missed the opportunity of securing the services of so eminent a scholar; and consequently he devoted the next ten years to the official duties which he had accepted at the British Museum. His studies now took a new turn, and Syriac, for a time, occupied his chief attention. The large collection of Syriac MSS. from the Nitrian desert was, for the most part, lying in great disorder. Dr. Wright at once undertook the formidable task of classifying, rearranging, and cataloguing the volumes and loose fragments; and the result was the publication of his great *Catalogue of Syriac MSS. in the British Museum acquired since the Year 1838* (in 3 vols., 4to, 1870-72). This admirable work, from the combined terseness and completeness in the description of the MSS., will long hold its place as a model catalogue. On the same plan he subsequently compiled his *Catalogue of the Aethiopic MSS. in the British Museum*. His connexion with Syriac MSS. led to the publication of a series of Syriac works which rival in number and importance his contributions to Arabic literature. Of these may be mentioned: a number of short texts and reviews, which gave temporarily quite a learned tone to the *Journal of Sacred Literature*; *Contributions to the Apocryphal Literature of the N.T.* (Syriac and English), 1865; *The Homilies of Aphraates* (Syriac), 1869; *The Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles*, 2 vols. (Syriac and English), 1871; *The Chronicle of Joshua the Stylite* (Syriac and English), 1882; *The Book of Kalilah and Dimnah* (Syriac), 1883. Nor must we here omit to notice that marvellous specimen of condensed information, his article on "Syriac Literature" in the last edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*; and, among works prepared for publication, the Syriac version of certain books of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, and a Catalogue of the Syriac MSS. presented to the Cambridge University Library by the S.P.C.K., which he compiled just before his last illness.

But, although so deeply immersed in Syriac, Dr. Wright did not allow his Arabic learning to rust. The best evidence of this is the appearance of his *Arabic Reading Book* in 1870, and of the second edition of his *Arabic Grammar*, in 2 vols., 1874-75 (the date of the first edition is 1859-62). This work is based on Caspari's Grammar, but so considerably enlarged and remodelled in the second edition that it may be regarded as an independent work; and it will long remain the standard grammar for advanced students, both in England and other countries.

Dr. Wright also took a keen interest in the decipherment of Phoenician inscriptions. Several papers written by him on this subject, as well as on Kufic tombstones, are printed in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Biblical Archaeology. He also contributed an anonymous article on the Moabite inscription to the *North British Review* in 1870. His long familiarity with MSS. developed an unerring skill in palaeography, which rightly marked him out as the editor of the Oriental Series of Facsimiles of Ancient MSS., published by the Palaeographical Society (1875).

In 1870, when his great task at the British Museum was completed, the chair of Arabic became vacant at Cambridge, and Dr. Wright was elected to fill it, and was shortly after made fellow of Queen's College (the college of his predecessors, Ockley, Carlyle, and S. Lee). He joined the Company of the Revisers of the Old Testament soon after its formation, was constant in his attendance, well acquainted with the latest results of criticism, and always helpful with illustrations from the cognate languages. As professor he laboured among us for nearly twenty years, and gave a new stimulus and prominence to Oriental studies. His manner of lecturing was clear and precise, his robust Scottish nature went straight to the point and slurred no difficulty, while his genuine kindness and quiet enthusiasm carried his hearers with him, and he was able to send out from time to time young men well equipped for independent work. His lectures on the comparative grammar of the Semitic languages were prepared with especial care and judgment. It is hoped that they may now be published as a text-book, and thus supply a long-felt want.

But it is not only by his lectures and the works that bear his name that Dr. Wright's literary activity can be measured. No other scholar is so often mentioned with gratitude by orientalists, for whom, with unstinted generosity, he collected materials, copied and collated MSS., and furnished valuable suggestions and corrections. Of works that thus received the benefit of his learning it may suffice to mention three important Lexicons—*Abu 'lwalid's Book of Hebrew Roots*, edited by Dr. Neubauer; the *Thesaurus Syriacus* of Dr. Payne Smith; and the *Supplément aux Dictionnaires Arabes*, by his friend and tutor, Prof. Dozy. If his criticisms of other scholars seemed at times somewhat severe and outspoken, they were certainly not dictated by ill-will, but by a simple love of truth; and they more than once led to the formation of a life-long friendship.

For Cambridge his loss is irreparable. Here his genial nature and sterling character endeared him to a large circle of friends and admirers, while learned men of all nations united in giving him honour. He was honorary doctor of seven universities, corresponding member of the Institut de France, the Royal Academy of Berlin, the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, and the Royal Institute of Lombardy, and honorary member of several other learned societies; and lately he received the Prussian Ordre pour le Mérite.

R. L. B.

JOHN HENRY ONIONS.

IN John Henry Onions, student and tutor of Christ Church, who died in his college rooms, at Oxford, after a short illness, on Wednesday, May 22, classical learning has lost a highly skilled worker.

Mr. Onions was born in 1852. His school was Shrewsbury. In 1871 he came up to Christ Church as a Junior Student. After a distinguished career, in the course of which he obtained, among other distintions, the Ireland and Craven Scholarships, he was elected to a Senior Studentship at Christ Church in 1876. From that time until the week before his death, first as lecturer and then as tutor, he took an active part in the teaching work of Christ Church, examining also from time to time for University Scholarships and in Honour Moderations.

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Mr. Onions was an exceptionally good teacher. He had the rare faculty of teaching not merely results but method. Many generations of pupils owed it principally to him that they learned to work, no longer as schoolboys, but as serious students.

During the last seven years Mr. Onions spent most of his leisure on an edition of the text of Nonius for the Clarendon Press, and had brought his labours so near to completion that the first sheets are already in type. This edition is based upon what is believed to be a much fuller collation of the MSS. than has ever yet been made. The original plan embraced a commentary on Nonius as well as an edition of the text. It was, however, thought advisable to bring out the text separately in a single volume. The commentary would have been the joint work of Mr. Onions and Prof. Nettleship, who had placed all his notes at Mr. Onions's disposal. A few days before his death Mr. Onions entrusted his almost finished work to a friend, by whom it will be carried through the press, after the results of the collation of yet another MS. (which Mr. Onions intended to examine this summer) have been obtained.

Mr. Onions began his work upon Nonius by making, at Prof. Nettleship's suggestion, a new collation of the Harleian MS. 2719, of which Quicherat had only an imperfect report. This was published by the Clarendon Press in 1882, in its series of "Anecdota," and has been recognised both on the Continent and in England as of great value. J. A. S.

PROF. BAUR OF LEIPZIG.

Leipzig: May 22, 1889.

OUR theological faculty has lost another of its veterans. Gustav Adolf Ludwig Baur was born at Hammelbach (I think in Hesse-Darmstadt) on June 14, 1816. In 1841 he habilitated as Privatdocent in the university of Giessen, and was made extraordinary professor in 1847, and full or ordinary professor in 1849. Twelve years later he took charge of an important church at Hamburg, remaining there from 1861 until 1870, when he was elected professor and university preacher at Leipzig. His more direct work at Leipzig was homiletical and practical; but he constantly lectured upon the Old Testament, which was his favourite department. Although ailing for some time past, he lectured for two hours as usual yesterday morning, and had a seminary exercise for an hour in the afternoon. He passed away in an instant this morning at half-past four o'clock.

Prof. Baur was a most charming man, brilliant in conversation, and genial in the highest degree. He was thoroughly at home in English literature, and quoted it constantly with fervour.

Of the theological professors here who were veterans by reason of age, Delitzsch now stands alone. Luthardt, the actual senior of the faculty, is ten years younger than he.

C. R. G.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BRENTANO, L. Ueb. die Ursachen der heutigen socialen Noth. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 1 M.

DUEMMLER, F. Akademika. Beiträge zur Litteraturgeschichte der Sokratischen Schulen. Giessen: Ricker. 6 M. 50 Pf.

FAIDHERBE, le général. Le Sénégal: la France dans l'Afrique occidentale. Paris: Hachette. 10 fr.

HAUPT, E. Ueb. die deutsche Lyrik bis zu Walther v. der Vogelweide. 1. Tl. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

HEYDEN, A. v. Die Tracht der Kulturvölker Europas vom Zeitalter Homers bis zum Beginne d. 19. Jahrhunderts. Leipzig: Seemann. 3 M. 20 Pf.

HOFFMANN, O. A. Herm-Apollo Stroganoff. Marburg: Elwert. 1 M. 20 Pf.

LEROY-BEAULIEU, L. L'Empire des Tsars et les Russes. T. 3. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.

ORLÉANS, le Prince Henri d'. Six mois aux Indes: chasses aux tigres. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

POSCHINGER, Ritter v. Fürst Bismarck als Volkswirth. 1. Bd. Bis zur Uebernahme d. Handelsministeriums (1880). Berlin: Hennig. 10 M.

SCHAIBLE, K. H. Shakespeare, der Autor seiner Dramen. Heidelberg: Winter. 1 M. 20 Pf.

STAENDER, L. Chirographorum in regia bibliotheca Paulina Monasteriensi catalogus. Breslau: Koebner. 12 M.

SVORONOS, J. N. Etudes archéologiques et numismatiques. 1er Fasc. Paris: Beer. 4 M. 50 Pf.

TIMON, Dr. Shakespeares Drama in seiner natürlichen Entwicklung dargestellt. Leiden: Brill. 6 fl.

THEOLOGY.

BAUDISSIN, W. W. Graf. Die Geschichte d. alttestamentlichen Priesterthums, untersucht. Leipzig: Hirzel. 7 M.

GROSCH, H. Die Echtheit d. zweiten Briefes Petri, untersucht. Berlin: Nauck. 2 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

ALLARD, Alp. Dépréciation des richesses. Paris: Guillaumin. 6 fr.

BINDI, V. Monumenti storici ed artistici degli Abruzzi. Turin: Loescher. 200 fr.

BUCHER, B. Die alten Zunft- u. Verkehrs-Ordnungen der Stadt Krakau. Nach B. Behem's Codex picturatus in der k.k. Jagellonischen Bibliothek hrsg. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 20 M.

CALLET, Aug. Les origines de la troisième république. Paris: Savine. 3 fr. 50 c.

CODEX diplomaticus Silesiae. 14. Bd. Liber fundationis episcopatus Vratislaviensis. Hrsg. v. H. Markgraf u. J. W. Schulte. Breslau: Max. 10 M.

DIPPE, O. Gefolgschaft u. Huldigung im Reiche der Merowinger. Altona: Reher. 1 M. 20 Pf.

FELDZUEGE d. Prinzen Eugen v. Savoyen. 14. Bd. Bearb. v. H. Siegler Edlen v. Eberswald. 2. Serie. 5. Bd. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 30 M.

HARTMANN, M. L. Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der byzantinischen Verwaltung in Italien. (540-750.) Leipzig: Hirzel. 8 M. 60 Pf.

IHERING, R. v. Der Besitzwille. Zugleich e. Kritik der herrsch. jurist. Methode. Jena: Fischer. 12 M.

KOEHLER, G. Die Entwickelung d. Kriegswesens u. der Kriegführung. 3. Bd. 3. Abschn. Die Entwickelg. der Kriegführg. in der Ritterzeit. Breslau: Koebner. 14 M.

LAMMERT, E. Polybios u. die römische Taktik. 1. Tl. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M.

LAMPRECHT, K. Die römische Frage von König Pippin bis auf Kaiser Ludwig d. Frommen, in ihren urkundlichen Kernpunkten erläutert. Leipzig: Dürr. 3 M. 60 Pf.

LEIST, B. W. Alt-arisches Jus gentium. Jena: Fischer. 12 M.

MANZONI, A. La rivoluzione francese del 1789 e la rivoluzione italiana del 1859. Milan: Hoepli. 5 fr.

MASPERO. Les Momies royales de Deïr el Bahari. Paris: Leroux. 50 fr.

MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. Scriptores rerum Merovingicarum. Tom. 2. Fredegarii et aliorum chronica. Vitae sanctorum. Hannover: Hahn. 20 M.

MOSER, R. Die Religionsverhandlungen zu Hagenau u. Worms 1540-1. Jena: Pohle. 3 M.

MULLER, P. L., et A. DIEGERICK. Documents concernant les relations entre le duc d'Anjou et les Pays-Bas. T. 1. The Hague: Nijhoff. 6 fl 80 c.

OHLY, F. Königtum u. Fürsten zur Zeit Heinrichs IV. nach der Darstellung gleichzeitiger Geschichtsschreiber. I. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

PUBLICATIONEN aus den k. preussischen Staatsarchiven. 38. Bd. Die ältesten groesspolnischen Grodbücher. 2. Bd. Hrsg. v. J. v. Lekszycki. Leipzig: Hirzel. 10 M.

ROSENTHAL, E. Geschichte d. Gerichtswesens u. der Verwaltungsorganisation Baierns. 1. Bd. Vom Ende d. 12. bis zum Ende d. 16. Jahrh. (1180-1598.) Würzburg: Stuber. 12 M.

VETTER, P. Die Religionsverhandlungen auf dem Reichstage zu Regensburg 1541. Jena: Pohle. 4 M.

VOSSION, L. La constitution américaine et ses amendements. Paris: Guillaumin. 5 fr.

WENDT, G. Die Germanisierung der Länder östlich der Elbe. 2. Tl. 1137-1181. Liegnitz: Reisner. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

BOERSCH, O. Geodätische Literatur, auf Wunsch der permanenten Commission f. internationale Erdmessg. zusammengestellt. Berlin: Reimer. 10 M.

ERLENMEYER, E. Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie. 3. Lfg. Leipzig: Winter. 3 M.

ETTINGSHAUSEN, C. Frh. v., u. F. KRASAN. Beiträge zur Erforschung der atavistischen Formen an lebenden Pflanzen u. ihrer Beziehungen zu den Arten ihrer Gattung. 2. Folge. Leipzig: Freytag. 3 M. 60 Pf.

KRAUSE, K. Ch. F. Philosophische Abhandlungen. Aus dem handschriftl. Nachlasse d. Verf. hrsg. v. P. Hohlfeld u. A. Wünsche. Leipzig: Schulze. 9 M.

MARCHAND, F. Beschreibung dreier Mikrocephalen-Gehirne, nebst Vorstudien zur Anatomie der Mikrocephalie. 1. Abth. Leipzig: Engelmann. 6 M.

NICOLADONI, C. Die Architectur der scoliotischen Wirbelsäule. Leipzig: Freytag. 6 M. 60 Pf.

PFEFFER, W. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Oxydationsvorgänge in lebenden Zellen. Leipzig: Hirzel. 5 M.

SCHORLEMMER, C. Der Ursprung u. die Entwickelung der organischen Chemie. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 5 M.

WEISMANN, A. Ueb. die Hypothese e. Vererbung v. Verletzungen. Jena: Fischer. 1 M. 20 Pf.

WUNDT, W. System der Philosophie. Leipzig: Engelmann. 12 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BUEHLER, G. Ueb. das Leben d. Jaina Mönches Hemachandra, d. Schülers d. Devachandra, aus der Vajrasâkhâ. Leipzig: Freytag. 4 M. 50 Pf.

GRAF, E. De Graecorum veterum re musica quaestionum capita 2: I. De polyphonia et dialecto crumatica. II. De Pindari re musica. Marburg: Elwert. 2 M.

PERNICE, E. Galeni de ponderibus et mensuris testimonia. Bonn: Behrendt. 1 M.

WENDRINER, R. Die paduanische Mundart bei Ruzante. Breslau: Koebner. 2 M. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUCER'S "HOUSE OF FAME" AND PROF. TEN BRINK.

London: May 27, 1889.

Mr. Herford is perfectly justified when he remarks in the closing paragraph of his letter (ACADEMY, May 18) that the criticism in which (ACADEMY, May 11) I disputed the parallelism found by Ten Brink between the *Fame* and the *Commedia* was framed on too narrow a basis. My letter was written under the incorrect impression that Mr. Herford's review (ACADEMY, April 13) gave the substance of the professor's whole argument; and I was quite unaware of the additional facts in its favour which Mr. Herford has now brought forward in his very acute and interesting letter, to which I regret that the answer which he courteously challenges has been so long delayed.

He takes, first, the question how far Chaucer decidedly imitates Dante in the *Fame*, how far it is "a kind of counterpart," a companion-piece to it, as Hilpert's great dictionary also renders Ten Brink's *Gegenstück*. The first parallel adduced—that Chaucer (though not at the beginning of his journey), like Dante, finds himself he knows not where—is an idea so obvious in a visionary pilgrimage that it must derive any weight it may have from distinct proofs of the professor's general theory. A similar scepticism attends the identification of Chaucer's Eagle with the Vergil of the *Commedia*, which, and the one just noticed, are the only *structural* parallels, as opposed to similarities of *phrase*, brought forward. A visionary voyager will naturally lose his way, and require a miraculous guide or bearer, a Sibyl, an Anchises, a Vergil, or an Eagle. But, not to dwell on the burlesque character which Chaucer would thus give to his "counterpart," observe that the Eagle only carries our poet to the House of Fame in the second book, leaving him without explanation of it, and only reappearing for a moment near the close of the dream. He thus plays quite an insignificant part compared with Vergil's services to Dante.

But that meanwhile this Eagle is derived from the *Commedia* is made clear enough in the ninth Canto of the *Purgatorio*. There, Dante says that in a dream,

> ". . . mi parea veder sospesa
> Un' aquila nel ciel con penne d'oro,
> Con l'ali aperte, ed a calare intesa:"

words closely paraphrased by Chaucer at the end of his first book. This must be added to the other Dante-quotations in the *Fame*. Yet it can hardly be used in support of Ten Brink's theory; as this dream-eagle in no sense answers to Vergil, but only carries Dante to the empyrean for a moment, when the heat of that sphere awakens him.

Mr. Herford now proceeds to add four interesting and certain quotations from Dante to my list. The first, Chaucer's invocation to Thought, is the most noteworthy. I take shame to myself for having overlooked it, and can only plead Johnson's "Ignorance, madam,

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ignorance." Standing where it does, this invocation, coupled with that to Apollo* in the third book, would undoubtedly form further evidence in Ten Brink's favour, if only his main theory of an intentional *Gegenstück* throughout the poem be tenable.

With my courteous and accomplished critic I now return to the point whence the professor's whole argument starts—that Chaucer in the closing section of the *Troylus* expresses the hope that after this "tragedy" he may be able to write "some comedy"; and that this comedy we have in the *Fame*, no other of his poems answering to the definition. The invocations and scattered quotations noticed show decisively that Chaucer had the *Commedia* before him at the time of writing, and was studying it with close attention, freely adapting from it some twelve or fourteen lines in the two thousand or more through which the *Fame* extends. These quotations, I believe, are more numerous than in any other of Chaucer's poems, the paraphrases of the Ugolino and of the Hymn to the Blessed Virgin excluded; and the thorough study of the work thus revealed may lend some colour to Mr. Fleay when he dates the *Fame* in 1374 (ten years earlier than Mr. Furnivall), the year after that Lombard journey of Chaucer's to which his acquaintance with Italian literature has always been assigned, making it thus anterior to the *Troylus*, and so to Chaucer's hope that he would write some "comedy." Be this, however, as it may, beyond the evidence of study and adaptation, I must confess—ready as I should be to yield the victory to my distinguished opponents—that I can see no reason to agree that the *Fame*, as a whole, is a true and intentional counterpart to the *Commedia*. Waiving the conjecture that Dante's famous letter to Can Grande (not alluded to before by me, because I thought it less likely to have been read by our countryman than the *De Eloquio*), in which he gives his own definition of comedy, may have been accessible to Chaucer in 1473, what Mr. Herford relies on is that, as by a tragedy Chaucer always intends "a transition from prosperity to adversity," so by the comedy, which he planned, he meant "a transition of the opposite kind," not a mere piece of lively comic writing, whether dramatic or narrative.†

But does Mr. Herford better his argument by this inferential definition? It is only in the *Fame* that he can find Chaucer's comedy; but does the *Fame* correspond to the definition? A very brief analysis will, I think, be a sufficient answer. The comedy postulated must be "an ascent from misery to joy." Book i., after a general discussion upon dreams, contains simply an abridgment of the *Aeneid*, touching pretty fully upon Dido and upon other unhappy loves, but with no tragic colour, and ending, in due form, with the hero's triumph. Is this in any sense a tragical commencement? In Book ii. the Eagle harangues Chaucer upon the physical laws of sound, and leads him at last to the House of Fame. The third enumerates the most famous people of the old world, and the whirling cage in which rumours of all kinds are collected and dispersed, with the requests made to fame by men of different classes to do her duty by them; but for fame itself Chaucer expresses no ambition, and with this the poem abruptly ends.

Is this in any real sense an ascent from misery to happiness? Mr. Herford seems to find it so when he says:

"It is the transition from the narrow world of uncongenial drudgery and solitary labour in which he lived to the glorious vision of fame granted to him by the powers of heaven:

> 'In somme recompensacioun
> Of labour and devocioun
> That thou hast had, loo! causeles
> To Cupido the rechelesse.'

His 'comedy' relates an imagined change in a real life, his own; his 'tragedy' a real one in the imagined life of Troilus."

Mr. Herford does here the best for his case with much ingenuity. Yet the only foundation is that the Eagle tells Chaucer how Jupiter pities him because he has served Love without reward, and written poetry, and because when he goes home from his daily work he sits down and reads, and knows nothing about his neighbours. He is, therefore, under the Eagle's guidance to have the "recompensacioun" of learning how fame is made and distributed, and of writing a poem upon the whole. These points the Eagle recapitulates in Book iii., again specifying Jove's object as to "do thee ease, al be it lite [although it be little]," by enlarging his experience of life and fame. And Chaucer's own moral is this, and this only:

> "To study and rede alway
> I purpose to do day by day."

To sum up what I fear my readers may find already too long. The *Fame* has upon the whole a comic, almost a burlesque, character. As is common with Chaucer, it anticipates the gay, half-moralising manner of Pope or Prior. But its framework is simply autobiographical; and I cannot see how a transition from woe to happiness can possibly be found in it, unless we read with a preconceived theory, that in the *Troylus* Chaucer planned a comedy of this special and limited kind, and that we shall therefore find it in the *Fame*, it being assumed that he must have carried out his wish. But to this last argument the incomplete state in which he left some of his most important poems is, perhaps, an adequate reply.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

* My phrase—"With this all just inference ceases"—referred only to this invocation; not, as Mr. Herford seems to read it, to Ten Brink's argument generally.

† When suggesting that a comedy, in this common sense, might be found in the *Tales*, it was, of course, the comic quality of several among them, not the set as a whole, to which I referred. Upon my other suggestion, that a Renaissance colour might be naturally looked for in a poem written as a companion piece to the *Commedia*, it will be enough to add that such a character is found in the *Troylus*, if we compare its orderly sequence and development with the *Fame* But the suggestion, as Mr. Herford justly observes, is of little weight in deciding the main issue.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 3, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Butterflies of South Africa," by Mr. W. F. Kirby; "Niobe; or, Neferura-Urmea, the Daughter of the King of the Hittites," by the Rev. Dr. F. A. Walker.

TUESDAY, June 4, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Recent Biological Discoveries," III., by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Ashtoreth and the Ashera," by the Rev. G. W. Collins.
8.30 p.m. Chemical: Faraday Lecture, "The Periodic Law of the Chemical Elements," by Prof. Mendeleeff.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Intelligence of the Chimpanzee," by Dr. G. J. Romanes; "Some Entozoa in the Collection of the British Museum," by Sig. Fr. Sav. Monticelli; "Birds collected by Mr. Ramage in Dominica, West Indies," by Mr. P. L. Sclater.

WEDNESDAY, June 5, 8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Questions arising out of *Inferno* i.-iii.," I., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
8 p.m. Geological: "Some undescribed Lacustrine Deposits at Saint Cross, Southelmham, in Suffolk," by Mr. C. Candler; "Certain Chelonian Remains from the Wealden and Purbeck," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "The Relation of the Westleton Beds or Pebbly Sands of Suffolk to those of Norfolk and on their Extension inland, with some Observations on the Period of the Final Elevation and Denudation of the Weald and of the Thames Valley," by Prof. Joseph Prestwich.
8 p.m. Shelley: "Shelley's Minor Lyrics," by Mr. Stopford Brooke.
8 p.m. Elizabethan: "The Plays of John Ford," by Mr. F. J. Payne.

THURSDAY, June 6, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: Experimental Lecture, "Chemical Affinity," IV., by Prof. Dewar.
8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Questions arising out of *Inferno* i.-iii.," II., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The Monumental Effigies in Cubberley Church, Gloucestershire," by Mr. A. Hartshorne; "Some Funeral Wreaths of the Graeco-Roman Period discovered in the Cemetery of Hawara, Egypt," by Mr. P. E. Newberry; and "Phoenician Scarabeoid," by the Rev. Greville I. Chester.
8 p.m. Linnean: "A Monographic Revision of the Salices," by Dr. F. Buchanan White.
8 p.m. Chemical: "Experimental Researches on the Periodic Law," by Dr. B. Brauner; "The Amylodextrin of W. Naegali," and "The Determination of the Molecular Weights of the Carbohydrates," II., by Mr. H. T. Brown and Dr. G. H. Morris; "Researches on Silicon Compounds," V., by Prof. Emerson Reynolds; "The Isomerism of the Alkyl Derivatives of Mixed Diazoamido-compounds," by Prof. Meldola and Mr. F. W. Streatfeild; "The Atomic Weight of Zinc," by Dr. Gladstone and Mr. W. Hibbert; "The Amount of Nitric Acid in the Rain-water at Rothamsted, with Notes on the Analysis of Rain-water," by Mr. R. Warington; "The Product of the Action of Sulphur on Resin" by Dr. G. H. Morris.
8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "The Marches (Y Gororau)," by Mr. Owen Edwards.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: Election of Fellows.

FRIDAY, June 7, 3.30 p.m. British Museum: "Babylonian Astronomy reconstructed from the Tablets, I., the Stars," by Mr. G. Bertin
8 p.m. Philological: "English Etymologies," by Prof. Skeat.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Researches into the Origin and Age of the Highlands of Scotland and the West of Ireland," by Dr. A. Geikie.

SATURDAY, June 8, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: Tyndall Lecture, II., "Idealism and Experience in Philosophy and Literature," by Prof. W. Knight.
3 p.m. Physical: "A Method of Suppressing Sparking in Electric Currents," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "A Shunt Transformer," by Mr. E. W. Smith; "Notes on Geometrical Optics—(1) the Deduction of the Elementary Theory of Mirrors and Senses from Wave Principles; (2) A Dioptric Spherometer; (3) the Formula of the Lenticular Mirror; (4) the Use of the Focal Circle in Mirror and Lens Problems," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "The Use of the Biquartz," by Mr. A. W. Ward.

SCIENCE.

Greek Geometry from Thales to Euclid. By G. J. Allman. (Dublin University Press.)

THOSE who are interested in the history of geometry will not fail to welcome the appearance of this volume. It is the reproduction of six memoirs which were published in *Hermathena* at various intervals, the date of the first being 1878. Dr. Allman has introduced into the reprint some additional diagrams, he has added a few notes, prefixed to each chapter a summary of its contents, and concluded the work with an excellent index.

After a short introduction he devotes the first chapter to Thales, and points out the abstract character of Greek science as contrasted with the empirical knowledge of the Egyptians. He attributes to Thales the two important theorems that the sum of the three angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles, and that the sides of equiangular triangles are proportional; and also the conception of geometrical loci. In his summing-up of the work of the founder of the Ionic school Dr. Allman remarks that "Thales may be fairly considered to have laid the foundation of algebra"—a statement which is, to say the least, open to discussion. The second chapter takes up Pythagoras and his school; and the conclusions arrived at are that the early Pythagoreans were acquainted with what forms the bulk of the first two books of Euclid and with parts of the fourth and sixth books. They founded and developed the theory of proportion, discovered irrational magnitudes, and constructed the regular solids. To them is due the elevation of mathematics to the rank of a science,

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as well as its very name; and they were the first to combine arithmetic with geometry. In the third chapter are discussed the contributions made by the geometers of the fifth century B.C., Hippocrates of Chios and Democritus; the fourth and fifth chapters deal with Archytas and Eudoxus. In these chapters the famous problem of the duplication of the cube is prominent—the first contribution to its solution being made by Hippocrates, and the first solution being discovered by Archytas. Dr. Allman thinks the solution of Archytas has not been duly appreciated; and he has pointed out, what had never before been remarked, that the conceptions and method of Archytas are extremely important in relation to the discovery of the conic sections. To Eudoxus, who discovered the cubature of the pyramid, invented the method of exhaustions, founded the doctrine of proportion as given in the fifth book of Euclid, and whose reputation as a geometer was obscured for centuries, Dr. Allman does full, perhaps more than full, justice. The sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters treat of the successors of Eudoxus—namely, Menaechmus, the discoverer of the conic sections (called after him the Menaechmian triads); Deinostratus, to whom is ascribed the invention of the quadratrix for solving the two famous problems—the trisection of the angle and the quadrature of the circle; and Aristaeus. The ninth and last chapter treats of Theaetetus, and in it is given an estimate of those parts of the thirteen books of *The Elements* for which Euclid was indebted to his predecessors. The last paragraph places in its true light the service which Plato rendered to mathematics.

The preceding is a brief summary of the contents of Dr. Allman's work. It may be worth while to add a word or two on his method of treating the subject. He collects all the principal testimonies of ancient writers regarding each discoverer; he examines the mutual consistency of these statements, analyses minutely their implications, and tests his inferences, where that is possible, by comparison with other accounts, and with the conclusions drawn by recent historical investigators. Alongside of such a critical inquiry, or, rather, as preliminary to it, he gives an account of the state of Hellas at various epochs, and of the philosophical opinions then prevalent. Throughout the work there is an endeavour not only to assign, as definitely as may be, to each geometer the individual contributions he made to the science, but to show how continuous was the advance of discovery, the study of one geometrical property or solution leading on to others of greater generality or simplicity; in other words, to trace the filiation of scientific ideas or methods.

It would be rash to say that Dr. Allman has established beyond reasonable doubt all the views he sets forth so clearly and supports with such an array of authority. It may, however, be said that he has, in his citations, notes, and references, furnished to those who differ from him the means by which they may come to an independent opinion. Indeed, he seems to me to have consulted and examined with microscopic minuteness and care everything of value that has been written on pre-Euclidean geometry up to the most recent date, and to have balanced his sometimes conflicting testimonies with the calmness of a truly scientific inquirer. The work is not a large but it is certainly a learned one; and the learning is of the best kind, being first-hand, and always pertinent to the matter under discussion. Nothing so painstaking, so lucid, and so satisfactory has been written on the history of geometry during the period selected, even in laborious Germany.

J. S. MACKAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. FÜHRER'S NEW JAINA INSCRIPTIONS FROM MATHURÂ.

Vienna: May 20, 1889.

The excavations in the Kankâlî Tîla at Mathurâ, which last year brought us the remarkable inscription dated in the seventh year of Shâhi Kanishka, were resumed in January and February by Dr. A. Führer. His results are again highly interesting and important. Besides numerous valuable sculptures of the Indo-Scythian and later periods, epigraphic proof has been found showing that the temple buried under the mound belonged to the Svetâmbaras, as well as further evidence corroborating the statements of the Kalpasûtra regarding the early subdivisions of the Jaina monks. Their ancient Ganas, Kulas, and S'âkhâs are mentioned in four votive inscriptions exhibiting the well-known characters and the peculiar mixed dialect of the Indo-Scythian period. Three of them are dated—No. I. in Samvat 20+2, No. II. in Samvat 80+4, and No. III. in Samvat 90+5 (?)—and thus probably range between the years A.D. 100 and 173. The names of the Jaina schools which they give are mostly the same as those which occur on the documents found in former years; but it now becomes evident that some of the names given in the Kalpasûtra are certainly corrupt, and that Samayasundara's doubts regarding the text of the Sthavirâvalî are not unfounded. He declares (see Prof. Jacobi's edition of the Kalpasûtra, p. 119, note 5) that the MSS. offer for the names of the schools many puzzling *variae lectiones*, and adds that it is difficult to decide which are the correct ones, because the schools themselves are extinct. That is only what might be expected. But with the help of the inscriptions a future editor of the Sthavirâvalî will be able to correct the readings selected by the commentators.

Dr. Führer's inscription No. III. mentions the *Kottiya*, or perhaps *Kotteya* gana, the *Thâniya kula* and the *Vairâ śâkhâ*. The Gana is that which the Kalpasûtra ("Sacred Books of the East," vol. xxii., p. 292) calls *Kodiya*, and which elsewhere is called *Kotika*; the S'âkhâ bears in the Kalpasûtra (*loc. cit.*, p. 293) the same name, in Prakrit (*Ajja-*)*Vairâ* or in Sanskrit (*Âryа*)-*Vajrâ*. But the *Thâniya kula* does not occur among the spiritual families included in the Kotika gana. Their list (*loc. cit.*, p. 292) shows, however, a very similar name, *Vâṇijja* or *Vâṇîya*, which differs only by a single letter. The initial letter of *Thâniya* is beautifully clear in the inscription and cannot be read differently. Moreover, the inscription No. II. again mentions the *Kottiya gana*, the *Vairâ śâkhâ*, and the *Sthâniya kula*. *Sthâniya* or, to adopt the correct Sanskrit spelling, *Sthânîya* is the original from which the Prakrit word *Thâniya* has been derived. Hence it is perfectly certain that the initial *tha* is not a clerical mistake for *va*. Considering the above-mentioned admissions of Samayasundara, it further becomes highly probable that the traditional form *Vâṇijja-Vâṇîya* is corrupt and must be altered to *Thânijja-Sthânîya*. The origin of the corruption may be explained by the close resemblance of *tha* to *va* in certain ancient alphabets, where *va* is made circular and differs from *tha* only by a horizontal stroke at the top. These new facts force me to give up the attempt (*Wiener Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, vol. i., pp. 170-171) to restore [*vâ*]*niyâto kulato* in Sir A. Cunningham's Mathurâ inscription, No. VI. It is necessary to write there, too, [*thâ*]*niyâto*. The shape of the remnant of the first letter agrees with this conjecture better than with my former one.

Further, Dr. Führer's No. I. mentions the *Vârana gana* and the *Petivâmika* [*kula*]. Both names occur in Sir A. Cunningham's inscription No. X., where the former agrees exactly and the latter is *Petivamika*. The Kalpasûtra has neither; but it says ("Sacred Books of the East," vol. xxii., p. 291 f.) that S'rîgupta founded the *Châranagana*, and it calls the second Kula of the latter *Pîdhammiya*, or in Sanskrit *Prîtidharmika*. It is now evident that the names of the Sthavirâvalî are wrong, not, as I formerly conjectured (*Wiener Zeitschrift*, i., p. 176), those on Sir A. Cunningham's facsimiles. The real name of the Gana is *Vârana*; and the Sanskrit form of the name of the Kula *Prâitivarmika*, *i.e.*, the spiritual family founded by *Prîtivarman*, with which both *Petivamika-Petivâmika* and *Pîvammiya* correspond. The mistakes in the Kalpasûtra are easily explained by the very close resemblance of *cha* to *va* and of *dha* to *va*, which perhaps is greatest in the Nâgarî of the Jaina MSS. of the tenth and later centuries.

Dr. Führer's undated fragment No. IV. contains again, in perfectly distinct letters, the name of the *Vârana gana*, and further mentions as one of its branches the *Aryya-Kaniyasika kula*. The Kalpasûtra has no exactly corresponding name, but offers a somewhat similar one, *Kanhasaha* or *Kanhasaha*, which the commentators render by *Kr̥shṇasakha*. With the experience gained in the other three cases, one feels inclined to assume that the Kalpasûtra is again at fault; and Prof. E. Leumann, whom I asked for his advice, communicates to me an ingenious conjecture which makes this view very plausible. He proposes to write for *Kanhasaha* either *Kannasaha* or *Kannasaya*, and to explain this form by Sanskrit **Kanyasika*. The base **kanyas* might be, according to the analogy of Sanskrit *vasyas-vasîyas* and similar double forms, an equivalent of Sanskrit *kanîyas* "younger or the youngest of all." *Kaniyasika*, which, according to the spelling of the inscription, may stand for *Kanîyasika*, would be a regular derivative of the latter. In favour of Prof. Leumann's proposal it may be urged that the *Kanhasaha kula* stands *last* on the list of the Kulas of the Châraṇa *recte* Vârana Gana. I may add that Sanskrit possesses an adjective *kanyasa* "the smallest, the youngest," from which the existence of the form *kanyas* may be inferred.

The inscription No. II., the only one which is nearly complete, offers also some other points of interest. First, it mentions after the S'âkhâ a *S'riguha* or possibly *S'rîgraha saṁbhoga*, apparently a further subdivision of the former. The Sthavirâvali of the Kalpasûtra does not know of any *saṁbhagas*, and the term does not occur in the later Jaina literature; but Prof. Leumann informs me that there are passages in the Sthâna, Samavâya, and other Sûtras which prove that *saṁbhaga* was used in ancient times to denote a religious community. Thus the phrase for the smaller excommunication is *saṁbhoiyaṁ visaṁbhoiyaṁ karei* "he makes the member of the *saṁbhoga* a non-member of the *saṁbhoga*." The commentators explain *visaṁbhoiyaṁ* by *mandalîbdhyam*; hence Prof. Leumann conjectures that in the inscription *saṁbhoga* has the same sense as the Digambara term *mandala* "a district-community." Whether this be right or not, we have in any

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case further proof that the ancient subdivisions of the Jaina monks were split into more sections than the Sthavirâvali mentions (see also Sir A. Cunningham's No. VI. and my remarks thereon in the *Wiener Zeitschrift, loc. cit.* and p. 180). Secondly, the inscription, which is incised on the base of a female statue, records the dedication of an image of Sarasvatî, saying *ekasarasvatî pratishthâvitâ*. Statues of the Vâgdevatâ, or goddess of speech, are common in modern Jaina temples, and they occur even in the caves (see *Arch. Rep. of Western India*, vol. v., p. 48). We now learn that the worship of Sarasvatî was considered orthodox by the Svetâmbaras before the second century A.D. Thirdly, the mention of the *Vairâ* or *Vajrâ* Sâkhâ in the inscriptions Nos. II. and III. possesses some value for Indian chronology. According to the later Jaina Therâvalis (*Indian Antiquary*, vol. xi., pp. 247, 252, *Jour.* Bombay Br. Roy. As. Soc., vol. ix., p. 154), its founder, Vajrâchârya, lived in the first century A.D., the date of his death being usually given as 584 after Vira or Vikramasamvat 114. If this statement is worth anything, it is now evident that the year 84 of the era of the Indo-Scythians, in which No. II. was incised, must fall later than Vikramasamvat 114, because Vajra's Sâkhâ had then already been subdivided. Hence the era of the Indo-Scythian kings cannot be the so-called Vikramasamvat of 56¾ B.C. On the other hand, its identification with the Sâkasamvat of A.D. 78¼ is perfectly possible. I do not wish to make too much of this point; but I think that it deserves attention.

Dr Führer's new discoveries show that the Kankâlî Tîla has by no means yielded up all its treasures. Its further excavation should certainly be proceeded with as soon as possible. It is to be hoped that the government of the North-West Provinces will be able and willing to accede to Dr. Führer's petition for another grant for this purpose. Should his application fail, the wealthy Jaina bankers of Mathurâ might, I think, be interested in the exploration of the ruins of one of their oldest temples, which without a doubt will completely free their creed from the suspicion of being a modern offshoot of Buddhism.

G. BÜHLER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Faraday Lecture, in connexion with the Chemical Society, will be delivered by Prof. Mendeleeff, of St. Petersburg, in the theatre of the Royal Institution on Tuesday next, June 4, at 8.30 p.m. The subject is "The Periodic Law of the Chemical Elements." On the following evening, the fellows of the society will entertain Prof. Mendeleeff at dinner in the Holborn Restaurant.

THE German Geological Society will hold its thirty-sixth general meeting at Greifswald from August 12 to 18, under the direction of Prof. E. Cohen. As the immediate neighbourhood does not offer many features of geological interest, the principal excursions will be to the islands of Rügen and Bornholm.

THE Geological Society of France will hold its special annual session this year at Paris, commencing on August 18. The programme for the week includes excursions to Sézanne, Epernay, Rilly, and Dammery. A party will afterwards visit the volcanic district of the Auvergne, under M. Michel Lévy, while another party will study the crystalline schists of Brittany, under the guidance of Dr. Barrois.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. HERBERT WEIR SMYTH, of Johns Hopkins University—to whom we already owe an examination of some of the so-called "Aeolic" dialects of Northern Greece (*American Journal of Philology*, 1887)—has sent us a reprint of his recent paper in the *Transactions* of the American Philological Association upon "The Arcado-Cyprian Dialect." By an exhaustive comparison of the word-forms in the inscriptions (as well as in the Hesychian glosses) he establishes the intimate connexion between the Arcadian and Cyprian dialects, so widely separated not only by space but also in the character employed, thus confirming the tradition that the original Greek settlers of Cyprus came from Arcadia. He further maintains that this common dialect has no affinity with Doric, but only with the other so-called "Aeolic" dialects, though he declines to assume a period of "Aeolic" unity. These two papers of Dr. Smyth, we are glad to learn, are intended to form the basis of a volume on the Greek dialects—a subject on which the Germans have recently collected a large amount of material, but which has not attracted the attention it deserves in this country.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(*Tuesday, May 14.*)

PROF. FLOWER, vice-president, in the chair.—Mr Arthur Thomson read a paper on "The Osteology of the Veddahs of Ceylon," and exhibited a complete skeleton and several skulls of these people. Although the skeleton was said to be that of a man of twenty-six years of age, many parts were not completely ossified. The fifth lumbar vertebra was less wedge-shaped than among the higher races of man, and hence there was a tendency to a backward curve in this region. Attention was drawn to the fact that the left clavicle was longer than the right by no less than 10 mm., which may probably be explained by the employment of the left arm in the use of the bow. The left arm was also slightly larger than the right. The scapulae were small and slender, and the high index (71·1) indicates a marked difference in shape from that of Europeans. The femora and tibiae were remarkable for their great length, and in each case the left was the longer. On the anterior borders of the lower extremities of both tibiae were semilunar facets, articulating with corresponding surfaces on the necks of the astragali in extreme dorsi-flexion of the foot. The extreme length of the articulated skeleton was 1578 mm., which was somewhat above that of the average Veddah as calculated by Virchow. It appeared from the examination of all the available crania that the average capacity of the Veddah male skull is 1321 cc., and that of the female skull 1229 cc. The cephalic index was 70·9. From the data given in the paper, the author inferred that, if the Veddahs be not of the same stock as the so-called aborigines of Southern India, they at least present very strong points of resemblance, both as regards stature, proportions of limb, cranial capacity, and form of skull; and that, if physical features alone be taken into account, their affinities with the hill tribes of the Nilgherries and the natives of the Coromandel coast and the country near Cape Comorin—are fairly well established. Papers by Mrs. R. Braithwaite Batty on "The Yoruba Country," and by Mr. H. Ling Roth on "Salutations," were also read.

FINE ART.

THE SALE OF THE BERLIN-HAMILTON MSS.

IT was with no little surprise and gratification that about two months ago we received an intimation that a certain portion of the Hamilton collection of MSS., which "the Prussian Government never intended to keep in its entirety," was about to return to this country in order to be sold. What the portion was soon appeared from the Sale Catalogue. Several of the most remarkable MSS., including the Botticelli Dante, were no longer in the list; yet it contained a number of very precious and very beautiful examples of miniature art and of ancient handwritings. Now that the suspense and excitement of the long-looked-for sale has passed away, we feel better able to judge of the comparative merits of the volumes, and may admit that, on the whole, they have with singular propriety been fairly distributed to their natural places of repose. Most of the French ones have gone to Paris—indeed, were in Paris the following afternoon. Good examples of the German ones are now in Germany, not at Berlin, but at Frankfort; while the one—most precious of all—which may be considered an English MS. is, at all events for the present, in England.

With regard to the majority of these MSS., it matters very little where they are, for they possess no special claims to distinction or remembrance. Some were sold at prices conspicuously above their value. Others fetched fully as much as they were worth.

In beginning the sale, Mr. Hodge asked that the famous purple Gospel-book which stood first on the list might be deferred to the last. Accordingly, the business commenced with No. 2. But in estimating the palaeographical or artistic importance of the collection, we may disregard the order of selling. The volume that, without question, occupies the place of honour is this *Codex purpureus* or *aureus* assigned by the experts to the time of Wilfrid of York. If the evidence regarding it be reliable, and we have no just reason to suppose that it is not, we have in this venerable codex one of the identical volumes forming the often-vaunted treasures of the library at York got together by the enthusiastic archbishop with whose name it is connected. The history of purple codices is one full of interest for the student, but we cannot enlarge upon it in this place. Profs. Westwood, Wattenbach, De Rossi, and other *savants* have described those of Munich, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, and elsewhere. This one claims to be the fourth in point of antiquity of these precious volumes; and, as our national collection is still without so fair a specimen, it certainly ought to find its way to the British Museum. If it should again leave our shores, we may bid it an eternal farewell, and be for ever ashamed of our wretched parsimony. A government which could afford £75,000 for a doubtfully permanent and comparatively modern painting, however precious, could, and surely ought, with all economy and praise, lay aside £2000 for a monument so exceptionally rare and precious as this purple Gospel-book. As a matter of curiosity, we may say that it was put up without any commencing sum being named, and only after considerable hesitation and a sort of painful suspense Mr. Quaritch's offer of £500 was made to lead the bidding. Slowly, and by small additions, the offers increased, once curiously rising from £1480 to £1495, after which, at the forty-second offer, came the £1500 which proved the selling price. After what the prophets had said, this was far beneath its value. Some of the volumes which were now put forward were chiefly remarkable for their high antiquity, being examples of the books of the eleventh or twelfth century. One natural reason for the high estimation in which many of the volumes are held is the fact of their having belonged to historical personages. Thus there were MSS. that had originally been the property of Charles VI. of France, of Charles VII., Louis XII., Francis I., René of Anjou—the artist-king (or duke)—Francis I., Duke of Brittany, Isabel of Scotland, the Emperor Maximilian and Charles V., and King Henry VIII. of England.

Of MSS. valuable for the curiosity of their subject or contents, perhaps the most remarkable was the *Bestiarius* written by an English copyist of the twelfth century, and illuminated with 104 miniatures of beasts and

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scenes of life in the earlier middle ages. I say illuminated, because the miniatures are painted in bright colours on grounds of burnished gold—a true example of the original meaning of the word. This MS. sold for £500. Of course a Mediaeval Bestiary is not exactly a book of natural history. It is both less and more: less, because it only selects and treats of certain qualities; and more, because it moralises on those qualities, and endeavours to turn them to good account in the form of religious precepts for ordinary life. The pictures are mainly drawn from sources accessible only to the imaginative artist—namely the depths of his own consciousness, aided by more or less veracious information from pilgrims and travellers. Elephants are shown with broad, blunderbuss-like snouts, and lions possessing evidently most fascinating sweetness of character.. Creeping things are constructed on perfectly original lines of comparative anatomy; but they served their purpose.

Coming to a later period, we have in an Italian Bible under the date of 1396 a fine example of Italian miniature of the early Tuscan school. Brilliant and gemlike in its ornamentation, its principal value, however, lay in the remarkable frontispiece, representing Adam and Eve in Eden. The *maniera* is that of the Giotteschi, the pose and design almost modern. The remaining miniatures are by another hand. The initials and borders are of the type seen constantly in the choir-books of San Marco at Florence, and as in the poems of Convenevole da Prato in the British Museum. It was bought by Mr. Quaritch for £155.

The "Roman de la Rose," said to be finely illuminated by a French artist, showed very strongly in the pen drawing of the figures the characteristic type of contemporary English work—a resemblance owing, doubtless, to the fact that much of the so-called English art of the fourteenth century was actually the production of French-taught miniaturists. Passing by the fine Augustin, *La Cité de Dieu*, of high-class Netherlandish painting, an unusually animated struggle took place for the Boccaccio, *Les Illustres Malheureux*, containing eighty-four miniatures of the highest class. One of the noticeable points in this MS. was the regularity with which the stereotyped subjects were repeated, yet with such variation as to indicate vigorous originality on the part of the miniaturist. On these pictures the catalogue is justly expansive; and buyers were on the alert for its possession, and perhaps the liveliest contest of the whole afternoon took place over it. In such a contest it is wealth that tells; and the MS. now rests probably in the library of Baron Rothschild of Frankfurt, for whom it was bought by Herr Goldschmidt. It realised £200 more than the Purple Gospels. Few things are more hazardous or unreliable than the ordinary attributions to great artistic names, and this fact became conspicuous in the so-called Girolamo dai Libris and, though not so conspicuously, in the so-called Geoffroy Torys. One Geoffroy Tory, the *Diodorus*, was well authenticated by contemporary documents. I have discussed its history briefly elsewhere; I believe it absolutely unquestionable. But the others—even the lovely *Officium Beatae Mariae Virginis*—are simply the work of the great school of Fontainebleau. So far from its being, as Mr. Hodge said that somebody had assured him, finer than anything *even* in the Vatican, I speak from my own knowledge when I maintain that not only does the Vatican not contain finer MSS. than several other libraries—Paris, Vienna, Munich, London, for example—but that the British Museum at this moment possesses a very fair counterpart to this very MS. While affirming this, I freely accept it to be one of the most charming MSS. ever executed in any school. The *Officium* (No. 58) here referred to brought £1,230; and, as already stated, it has gone to Paris. The *Diodorus*, which reached £1000, went with it. Nothing is easier than to look down the list of distinguished names of miniaturists, and to pitch upon the one that most nearly fits the time and place; but this is a very insufficient and unsatisfactory method. The direct evinence of manner, touch, design, are also essential—and, if possible, the quittance for payment of the actual work, dated and signed. Without these essentials authenticity is always doubtful, and attribution unsatisfactory. But where, as in these so-called Girolamo dai Libris, the artistic evidence is utterly at fault, the attribution becomes folly.

Another MS. which certainly possesses the necessary artistic evidence, signed, as is sometimes said, all over in every line and tone and touch, is, on the other hand, admissibly, and as I venture to think, on the evidence unquestionably, a Gerard David. Any one who has seen the Grimani Breviary, and the Brussels and Brandenburg Hours, would, I believe, admit the attribution at once. Its handwriting is Spanish. With regard to the lesser attributions, such as the Hours of Lorraine (No. 70), the same rules may be applied. This MS. possesses all the characteristics of the works usually assigned to René of Anjou. But, unfortunately, no proof whatever exists of the authenticity of a single example. Much has been said about the miniatures supposed to have been executed by the artist-duke of Lorraine—titular King of Naples. No one has hitherto produced an incontestable example, and the more the question is examined the more the evidence vanishes into thin air. His panel-paintings indeed may be fixed upon, his miniatures can only be conjectured. Allowing, however, the usual argument, No. 70 is as brilliant an example of the class as may be seen in any collection. In fact, it is good, elegant, bright, and clever Burgundian art, and it realised a good price—£495. This also went to Paris.

Two charming little Flemish and one French Horae, fell to Mr. Whitehead, well worth the money they realised—£100, £120, and £134 respectively. The last MSS. now possible to notice are the Jarrys. These are, of course, well-known volumes, with well-known pedigrees.

For the rest, my space will not permit further remark.

JOHN W. BRADLEY.

THE ROYAL MUMMIES OF DEIR-EL-BAHARI.

PROF. MASPERO'S forthcoming work contains many surprises for those who are interested in the oft-told tale of the royal mummies. Up to the present time, our sole sources of authentic information on this subject have been (1) Prof. Maspero's compte-rendu presented to the Académie des Inscriptions in July, 1881; (2) his paper addressed to the Orientalist Congress of Berlin in 1881*; (3) his essay entitled *La Trouvaille de Deir-el-Bahari*, illustrated by Herr Brugsch's admirable series of photographs, published in 1881; (4) his procès-verbal on the unbandaging of certain Pharaohs in the Boulak Museum on June 1 and 9, 1886†; and a few scattered articles in the pages of the *Zeitschrift* and the *Recueil de Travaux*. All these will now be superseded by *Les Momies Royales de Deir-el-Bahari*, which not only contains a mass of new, important, and interesting matter, but also corrects many errors due to the enforced haste under which the previous reports were written.

When the mummies were transported from Thebes to Boulak, they were temporarily housed in one of the halls of the old museum. The confusion at first was great. Some mummies were not yet identified, while others were in mummy-cases manifestly not their own. Some mummy-cases were without mummies; some mummies were without mummy-cases; while in more than one instance, a single mummy-case was found to contain two occupants. Whether this disorder was due to the carelessness with which the royal dead had been replaced when their outer wrappings were renewed and their "funerary furniture" repaired by the tomb inspectors of ancient times; or whether it was the sacrilegious work of the family of Arab plunderers who for years had held the secret of the Deir-el-Bahari vault, who should say? In either case, all that could then and there be done was to classify these various personages according to the inscriptions entered on the mummy-cases in which they were found. These inscriptions were of various dates, some being as originally painted; others altered to suit the occupant of a second-hand coffin; and others written with the pen by XXIst Dynasty scribes, recording the dates of certain official visits of inspection performed during the pontificates of Her-Hor and his successors. To preserve his mummied royalties from decay or damage being obviously of more importance than to catalogue them with precision, Prof. Maspero decided not to unbandage them till he had provided them with glass cases; and the low condition of the Khedivial treasury is curiously illustrated by the fact that it took nearly five years of "patience and economy" to achieve the said cases, which were not completed till the month of April, 1886:

"J'avais tardé jusqu'alors à les démailloter," writes Prof. Maspero in his introductory chapter, "parceque j'étais convaincu que cette opération devait présenter des avantages pour la science, qu'elle nous fournirait des renseignements sur l'âge, l'apparence, la constitution des souverains, peutêtre des inscriptions qui nous permettraient de constater définitivement l'identité de chacune d'elles, peutêtre des bijoux et des papyrus. Néanmoins, je ne voulais rien risquer avant d'avoir complété le mobilier."

It was during the summer of 1886 that Prof. Maspero resigned his Egyptian appointment; and the opening of the royal mummies closed his official labours. On June 1, in the presence of the Khedive and a select company of Egyptian and foreign notabilities, the mummies of Rameses II. (XIXth Dynasty) and Rameses III. (XXth Dynasty) were formally unbandaged. Next followed, on June 9, the unbandaging of Sekenen-Ra (XVIIth Dynasty) and Ahmes I. (XVIIIth Dynasty); and subsequently, during the interval which elapsed between the arrival of M. Grébaut and the departure of Prof. Maspero, the rest of the Deir-el-Bahari Pharaohs, with the single exception of Amenhotep I., were duly opened. Each body in succession was carefully unwrapped and measured by Prof. Maspero, M. Bouriant, M. Insinger, and Dr. Fouquet, assisted by M. Mathey in the capacity of chemical analyst. These measurements, which are calculated on the French metrical system, give the lengths of the hand, foot, arm, forearm, &c.; various diameters of the skull; the circumference of head, shoulders, and waist; the length of the orbit of the eye, and the distance between the two orbits; the width of the mouth, length of nose and chin, circumference of pelvis, facial angle, &c., &c.; all having been twice taken and verified. Even the position of the orifice of the ear has been

* See the ACADEMY, September 17, 1881.

† Reprinted verbatim in the ACADEMY from Prof. Maspero's original MS., July 3 and July 31, 1886.

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noted, and one learns with no little interest that, in at least one instance—*i.e.*, that of the Princess Sit-Kames—this orifice is parallel with the root of the nose and somewhat above the line of the eye, precisely as we see it represented in Egyptian statuary.

"Un mois entier," says Prof. Maspero, "celui de Juin, 1886, fut consacré à ces travaux. Aujourdhui tous les Pharaons, à l'exception d'Amenhotep I. et de quelques sujets secondaires auxquels je n'ai point touché, ont été déshabillés, étudiés, puis rhabillés de manière à figurer décemment dans le Musée.

The results of this prolonged scientific investigation have more than justified the five years' delay. A rich harvest of physiological observations has been reaped; a new Pharaoh has been identified; some important lacunae in the history of the XVIIth and XXIst Dynasties have been more or less filled up; several papyri and some beautiful specimens of ancient Egyptian jewellery have been found on certain of the mummies; and some royal personages, who were at first misnamed, are restored to their place in history. Thus, the mummy contained in the gigantic mummy-case of Queen Aah-hotep turns out to be King Pinotem I.; and he, with the shaven head and Voltaire face, whom we have hitherto accepted as Pinotem I., is more than conjecturally identified by Prof. Maspero with Thothmes I. So also, one of two mummies found in the mummy-case of Princess Nesikhonsu proves to be a king whose winding-sheet is inscribed with a couple of lines of hieratic writing, thus translated: "Expedition made to the Abode, in the year VII., to enwrap the King Ra Kha-em-uas"—the "Abode" being evidently the "eternal abode of Amenhotep," which, in the time of the priest-kings, was used as a place of refuge for the earlier Pharaohs, and is thus mentioned in one of the official entries scribbled on the coffin of Rameses II. The King Ra Kha-em-uas, whose name, at all events in this form, is unknown, is identified by Prof. Maspero with Rameses XII., the contemporary and predecessor of Her-Hor, and by M. Grébaut with Rameses IX. Among other genealogical emendations, Prof. Maspero makes out Queen Aah-hotep (the famous Queen Aah-hotep of the Boulak jewels) to be the wife, not of Kames, as hitherto believed, but of Sekenen-Ra, and the mother of both Kames and Ahmes I. He also, with infinite skill, based on an exhaustive study of a vast number of scattered inscriptions, reconstructs the framework of the XXIst Dynasty—thus, for the first time, presenting a satisfactory solution of one of the most difficult problems in Egyptian history. Still more interesting, because entirely new, is his chapter on "The Principality of Thebes under the last Descendants of the Priest-Kings," in which he traces the boundaries of this sacerdotal and military fief, the history of its vicissitudes under the XXIInd, XXIIIrd, and XXIVth Dynasties, and the final abolition of the office of High Priest of Amen in the time of Piankhi.

Many details, now for the first time made public respecting certain of the mummies, are extremely curious. The last toilette of some royal ladies of the XXIst Dynasty was, for instance, most elaborate, the wrinkles caused by the process of mummification being filled up with some kind of enamel, the skin coloured with ochre, the cheeks and lips rouged, and false eyes introduced under the shrivelled and half-open lids; thus giving a horribly life-like appearance to the faces, as shown in the autotype illustrations from Herr Brugsch's photographs. Others, though now quite bare of ornaments, had evidently been buried in all their jewels, like Queen Aah-hotep; necklaces, diadems and bracelets having left their impress on the withered skin. Many have been mummified in contorted attitudes, as if they had died in convulsions; but the ghastliest interest of all attaches to the remains of an anonymous prince, who appears to have been embalmed alive, and upon whose mummy reports are furnished by Dr. Fouquet and M. Mathey. The brain, heart, stomach, &c., of this unfortunate man are intact, as in life. The body was found tightly bound in three places, namely, round the shoulders, round the wrists and loins, and round the feet; these ligatures being drawn with such force as to leave deep furrows in the flesh. This done, he appears to have been covered with a thick coat of bitumen, lime, and pounded resin, and to have been enwound from head to foot with bandages soaked in some glutinous preparation which caused them to adhere with such tenacity that they had to be sawn off. The agonised expression of the face, the open mouth, the swollen and knotted muscles, bear witness to his desperate struggles, and to the horrors of his last agony. His age was about twenty-three, and in his ears were small gold earrings. That he was a personage of high rank, and the victim of some unspeakable tragedy, admits of no doubt; but to his name and parentage, and to the circumstances of his fate, no clue remains.

Want of space forbids me to indulge in more gleanings from Prof. Maspero's deeply interesting pages. *Les Momies Royales de Deir-el-Bahari* will appear as the forthcoming fasciculus of that admirable series entitled "Mémoires publiées par les Membres de la Mission Archéologique au Caire"—a series of uniform excellence which reflects the highest honour on the French school of Egyptology, but which, being addressed to specialists rather than to the public, has neither achieved, nor is intended to achieve, popularity. If, however, I am not greatly mistaken, Prof. Maspero's new contribution is predestined to such a sale as has been heretofore unknown in the history of the series. It will be eagerly bought and read by thousands to whom his scientific arguments will probably be caviare, but who will be enthralled by his matter and fascinated by his style.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

AMERICAN DECORATIVE ART.

THE exhibition of American etchings and works of decorative art, now very pleasantly arranged in the rooms of Messrs. Johnstone, Norman & Co., at 67 New Bond-street, is very creditable to the taste of the artists and to those who have had the selection of the works exhibited, and shows that the warm interest in art of all kinds which has for many years been growing in the United States is beginning to bear fruit of a charming and original kind. So much at least should be said with distinctness, because American invention has been hitherto more conspicuous in mechanics than in art, and their efforts in decoration have been characterised rather by zeal than discretion. This exhibition is, indeed, a small one, but it may claim to be choice; and the needlework tapestry of the Associated Artists of New York and the stained glass panels of Mr. John La Farge are beautiful and novel developments of art which America may fairly claim as her own.

This part of the exhibition deserves to be brought specially to notice, because we are comparatively familiar with the rest. The reputation of most, if not of all, of the artists who last year incorporated themselves into the Society of American Etchers is not confined to the other side of the Atlantic; and we have had opportunities before this of seeing the pottery of Rookwood and the tiles of Messrs. Low. We do not remember to have seen the word "monotype" before, nor have we seen a public exhibition of examples of this curious combination of painting and printing; but the process, or something like it, is one well known among artists, and consists of taking off, on a sheet of wet paper, by means of a press, a transfer of a picture simply painted on a polished plate of metal. The delightful softness with which the paper takes the ink under these conditions, and the suggestiveness which can in this way be given to a rough sketch for a composition, make the process very interesting for experimental purposes, and a useful stimulant to an artist's imagination. But to use it as a rival to painting or engraving is a different thing, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Charles Walker's ingenious efforts in this direction will induce other artists to follow his example.

Of the success of Mr. La Farge as an artist in stained glass there can be no doubt whatever. He has a true sense of the qualities and conditions of his material, and knows how to make the most of them. In design he has learnt much from the Japanese, while for quality of effect his panels remind one of fine old stained glass. Unlike a great deal of modern work of this kind, the light does not strike through his panels and dazzle the eye with patches of crudely-coloured light, but is held, as it were, in rich and jewelly suspension. Often, indeed, he obtains that effect of inward flame which is so observable in oriental glass, and it may be said generally of his method that it might be studied with advantage by a great many European manufacturers and artists.

The "needle-woven tapestry" of the Associated Artists, whatever may be the precise method of its manufacture, has the appearance of a coarse silken canvas embroidered with fine silk, the whole effect, at a little distance, resembling a decorative painting in watercolours, executed in delicate schemes of colour—primrose and pink and pale blue. The way in which broad spaces of flat tint are laid by straight woven lines of faintly-coloured silk is very suggestive of "washes," and the shading of the figures seems to be produced in a similar way. But it is one of the novelties and charms of these panels that the outline of the figures, though slight, is definite, and this result seems to be attained by working them separately with a needle. The size of the figures is so large in comparison with the mesh of the canvas that great delicacy and precision of drawing can be attained. The designs of Miss Dora Wheeler are full of grace and fancy also, and they have been wrought with great taste. Viewed simply as imaginative compositions and drawings of the nude, such panels as the "Venus," "The Birth of Psyche," and the "Woodsprites" are worthy of much praise. But as a decoration, perhaps, the best of all is the "Winged Morn"; for the design is not only fresh and beautiful, but it has a simplicity and a purity of decorative motive which are not present in the same degree in some of the others. In the figure of Minnehaha she has dared more greatly, and has achieved a more remarkable success in the way of expression and effect of light. But aims in this direction seem rather beyond the natural limits of the material and intention of this kind of art; and this very clever panel, while admirable as a *tour de force*, may usefully act as a warning where to stop in the direction of realism and subjective feeling. These panels are in the nature of pictures, to be strained flat and framed; but the Associated Artists exhibit some hangings also, skilfully embroidered after rich designs by Mrs. Wheeler and others. Some of these are floral, like Mrs. Wheeler's beautiful "Roses in Net," and Mrs. Candace Wheeler's "Waterlilies"; others are called "Colour Studies," of which Miss Ward and others send charming examples.

The works of Messrs. J. G. and J. F. Low

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have been seen before in Bond Street, but not in such excellence and variety. They are all reliefs in china clay, baked and glazed so that the glaze settles in the hollows and is thin upon the prominences, thus giving them an effect of light and shade of a pictorial character sometimes remarkably suggestive of atmosphere, and often intensifying expression and investing a composition with a poetical sentiment. Some of the single heads are fine; and the studies of horses, whether in rest or motion, are particularly good. Others, like the very remarkable plastic sketch called "Peace, my Children," have considerable dramatic force, suggestive of an American Tinworth with a grander style. This and some others seem Biblical in inspiration, though catalogued under *genre* titles. The more decorative work—the stones and the hearth tiles—is excellent.

The names of the Morans, Henry Farrer, Stephen Parrish, C. A. Platt, Van Elten, and others of the American Society of Etchers will need no introduction to anyone interested in the art; and if there is much difference to be observed in their latest work here exhibited it is rather in size than quality. The figure-subjects, though attaining a fair level, and sometimes rising beyond it, as in Mr. C. Y. Turner's "John Alden's Letter," are, on the whole, not so good of their kind as the landscapes and sea pieces. With regard to the latter, it is useless at present to protest against large etchings; and these Americans are to be congratulated at least in that, while they may have rather followed the fashion than their natural artistic instincts in the direction of large plates, they have not lost sight of the true function of the etching needle—expression by lines. This is seen generally in choice of subject, nearly always in treatment. Though Mr. Carleton T. Chapman, in the fine and effective etching called "White Wings," which takes the place of honour in the principal room devoted to works of this class, has endeavoured to suggest broad lights and expanse of air, he has done so by the judicious placing of a few well-considered lines, without any elaborate tint-work. And Mr. Farrer, in his charming plate of "Moonrise," with its bare-branched trees, also gets his effect of light in a legitimate manner. The same may be said of the thoroughly-drawn work of Mr. Kruseman Van Elten, which, no less than his name, suggests that his ancestors belonged to the country of Hobbema. Mr. Thomas Moran's fine plate of "The Mountain of the Holy Cross, Colorado," and his interpretation of Turner's "Conway Castle," support his claim to be President of this Society; and the former, as well as many other of these etchings, and Mr. Walker's "monotypes," are especially welcome as records by Americans of American scenery.

As a rule, allowing for the poor light in some of the rooms, the exhibition is well arranged, and can be well seen; but it seems rather a pity that the Rookwood faience should have been massed together on a table. The success of the Rookwood pottery, which was founded by Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, of Cincinnati, in 1880, is well deserved. The aim after p rfect originality in this branch of art is hopeless, and not, perhaps, to be recommended. It is found by accident, not by search; but the Rookwood pottery has achieved at least a distinctive character of its own in shape, colour, and decoration.

Some beautiful examples of leather work by Messrs. Yandell & Co., the imitation of Moorish fret and spiral work by Messrs. Ransom & Co., and some specimens of ironwork elaborately wrought by Mr. John Williams, add to the beauty and interest of the exhibition.

COSMO MONKHOUSE

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

IN addition to the pictures mentioned last week, the two following have also been bought out of the funds of the Chantrey bequest by the council of the Royal Academy:—Mr. John M. Swan's "The Prodigal Son," and Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "All Hands to the Pumps."

MISS KATE GREENAWAY has been elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

MR. W. BISCOMBE GARDNER, who is perhaps best known as an admirable engraver on wood, will have on view next week a collection of black and white drawings, at the St. George's Gallery, 32A George Street, Hanover Square. On this occasion he has gone further afield than his home in Surrey, and has taken subjects from Wales and Devon. There will also be opened next week an exhibition of sketches made in the Himalayas and Cashmere, by Mr. Alex. Scott, at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street.

ON view at Messrs. Clifford's, in Piccadilly, is a small collection of small pictures of Sicilian scenery by Mr. W. Heath Wilson. Those who remember Mr. Wilson's pretty little exhibition of scenes of Venice, held last year in the same room, do not need to be told with what freshness of impression and charm of colour this artist paints. His Sicily is perhaps more fascinating, because less known, than his Venice. Here mountains take the place of lagoons and cottages of palaces. Pale sunshine on the road near Taermina, red oxen ploughing on the red earth of Etna, the hills and olives of Carini, and the deep cutting topped with cypresses near Palermo, supply fresh and delightful material. So also does Monte Cristo, rising pale from the deep blue sea, and the Temple of Segesta, and Etna seen from Syracuse, and a man throwing a casting-net into the Bay of Palermo, and about thirty other powerful but yet delicate paintings, which to see is to wish to possess.

THE two small rooms in the Louvre newly dedicated to French sculpture of the middle ages are to be opened very shortly, if, indeed, they are not open now. The examples have been carefully arranged by M. Courajod in historical order; in the upper room will be found the earliest work, in the lower that of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Among the latter are the famous tomb of Philippe Pot judiciously restored, and those of Guillaume de Chanac (1355), Philip VI. (1364), Philip of Morvilliers (1430)—the dates are approximate—and those of Evreux-Navarre, and Catherine d'Alençon.

THE Salon will close earlier than usual this year, as the rooms are wanted for the Universal Exhibition after June 20.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, as director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, has made arrangements with the *American Journal of Archaeology* to publish promptly papers from members of the school giving an account of their work, and also to issue these papers independently in a series of "preprints." The first of these consists of Dr. Waldstein's own article on "The Newly Discovered Head of Iris from the Frieze of the Parthenon," illustrated with a heliogravure of the fragment, and a woodcut of the frieze showing where the head comes in. Since this paper was written, a cast of the fragment has been fitted into its place in the British Museum. During the present year, the American School has been digging at Anthedon and Thisbe, under the superintendence of Dr. Rolfe; while in the spring Dr. Waldstein, in the course of preliminary excavations at Plataea, discovered a Latin inscription containing fifty-four lines of the famous edict of Diocletian.

WE have received from Messrs. Cassell *National Academy Notes*, the annual illustrated record of the Exhibition of the National Academy of New York by Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, the "Henry Blackburn" of America. The reproductions of the artist's drawings are fairly good. If we may judge from them, the current of pictorial art on the other side of the Atlantic is all in the direction of landscape and portrait—including in portrait studies of single figures in various attitudes and costumes. Of anything distinctly American there is little trace, except an occasional negro. Of the "nude," or the "ideal," or the fanciful, there is no example.

MR. M LONGWORTH DAMES, of the Bengal Civil Service, has reprinted from the *Numismatic Chronicle* his paper on "The Coins of the Durranis," illustrated with an autotype plate of seventeen coins referred to. As the coins of Ahmad Shah, the founder of the Durranni dynasty, have been described by Mr. C. J. Rodgers, the paper begins with Taimur Shah (1773) and ends with the death of Shah Shuja and the establishment of the present Barakzai dynasty in 1842. This period was one of continual disturbance, and witnessed the gradual expulsion of the Afghans from Kashmir and the Punjab. Besides Kabul, Herat, and Kashmir, there were mints at Lahore, Multan, Bahawalpur, and several places in the Derajat. The total number of coins catalogued is 156, of which a large proportion are in Mr. Dames's own cabinet. To the catalogue are prefixed the Persian couplets which each monarch adopted for his own coinage, and a convenient chronological table.

The pages of *l'Art* are principally occupied at present with the exhibitions. On the Salon, M. Paul Leroi writes with his usual straightforward force, and M. A. Hustin reviews with much discrimination "Les Peintures du Centenaire 1789-1889" at the Universal Exhibition. The part for May 15 contains an etching by M. Boulard fils after Troyon's "Passage du Bac"; and besides a number of spirited reproductions in the text, there is an effective full-page facsimile of a drawing by M. Edmond Yon of his breezy and luminous picture in the Salon, called "Les Pâtures de Sainte-Aulde."

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

OF an important stage production of the week—Mr. Grundy's "A White Lie," at the Court—it must be said briefly that a certain improbability in the conduct of the woman who is its heroine militates against our according her the fulness of sympathy which her personal character might command. But, granting to Mrs. Desmond the possibility of the deception in which she acquiesces—the "white lie" for another's sake, which is the basis of the story—the drama must be pronounced satisfactory as well as brilliant. The incidents are well managed; the dialogue is forcible—after Mr. Grundy's wont; and the piece is fitted singularly well to the particular and great capacities of Mrs. Kendal. Mrs. Kendal's effects are, of course, remarkable. Are they not, indeed, always so? Her success this time is shared to the full by Mr. Kendal, whose performance is replete with judgment and with strength; and there are likewise to be noticed the successes made by Miss Olga Brandon and by Mr. Arthur Dacre. Mr. Dacre—like his wife—is seen too seldom in London. There are very few men upon the stage who could play as well as he does his part in Mr. Grundy's new piece.

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"THE GRANDSIRE"—a version of "Le Flibustier" of Richepin—was played two mornings last week at Terry's Theatre; Mr. George Alexander managing the entertainment and himself appearing upon the first occasion. It is probable that the piece would have been a more distinct success if Mr. Fernandez—an actor of unmistakable energy, who "fills the stage"—had been enabled to perform the part which he had originally undertaken. But he was absent, and his place was occupied, rather than filled, by an excellent and much-esteemed actor not specially cut out for this part. The heroine was played—it is allowed—with grace and delicate tact by Miss Eleanor Calhoun, who is scarcely less an artist in feeling because she chances to have a manner—sometimes even a mannerism—of her own. Miss Calhoun should be seen more frequently than she is seen at present upon the London stage. In delicate comedy and in delicate pathos her place is no doubt marked out for her.

"THE FARM BY THE SEA"—Mr. Frederick Wedmore's version of the "Jean Marie" of André Theuriet—was brought out at a *matinée* at the Vaudeville on Wednesday afternoon, and will be repeated this morning. No judgment on the piece will be pronounced in the ACADEMY; but the limits of good taste will perhaps not be over-stepped if we say that its reception on Wednesday was due, in largest measure, to the experienced art and quiet pathos of Mr. Fred. Thorne, to the robust romanticism and admirable gallantry of Mr. Frank Gillmore, and to the poetic feeling and high emotional power of Miss Marion Lea.

A NEW three-act play, of Dutch origin, by Messrs. J. T. Grein and C. W. Jarvis, will be produced shortly at a West End Theatre, by Miss Gertrude Kingston, at a performance on behalf of the "Girls' Home," for which the Princess of Wales has promised her patronage.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"TRAVIATA" was the attraction last Thursday week. This opera is often spoken of as well-worn, not to say worn out; but for all that the *rôle* of the unhappy maiden is a favourite with soprano vocalists, and the public still like to listen to strains which they have known from childhood. This opera will die a lingering death. Miss Ella Russell sang and acted remarkably well. M. Talazac did not shine in the tenor music, but his acting was graceful. Signor F. d'Andrade made the best of his doleful part (Germont). Mr. Randegger conducted.

"Aïda" was given on Monday evening; and the title *rôle* was played by Mdme. Giulia Valda, who made her first appearance. She has a clear voice and a good method, and her acting is clever and intelligent. Signor A. d'Andrade was not a very imposing Radamès either in person or voice, but he went through his part in a lively and artistic manner. Mdme. Scalchi as Amneris, Signor F. d'Andrade as Amonasro, and Signor Abramoff as Ramphis, were, of course, efficient. This opera afforded to Mr. Harris an opportunity of showing what he can do in the way of *spectacle*, and the stage mounting was brilliant in the extreme. Signor Mancinelli conducted with his usual efficiency, but energy or excitement prevents him often assisting the singers by keeping down the tone of the players. This was noticeable also in the performance about to be mentioned. The Egyptian trumpets in the war march were not only harsh but of uncertain sound.

Boito's "Mefistofele" was given on Tuesday evening. This opera, one of the most original and interesting of modern times, gains with every fresh hearing; and one cannot but regret that the composer should be satisfied to rest on this one laurel. The work needs a good Margherita; and if Miss Macintyre was at times too stiff or two demonstrative in her acting, she has genuine dramatic power, and experience will soon correct her faults. Her voice has improved since last season. Her best effort was in the prison scene. She took, as before, the part of Helen of Troy in the Classical Sabbath. Signor Massimi, the new tenor, lately returned from Canada, where he has been touring with Mdme. Albani, was the Faust. He has a pleasing but not powerful voice; hence neither the part nor the place suited him. His acting was, at times, effective. Signor Novara, who took the part of Mefistofele, acquitted himself creditably. Mdme. Scalchi was the Marta, and afterwards the Pantalis, and successful in both *rôles*. The choral singing was extremely good. The Brocken scene was put upon the stage with great magnificence. Boito's opera is one which has not yet reached the zenith of its popularity, and we hope that the public will take the interest in it which its great merits deserve.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

DR. C. H. H. PARRY conducted his new Symphony in C at the fifth Philharmonic Concert last Thursday week. It has been suggested that this work might be called the "English Symphony," and certainly no better title could be found for it; for, with the exception of the slow movement, the thematic material throughout has a strong national character. And, besides, Dr. Parry has developed that material in clear, straightforward fashion. The work is evidently written *con amore*. It must be due to inspiration rather than design, or it would not be so fresh and pleasing. The *andante* is an excellent movement, but somewhat out of keeping with the others. At the close of the performance the composer was recalled twice. M. Ysäye made his second appearance, and played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. The first movement was finely rendered, but the *andante* was dragged and the *finale* hurried. The *virtuoso* afterwards exhibited his marvellous execution in solos by Paganini and Weniawski. Mdlle. Janotha was heard to advantage in Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G; and Herr Carl Mayer gave an artistic rendering of Wilfram's Fantasy from "Tannhäuser."

Sir Charles Hallé's programme of his third Chamber Concert on Friday, May 24, included the new Sonata in D minor for piano and violin (Op. 108) of Brahms. A second hearing of this work reveals more of its beauty and depth. The *adagio* is one of the simplest and most attractive ever penned by the composer. The interpretation of the Sonata by Mdme. Néruda and the coucert-giver was admirable. An Album Sonata in A flat for pianoforte by Wagner was a curious novelty. It was written in 1853 at a time when the composer was occupied with his "Ring des Nibelungen," and of this fact there are traces in the music. The Sonata consists of one movement only, and is somewhat free in form. It is interesting; but Wagner's genius—if we may judge from this example—was not suited to the pianoforte. He seems as little at his ease with the household instrument as was Chopin with the orchestra. The programme included Tschaikowski's clever but long Trio in A minor, and Beethoven's grand Trio in E flat (Op. 70, No. 2).

Señor Sarasate gave his third Concert on Saturday, May 25, but without orchestra. He commenced with Weber's "Grand Duo concertant" for clarionet and pianoforte (Op. 48). But the violin was substituted for the wind instrument. No one, as Berlioz has pointed out, better understood the capabilities of the clarionet than Weber, and the part when played by the violin loses all its colour; and then some of the low register notes, which the composer uses so frequently, are below the compass of the violin, hence passages had to be transposed and in some cases altered. The pianoforte part was well rendered by Mdme. Berthe Marx. She has excellent technique, which she afterwards displayed to advantage in a showy violin and pianoforte Sonata by I. Raff, which she played with Sarasate. She also gave Chopin's Barcarolle (Op. 60), but the rendering was not a poetical one.

M. Vladimir de Pachmann's first Chopin Recital took place at St. James's Hall last Monday afternoon. A programme devoted entirely to the works of the Polish composer is not altogether satisfactory. However, with M. de Pachmann at the pianoforte one is not disposed to grumble. There are certainly moments, as in the G minor Ballade and the F minor Nocturne when he shows signs of affectation and exaggeration, but nevertheless he must be considered one of the most successful exponents of Chopin's music. And on Monday he played better than ever. He opened with the Fantasia (Op. 49), rendered with fine expression and faultless technique. The Sonata in B flat minor was splendidly interpreted, with, perhaps, the exception of the Trio in the Funeral March, which was unduly spun out. The Allegro de Concert (Op. 46) is a piece in which M. Pachmann shows how mind can triumph over what, on paper, appears comparatively uninteresting matter. It is a wonderful performance. There was a large and appreciative audience. The pianist had to come back to the platform at the close of the concert and acknowledge the applause by playing a Chopin Valse.

Mdlle. Janotha's Pianoforte Recital on Monday afternoon attracted only a moderate audience. Her programme commenced with Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor; and although we did not like the somewhat flurried rendering of the *finale*, yet we consider the performance of the work one of the most satisfactory which we have heard from this lady for many seasons. Mdlle. Janotha is an excellent but unequal pianist.

The Bristol Orpheus Glee Society gave a concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. In spite of the name which the society bears, there was but little of the glee proper in the programme. But what's in a name? The Bach choir perform other works than those of the Cantor of Leipzig. A number of madrigals, part-songs, and a few glees were sung by an admirably trained choir of men's voices, under the excellent conductorship of Mr. George Riseley, organist of Bristol Cathedral. A marked feature of some of the songs such as "Where'er my Footsteps stray," by Mr. Riseley, and "Tears of Anguish," by Reichardt, was the *bouche-fermée* accompaniment by the choir. The solo parts were sung by Mr. H. Kearton and Mr. Watkin Mills. The delicacy, refinement, and ensemble of these Bristol singers is quite remarkable; and it is to be hoped that they will soon pay another visit to London, when they ought certainly to draw a larger audience.

We are sorry not to be able to notice the concert of the Handel Society on Wednesday evening, when "Alceste" was probably heard for the first time in London; or the final English Concert of the enterprising Westminster Orchestral Society. Nikita also gave her concert the same evening at St. James's Hall.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

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LITERATURE.

William George Ward and the Oxford Movement. By Wilfrid Ward. (Macmillan.)

THIS volume has several sources of interest. It is a mine of good stories; it is a picture of a very singular and very loveable man; it is a real contribution to the history of ecclesiastical parties. The chapters on the *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and the Oxford Movement, and Modern Religious Thought, though rather tedious reading, raise many speculative questions of the highest interest.

Mr. Ward complains gently that it is a pity there was no Boswell among his father's friends. He was a brilliant and incisive talker; and, like Dr. Johnson, a ponderous writer. Perhaps, after all, the half may be more than the whole. More than one of Dr. Ward's contemporaries excuse themselves for not quoting more on the ground that the most brilliant argumentative talk is more amusing to hear than to read. Few recent biographies have anything so racy as the picture of Ward going down to Rugby to question Dr. Arnold on the basis of religious belief, lying all day on the sofa reading novels while Dr. Arnold was doing his day's work. When he came in Ward was ready for him, and put him through an examination which lasted all the evening, and was exhausting enough to keep Dr. Arnold in bed all the next day. Some years earlier Ward won a victory of the same kind over Newman. Oakeley was shocked at Ward's signing the Articles for deacon's orders in Arnold's non-natural sense. Newman, to whom Oakeley appealed, thought Ward had better wait; but the only result was that, after a long argument, Newman burst into tears and Ward went his own way. A more serious tragedy was Clough's, with whom Ward took special pains, and convinced him permanently that there was no basis of belief but the Tractarian, and for a time that the basis was sound. As a rule Ward's victories were won over men who were able to enjoy their own discomfiture, because their characters and opinions were too well settled to be shaken by argument. When Tait ran away to chapel from an unanswerable argument, and then, having thought of a reply, came back in his surplice to meet a new defeat, he suffered no more than Ward did when the chair on which he was leaning gave way and threw him face downwards on the floor before he had finished stating the second of the three incompatible propositions to which his opponent was committed. Ward always enjoyed a joke against himself. He quoted with great delight Dr. Pusey's dictum:

"All who have left us have deteriorated so much—all, that is, with two exceptions. One exception is Newman; whose nature is so beautiful, so perfect, that nothing—not even going over to Rome—could change him. The other exception is Ward. Ward had got so bad already that with him further deterioration was impossible."

As Ward said of himself, he was always "a most disedifying person." He had an objection to church-going (of the Anglican type) comparable—*longo intervallo*—to Milner's. Long before his degradation he had ceased to believe in his Anglican orders; and when Macmullen told him that he was a priest, his reply was: "At that rate, the whole thing is an infernal humbug." He came back from his first confession and communion at the Jesuit chapel in Bolton Street to enjoy the pasquinades on his change of opinion with which his breakfast-table was covered, and to praise Father Brownbill for his knowledge of human nature.

"He told Mrs. Ward to make a retreat, and to practise certain austerities; but he told me to unbend my mind as much as possible, and go to the play as often as I could."

It was a curious fate which threw the leadership of the Oxford movement into such hands during the dreary years which followed 1841. It was a time full of the fears of the brave and follies of the wise. Hundreds were watching Newman nursing his wounds, pacing the banks of a visionary Rubicon through deepening shades—

"tendentemque manus ripae ulterioris amore."

All sorts of visionary schemes were in the air. The Rosminians who had just come to England were to drop all devotions which were not strictly primitive, and then the Tractarians were to go over in a body and the leaders were to join the order. Ward, clear-headed as he was, countenanced this scheme for removing Newman's scruples. He expended his main energies on insisting that Tractarians, like everyone else, had a perfect right to subscribe in a non-natural sense, and that as they did so they ought to say so; and in writing an overgrown pamphlet on *The Ideal of a Christian Church*. This was intended partly to justify the claim to hold all Roman doctrine as a member of the Church of England by exhibiting the inferiority of the Church of England and the superiority of the Church of Rome; partly, strange to say, as an irenicon. All serious, well-meaning people were to give up controversy and cultivate their consciences, and in this way they would attain enlightenment which would either reveal the superiority of the Church of Rome or open their eyes to a higher truth, if there was a higher. If the advice could have been taken it would have spared mankind much casuistry and much controversy of that peculiarly hateful sort where the controversialists try honestly and steadily to write and feel like Christians—on which Ward, like others, spent much thankless pains.

The truth is that Ward, if we dare say so, was a dilettante of a somewhat singular type. His great interest in life was an art which he could not practice. He had no more vocation to be a monk than Winckelmann had to be a sculptor. Everybody recognises that Winckelmann's appreciation of classical art amounted to genius. Ward's appreciation of the organisation of sanctity in the mediaeval and modern church deserves, perhaps, higher praise. Though, in some slight measure, anticipated by R. H. Froude, he was a discoverer, like Horace Walpole, whose contemporaries thought Gothic architecture ugly and ridiculous, while Winckelmann's contemporaries professed to admire what he taught them to understand. If Winckelmann had maintained that the art of Roubilliac or Nollekens was immeasurably inferior to classical art, no one would have accused him of fancying that he was a greater sculptor than either. When Ward pointed out that the Church of Rome was the mother of saints in a sense in which the Church of England was not, everybody, from Dr. Pusey downwards, inquired whether he (Ward) was too holy to make himself at home in the Church of Herbert and Keble. When, shortly after his degradation, Ward married, the present Bishop of London immediately concluded that the *Ideal* (where celibacy is highly extolled), which he had thought a *real* book, need not be read again. This was unfair, but Ward certainly gave provocation.

There were curious gaps in Ward's character, both moral and intellectual. He was very affectionate and felt coldness, but he did not feel deaths. He asked naturally, without finding an answer, why we should have any special affection for relations. His notion of patriotism did not include any admiration for the fatherland. It was limited to special grief at national vices and special pleasure in national virtues. His intellect—which, though he thought little of it, he truly declared to be, in certain directions, almost infinite—was curiously capricious, and he never emancipated himself from its caprices. He understood pure mathematics, and indulged his detestation of applied mathematics; he was a great dialectician, but he indulged his distaste for history. One effect was that he had to take his facts at second-hand, in a way which astonished Bonamy Price; another, that he had to discuss much without any clear view of the facts. For instance, Mr. Ward quotes a long and telling passage about the benefit rich men would derive from frequenting the confessional. For one who would do so, there are scores who would frequent charity dinners; and charity dinners have no tendency to keep those who frequent them, or those who do not, from going to church on Sunday. But, though it was essential to his argument, Ward was not in a position to compare the rival churches as working institutions; he preferred to contrast the theory of one with a shrewd caricature of the complacent practice of the other. All established religions which last make compromises with the natural man. Pascal found the compromises of his day quite as scandalous, and made them much more amusing. It was one of the many proofs of Ward's earnestness that in serious subjects he always wrote gravely, though he often seemed to talk lightly. Indeed, his boisterous and contagious gaiety was mostly on the surface. He was not naturally an optimist or cheerful. Probably the habitual melancholy which went with his headaches had its share in making him dissatisfied with the creed of Bentham and Mill. Even Arnold was not ascetic enough for him. He craved for a "watchful and incessant conflict with our old nature, carried through

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all the minutiae of life." This craving and the passion for intellectual clearness carried him from the side of Arnold to the feet of Newman, and thence to the feet of Pius IX. And, after all, one is apt to fancy that, though they were on opposite sides, he and Mill understood each other best.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Long Ago. By Michael Field. (Bell.)

IT is four years since Dr. H. T. Wharton, by his excellent little volume upon Sappho—"memoir, text, selected renderings, and a literal translation"—did all that care, scholarship, and tact could do to introduce the great Aeolian singer to English readers; and now a powerful English poetess has come to do much more—to extend the Sapphic fragments, that have been preserved for us by the quotations of grammarians and lexicographers, into original lyrics, embodying the aspirations, human and artistic, of her of Lesbos, and mirroring the surroundings of gracious land and goodly fellowship amid which these songs of piercing sweetness were sung so "Long Ago."

The poems of the volume, then, are no immediate and instinctive songs—like those of Burns, for instance—embodying the singer's own pressing and momentary feelings. To adopt a classification used by Mr. Browning regarding certain of his own pieces, while "lyric in expression" they are "dramatic in principle," "so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine"; or, rather, they are the imagined utterances of that one greatest poetess of antiquity, who has been to some of us little more than a visionary presence, the dimmest shadow of a shade. Into this far-off personality, aided always by the surviving fragments of its utterance, the imagination of the latter-day singer has entered most effectively, the "life in her abolishing the death of things," her own most ardent poet- and woman-heart—"all air and fire"—throbbing in rhythm with that which has so long lain still, her mouth receiving its song as though direct from the lips which for thousands of years have ceased to curve and quiver.

The readers of Michael Field already know that she possesses much of lyrical power. The songs scattered through her dramas, as well as a few stray pieces published in various periodicals, some of them in the pages of the ACADEMY, were enough to prove her skill and aptitude in this direction. The snatches of wavering song that flit through her plays—the "Where winds abound," of "The Cup of Water"; the "Who hath ever given," of the "The Father's Tragedy"—were lyrics of the most typical quality, similar in kind to the "It was a lover and his lass," and the "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," of Shakspere; to the "O Sorrow, why dost borrow," of Keats; to the "My silks and fine array," and the "O Rose, thou art sick," of Blake—things of a clear, simple, insequent, bird-like note, in which we do not at all look for recognisably logical continuity of thought; in which sound, at least as much as sense, is the effective agent in the emotional effect produced. The lyric is, indeed, the most typically poetic of all poetic forms, that in which we find poetry in subtlest and purest quintessence, most "free from baser matter." And the lyric is most characteristically itself, is seen in its most typical form, in songs such as those we have named—songs in which it has reached its utmost possible height, and trembles on the border-line separating it from another form of art; in which it is ready to pass into music, to dispense altogether, for its effect, with the aid of words, and to employ sound alone as its minister.

But a *volume* of lyrics of this most typical, this doubly-refined and rarefied, sort is impossible: singer cannot long sing, listener cannot long breathe in air so thin and keen. Lyrics of this kind are the true "song of the dramatists," points of pause, or rather of sudden airy flight, amid the tamer or statelier diction of the dramatic form—a diction which, of all poetic forms, approaches most closely to the actualities of real life, to the mere recorded speech of veritable men; and which is, in consequence, of all poetic forms the least essentially poetic, that most apt to drop, in all hands but the very highest—sometimes, for a moment, in the hands of the highest himself—into the insensitiveness of prose.

The lyrics of the present book, then, are no fitful snatches of song, evolved by mere instinct, comparable in emotional effect, and in the mode by which that effect is reached, to the sounds of nature, to the murmuring of the brooklet, or to the sighing of the wind through autumn branches. More of conscious aim and effort, more of definite brain power, is required in lyrics which are meant to open and disclose the "red-leaved tables" of the heart of the perfect poet, the supreme lover of "Long Ago." The theme of the book is the loveliness of visible things—of nature, in that sweet Aeolian land, and of the fair humanity to which this nature was the fitting setting; the overmastering power of passion; and the struggles of the poet's soul, irresistibly impelled to seek perfect expression for both: surely a sufficiently ample gamut for the music of any poet.

Here is a noble rendering of the singer's heart, striving to touch and kindle into sympathy the hearts of all its listeners, and then ready to sink back into the simplest longings for the warmth of most ordinary human bliss:

"I sang to women gathered round;
Forth from my own heart-springs
Welled out the passion; of the pain
I sang if the beloved in vain
Is sighed for—when
They stood untouched, as at the sound
Of unfamiliar things,
Oh, then my heart turned cold, and then
I dropt my wings.

"Trembling I seek thy holy ground,
Apollo, lord of kings;
Thou hast the darts that kill. Oh, free
The senseless world of apathy,
Pierce it!—for when
In poet's strain no joy is found,
His call no answer brings,
Oh, then my heart turns cold, and then
I drop my wings.

"All flocks are Pan's; the groves resound
To Orpheus' golden strings;
As swan that, secret, shrills the note
Triumphant from Apollo's throat,
My muse, from men
Her holy rapture would confound,
Turns to the woods and springs,
Whene'er my heart grows cold, and when
I drop my wings.

"Or by the white cliff's cypress mound,
My music wildly rings;
I watch the hoar sails on the track
Of moonlight; they are turning back;
Night falls; and when
By maiden-arms to be enwound
Ashore the fisher flings,
Oh, then my heart turns cold, and then
I drop my wings."

Of even finer temper and higher pitch is the following, in which Sappho dedicates her mirror to Venus, and then—in her love for Phaon—recalls with splendid effect the story of how he ferried the disguised Aphrodite, and won her choicest gifts:

"Deep in my mirror's glossy plate
Sweet converse oft I had
With beauty's self, then turned, elate,
To make my lovers glad;
But now across the quivering glass
My lineaments shall never pass:
Let Aphrodite take the thing
My shadow is dishonouring.

"Ah, fond and foolish, thou hast set
Aside the burnished gold,
But Phaon's eyes reflect thee yet
A woman somewhat old!
He watched thee come across the street
To-day in the clear summer heat;
And must he not perforce recall
How the sun limned thee on the wall?

"I sigh—no sigh her bosom smote
Who waited 'mid the crowd
Impatient for his ferry-boat,
An aged woman bowed
And desolate, till Phaon saw,
Turned swiftly, and with tender awe
Rowed her across, his strength subdued
To service of decrepitude.

"Beneath a beggar's sorry guise,
O laughter-loving Queen,
Thy servant still must recognise
A goddess—pace and mien.
He loved thee in thy fading hair,
He felt thee great in thy despair,
Thy wide, blue, clouded eyes to him
Were beautiful, though stained and dim.

"Daughter of Cyprus, take the disk
That pride and folly feeds;
Like thee the glorious chance I risk,
And in time's tattered weeds,
Bearing of many a care the trace,
Trusting the poet's nameless grace,
Stand unabashed, serene, and dumb,
For love to worship, if he come."

Still more powerful is the succeeding lyric, No. lii., unfortunately too long for quotation, dealing with the story of how Tiresias slew the snake, and so, unwittingly, changed his nature—a myth in this poet's hands, serving to illustrate, in singularly penetrative fashion, the bi-sexual make of the true poet, his

"Finer sense for bliss and dole
His receptivity of soul."

From strenuous work like this, from poems charged with gravest, profoundest thought, we have exquisite pause and relief in the leaping gaiety of such lyrics as the "Dear bridegroom, it is spring"; while, amid the ebb and flow of tumultuous passion which sweeps through so many of the pieces, the rich full notes of the two Epithalamia—"She comes, and youthful voices," and "O Hymen Hymenaeus"—strike with admirable effect, set as to the sound of organs and of trumpets, pulsing as to the measured tread of gravely-pacing, happy feet.

The quotations which we have been able to give are sufficient to indicate, what is confirmed by a careful perusal of the entire volume, that the art of Michael Field has been rapidly gaining in certainty of touch, in sense

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of proportion, in power of delicately artistic finish. Indeed, this book is enough to prove that she is no longer a "Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie," but a "past master," with complete command over tools and material—entered upon that paradise which the artist attains when he can do "what he will with his own." From the first, her work has been informed with intensity and passion, has evinced sufficient native force and freshness to assure its reader that a new and original poetic personality had grasped the pen. But what she has hitherto done, amid all its splendour, was often marred by extravagance, by want of measure and of balance, and by want of finish; and these faults were fostered by the freedom of the dramatic form in which most of her earlier work was embodied. She has been wise to turn to the finer, firmer, lyric measure, and to submit herself to the straiter discipline which it affords—to its more imperious demand for the utmost possible refinement of expression, rhythm, and melody; to the facilities for balance and rounded completion afforded by brief poems, each of which, from the first, can be clearly kept in view in its entirety—as a whole possessing a definite beginning, middle, and end, with mutual bearings one upon the other.

Accordingly, the present book is by far the most perfect and thoroughly satisfying that its author has yet produced. It shows all her old force and fire. One has only to turn its pages to cull, in plenty, examples of that vivid magic of unforgettable phrase which has been a characteristic of all this poet's work, to find lines like the following—

"To give us temper of eternal youth,"

or this other—

"Full of the sap and pressure of the year."

But, in addition to the old qualities that delighted us, we have here an artistic finish, we have an ease, precision, and restraint, such as has not hitherto been visible in the work of Michael Field.

To my mind, almost the only blemish in the book, the only point that calls—and it does call rather loudly—for revision, is its final poem, one distinctly unfortunate in the minor key in which it is set, and forming no satisfying or effectively dramatic culmination to the lyrical sequence which it closes. It does not leave one tingling with excitement; it is too quietly meditative in tone; neither in its measure nor in its words does it suggest the moment that preceded the wild flashing of the white form from the Leucadian cliff.

In spite, however, of this defect—this all but solitary defect, as I hold it—the volume is one for which we may well be right grateful, one to which many readers will turn, and turn again.

It becomes the wary critic to be sparing of prognostication—to avoid, as far as may be, "the gratuitous folly of prophesying"; for experience has taught him how blindly oblivion "scattereth her poppy," and how many lovely things have had but their moment of praise and now lie unregarded in the world. But there are times when even the most cautious must grow bold; and perhaps such a critic would not greatly err on the side of temerity if he were to assert his conviction that the present book will take a permanent place in our English literature, as one of the most exquisite lyrical productions of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

J. M. GRAY.

"EPOCHS OF CHURCH HISTORY."—*The Counter-Reformation.* By A. W. Ward. (Longmans.)

THE system of writing popular history by means of a series of short volumes, which has been in vogue for some years past, is not without its attendant disadvantages. Of these, one of the most prominent is that the writer is liable to be cramped by the narrow limits imposed upon him; and, as a natural consequence, some portion of his work suffers. We fancy that a trace of such cramping is apparent in the last chapter of the little work now before us. Another evil is the absolute necessity of excluding all references to original authorities. Still, despite Prof. Ward's preface, we cannot help thinking that in a series, the main purpose of which is, we suppose, educational, a few pages might with advantage be devoted to a statement of the chief sources of our information.

We do not, however, wish in any way to quarrel with the present work; and, apart from the disadvantages necessarily incidental to its form, this essay on the Counter-Reformation is an excellent addition to an excellent series. Prof. Ward's name would alone be sufficient pledge for good work and instructive reading; and those who seek for these will not be disappointed

Nevertheless, the book is not free from defects. Such Latin terms as "solitudo clericorum," "reservatum ecclesiasticum," occur somewhat frequently; and, though it may not be always possible to avoid their use, yet in a work of this character they should be employed sparingly, and in any case accompanied by some explanation. Certainly such expressions as "caducity" and "skepsis" are not to be commended in a book intended, as we suppose this one is, for a popular audience. On p. 154 there is a rather extraordinary misprint, "The interception of Pope Sixtus's letter to Philip II., begging him to relieve Pius and assume the sovereignty, completed the unfolding of the situation." Of course this should be "The interception of *The Sixteen's* letter to Philip II., begging him to relieve *Paris*," &c. The error may be an evident one, but we do not know that a young student could be expected to solve it by his unaided intellect; and it is certainly one which ought not to have been passed over. After all, however, these are but slight faults in what is, as we have said, a very excellent little work.

Prof. Ward, in the synopsis which he prefixes to his book, very clearly explains the phrase "the Counter-Reformation," with its two objects—"the regeneration of the Church of Rome and the recovery of the losses inflicted upon her by the early successes of Protestantism." The course of the movement is then traced through the events which accompanied the Council of Trent to its culmination in the great religious struggle which, under one form or another, filled almost the whole of Western Europe during the last half of the sixteenth century. Finally, we have set before us the manner in which the religious movement was lost sight of amid the complications of the Thirty Years' War.

The double aspect of the Counter-Reformation is well kept before us by Prof. Ward. It is not perhaps, too much to say that the regeneration of the Church of Rome was due to her adoption of the weapons of her assailants. It was the despiritualisation of the Church which made the Reformation necessary, and which gave it its sole claim to be considered a religious movement. So, also, the Counter-Reformation was successful, and was something more than an incident in the policy of Philip II., only because Rome reborrowed the spiritual principle which her antagonists had revived. The great Protestant leaders had triumphed because they appealed to the head and to the heart, instead of to the sensuous perceptions; so, also, the reaction came only when, under the guidance of the Jesuits and the other new religious orders, the Church of Rome inspired the outward pomp of her ancient ritual with the inward strength of a revived spiritual principle.

The possession of a stately ceremonial gave the Roman Church an immense advantage over her Protestant rivals with their cold and barren forms. M. Martin expressed this in a passage of great eloquence in which he explained the failure of Protestantism to secure a hold on the mass of the French people.

"What was offered in place of the magnificent array of Catholic symbolism, of that vast poem in action which rolled out its unending course with each revolving year? The abstract worship of the Spirit in temples bare and empty to the eyes of the flesh; the enthusiam of moral reformation; the exaltation of Christian dignity bursting forth in songs of a new harmony, the sole artistic product of an iconoclastic creed."

If this criticism is more true for France and Calvinism than for Europe and Protestantism generally, still it is not without a more universal application. It is instructive to notice that wherever the old hierarchy was most perfect, and its ritual as a consequence most firmly established, the new movement failed to secure a permanent footing. Protestantism has flourished only in those countries in which from one cause or another the episcopal system, and therefore the whole machinery of the ancient Church, was inadequate to meet the growing needs of the times. In Northern Germany, in Scandinavia, in Holland, and in Great Britain, the bishops were comparatively few in number, and these are just the countries in which the success of Protestantism has been least disputed and most permanent.

It was not, however, simply her own superior organisation that enabled the Roman Church to win back so much of the ground she had lost; we must also take into account the disorganisation of her opponents. The Reformation may, perhaps, be described as having tended to free the national rather than the individual judgment. The Anglican Church was avowedly a national one; Lutheranism achieved no permanent conquest outside Germany, except in kindred Scandinavia; Calvinism, if somewhat more cosmopolitan, was burdened with a dogma too severe to be maintained with complete success for any length

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of time, except under such peculiar circumstances as existed in Geneva and Scotland. Moreover, Protestantism was not only multiplex, but its various forms were mutually antagonistic; so it came to pass that the Protestants never presented an undivided front to the power which was everywhere marshalled by the one spirit of the Society of Jesus. It is in this disparity of organisation that we must, perhaps, seek for the chief explanation of the success of the Counter-Reformation. C. L. Kingsford.

Gleanings of Japan. By W. J. Dickson. (Blackwood.)

In reading this book, full of interesting information as it is, one is apt almost to wish that Mr. Dickson had not been to Japan before. He would not then have been so careful in picking and choosing what facts were new enough to lay before the reader, and we should have had a more free and connected narrative. On the other hand, he has given us what very few other writers could have done—an account of a revisit to these interesting islands by one who knew them twenty years ago, before the Daimios' castles were levelled to the ground, and there was yet not only a Mikado but a Shiogoon, and the picturesque, if somewhat barbarous, old feudal life was still in full vigour. An account of new Japan by a European who knew the old has an interest of its own. In noting the changes which have taken place since the sudden close of the old *régime*, he need not have been afraid of repeating what is an old story, for in this respect his impressions would have had sufficient individuality to freshen well-known facts. What he tells us is proof enough of this.

The introductory chapter—in which he describes the difference which the lighthouses have made in the first view of the shores of Japan by night, and the difference in the day time when smoky steamers take the place of the picturesque old junks, and mentions sundry other changes which have been made in the costume and habits of the people—is only too short. Politeness, he notes, if not dying out, has completely changed its character—flat hats have disappeared, the *cango* has given place to the *jinriksha*. The preciousness of time has been discovered, and fewer people are seen walking along the Tokaido, and other high roads, and the old nobility reside in tea houses instead of castles:

"The richly-dressed kuge or high official has disappeared from the streets of Miako; the processions, brilliant from their gorgeous dresses, are seen no more. The old class of Daimio, who figured so prominently in the history as well as in the everyday life of Japan, he [that is the visitor who revisits Japan after twenty years' absence] will miss, with their long straggling trains of followers, each with his two swords, and his wish to use them on some one, as well as the more modest Daikwan or Gokennin, with his single servant walking behind him, sometimes even carrying his master's sword. He will regret the loss, at least in the landscape, of the picturesque residences of these Daimios, as at Odawara and Akashi on the Tokaido, all swept away by the indiscriminating conceit and jealousy of the class now risen to power, which has sold even the grand trees that adorned, as well as the stones that composed, the battlements and walls. He may find on further examination that these Daimios have been cheated with subterfuges, and left with their families almost penniless, and ready even to sell their daughters to live."

Passages of this kind, though telling us little we did not know before, present facts in a striking and comprehensive manner. They might occur, with advantage, more frequently throughout a volume which, in the main, may be described as a sort of supplement to Mr. Satow's handbook—full of interesting matter, but better to dive into than to read straight through.

This defect (if, indeed, it be one) is caused partly by the paucity of incident in the journey. It is difficult to maintain interest in it as a narrative; and what interest there is of this kind is continually interrupted by stories, scraps of folklore, "useful information," and digressions of no very obvious relevancy, but often far more entertaining than the adventures of the travellers. When we arrive at the end of the volume we feel the appropriateness of the title. The book is a bundle of gleanings, ill-assorted; or, rather, like the contents of a botanist's box after a ramble on a rather dull day. If you are a botanist, you will be delighted with the rare specimens; if you care for things Japanese, you will get much enjoyment out of Mr. Dickson's book. It contains little about art, except an account of an exhibition of pictures (chiefly "black and white") at Tokio, in which were some unsuccessful attempts to try European style. But, after describing the subjects of some of these pictures, Mr. Dickson, for no particular reason, introduces a good story of how Iyaymitzu, the third Shiogoon, ordered his cook (who was a man of rank) to commit suicide because of a small stone in his soup.

"But, he said, 'No, I cannot commit *harakiri* as soup made by me never had a stone in it; but you gentlemen have been hawking under a very high wind. You came in very hungry and ate your dinner very quickly, and did not wash your hands or change your dress before eating. Some piece of stone may have dropped from your hair or clothes into the soup. You must change your clothes and wash your hands, and if you find after that any stones or dirt in the soup I will kill myself.'"

Result—addition to the cook's revenues of 200 *koku* a year.

More important are Mr. Dickson's contributions to the history of Christianity in Japan and its extirpation by Iyeyas in the seventeenth century. In a *résumé* of a Japanese pamphlet he gives the story from the native side, and adds to it the story of Hanai, who was supposed to be in league with the Jesuits. Both the chapters relating to this subject are of high interest, and Mr. Dickson does not hesitate to express his own opinion of the matter in no measured terms. He writes of the

"firm determination of Iyeyas to free the country of such dangerous intriguers, who had gone the length of getting up a political conspiracy and rebellion to further what they were pleased to think was the Kingdom of God, but which in reality was only their own supremacy in the empire."

On the circumstances attending the slaying of Mr. Richardson in 1862 Mr. Dickson has something to say in defence of the English party whose conduct has recently been attacked by an American author. According to Mr. Dickson, who appears to have been only prevented by a previous engagement from forming one of the party, no notification had been issued warning Europeans not to go upon the Tokaido on the day of the murder. In the same chapter (xx.) will be found some very severe remarks about the conduct of the Japanese Government in 1869 in sacrificing eleven young Japanese soldiers to the demands of the French in consequence of a scuffle at Sakkye in which eleven men who had landed from a French man-of-war were killed. Mr. Dickson goes to the length of suggesting that the curses of the dying Japanese took effect in the misfortunes of France in 1870.

On social matters Mr. Dickson's book gives a great deal of information, but it is so scattered through it is difficult to make anything like a *résumé* of it. Of the old prisons, of which he saw some specimens at Nikko, there is some description and an illustration. "They were simply large wooden-boxes about fourteen feet square and ten feet high." Such are the prisons of Japan in many places still, and Mr. Dickson adds this depressing remark: "A prisoner must pay smartly or he gets no food. If he is contumacious or obstreperous besides, he gets arsenic in his supper; and poisoning is said to have increased much of late years." That there is much still to be done by the rulers of New Japan before their system for the detection and punishment of crime can be considered satisfactory is plain from more than one passage in this book. On one occasion Mr. Dickson heard a native jesting over the large number of wives and children he had lost in a very few years. The religious question naturally occupies much attention in a volume of travel through a country where the enormous remains of a disestablished and disendowed Buddhism are swiftly rotting away. The recent report of some of the "heads of the church" is interesting and instructive. They seem to have little to say for their religion except as a means for employment of a number of people who would otherwise starve or be competitors in other employments already crowded. On other subjects—such as the different kinds of bamboo and their uses, the different breeds of domestic fowls, their proficiency as layers and the colour of their bones (one variety has black bones), the hot-springs and the waterfalls; some peculiar classes, families, and races, such as the Yeta class (executioners and skin dressers), the Koga family (formerly employed as detectives), and the peculiar, perhaps aboriginal, people called Zenki and Goki—Mr. Dickson has much to tell us; and there are many items less interesting than the appendix, which relates to the islands of Liukiu or Loochoo.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

Master Virgil, the Author of the Aeneid, as he seemed in the Middle Ages: a Series of Studies. By J. S. Tunison. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.)

It is always dangerous to attempt to write an interesting book on a subject which others have already handled with grace and learning, but we can congratulate Mr. Tuni-

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son on his success. Since Virgil first thrilled human imagination by his immortal poems, he has never lost his hold nor ceased to exercise a sort of fascination, which has varied with the age, over the thoughts of men. The middle ages, in addition to the literary devotion to Virgil, which, even in the darkest days of the decadence, never quite disappeared, added to it a sort of popular devotion, which expressed itself in legends. Busy popular fancy, for which reality was not enough, raised Virgil's person in the middle ages beyond the regions of ordinary nature; and the poet was transformed into a man of science, and then, by a short step, into a powerful magician obeyed by the powers below, and for whom the future was no mystery. These strange and attractive legends are well known; and, after having furnished matter for the labours of the learned, were some years ago studied afresh and expounded in a very agreeable form by Prof. Comparetti in his masterly treatise *Virgilio nel Medio Evo*. It is singular that while these legends, ceasing to be merely oral traditions among the people, first entered European literature by means of English writers such as John of Salisbury and Alexander Neckam, in our days there was as yet no book in the English language which grouped and described them. To Mr. Tunison must be ascribed the merit of having been the first to write this book, and of having written it with charm. If after Comparetti's exhaustive work it was hardly possible to say anything new, he has, at any rate, not contented himself with making a mere compendium of that work, but has gone over again for himself the ground already trodden by others. He has applied himself to the sources of those legends, and if unable to discover new materials he has at least thoroughly familiarised himself with those already known. This gives his book that thoroughness and flavour of originality which are never to be found in a book compiled at secondhand. His originality even leads him to separate himself from Comparetti in one very important particular—namely, as to the origin of the legend, but we fear that the separation is not a fortunate one for him.

According to Comparetti, the Virgilian legends, which we find principally developing themselves at Naples, are of popular and Neapolitan origin, though he recognises in them two elements. Of these two elements the first is exclusively Neapolitan and centres in the name of Virgil, accompanied by the idea of a special affection felt by him for the city of Naples; the second element consists of the belief in certain public talismans attributed to Virgil, and this element is not exclusively Neapolitan, and is in any case of later date than the first, from which it is really quite distinct, as making part of the many legends that in the ages of barbarism were formed around ancient monuments. According to Mr. Tunison, on the other hand, the legend springs essentially from the North; and, as we find it first in John of Salisbury, Conrad of Querfurt, and Alexander Neckam, so its nature is northern, and not southern.

"In the thirteenth century," he remarks, "the Latin races, although they retained many of their early superstitions, ceased to use them indiscriminately as a means of explaining everything which they did not understand. With the Germans the case was different. The conversion of the Teutonic tribes to Christianity had been a slow and gradual process. Here and there Paganism, with its antique ritual, held its place for centuries in the midst of communities nominally Christian. Even when this state of things passed away, the Germans retained to a greater measure than other races the belief in those existences intermediate between man and the inhabitants of heaven."

In reality, notwithstanding this dominant idea of Mr. Tunison's, we seem to gather from his book generally that the difference between him and Comparetti is less great than he himself imagines; and it appears to us to arise from the fact that he hardly realises clearly enough the way in which the legend passes from popular tradition to its expression in literature. Moreover, we think that Mr. Tunison would, perhaps, have limited rather more the bearings of his conclusions had he possessed a juster idea of the development of the popular Italian legends and of the strange way in which the classical and romantic elements were grafted on them—if, indeed, the second of these elements can properly be called romantic, and has not deeper and older roots than those transplanted from Germany into Italy at the fall of the Empire. A very learned book, and one very suggestive on this subject, which Mr. Tunison might have profitably consulted, and we are surprised to see it has escaped his attention, is the work by Prof. Arthur Graf, of the Turin University, entitled *Roma nella Memoria e nella Immaginazione del Medio Evo*.

At all events, the Virgilian legend existed prior to its literary form. Doubtless it would be most interesting to follow the development of its first phase, and trace it back to the time when the idea of talismans as described by it first really began among the Neapolitan people, and to find how Virgil's name became identified with this idea. "But," as Comparetti observes (vol. ii., p. 36),

"the monuments to which we have access give no answer to this question. As we have seen, the most ancient mention of this that we possess does not go further back than John of Salisbury, that is, to the middle of the twelfth century. To conclude from this that such ideas had not been introduced among the Neapolitans before that epoch would betray inexperience. Whoever knows the Middle Ages knows well how latent very often are the slow formation, and the existence among the people, of numerous legends which suddenly reveal themselves in writing; and how probable it is that a very large number of them may have passed into oblivion, and be entirely unknown to us. Nothing contradicts the supposition that these same Neapolitan legends may mount up to a period of the Middle Ages prior to the twelfth century. If in this century we hear of them for the first time, this need not astonish us when we consider that it is exactly the century in which light begins to be thrown on the inner life of Italian cities, and especially of Naples, which was just then leaving behind its isolation, and preparing to make part of the new monarchy founded by Roger, increasing so greatly in strength and importance as soon to become the capital of a powerful kingdom."

These words of Comparetti's seem to us to have much weight in the question we have been considering; but apart from this point, Mr. Tunison's book has great merits, and bears witness to high literary capacity in the writer and to much earnestness of research.

UGO BALZANI.

NEW NOVELS.

The Reproach of Annesley. In 3 vols. By Maxwell Gray. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Common Clay. In 3 vols. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. (Ward & Downey.)

The Castle and the Manor. By Mrs. Winter. (Burns & Oates.)

The Young Queen, and other Stories. By E. S. Vicars. (Bell.)

Prince Maskiloff: a Romance of Modern Oxford. By Roy Tellet. (Sampson Low.)

The Secret of the Lamas. (Cassell.)

Nikanor. By Henry Greville. Translated by Eliza E. Chase. (Chatto & Windus.)

Egypt and the Soudan. By Major Victor. (J. Henderson.)

THERE was a force and an intensity in *The Silence of Dean Maitland* which, in spite of undeniable defects and uncompromising crudity, extorted admiration and held the reader's attention. The same faults, with the same excellences, reappear in *The Reproach of Annesley*; the former, indeed, are hardly toned down, if the peculiar attractions of the writer have become perfected and sustained. That is to say, the psychology of the book is, at times, sensational and abrupt, though it does not exclude subtle and delicate delineation of character. It is not, perhaps, too rash to assign this violence and harshness to what may be presumably regarded as the method of the author. Maxwell Gray, apparently, constructs moral problems, or rather selects certain moods and passions, and then invents a story which shall express their solution, or in which their conclusion shall be worked out. At least, this seems the case in the character of Gervase Rickman, and, to a more striking degree, in the character of Paul Annesley, which is the dominant influence in the book, and is not much fortified by a hereditary curse. And it is in the character of Paul Annesley that the psychological improbabilities are the most violent. The method of writing fiction which is here attributed to Maxwell Gray was avowed by the author of *Middlemarch*, and therefore has a famous precedent in its favour. But its employment by George Eliot involved an absence of spontaneous reality in many of her characters and in some of her stories; nor does the disciple escape the penalty which attended the teacher. The assumed resemblance between the procedure of George Eliot and of Maxwell Gray is further exemplified in the superior naturalness of the accessory characters with whom the moral problems are not directly concerned. If the conception of Paul Annesley is forced, nothing can be more natural or more delightful in their way than the heroine, or Sybil, or Mrs. Rickman, not to mention the Poysers of the story. The rural characters, although they are rather overdone and occupy too much space, still remain both lifelike and engaging. Grave-diggers have been given to moralising ever since poor Yorick's skull was turned up; but even more

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true to nature than Mr. Squire's moralising is the unconsciously brutal consolation he offers to Eln Gale, the consumptive girl, together with the unquestioning acquiescence of its reception—

"'And I'll do ee up comfortable, Eln,' I zays. 'Thankee kindly, Master Squire,' zes she, 'you allus stood my vriend,' she zes, &c."

But it is not possible to leave *The Reproach of Annesley* without a word of appreciation for the descriptions of South Down scenery, and the intimate observation of nature which it displays. It is enough to read the first few pages (though their topography is certainly puzzling) to be struck by the fidelity of the touches. Maxwell Gray obviously has learned to look through the Poet Laureate's eyes. We have the "black ashbuds" (which so delighted the farmer in *Cranford*), and the stunted trees bent back in one direction by the wind from the sea, both appropriately introduced.

Mrs. Herbert Martin has succeeded in making a fairly interesting, if not a very strong, novel out of a rather improbable situation. Her hero, an amateur painter and Bohemian, and altogether a weak character, falls violently in love with a country girl of half-gipsy origin. Zella Foster has nothing to recommend her, except "la beauté du diable"; and love must have blindfolded Mr. Erle's eyes very tightly to hide from him the unpleasant and vulgar traits in her nature. However, the young man determines on the further absurdity of educating his woodland nymph in the proprieties and conventions of polite society. She is placed first with his sister, and then in a family of his acquaintance. We think Mrs. Martin might have made more of the humourous incidents (besides that of Zella's confidences with Jane) which such an expedient was sure to provoke. The gipsy girl's stay under Mrs. Kingston's roof afforded a golden opportunity. But Mrs. Martin is too unrelenting in her earnestness; a lighter touch is required. Yet the process by which the scales are gradually removed from Wilfrid's vision is skilfully traced. The contrast between Zella and her surroundings is also successfully elaborated, and Mrs. Martin makes the immense but unrealised gulf between the life of the educated and uneducated classes open widely before us. She also describes the Chetwynd household with adroit and sympathetic touches. The fading old lady, and the two daughters with their very distinct characters, are admirable. Some excellent commonsense, and none of it too severe, is put into the mouth of the elder sister when she upbraids Wilfrid Erle with Lesbia's temporary catastrophe. Mrs. Martin, however, pays homage to the discredited belief in the illogicality of the sex by insisting on Miss Chetwynd's violent and changing partisanship. The hero gets off in the end with far better fortune than he had any right to expect, though the book is none the worse for having an old-fashioned and somewhat conventional ending. The most original and powerful thing in it, however, is undoubtedly the defiant and half-savage love which exists between Zella Foster and the solitary gamekeeper. It is no reflection on Mrs. Martin to say that the episode calls up faint reminiscences of Emily Brontë's elemental characters.

Mrs. Winter chronicles a series of scenes in the lives of two families of cousins who live near one another in the country, and have most things which make childhood enjoyable. There is nothing unnatural or overdone in Mrs. Winter's descriptions; but the children, nevertheless, rather verge on the goody-goody type, which is not indeed the usual result of such indulgence as their parents display. It is a positive relief when one young gentleman of some spirit hurls a book at his governess's head. But this is the only transgression in the story, and it is very properly "improved" for the benefit of juvenile readers. The young Russells and Selbournes ought to have developed sound literary instincts in after life. They give performances—wisely, however, restricted to a family audience—in which Shelley's "Cloud" is recited; and the youthful actors undertake the various characters in the "Rape of the Lock."

The author of *The Young Queen* has one disappointing trick. Considerable skill is displayed in the construction of these stories, and a really exciting situation is reached, both in "Twelve o'Clock" and in "One Winter's Night." But, just when we are expecting the solution of the mystery, or anticipating the demands of poetic justice, the story breaks off abruptly, and we are left unsatisfied and perplexed. This may be a justifiable artifice to employ now and again. But the universal desire for a good ending should not be invariably baffled, and repeated disappointment suggests a suspicion of the writer's inability to bring the story to a suitable termination. There is, moreover, much variety in the merits of the short pieces which make up this volume, and all are decidedly well written. "The Young Queen," which has the place of honour, is a pleasant enough reminiscence of the last coronation, but is hardly in keeping with the rest of the book.

THE auspicious planet which apparently stood over Roy Tellet in his first venture—*The Outcasts*—must have suffered partial eclipse, at the least, during the composition of *Prince Maskiloff*. Clever touches there certainly are in its pages, and rather amusing bits of dialogue; but the wit is not above that of the fifth form, and the satire, though innocuous, is hackneyed. The whole motive of the story is decidedly too weak, and the ingenuity which helped the author through *The Outcasts* is far to seek. Nothing could be more unnatural and melodramatic than what Mrs. Ramsbotham would term "the electric affinities" which draw the Russian prince and and the Oxford undergraduate together. Still, the book is not uninteresting, and the scenes of college life have a reality about them. The way in which the prince's inadequate secret is handled provokes a measure of curiosity, however obvious the conclusion appears.

A bold attempt is made in *The Secret of the Lamas* to adapt hypnotism, esoteric Buddhism, and the magic with which certain pious people invest the sages of Thibet to the purposes of modern fiction. But it is hardly successful. The transition to and from Central Asian solitudes to Hurlingham and St. Peter's, Eaton Square, are too sudden. A young English officer captured on a surveying expedition into Yarkand (the geography of the story, by the by, in spite of Abbé Huc's assistance, does not bear too close a dissection), is initiated into the highest learning of the Lamas. He continues, however, or rather his "astral body" does, to intervene somewhat uncertainly in the affairs of his cousin in England, to whom he is united both in magnetism and affection. But the thaumaturgy of the Lamas is the most ambitious part of the book. The first ordeal to which the aspirant is submitted recalls the processes by which Ayesha, in Mr. Haggard's well-known romance, used to renovate her youth. A somewhat higher flight of imagination is reached in the second ordeal. But Johoam is an unfortunately chosen name for a Thibetan past-master, and how Dr. Creswick can reconcile his conduct with professional etiquette is a mystery as great as any of those of the Lamasery.

Henry Greville's pathetic story of the Russian priest, Nikanor, which is familiar to many readers in the French original, now makes its appearance before the public in an English version. The translation appears to be faithful, and, except for one or two slight turns of expression, has the merit of reading not like a native work. But the illustrations with which it is interspersed are not very good, and appear to have suffered in the reproduction.

The bombardment of Alexandria, Khasassin, Tel-el-Khebir, a rescue in Rotten Row, scenes at an army tutor's near London, and then again El Teb, and the desert march, with villain scheming throughout, a heroine of untold wealth, and a hero who outparagons the Admirable Crichton, make up a strange medley in *Egypt and the Soudan*. But they do not constitute fiction, and the romance of desert warfare and Gordon's fate are made cheap by the intrigues with which they are associated.

C. E. DAWKINS.

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

A New School Dictionary. By C. D. Lewis. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) It is not likely that there will be much difference of opinion as to the merits and demerits of this book. It is a scholarly work, which, unfortunately, owing to its plan, can hardly be widely used in England. The scholarship is undeniable. There are, indeed, a few errors—one or two rather uncomfortable ones—which demand correction; but such there must be in every long work, and the general accuracy and grasp is distinctly superior to that shown in any other Latin-English dictionary. This, perhaps, is not very high praise; but it is right to recognise that Prof. Lewis has "cut the record." The only point that is not quite clear is the exact meaning of his statement that the present work is an "independent dictionary," and in no sense based on that of Lewis and Short. Obviously it is not a mere abridgment; but we do not understand that Prof. Lewis has re-read the authors with whom his new dictionary deals, in order to construct his book *de novo*. And yet it is only such work which can claim to produce an independent dictionary: anything short of that must result in what is, after all, but an adaptation. How-

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ever, the work—in whatever way composed—is undeniably good. Equally undeniable is it that it is constructed on a bad plan—that is, so far as English schools are concerned. It is idle to publish a school dictionary in England which excludes Plautus and the *Annals* of Tacitus, and the Letters of Pliny. Besides, it is very hard to see how a large "School Dictionary" can be called a crying need. There is sore need of an elementary dictionary, which should be what—in our opinion—Messrs. Gepp and Haigh's book failed to be. But, when a boy has read and learnt enough to soar beyond the elementary book, he ought to be perfectly able to use a lexicon of the size of Lewis and Short. The learner passes direct from the Latin primer to the large Latin grammar. There is no need to have a third stage in the lexicon which is used alongside of the grammar.

Selections from Lucretius. With Notes. By T. J. Dymes. (Rivingtons.) In a short Introduction contributed to this little book, Prof. A. J. Church commends the idea of an anthology of Lucretius as specially useful to young students. Undoubtedly, the subtlety and profundity of the poet's arguments, and their scientific earnestness, are quite beyond the comprehension of schoolboys. Except for an advanced sixth form, a single book of Lucretius is barely possible, and the whole poem out of the question. We agree also that his purely poetical passages admit of being detached from their context better than those of most poets. A doubt still remains if their undeniable beauty is of a sort best comprehended in early youth. Latin literature is a wide field. It contains nothing finer than the sacrifice of Iphigenia in book i., and the contemptuous analysis of luxury and *ennui* in book iii. But the bitter pathos of the one passage, the bitter scorn of the other, are not of a sort to be thoroughly realised by boys; not even by those who can appreciate the death of Dido and the antithetic severities of Juvenal. It is better, we think, to come to Lucretius a little latter. However, if boys are to read Lucretius, we do not doubt that Mr. Dymes has shown the best method. In seventy-eight pages of about thirty lines each, he has given the best of Lucretius's poetry, excluding the more crabbedly argumentative portions. Perhaps the more mawkish effects of the passion of love (pp. 41-2) need not have been inserted, in spite of the immortal couplet (ll. 1132-3) near the conclusion. The notes, though not without the fault of simply construing words which only need to be looked out, are commendably short and to the point. Unless we mistake, those on p. 99, referring to ll. 1278-9, are on a passage subsequently dropped from the text (p. 42). A concise account of Epicurus might, we think, have been added with advantage. The words on p. 109 seem insufficient to describe a man to whom the extracts so constantly refer.

The Republic of Plato. Book X. Edited as an Introduction to the Study of Plato's philosophy by B. D. Turner. (Rivingtons.) The strong point of Mr. Turner's modest little work is its grammatical and its explanatory notes. Book x. cannot without violence be detached from the rest of the work, and even Mr. Turner's careful analysis will not put scholars who have not read books i.-ix. into a position to enjoy or deal effectively with book x. Consistently accepting the consequences of his separation of the book, Mr. Turner has little to say of the light thrown on it by earlier books, or of the inconsistencies between it and earlier books; but the purely grammatical field he has cultivated with care and success. The Greek of the later parts of the *Republic* has been little studied in this country, or at any rate we can remember no edition of them; and Mr. Turner's notes will now make—so far as the language goes—an excellent introduction to Plato. Even honour-students often come to grief over διακελεύοιτο in p. 614d; but they will have no further excuse for ignorance about its construction.

Herodotus. Book VI. With Introduction, Notes, and Maps. By E. S. Shuckburgh. (Cambridge: University Press.) This is a very convenient little book for teachers and for pupils. It supplies all the information, grammatical and historical, needful for understanding the one book of Herodotus. The notes are lucid, brief, and sufficient. It is probable that they would not have been written but for the excellent German commentary of Stein, to whom Mr. Shuckburgh expresses his obligations. But his treatment of the commentary is not servile. He tacitly corrects or avoids some of Stein's mistakes; and he has gone so carefully over the matter for himself that we fancy he will be interested in a list of passages on which it is possible to take views other than his. (1) It is strange, he says (p. xxi.), that Aristagoras did not go with the Ionians and Athenians to Sardis in B.C. 500. But Herodotus (v., 124) suggests the reason: he was a coward; and he would have no stomach for a dangerous expedition three days' march from the sea. (2) (pp. xxxii, 171) Suidas, *s.v.* χωρὶς ἱππεῖς does not say that the Ionians signalled to Miltiades at Marathon that the Persian cavalry was all on board. He merely says that ἀναχωρήσαντος αὐτοῦ (Δατίδος) they signalled χωρὶς ἱππεῖς. If he had said anything about the cavalry being on board we should understand this obscure battle better than we do. (3) Herodotus (vi., 62): "'He said he consented.' This aorist stands where, perhaps, a future infinitive would be used in English." Is is not: "He said he had agreed"? (4) Chap. 92: Καὶ δή, "'now,' introducing a continuation of the story." Why not = καὶ ἤδη, "and this time" opposing this time to book v. (84) as καὶ δὴ = καὶ ἤδη in chap. 12? (5) Chap. 115.—συνθεμένους, "having agreed with the Persians on a signal." The repetition of nearly the same words in chap. 121 makes it probable that τ. Π. goes with ἀναδέξαι rather than with συνθεμένους. (6) Chap 119.—Why should the three substances "arrive divided" at a second vessel? This would merely mix them up again. Rawlinson is more probably right in his interpretation. (7) Note on chap. 119.—"For this conduct of the king *cp.* cc. 30, 40." Read 20 and 41. (8) Chap. 122.—Here, again, Rawlinson is more probably right in saying that Kallias gave each of his daughters "a most ample dowry, and placed it at their own disposal" than Mr. Shuckburgh in translating ἐχαρίσατο without an accusative "did them a favour. (9) Mr. Shuckburgh follows Stein in saying that it was the ghost or double of Timo, not Timo herself, who advised Miltiades in Paros. But why so? When Herodotus means a ghost he says so pretty plainly (see chap. 117); and the Parians, at least, said it was a human being.

Livy. Book XXII. Edited by M. S. Dimsdale. (Cambridge: Pitt Press Series.) If the work of editors bear fruit in the knowledge of readers, our young men ought to be pretty well acquainted with the early years of the second Punic War. The resolution of the universities to prescribe for examination that period of Roman history has produced quite a crop of helpful little books on the subject—the editions of parts of Livy by Messrs. Capes, Macaulay, Tatham, and Dowdall, the translation by Messrs. Church and Brodribb, and the separate publication of Dr. Arnold's account of the war. Among these an honourable place was taken by Mr. Dimsdale's edition of book xxi., and his edition of book xxii. is kept up to the same high standard. The little volume is as complete as introduction, notes, maps, and appendices can make it. Though Mr. Dimsdale's account of Cannae is not quite the same in detail as that of Mr. Strachan-Davidson, he agrees with the latter that the battle was fought on the right bank of the Aufidus. But why does he call the right bank the northernmost? We cannot help thinking that the passage at the end of chap. 37 does not want any mending or exhibit any irregularity if *classem* be taken in its old sense. There is not even a tautology, for *navium classem* is simply "*a force* of ships." No number, therefore, need be supposed to have fallen out before *navium*.

The Hippolytus of Euripides. With Introduction and Notes by W. S. Hadley. (Cambridge: University Press.) The popularity of the *Hippolytus* as a play for the middle forms of a public school is one of the unexplained mysteries of the pedagogic art. Almost alone among first-rate Greek dramas, its plot may fairly be called objectionable in relation to yonthful students. Less horrible than the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, it is treated with so much less delicacy than Sophocles gave to his masterpiece that, while the one can suggest nothing but pure tragedy, the other is capable of being read as a tale of impropriety. This, we should think, must have struck Mr. Hadley when he was penning Appendix A, pp. 124-5. A drama dealing with Joseph, Potiphar's wife, and a go-between, might be powerful, but could hardly be a profitable educational study. Not that we are insensible to the brilliancy of the play, or to the beauty of the choric odes, to which Mr. Hadley does no more than justice on p. xii. We only wonder at its frequent selection in preference to less dubious dramas for the use of the young. Mr. Hadley's notes appear to us for the most part judicious as well as learned. Their defect is illustrated by the dissertation on the difficult ll. 135-8—a tendency to discuss and guess without putting clearly before the reader a definite opinion of the annotator's. It is not necessary to dogmatise. It is well to express a clear view. Nor has Mr. Hadley always avoided the fault of explaining the obvious—as, *e.g.*, in his notes on ll. 289, 469, 696; nor that of saving the use of the lexicon, as on ll. 616, 529, 767, 923. Is he quite correct in saying (p. xiv.) that "the greatness of her [Phaedra's] sin is palliated by the greatness of her trial, and her very vengeance would to a Greek have in it a semblance of virtue"? The only possible "palliation" for her sin or her vengeance is madness; the vengeance, on any other hypothesis, is that of a fiend, if, indeed, hell have a "fury like a woman scorned." It is, we think, a libel on Greek opinion, to find in her scheme "a semblance of virtue" from the Greek point of view.

Caesar VIIth Campaign in Gaul. By W. C. Compton. (Bell.) The most salient features of this book are the maps, and plans, and sketches. Mr. Compton has taken the trouble of visiting the districts in which the campaign of 52 B.C. was fought out, and has returned with many charming sketches of the chief towns, which he has interspersed in his text. The result is attractive, but we fancy—though it is a hard thing to say—that one gets a clearer idea of France than of Gaul. It is difficult, for instance, to get any very definite notion of Agedincum or Vellaunodunum or Avaricum out of the cuts on pp. 8-10. Still, it may prove to the schoolboy that the places do really exist, and were not invented by Caesar. The plans are considerably better from the utilitarian point of view, though the one facing p. 21 is too complex, unless it is to be elucidated on the blackboard. In other respects, this book is much like other books; but we may say that the notes are good, and the "Idioms" at the end very good. We are sure that Mr. Compton has made a valuable

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addition to the books available for fourth and fifth form use—perhaps even for more advanced students, as he hints in his preface. The criticisms of geographical details (*e.g.*, pp. 107-108 or p. 103) are, we presume, meant for the latter only.

Caesaris Commentarii de Bello Civili. Ed. Guil. Th. Paul. (Leipzig: Freytag.) This is another volume of the "Schenkl" series of texts, to which we have several times alluded in the ACADEMY. It contains the text, and sixty pages of introduction dealing with readings; but no index. One wonders rather why yet another text of the *Bellum Civile* should be wanted; but, assuming the need, Dr. Paul has done his work fairly well. One sentence in his preface shows such commonsense that we will quote it.

"Non committendum existimavi ut sermonis ambiguitate et obscuritate et lacunarum impedimentis lectio retardaretur puerorumque studia refrigescerent."

If all editors would judge thus in respect of school books, the study of Greek and Latin would flourish considerably more than it now does. We are not quite sure, however, whether Dr. Paul is not touched with the universal German *emendandi cacoethes*, and occasionally alters without due need. This, however, is the natural judgment of any one who criticises the formation of a text. In respect of the MSS., Dr. Paul swears by what he styles the "familia Romana," and is no doubt right in doing so.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE new edition of Mr. Robinson Ellis's Commentary on Catullus is expected to be ready by the end of June. It is dedicated to the Dean of Westminster.

BARON NORDENSKIÖLD has now passed through the press the great work upon which he has been engaged for some time—a Facsimile Atlas to the Oldest History of Cartography. It is a folio volume containing reproductions of fifty-one maps printed before 1600, with descriptive letter-press and other illustrations. There is also included the MS. map of Northern Europe (*circa* 1467), recently discovered by the baron in the library of Count Zamoiski, of Warsaw.

MR. COCHRAN-PATRICK has in the press, for early publication with Messrs. MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow, a work on the Industries and Trade of Scotland during the Mediaeval Period.

MR. JOHN B. BURY, fellow of Trinity College, Dublin—who has been contributing a series of articles on the Byzantine empire to the *English Historical Review*—is well advanced with a History of the Later Roman Empire from Arcadius to Irene, A.D. 395-800, which will be published, in two volumes, by Messrs. Macmillan.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish about the middle of this month a one-volume work of fiction, entitled *The Wrong Box*, which bears the joint names of R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne on the title-page. The box, we may state, is sent from Italy to England; and its contents ought to be the dead body of a man, but they turn out to be something else.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish immediately *The Political Life of Our Time*, by Mr. David Nicol, in two volumes.

THE next volume in the series of "English Men of Action" will be *Dampier*, written by Mr. W. Clark Russell.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S story, "Lady Car: the Sequel of a Life"—really a sequel to "The Ladies Lindores"—which is running as a serial in *Longman's Magazine*, will be published in volume form on June 15.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have in preparation *An Account of the Aborignes of Tasmania*: their Manners, Customs, Wars, Hunting, Food, Morals, Language, Origin, and General Characteristics; collected from all sources, from the time of their first contact with Europeans until their final extermination, by Mr. H. Ling Roth, assisted by E. Marion Butler. The book will also have a chapter on the osteology by Dr. J. G. Garson; and a preface by Dr. E. B. Tylor; besides numerous autotype plates, from original drawings made by Edith May Roth. The edition will be strictly limited to subscribers, and every copy will be numbered.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. announce *Christianity and Islam in Spain*, A.D. 756-1031, by Mr. C. R. Haines, being the Kaye prize essay at Cambridge for last year.

THE Cambridge Press will publish immediately an Atlas of Commercial Geography, by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, intended as a companion to Dr. H. R. Mills's *Elementary Commercial Geography*, which was recently reviewed in the ACADEMY.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY have in the press *Marriage and Heredity*; or, Some Aspects of the Law of Evolution, by Mr. J. F. Nisbet.

A SECOND series of the Rev. Thomas Parkinson's *Legends and Traditions of Yorkshire* is announced as shortly to be published by Messrs. Elliot Stock.

MR. EDWARD STANFORD announces two additions to his series of "Tourist's Guides": *Worcestershire*, by Mr. R. N. Worth; and *Bedfordshire*, by Mr. A. J. Foster.

MRS. OLIVIA M. STONE'S book on the Canary Islands, entitled *Teneriffe and its Six Satellites*, will be brought out this autumn in a condensed one-volume form, with additional illustrations. The information will be brought up to date; and, for the sake of conciseness, much of the personal details of Mrs. Stone's arduous journey through the rugged interior of the islands will be omitted.

THE next volume in the "Lotos" series, published by Messrs. Trübner, will be a selection from Macaulay's essays, dealing with men and books, edited by Dr. Alexander H. Japp, who has added a critical introduction and notes.

MR. H. OGLE has been appointed librarian to the Christ Church Free Library, Southwark. He is the fourth librarian who has been promoted to a chief post from the Nottingham Free Public Libraries.

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH has now on view, up till June 14, at his house in Piccadilly, an exhibition of the finest illuminated and historical manuscripts of which he has, from time to time, become the purchaser. The "handlist," which is arranged in chronological order, opens with his latest acquisition, the purple codex of the Gospels, assigned to the time of Archbishop Wilfrid, of York. For this he gave £1500 at the Hamilton sale, and he now values it at £2500. Next in value, and scarcely second in interest, is the Prayer-book of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, which was bought from a Breton peasant by a fortunate dealer some thirty years ago, and acquired by Mr. Quaritch at the Didot sale in 1879. But these two are only the choicest examples of a collection which numbers about eighty lots, fairly representative of the miniature art during the middle ages in England, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders.

IN consequence of Whitsun Monday falling on the regular day of meeting, the next monthly meeting of the Library Association will be held on Monday, June 17, at the Wandsworth Public Library, when Mr. A. W. Hutton, of the National Liberal Club, will read a paper entitled "A Political Club Library."

ON Wednesday, June 12, Messrs. Sotheby will begin the sale of a large collection of books and MSS., brought together from several quarters, and including many lots of exceptional interest. We may specially mention several holograph MSS. of Tennyson's poems, comprising "Maud," "The Brook," the Dedication to the Queen, &c., often with entire verses never published, and numerous minor corrections; a series of more than one hundred letters on literary subjects, written by D. G. Rossetti in his later years to Mr. Hall Caine; the six drawings in sepia made by R. Seymour for the original edition of *Pickwick* (of which two were never published), together with a letter from Dickens congratulating him on "the pains you have bestowed on our mutual friend"; three large parcels of Sir William Hamilton's official correspondence, during the thirty-seven years of his diplomatic service; a collection of Poe relics, including a first draft of "The Bells," a daguerrotype portrait (*circa* 1848), and several first editions; and a copy of Mr. F. W. Hawkins's *Life of Edmund Kean*, enlarged to three folio volumes by means of portraits, playbills, and letters. Among the books we can only notice a number of Americana of the Puritan period; Tennyson's *Poems, chiefly Lyrical* (1830); and Wordsworth's *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches* (both 1793).

THE Orient Company—which originally (as may be inferred from the names of most of its ships) had dealings with South America, and which now (as may be inferred from its own name) has taken the East for its sphere—proposes to send the *Chimborazo* on a pleasure cruise in another quarter—namely, along the coast of Norway as far as the North Cape, starting from London on Thursday, June 13. A kind of guide-book for the trip has been written by Lieut. G. T. Temple, author of the official work published by the Admiralty known as *The Norway Pilot*. The story of the country and its people is pleasantly told, and illustrated with a large map, and also with woodcuts from Mr. Lovett's *Norwegian Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil*. Lieut. Temple does not fail to point out that, when once the North Sea is crossed, great part of the voyage will lie within the "Inner Lead," sheltered from the Atlantic by an almost continuous chain of islands.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

ACCORDING to the *Oxford Magazine*, the honorary degree of D.C.L. will be conferred at the approaching Commemoration (June 26) upon the following: the Bishop of Ripon, Sir Robert Morier, Sir A. C. Lyall, Mr. C. Drury E. Fortnum, and Dr. Billings.

THE University of Cambridge has conferred the following honorary degrees: Doctor of Science, upon Prof. Mendeleeff, the distinguished chemist, of St. Petersburg; Doctor of Literature, upon Mr. A. W. Franks, of the British Museum; the complete degree of M.A., upon Baron A. von Hügel, curator of the museum of archaeology.

DR. BUTLER, the recently appointed Master of Trinity, has been elected Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge for the year beginning with the Michaelmas term.

PROF. SIR G. STOKES will deliver the Rede Lecture, in the Senate House at Cambridge, on Wednesday next, June 12, upon "Some Effects of the Action of Light upon Ponderable Matter."

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SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has been invited by Harvard University to deliver a course of lectures to the students on subjects of his own selection; and also to attend the Phi Beta Kappa celebration on June 27, when the customary oration is to be delivered by Mr. Phelps, late minister to England.

THE Rev. Vincent Henry Stanton, of Trinity, author of *Jewish and Christian Messiah*, has been elected to the new Ely chair of divinity at Cambridge, which has come into existence by the separation of a canonry at Ely from the regius professorship of Greek on the death of Dr. Kennedy.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER'S term of three years' occupation of the Slade professorship of fine art at Oxford will end with the present summer; but he is eligible for reappointment.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, having accepted the appointment of director of the American School at Athens, has intimated his willingness to resign the curatorship of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. At the same time, he will retain the university readership in classical archaeology, obtaining leave to spend Lent term for the next three years in Greece.

THE syndicate appointed to report on the telescope offered by the late Mr. Newall, of Gateshead, to the University of Cambridge are "of opinion that the university should avail itself of the opportunity of possessing this fine instrument," and are at present occupied with schemes for its proper maintainance and use. It is estimated that the expense of removing the telescope and re-erecting it at Cambridge will amount to £770.

THE privileges of an affiliated college at Oxford have been extended to the University of Calcutta, so that students from India will be admitted direct to the first public examination, and on passing that will be excused one year's residence.

A COMMITTEE has been formed, with the Duke of Rutland as president, to collect subscriptions towards a testimonial to be presented to the Rev. Alexander J. D. D'Orsey, professor of elocution at King's College, London, to mark approval of his meritorious services during the past sixty years in the cause of education. The hon. secretaries are R. S. Miller, Esq., 55 Lancaster Gate, W.; and the Rev. C. R. Taylor, 85 Elsham Road, Kensington.

WE are requested to ask all persons having in their possession letters from the late president of Columbia College, Frederick A. P. Barnard (whose death was recorded in the ACADEMY of May 18), to send them to Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia College, New York, U.S.A., at their early convenience. The letters will be returned after copies have been made.

THE *Harvard University Bulletin*, edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, though mainly devoted to recording additions to the library, also serves as a record of facts relating to the university. An interesting feature is the necrology of graduates of Harvard, compiled by Mr. W. H. Tillinghast, assistant librarian, which—like the bibliography of publications by academical officials—might well be imitated at Oxford and Cambridge. Among the recent benefactions, we notice three fellowships of 450 dollars—each in memory of former members—for the special study of political economy, of constitutional or international law, and of ethics in its relation to jurisprudence or to sociology. At the meeting of the corporation on April 29, various gifts were announced, amounting altogether to no less than 85,000 dollars (£17,000).

ORIGINAL VERSE.

IN VAIN!

THE rustling of the wings thou hearest near
Are not great Love's wide pinions fringed with fire,
Nor that soft air that stirs thy soul with fear
Ought but the tingling breath of vague Desire;
The wings of him who stands betwixt us twain
Mock with their wanness Love's bright hues in vain.

Thou canst not take Love's name in vain, or lay
Ought but thine undivided burning heart
Upon his shrine, lest even the air should stay
Thy hand, and into warning whispers start;
Mar not this moment's aye-remembered grace
To set a stain of earth upon its face!

Alas, how heavenly fair this spot would be
If we but loved!—this overhanging cave
Life's long-sought haven, while the murmuring sea
Reflects a smile of God in every wave:
Yet we, wrapt in night-shadows still do stay
Hopeless upon the outskirts of the day!

LILY HAYNES.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THREE new magazines have appeared this month, all at the now popular price of sixpence. That which calls itself the *New Magazine*—published by Messrs. Longmans, and edited by Mr. Archibald Grove—boldly undertakes to give articles by eminent writers for one-fifth of the sum charged by the older "signed" monthlies. The modern desire for great names, and the modern desire for cheapness, can hardly be carried further. *East and West* (Ward & Downey) enjoys the distinction—we cannot say the advantage—of being printed in Paris, and of being published in the middle of the month previous to that which appears on the cover. Apart from the typography, the articles also have a cosmopolitan flavour, not a single one in the first number being altogether English. *Tinsley's Magazine* is somewhat of a puzzle; for though it professes to be the first of a new series, one of its serials is already in its eighth chapter. It gives a great deal for the money, and is illustrated with process-blocks. But we cannot praise the design on the cover, due to the industrious pencil of Mr. Walter Crane.

THE *Expositor* for June will be generally pronounced a readable number. May the day be distant when none but professed critics contribute to its pages! Dr. Jessopp offers exegetical arguments for believing in very primitive liturgies and confessions of faith, fragments of which are imbedded in the New Testament writings. Dean Chadwick writes picturesquely on the "minor figures" among the apostles, and Mr. Josiah Gilbert on the image and the stone in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. The author of "Titian's Country" trusts neither critics nor, as it seems, Assyriologists: Nebuchadnezzar, according to him, has very narrow views of religion. Dr. Bruce continues his suggestive articles on Hebrews.

THE chief interest of the new number of the *Revue des Etudes Juives* lies in the serious, though courteous, polemics between Dr. Julius Oppert and M. J. Halévy about the Sumerian or Akkadian language, of which Halévy for some fifteen years has persistently denied the existence, thus running counter to all the Assyriologists. He invokes, however, the aid of the late Stanislas Guyard and of Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, and maintains that his opponents have invented a Sumerian people that never existed, and have attributed to them a language which never was spoken. Dr. Oppert boldly replies that he himself is the inventor; and he brings forward the names of Prof. Sayce and the late François Lenormant, Hincks (who made the term Akkadian), and many others, on his side. The brief little "symposium," which Théodore Reinach sums up by saying that Halévy is never long in agreement with anything whatsoever, is worth reading. The "Magré Dardagé"—a Hebrew-Italian vocabulary of the fourteenth century, chiefly useful for its Italian vulgarisms and French and Provençal glosses—is brought to a close by M. Moïse Schwab. M. Maurice Vernes discourses on Jephtha and the division of land in Palestine; and M. James Darmesteter brings together the controversial Pahlavi texts from the Dinkard, &c., which relate to Judaism.

THE variety both of matter and illustration of the *Revue Universelle* (Librairie de l'Art) is well sustained in the last number, with which the second volume of this pleasant periodical comes to its close. "Bright and light" might be its motto. Two short and amusing stories, a pretty set of verses, articles on female artists and female singers, a paper on the beautiful town of Nancy, and another on the Cevennes, a bright piece of music, a page or two of aphorisms, four other articles, and forty-nine illustrations, cannot be called dear for a franc. Written to a great extent by ladies and for ladies, the most prudent English matron need not refuse it admission to her household.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BRUNETIERE, Ferd. Questions de critique. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

DAMBOWSKI, J. Mitteilungen üb. Goethe u. seiner Freundeskreis aus bisher unveröffentlichten Aufzeichnungen d. gräflich Egloffstein'schen Familien-Archivs zu Arkilsten. Lyck: Wiebe. 1 M. 50 Pf.

FRAENKEL, A. Der Nachbar im Osten. Cultur- u. Sittenbilder aus Russland. 3. Bd. Hannover: Helwing. 2 M. 50 Pf.

GARNIER, E. La porcelaine tendre de Sèvres. Livr. 1. Paris: Quantin. 20 fr.

GERMONT, L. Loges d'artistes. Paris: Dentu. 12 fr.

HEINE, C. Das Schauspiel der deutschen Wanderbühne vor Gottsched. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.

MOLINIER, E. Venise: ses arts décoratifs, ses musées et ses collections. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 25 fr.

RODIER, G. L'orient: journal d'un peintre. Paris: Victor-Havard. 3 fr. 50 c.

SCHAUB, K. H. Ueber die niederdeutschen Uebertragungen der Lutherschen Uebersetzung d. N. T., welche im. 16. Jahrh. im Druck erschienen. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.

SCHWEITZER, Ch. Un Poète allemand au 16e Siècle. Etude sur la vie et les œuvres de Hans Sachs. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 12 fr.

THEOLOGY.

BAUR, A. Zwingli's Theologie, ihr Werden u. ihr System. 2. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Halle: Niemeyer. 9 M.

STEINMEYER, F. L. Beiträge zum Verständniss d. Johanneischen Evangeliums. IV. Berlin: Wiegandt. 2 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

FELSBERG, O. Die Ermordung d. Herzogs Friedrich v. Braunschweig im J. 1400. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M, 50 Pf.

KLEINSCHMIDT, A. Charakterbilder aus der französischen Revolution. Wien: Hartleben. 3 M.

KNAPP, P. Die Kypseliden u. die Kypseloslade. 1. Thl. Tübingen: Fues. 1 M. 20 Pf.

LEIST, F. Zur Geschichte der auswärtigen Vertretung Bayerns im 14. Jahrhundert. Bamberg: Buchner. 3 M.

SCHNEIDER, A. Der Prozess d. C. Rabirius betr. verfassungswidrige Gewaltthat. Zürich: Schulthess. 1 M. 20 Pf.

STAATSSTREITIGKEITEN, die, u. ihre Entscheidung einschliesslich d. Kriegrechts. Auf Grundlage europ. Staatspraxis. Hrsg. v. F. v. Holtzendorff. Hamburg. 32 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

COHEN, H. Kants Begründung der Aesthetik. Berlin: Dümmler. 9 M.

GRUBER, W. L. Beobachtungen aus der menschlichen u. vergleichenden Anatomie. 9. Hft. Berlin: Hirschwald. 6 M.

KOESTLIN, K. Prolegomena zur Aesthetik. Tübingen: Fues. 2 M. 80 Pf.

STOFFERT, A. Th. Bau u. Entwickelung der Schale v. Emyda ceylonensis, Gray. Basel: Sallmann. 2 M. 80 Pf.

WAGNER, M. Die Entstehung der Arten durch räumliche Sonderung. Basel: Schwabe. 12 M.

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PHILOLOGY, ETC.

AMIAUD, A. La légende syriaque de saint Alexis, l'homme de Dieu. Paris: Vieweg. 7 fr. 50 c.
EGBERTS v. LUTTICH Fecunda Ratis. Zum ersten Mal hrsg., auf ihre Quellen zurückgeführt u. erklärt v. E. Voigt. Halle: Niemeyer. 9 M.
WYSS. W. v. Die Sprüchwörter bei den römischen Komikerr. Zurich: Schulthess. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FERTILISATION OF THE DATE-PALM IN ANCIENT ASSYRIA.

Oxford: May 31, 1889.

In the Assyrian sculptures, few figures are looked on with more wondering curiosity than the forms of certain gods or genii, human as to the body but four-winged, some man-headed and some eagle-headed. Carrying in the left hand a basket or bucket, and in the right hand an object more or less like a fir-cone, these huge beings stride towards what is recognised as a highly conventional rendering of a palm-tree. The act represented has, so far as I know, not been explained; and it is only within the last few days that, in the course of comparing these scenes for a different purpose, I have been led to its meaning by evidence which has satisfied several experts to whom I have shown it.

The object resembling a fir-cone is the inflorescence of the male date-palm, as it appears when freed from its sheath ready to have its pollen dusted over the female flowers. This artificial fertilisation, indispensable to the production of a crop of edible dates, is the operation which the winged deity is seen sometimes about to perform, sometimes actually performing; and he carries a fresh supply of flowers in his basket. When it is considered how in such regions as Assyria, from remote antiquity, the prosperity, and often the very existence, of the population has depended on the date crop, and, therefore, on this practice of fertilisation, it is seen that the prominence given to it in the religion and art of the country is not more than its due.

I am now, with the invaluable aid of Prof. Sayce, collecting and arranging the mass of pictorial evidence bearing on this subject, and other points of Oriental doctrine arising out of it; but as this will take some months to do, I ask you to insert this note.

EDWARD B. TYLOR.

FOLKLORE IN THE "DIVINA COMMEDIA."

London: May 26, 1889.

I do not know whether the voluminous Dante literature comprises an essay on the folklore in the *Divina Commedia*; but there certainly is material for such an essay. Thus, in the *Inferno*, xx. 126, we have a reference to Cain and the thorns—"Caino e le spine"—our Man in the Moon.* See also *Paradiso*, ii. 51:

"che son li segni bui
Di questo corpo, che laggiuso in terra
Fan di Cain favoleggiare altrui?"

Again, in the *Inferno*, xxiv. 93—

"Senza sperar pertugio o elitropia"—

we have an allusion to the belief that the precious stone heliotrope (a kind of striped jasper, I believe) helped to render its wearer invisible. As Pliny (*H.N.* xxxvii. 10, 60) in the English of Philemon Holland, observes:

"Most impudent and palpable is the vanity of magitions in their reports of this stone; for they let not to say, that if a man carry it about with him, together with the herbe Heliotropium, and besides mumble certain charmes or prayers, he shall goe invisible."

Then, in the *Inferno*, xxiv. 122, 123, Dante refers to the belief that land and sea have changed places, owing to Lucifer's fall.

In the *Purgatorio* there is still more folklore. First, in xiii. 123—

"Come fa il merlo per poca bonaccia"—

Dante alludes to the story that the blackbird mistook a gleam of sunshine at the end of January for the commencement of spring, and flew off chirping: "Piú non ti curo, Domine, che uscito son del verno."

Secondly, in xx. 19, we have a reference to the practice of invoking the Blessed Virgin by women in pains of childbirth. This is mentioned also in *Paradiso*, xv. 133, and the Irish version of "Der Judenknabe" contained in the Book of Lismore, ends with the statement that "no Jewish woman, when she is in birth-pangs, can bring forth her child until she entreats Mary."

Thirdly, in xxxiii. 36—

"ma chi n'ha colpa, creda
Che vendetta di Dio non teme suppe"—

Dante alludes to the Tuscan belief that if a murderer could, within nine days after his crime, eat a sop dipped in wine upon the grave of his victim, he would be safe from the vengeance of the family.

Besides the above quoted allusion to Cain and his thorns, the *Paradiso* contains, so far as I remember, only one piece of folklore, namely, in xxv. 112, 113, where the poet refers to the belief, common in Europe, that the pelican feeds its young with blood from its own breast.

To these may, I think, be added the passage in the *Inferno*, xxxiii. 129-132, where the traitorous Friar Alberigo says:

"Sappi che tosto che l'anima trade,
Come fec'io, il corpo suo l'è tolto
Da un demonio, che poscia il governa
Mentre che il tempo suo tutto sia volto."

Thus rendered by the late C. B. Cayley:

"Learn now, that when the soul a bond so dear
Betrays, as I have done, straight in his place
A fiend takes up the body's governing,
Until its time has run the apportion'd space."

Poggiali and the other commentators, so far as I know, shed little light on the origin of this doctrine, which seems, at first sight, to be a pure product of Dante's imagination. Wright, indeed, refers to Ps. cix. 5, meaning cix. 6=cviii. 6 of the Vulgate (constitue super eum peccatorem; et diabolus stet a dextris eius); and Cary refers to Southey's tale of Donica—a worthless ballad, founded on one of the legends told in the following extracts from Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells* (London, 1635, pp. 479, 480):

"Possible it is, that the inferiour Divels at the command of the superiour, should possesse the bodies of the Dead for a time, and moue in them; as, by examples, may appeare. *Eunapius* reports, That an Ægyptian Necromancer presented the person of *Apollinius* before the people. But *Iamblicus* a greater Magition standing by, told them, It was not he, but the body of a Fencer who had before been slaine. When whispering a stronger charm to himself, the Spirit forsooke the body, which falling down dead, appeared to them all to be the stinking carkasse of the Fencer before spoken of, and well known to them all.

"The like is reported of one Donica, who after she was dead, the Diuell had walked in her body for the space of two yeares, so that none suspected but that she was still aliue: for she did both speak and eat, though very sparingly; only shee had a deepe palenesse in her countenance, which was the only signe of death. At length a Magition comming by, where she was then in the companie of many other Virgins; as soone as hee beheld her, hee said, Faire Maids, why keep you company with this dead Virgin, whom you suppose to be alive? When taking away the Magicke charme which was tied vnder her arme, the body fell downe liueless and without motion."

A similar idea isthe basis of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's appalling story of *Thrawn Janet* "with the bogie in her clay-cauld flesh." And there are touches about this tale that lead one to conjecture that he got the idea in the Highlands or some other Celtic country.

But the closest parallel is an Irish legend embodied in the homily on St. Patrick preserved in the Book of Lismore, a fifteenth century MS. belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. This legend, literally translated, runs as follows:

"Then Failge Berraide boasted that he would kill Patrick wherever he should meet him, in revenge for the idol Cenn Cruaich [which Patrick had destroyed]; for it was Failge's god. So Patrick's people [knowing that he was, like St. Paul, desirous of martyrdom] hid from him what Failge had declared; and one day Odran, his charioteer, said to Patrick: 'Since for a long time I have been charioteering for thee, O master, O Patrick, let *me* to-day be in the chief seat, and do thou be charioteer.' Patrick did so. Thereafter Patrick went into the district of Húi Failgi, and Failge came and gave a thrust (of his spear) through Odran in the form of Patrick. Not long afterwards Failge died, and his soul went into hell. Then the Devil entered Failge's body, so that it dwelt among men as if it were alive.

"Then Patrick, after a long while, came to Failge, and tarried outside before the fortress, and asked one of Failge's slaves where Failge was biding. 'I left him in his house,' saith the slave. 'Tell him,' saith Patrick, 'to come and speak with me.' Then the servant goes to fetch Failge, and found of him in the house nought save his bare bones, bloodless, fleshless. The slave comes to Patrick in grief and sorrow, and tells him how he had seen Failge. Said Patrick: 'From the day when Failge slew my charioteer before mine eyes, his soul went to hell for the deed he had done, and the Devil entered his body.'

"And that is the tragical death of Failge."

There is an imperfect copy of this legend in the *Tripartite Life*, Rolls ed., p. 218, and Latin versions are in a MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, marked Ff. 127, fo. 462 b 2, and in Colgan's *Trias Thaumaturga*, pp. 25-26 (Tertia Vita, c. 59), p 44 (Quarta Vita, c. 77), and p. 81 (Sexta Vita, c. 73). It will be seen that the Irish story has two of the three characteristics of Dante's doctrine, namely, immediate departure of the traitor's soul to hell, demoniac possession of the traitor's body, and continuance of that possession during the body's natural life.

If, as seems probable, the doctrine is a piece of folklore, the question arises, Where did Dante learn it? Not in Italy; for Alberigo's *Sáppi* is inconsistent with its being a popular Italian superstition. More likely in France, a Celtic country, where Dante resided for two years as a student at the University of Paris.

WHITLEY STOKES.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CAPSTAN."

London: May 31, 1889.

When the editors of the New English Dictionary came to consider the origin of the word "Capstan," they would find two current answers to the problem, corresponding respectively to the two Spanish forms of the word, *cabestrante* and *cabrestante*, the greater fullness of the word in Spanish seeming to point to that language as the birthplace of the designation.

The first suggestion, and the one approved by Dr. Murray, is that the word is derived from Lat. *capistrum*, Prov. *cabestre*, Sp. *cabestro*—a halter, the capstan being regarded, by a somewhat forced analogy, as a haltering of the

* Compare "Midsummer Night's Dream," III. i.

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ship, a means of holding it fast like a horse by the halter.

The competing derivation is the one proposed in my Dictionary (1859), from the name of the goat, applied in Spanish, as in several other languages, to a mechanism for exerting a heavy strain (*cabra*, in mediaeval warfare, an engine for casting stones; *cábria*, a windlass or crane); and *estante*, present participle of *estar*, in the sense of standing upright*; the distinctive feature of the capstan being the upright position of the axis, contrasted with the horizontal axle of a windlass worked with a crank, or a builder's crab.

The term *cabrestante* might equally have arisen in Southern France—the forms *cabre* and *crabe* being vouched by Roquefort in the sense of "goat," while *cabre* in nautical language still signifies a windlass or crab, and the E. *crab* itself testifies to the former use of Fr. *crabe* in the same sense. In the South of France (Castres) *cabro* and *crabo* are current in both significations.

Looking now to the intrinsic probability of the two etymologies, there cannot be a doubt as to the superiority of that which directly indicates the essential structure of the thing signified. The analogy of a halter would give a designation to the anchor and cable rather than to the winding engine itself; and, moreover, it would be equally applicable to the older mechanism with a horizontal axis, and, therefore, would be most unlikely to suggest a distinctive name for the improved construction. Any valuable improvement of an old contrivance would acquire a name for itself, without conscious invention, by coupling the essential feature of the improvement with the name by which the old form of mechanism was already known. And thus, in the case of the capstan, the mechanism would still be conceived as a *cabra* or *cabre* when the axis was moved into a vertical position, but it would be qualified as a *cabra estante* or *cabre estante*, an upright windlass or crab. It would be an astonishing coincidence if a name taken in fact from a fancied analogy with a halter (Pg. *cabresto*) could be resolved into elements exactly expressing the essential characteristics of the thing signified. The presumption that the verbal analysis, which truly indicates the structure of the object named, exhibits also the historical formation of the name itself is so strong that it can only be overruled by the clearest proof that *cabestrante*, and not *cabrestante*, was the original form. But Dr. Murray adduces nothing of the kind. He does not even inform us what are the dates to which he can trace the two forms of the word, whether in Spanish or in Provençal. He contents himself with denouncing, *ex cathedra*, our derivation as an untenable conjecture, "ingeniously supported by the known application in various languages of the name of the goat to various mechanical devices." But when he speaks of our derivation as taken "from *cabra*, goat + *estante*, 'standing,'" he hardly gives a fair representation of the theory. We do not suppose that those who gave a name to the capstan had any thoughts of resemblance to a rearing-goat. It would be a *cabra* to them because that was the name they habitually gave to a crab or winding mechanism, without any thought of the original sense of the word. Our doctrine is that *cabrestante* is derived from *cabra*, a winding engine, and *estante*, upright —a derivation which can with no propriety be spoken of as being *ingeniously* (that is to say, speciously) supported by the metaphorical application of the name of the goat to a windlass or crane, because that application of the term is the very foundation of our etymology.

The transposition of the *r* between the second and third syllables of the Spanish forms may as easily have taken place in the one direction as in the other. It is rather in favour of *cabrestante* that it is the form in use among shipmen, according to the Spanish Academy. The change to *cabestrante* may have taken place at a period sufficiently early to account for the Catalonian and Provençal forms, *cabestrant*, *cabestran*; and it will by no means be conclusive to the contrary if earlier examples of these latter can be found than of the Sp. *cabrestante*. It will be a balance of probabilities in which large allowance must be made for our imperfect acquaintance with the early records of the languages in question.

H. WEDGWOOD.

* It is obvious that the representatives of Lat. *stare* in all the Romance languages must have signified standing, before they came to be used in the abstract sense of mere existence. Thus the Old Fr. *estant* constantly occurs in the sense of upright, and evidence of Sp. *estante* having had the same meaning is preserved in the nautical term *estantes*, the uprights or supports of the cross-beams of the decks.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "GOD."

Oxford: May 31, 1889.

Dr. A. Fick, in his *Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der Indo-germanischen Sprachen* (1874, i., p. 83) under the root *GHU*, "to call," proposes with some hesitation an etymology for the Teutonic name for the Deity. He places under this Indo-Germanic root *GHU* the Gothic *guth*, adding, however, this remark:

"God is either the object of invocation (*der Angerufene*), or the object of sacrifice (*der, dem geopfert wird*), cp. Skr. *huta* from *HU*, to sacrifice."

Prof. Kluge, in his *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der deutscher Sprache* (1888), supports the derivation of the Gothic *guth* from the Indg. √ *gheu*, "to call," with much learning and ingenuity, finding Vedic analogy in *puruhūta*, which he alleges to mean "vielgerufener," and to be a common epithet of Indra.

However, I cannot help thinking that the alternative etymology proposed by Dr. Fick has a good deal in its favour. I have noticed that the Indg. √*gheu*, "to pour, sacrifice," has been very widely used from the earliest times for the purposes of religious terminology. For instance, in Greek this √*gheu* appears as χέω (for χέϝ-ω), "to pour," a word constantly used in a technical sense in connexion with drink-offerings; and its strong grade cognate χοή (= χοϝ-ή) has almost solely a sacrificial connotation. With the Indg. strong grade *ghou* we may also connect the Skr. *hōtar* (Zend *zaotar*), "high priest," and the Armenian *jau-nem*, "I sacrifice" (see Brugmann, § 410.)

Now it seems to me that it would be quite possible to connect our word "God" with Indg. *ghu*, the weak grade of the √*gheu*, "to pour." Old English "god" is the representative of a primitive Germanic base *guda-* = Indg. *ghu-tó-*, which, according to form, might mean either the libation, the sacrifice, or the object of sacrificial service (see Brugmann, ii., § 79). I think that this etymology, which is possible phonologically, is more probable than the other from the consideration of the gradual development of religious ideas. Surely the Object of Prayer (*der Angerufene*) is too lofty and spiritual a name to have become a general name for the Deity in the earliest times.

A. L. MAYHEW.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY, June 11, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Recent Biological Discoveries," IV., by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.

WEDNESDAY, June 12, 8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Questions arising out of *Inferno* i.-iii.," III., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

5 p.m. University College: Introductory Lecture, "The Place of Archaeology in School and University Education," by Prof. R. S. Poole.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "A New Species of *Megalotrocha* from Brisbane," by Dr. V. G. Thorpe.

THURSDAY, June 13, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: Experimental Lecture, "Chemical Affinity," V., by Prof. Dewar.

3 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Questions arising out of *Inferno* i.-iii.," IV., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Square of Euler's Series," by Dr. Glaisher; "A Theorem in the Calculus of Linear Partial Differential Operations," by Major Macmahon; "Crystalline Reflection and Refraction," by Mr. Basset; "The Uniform Deformation in Two Dimensions of a Cylindrical Shell of Finite Thickness, with Applications to the General Theory of Deformation of Thin Shells," by Lord Rayleigh; "The Figures of the Pippian and Quippian of a Class of Plane Cubics," by the President.

FRIDAY, June 14, 8.30 p.m. British Museum: "Babylonian Astronomy reconstructed from the Tablets, II., the Year, Month, and Week," by Mr. G. Bertin.

5 p.m. University College: Introductory Lecture, "Athens and Recent Discoveries," by Mr. Talfourd Ely.

8 p.m. New Shakspere: "A Projected Edition of the Saga of 'Amboles,' with an Account of a Collection of Inedited Icelandic Literature illustrative of Shaksperian Stories," by Mr. I. Gollancz.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Quartz Fibres," by Mr. C. V. Boys.

SATURDAY, June 15, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: Tyndall Lecture, III., "Idealism and Experience in Art and Life," by Prof. W. Knight.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Graphics; or, the Art of Calculation by Drawing Lines applied especially to Mechanical Engineering. By Robert H. Smith. Part I. (Longmans.)

IT is only twenty odd years since Culmann, following up the broad lines of Poncelet, founded the science, or perhaps it would be better to say art, of Graphical Statics. Eight years afterwards Weyrauch could give a succinct account and bibliography of the whole subject in less than forty pages. Nowadays the literature has become somewhat unmanageable; and one of the best of recent text-books contains four volumes of about four hundred pages each. Graphics may be defined as the art of calculating by the aid of the drawing-board; and any instrument, from the pencil and straight-edge up to the integraph of Abakanowicz, is permissible. Just as in mathematics, so in graphics, there are pure and applied sides. Pure Graphics—sometimes termed the Graphical Calculus—deals with all the various modes of calculation possible. There are very few processes of Pure Mathematics which have not their analogues in Pure Graphics. The difference is solely this—the size of our drawing-board, the keenness of our eyes, and the sensible thickness of a physical straight line set a limit to the accuracy of graphical calculation; but our patience, the incompleteness of our logarithmic tables, or gaps in our analysis, are the limits to analytical calculations. An ordinary draughtsman ought to be safe from an error of more than 1 or 2 per cent. in the run of graphical calculations; and this error is well within the limits of the knowledge we have of the physical properties of most of the pieces of material with which the technologist has to deal. Hence the striking value of graphical calculation to the engineer. At the same time, it must be remembered that much can be done graphically which at present is almost beyond the reach of analysis. Such differential equations, for example, as occur in the motion of bodies on lubricated surfaces, or in the rolling of one cylinder on another, are fairly easily

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dealt with on the drawing-board. Would it be heresy to suggest that one elliptic cylinder rolling upon a second under the action of gravity would possibly puzzle a young Cambridge wrangler, even if he had only to find the time to any position within 2 per cent. of error?

Pure Graphics, then, has for its chief branches Graphical Arithmetic, Graphical Theory of Equations, Graphical Theory of rates and sums (including the beginnings of a theory of differential equations), and graphical representation of functions of two and three variables. Besides Cremona's *Calcolo grafico*, now a little out of date, we have the excellent work of Favero and its still more valuable annotated translation by Terrier, together with numerous papers and memoirs by Lill, Lalanne, and others. We have, as yet, no thorough English text-book, and here Prof. Smith had the field clear before him. He has devoted three chapters in his book to what he terms "Graph-Arithmetic," "Graph-Algebra," "Grapho-Trigonometry and Mensuration." We must confess to very serious disappointment both in the material and processes of these chapters. They are very insufficient and often clumsy; for example, we may note the solution of a quadratic equation by means of a parabola, when the set-square and dividers will solve any quadratic without the least alteration of form. Here, as elsewhere in his book, Prof. Smith seems to have disregarded the results of all contemporary literature.

Pure Graphics, merely the art of calculating by the drawing board, can be of course applied to all branches of physical investigation. Of these branches, statics and elasticity have, up to the present, been most fruitfully worked at; but, at the same time, it must be noted that dynamics, especially its application to machinery, is now taking a foremost place. In Graphical Statics, including elasticity, we have the classical work of Culmann — now, of course, in its first volume, falling behind the times, but of which the first part of the second volume, piloted by Prof. Ritter, promises good things; the excellent four-volumed French treatise of Lévy, the Italian treatise of Favero, and the just-issued Italian work of Savotti; in addition, the tracts of Cremona, Eddy, and others, as well as a long series of suggestive memoirs, mostly German and Italian. What would not the engineering student give for an English equivalent of Lévy or Savotti—not a mere translation, but a well-thought-out English original work of like calibre! Prof. Smith had again a clear field. He was writing after Lévy on Statics and Burmester on Kinematics. He may have read both of them, but we cannot find any trace of it in his work. There is such a thing as being too independent. It is impossible for any one nowadays to sit down and write *de novo* a treatise on Graphics. He will refind constructions for himself, but often by most circuitous routes; and the result will be that his book will be read only by teachers seeking the few points that are novel in it and not by students who require a highway through the subject.

Herein lies our chief quarrel with Prof. Smith. Graphics is an art yet to be made popular in England, and he has introduced it in a form which will repel many readers and lead others to hold it a method of small account. His notation, which extends from the ordinary sign of equality up to three horizontal and three vertical bars, is appalling. His introduction of the word *locor* to replace what Clifford termed *rotor*, which is shifted to something else, is unnecessary and confusing. The result is that the reader has to turn very frequently two or three times in a page to the glossary to understand what is being said. Perhaps the most remarkable passage in the book in this respect is p. 246, which it took us some twenty minutes to translate. But it is not only in the introduction of new symbols and terms that Prof. Smith makes the way difficult for us. He changes the meaning of well-accepted terminology, as the following passage will show:

"The acceleration of the velocity of a point may often be conveniently split into two components: one along the line of motion, termed 'tangential'; and the other normal to it, and called 'centripetal' or 'radial'" (p. 111).

The "radial" component of acceleration has a meaning entirely different from this for students reared on the customary English text-books, and the new use of the word can only tend to confuse them. There are several other points in which the author differs from customary mathematical usage without, it seems to us, any real gain.

We are compelled, then, to condemn Prof. Smith's work both as a text-book for students and as an introduction for English readers to the increasingly important art of Graphics. It will be liable, we fear, to throw back the study of the subject here if it be taken as a real measure of the power of the new method. It does not represent even the Culmann-Cremona stage of the art in Germany and Italy. At the same time, the teacher will find things of much value in the book if he has only courage to go through it. Thus, there are several good points in the chapter on "Beam-Linkages." We are glad also to see, in a more accessible form, the description of the "acceleration diagram," which Prof. Smith himself first introduced in a paper before the Edinburgh Royal Society. There are grains to be picked up also in the final chapter on "Solid Static Structures"; but in most practical cases we can certainly "get round" the terribly lengthy plan and elevation constructions suggested in this chapter. We expect the mathematician would turn with a sigh of relief to analysis, if Graphics compelled him to deal with a tetrahedral frame, after the manner of Prof. Smith! A word ought also to be said for the excellency of the diagrams, which represent a very great deal of thorough and careful hard work.

A remark may be made as to a curious little point in which Prof. Smith's experience differs from that of the reviewer. He rightly asserts that the dividers are better than the scale in reading off and adding magnitudes:

"The error in reading the scale is nearly always in the same direction, either always a little too much, or else always slightly too small, the direction of the error depending on the peculiarity of the eyesight of the draughtsman."

With this we entirely agree, but not with what he writes further:

"The error in setting the dividers has not the same invariable character. It is as often positive as negative."

Our experience goes to show a very steady "personal equation" with the dividers as well as with the scale. The same student always transfers his distances from one part of the diagram to another, with nearly the same loss or gain per cent.

It is the misfortune of Graphics in this country that it has still to wait for a thoroughly capable exponent. There must be considerable vitality in it, however, considering the various books it has survived. If we can produce books like Cotterell's *Applied Mechanics* and Fidler's *Bridge Construction*, which are thoroughly good, why should we remain twenty years behind the rest of the world in Graphics only?

TWO BOOKS ON ECONOMIC BOTANY.

The Useful Native Plants of Australia. By J. H. Maiden. (Trübner.) If anyone needs to be convinced of the extraordinary wealth of our Australian colonies in products of commercial value, he will only have to cast his eye over this work of 650 large octavo pages entirely devoted to the useful native plants of Australia and Tasmania. It was compiled, in the first place, as a guide-book to the very valuable Technological Museum of New South Wales, located at Sydney, by its curator; but it is desirable that it should have more than a colonial circulation. The products are classified under eleven heads, viz.—(1) human food and food adjuncts, (2) forage plants, (3) drugs, (4) gums, resins, and kinos, (5) oils, (6) perfumes, (7) dyes, (8) tans, (9) timbers, (10) fibres, (11) miscellaneous. Of these the timbers occupy nearly 300 pages, no fewer than fifty-two species of *Acacia* and sixty-nine of *Eucalyptus* being named as useful in this respect. But the gums and resins are scarcely less important to commerce and the arts; here, again, thirty-two species of *Eucalyptus* are enumerated as yielding valuable products. The gum trees are, in fact, an almost boundless source of wealth to the colonists. Many useful instructions are interspersed as to the growth and seasoning of timber, the preparation of drugs and gums, &c.

The Uses of Plants: a Manual of Economic Botany. By G. S. Boulger. (Roper & Drowley.) This is a useful, but too concise and too greatly compressed, manual of economic plants. The classification is very much the same as that in the work just named, viz.—(1) foods, foodstuffs, and food-adjuncts, (2) materia medica, (3) oils and oil-seeds, &c., (4) gums, resins, &c., (5) dyes and tanning materials, (6) fibres and paper materials, (7) timber and other woods, (8) agricultural plants, (9) miscellaneous products. In a small book of 200 pages it is obvious that only those plants which yield products in most universal use can be included, and we find no preface with any hint as to how the selection has been made. So far as a cursory glance can show, this has been judiciously done; but the botanical descriptions are not always accurate. Thus, on p. 51, the fleshy edible portion of the drupe or stone-fruit is described as the "epicarp" instead of the mesicarp.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. ARCHER HIND'S "LAST WORD."

Oriel College, Oxford: June 5, 1889.

My criticism of an edition of the *Timaeus* in the March number of the *Classical Review* was replied to by the editor in the April number. He explained that he "should certainly have not felt called upon to notice a curious piece of eristic signed 'J. Cook Wilson'" were it not that I had "freely scattered accusations of dishonesty." I used no such opprobrious expression, but mentioned certain facts about the editor's use of the notes of his predecessors, incontrovertible and amply confirmed by an independent review in another country. The principal of these statements concerned his relation to Stallbaum and Martin. He did not either meet directly or deny these, but tried to discredit them indirectly by "exhibiting three or four typical specimens of Mr. Wilson's style, to show what sort of material his *farrago libelli* is composed of: after which I have done with him."

A more unfortunate course could not have been taken, for the criticisms of these "typical specimens" consisted almost wholly of grave mistakes and grave misrepresentations, made the more unlucky by the personalities associated with them. To exhibit these fully, and to leave no doubt about what he calls "idle invective and unsupported assertion," needed more room than could be asked for in a review, and, therefore, I announced a pamphlet. The part of this which, besides other matters, dealt with every point of the editor's answer was nearly finished in the Easter vacation; but an unforseen circumstance involving me in much business happened in the last fortnight of the vacation, and prevented literary work. In term my time has been so taken up by academical engagements that I shall probably be unable to publish the pamphlet before the long vacation, and if so shall defer it till the beginning of next term.

From a merely controversial point of view, however, my pamphlet can wait, for in a second reply, entitled "A Last Word" (*Classical Review*, May), the editor has given me a victory as complete as could be desired or imagined.

In my article in the *Classical Review* for April, after remarking shortly on the abovementioned characteristics of the editor's reply, and promising to answer it more fully elsewhere, I gave one test instance of the worth of his argument. In the "Last Word" the editor accepts this test entirely, with what result will be best shown by putting my remarks and his reply side by side. (The italics in the editor's sentence, "This is no theory," &c., are mine.)

"CLASSICAL REVIEW," APRIL, 1889.

"I conclude by giving the reader a test of the value of the statements which the editor makes in his answer, in a matter which will take little space. In No. (2) he says, 'furthermore, it might be interesting to learn wherein consists an attack upon Martin which our critic attributes to me. I refer to Martin three times in this connexion, and each time with approval.' My point was not that the editor attacked Martin, but that his attack was unsuccesful. The editor in reply contends that he did not attack Martin at all. Now these are

"CLASSICAL REVIEW," MAY, 1889.

"A Last Word.

"I have but a few words to add in reference to Mr. Wilson's attempt at replying to my criticisms. I am in no wise concerned, as I have already said, with his opinion of my scholarship and philosophy, but only with his imputations of *mala fides*. I therefore refrain from all comment on his remarks, except as regards

"CLASSICAL REVIEW," APRIL, 1889.

the facts. In 38 D *τὴν· ἐναντίαν εἰληχόras αὐτῷ δύναμιν*, said of Mercury, Venus, and the Sun, is interpreted by Martin to mean that Mercury and Venus revolve in a direction opposite to that of the sun; though he admits, as the editor himself says, that there are difficulties. The editor attacks this theory and interprets quite differently. Martin's words are, '*Platon a voulu dire bien positivement* que ces deux planètes suivent une direction opposée à celle du soleil.' The editor says, 'If the contrary motion' [*i.e.*, the kind meant by Martin] 'of the two planets is insisted on, the result follows that we have here the one theory in the whole dialogue which is manifestly and flagrantly inadequate. Plato's physical theories, however far they may differ from the conclusions of modern science, usually offer a fair and reasonable explanation of such facts as were known to him. They are sometimes singularly felicitious, and never absurd. I cannot, then, believe that he has here presented us with a hypothesis so obviously futile.'"

"CLASSICAL REVIEW," MAY, 1889.

the point which he puts forward as a test question between himself and me and which beyond doubt answers that purpose admirably.

"In attempting to justify his assertion that I attack Martin in a certain passage, he quotes part of my animadversions upon the contrary motion which, as is commonly thought, Plato assigns to Venus and Mercury. *This is no theory of Martin's*, but a popular and obvious interpretation of Plato's words, *which Martin repeats, presumably because he saw nothing better for it*, but to which he urges the gravest objection. The passage cited from my note strongly emphasises the objection which Martin felt, and which anyone must feel, to this astronomical hypothesis, and simply amplifies a sentence in the very same note, which is this: 'Now, *as Martin observes*, the theory of contrary motion is flagrantly inadequate to account for those facts.' The 'attack upon Martin' is actually and expressely an argument on Martin's side.

"Now Mr. Wilson either saw this or he did not: the inference in either case need not be precisely specified. He may then write a pamphlet, or (as perhaps his style would lead us to expect) a stout quarto, without being troubled by any more observations on my part. Far be it from me to interfere with this austere moralist in the execution of what he 'conceives a public duty.'"

I had quoted the very plain and entirely decisive sentence from Martin (in which I have put italics) out of many similar ones to make further evasion impossible. "Now"—to speak with the editor who has an aptitude for formulating the criticisms most fatal to himself—"either he saw the sentence [in my article] or he did not; the inference in either case need not be precisely specified."

The reader who had only the editor's remarks before him would little suspect that the statements about Martin's view in the paragraph beginning "This is no theory of Martin's," and ending "The 'attack upon Martin,' is actually and expressly an argument on Martin's side" are wrong from beginning to end; all but one being the opposite of the truth, and that one ("gravest objection," &c.) being an extraordinary perversion of the truth. But, as I have had to say before of the editor's mistakes, "it is incredible, but it is so." That the theory in question is the one Martin pronounces for is seen conclusively from the single sentence I had quoted; and it appears in the very clearest way all through the note of Martin which the editor refers to. Not only so, but, to make assurance doubly sure, Martin affirms it over again in an essay published long after his edition, which the editor, as is otherwise obvious from his book, has never even heard of. Here Martin says it is the only possible interpretation of the Greek, which he does not doubt to be genuine—"le seul sens possible des mots."

If anything were required to complete the humour of the situation it would be the contemptuous confidence with which the editor accepts the above "test question" as one which "answers that purpose admirably," and the personalities which accompany his phenomenal mistake. I deprecated in my answer to his first reply the merely personal turn he was giving to the controversy. But he would not be warned. There are more lessons on the danger of personalities to be learnt from the parts of my pamphlet which deal with the remaining mistakes in the editor's first reply.

It is amusing to see how he tries to excuse himself beforehand for not answering my pamphlet. But it will not serve. He did the same sort of thing in his first reply. *Cf.* "after which, I have done with him," and "nor do I intend to enter into any controversy with him." In my own reply I absolved him of all obligation to keep this promise. He availed himself of the permission, though without acknowledgment, and answered again in the *Classical Review*, as we have seen; doubtless because he thought he saw an opportunity. If he really remains silent this time the inference will be obvious.

J. COOK WILSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

AT the annual general meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, held on May 28, Sir John Coode was elected president in succession to Sir George Bruce; and it was announced that the duration of the office would henceforth be for two years, instead of for one year.

THOSE of our readers interested in cryptogamic botany, and especially in Algae, will be glad to know that the first of two articles, entitled "A Venerable Naturalist, Mr. John Ralfs," commences in the June issue of *Science Gossip*. Mr. Ralfs's famous book now fetches three or four times its original price. The writer of the articles, Mr. William Roberts, is an intimate friend of Mr. Ralfs, who is in his eighty-second year.

PROF. JUDD has contributed to the June number of the *Geological Magazine* a suggestive article on Metamorphism, in which he proposes the convenient term "statical metamorphism" to indicate the changes produced in rocks which have been subjected to great pressure but have not yielded, so that no movement has been effected. It thus forms a correlative term to Rosenbusch's "dynamical metamorphism," which is applied to the phenomena resulting from the operation of mechanical forces that have caused actual movement in a rock-mass, as best seen in districts where the rocks have been sheared.

Proceedings of the Linnean Society of New South Wales. Second Series, vol. iii., part 4. Containing the papers read in October, November, and December 1888; with two Plates, and Index of 58 pp. (London: Trübner.) This goodly volume of 500 pages, and a very elaborate index of the four parts composing the entire volume—issued within three months after the terminal meeting of the preceding year—puts to shame the tardiness of some of our home societies, which are often very backward in issuing their Transactions. It is especially rich in entomological articles, containing a revision of the species of the

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Melolonthid genus Heteronyl, with many new species, by the Rev. T. Blackburn, filling forty pages. One hundred and twenty-four pages are also occupied by Mr. Blackburn's description of species of various detached genera of Coleoptera. The Australian species of the Dipterous families, Culicidae, Simulide, and Bibionidae, are monographed by Mr. F. A. A. Skuse. Mr. Olliffe records the occurrence for the first time in Australia of the European genera Doccatoma, Dryophilus, Rhinosimus, and Anisotoma, describing new species of each. Mr. Miskin publishes descriptions of a few hitherto undescribed Australian Lepidoptera diurna, and Mr. Meyrick continues his elaborate work on the Micro-Lepidoptera of Australia. Mr. A. J. North contributes a list of the birds found in the county of Cumberland, N.S.W.; and Mr. J. D. Ogilby a "List of the Australian Palaeichthytes, with Notes on their Synonyms and Distribution." Mr. Fletcher continues his descriptions of Australian earth worms, and Mr. Haswell sends a note on Sacculina infesting Australian crabs. Anatomical articles, by Mr. Haswell, on the structure of simple striated muscular fibres, on a method of preparing Blastoderms of the fowl, and on Urolophus testaceus, complete the volume.

Practical Microscopy. By G. E. Davis. New and Revised Edition. (W. H. Allen.) The publication of a new edition of this standard work on the microscope, with 310 illustrations and a coloured frontispiece, needs no more than a passing allusion. It will always hold its own as a practical guide to the microscopist.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE have received the second part of the new quarterly publication of the Archaeological Survey of India, entitled *Epigraphia Indica* (London: Trübner). Like the first part, it consists of Sanskrit inscriptions (text and translation), carefully edited by distinguished scholars —all of whom, it may be noted, bear German names. It also gives three plates of photolithographs of the inscriptions, about one-third of the size of the originals. The most interesting paper in the present part is that by Prof. G. Bühler, of Vienna, upon a copperplate grant of Harsha, found as recently as last year near Azamgarh, in the North-Western Provinces. Harsha is known independently from the writings of the Brahman chronicler Bana and the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim Hiuen Tsiang; and it is interesting to find that the statements of both regarding his genealogy and his exploits are, on the whole, corroborated by this contemporary record (A.D. 631). Harsha, himself a worshipper of Maheshvara or Siva, mentions that his brother Rajyavardhana was a Saugata or Buddhist, while he describes his ancestors as worshippers of the sun. Prof. Bühler also points out that the characters of this inscription confirm his view that the epigraphic alphabets were more conservative in retaining archaic forms than the earliest MSS. and palm leaves. In another paper we notice that "Andhra" is twice misprinted "Audhra."

The Moods of the English Bible the same as in Latin and Greek, contrasted with their Treatment by Priscian's German Followers. By Gavin Hamilton. (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.) Mr. Gavin Hamilton (the title of whose book we copy *literatim et punctatim*, without quite understanding its grammatical construction) is a clever man with a mistaken crotchet. About three-fourths of this book are occupied with a reassertion of the theory which the author has advocated in other publications, viz, that the function of the Latin and Greek subjunctive is "to emphasise what is novel and important." The Alexandrian grammarians, Mr. Hamilton tells us, were aware of this fact, and expressed it by giving to the subjunctive the name of ὑποτακτικός, by which, it seems, they meant "subordinating to itself all the other moods." Priscian misunderstood the matter, and his authority has led astray all succeeding grammarians. Mr. Hamilton defends his paradox with a great deal of ingenuity, and his sprightly attacks on what he considers the self-contradictions of German grammarians are very entertaining reading. Not unfrequently his criticisms touch really weak points, though more commonly they are based on a confusion between *dictum secundum quid* and *dictum simpliciter*. The author gets rid of some of the obvious objections to his theory by saying that he is treating only of the subjunctive, not of the potential or the optative; but he does not explain how it comes to pass that the three moods are in Latin represented by the same set of inflexional forms. That comparative philology has anything to say about the question he does not seem to be at all aware. The small portion of the book which treats of the moods of the English Bible shows that Mr. Hamilton has very little knowledge of the history of the English tongue. He imagines that *be* in the sentence "These be the last words of David" is in the subjunctive mood. If this were true, it would be a conclusive refutation of Mr. Hamilton's thesis that the moods of the English Bible are "the same as in Greek and Latin"; for the author himself would scarcely translate the *be* of this sentence by *sint* or ὦσι. The truth, of course, is that *are* and *be* are not parts of the same verb, but of two distinct though synonymous verbs. In Old English each of these verbs existed, both in the indicative and in the subjunctive. When the Bible was translated, the subjunctive corresponding to *are* had for centuries been obsolete, but *be* continued to be used in both moods. In living English *be* as an indicative is retained only in dialects; but *be* as a subjunctive still survives in literary use, though its existence is threatened by the growing tendency to dispense with the subjunctive mood altogether. A writer who is ignorant of these commonplace facts is not likely to make any useful contribution to the science of English grammar.

THE *Oxford Magazine* of June 5 contains an elaborate review, by Mr. D. B. Monro, of the edition of the Townley Scholia on the *Iliad*, by Prof. Maass, recently published at the Clarendon Press. With regard to the important question that has been raised—whether this new edition gives an accurate representation of the MS. data—Mr. Monro (who collated T for Dindorf several years ago) states that he has re-examined the MS. in order to test the justice of the complaints made, and reports that they are not altogether without ground.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(*Friday, May 17.*)

DR. MORRIS, president, read a paper entitled "Pâli Miscellanies," containing many contributions to Pâli philology: (1) *Uddiya* and *uddiyâna* (*Jât.* iv., p. 352), corresponding in meaning to Sanskrit *udîcya* and *udîcîna*. It was shown that *uddiya* kambala meant "a Nepaulese blanket." (2) *Maruvâ* (*Jât.* ii., p. 115), various readings *maruvâka* and *muduvâka*, represented Sanskrit *mûrvâ*. The usual Pâli form of this is *mubbâ*. (3) *Accasara* (*Jât.* iv, p. 6), a synonym of *atisara* = *accaya-sara*, mindful of a fault, sorry. (4) *Pañgacira* (Brahmajâla sutta) = *cira-pañga*, a pipe made of bark, *cf.* Marathi *puṅgî*, "a pipe." (5) *Pallôma*, not excited, calm (see *M.N.*, p. 17; *Sum.*, p. 266), might be another form of *pannaloma* by contraction, through an intermediate form *pallaloma* (see *Cull.* i 6. 1; *M.N*, p. 413). It was possible to derive it from *prârâra-loma*, which would become (i.) *palla-loma*, (ii.) *pallomo*, moist, loose, as opposed to *lomahamsa*. (6) *Amhâ* "cow" (for original *ambhâ*, from root *ambh*, "to low"?), corresponding in meaning to Sanskrit *mahâ*, "a cow." (7) *Agha*, sky, air, for *a-kha*, from Sanskrit *kha*, with inorganic *a*. (8) *Pumati* (*Jât.* i., p. 171-2) = Jain Prâkrit *phumai*, originally a denominative from the root *spu*, *cf.* Sanskrit *phupphu*, panting, gasping; *phumphuâ* Prâkrit *phumphumâ*. (9) *Dubbhati* or *dûbhati* (*Jât.* i., p. 267; ii. 54, 194; iii. 211; *Samyutta*, pp. 85, 225) has been referred by Fausböll, Childers, and Müller to the Sanskrit root *druh*; but the latter appears in Pâli as *druhayati*, with derivatives dû, duhana, doha. *Dubbhati* represents Sanskrit *dabhnoti*, from the root *dambh* or *dabh*, to seek, to injure, to hurt (see Dhâtumanjusa). In *Jât.* iii., p. 207, *dûbhaka* = *dubbhaka* represents a Sanskrit *dambhaka* with the sense of "gem" or "diamond," *cf.* Sanskrit *dambha*, Indra's thunderbolt, *mani*. (10) *Daddabha*, imitative of the falling of a leaf, from the reduplicated form *dhabha dhabha*, or *dabhadabha* (*Jât.* iii., p. 75). In the same way *sara-sara* becomes *sassara* (= sarsara) and *bharabhara* becomes *babbhara* (= *bharbhara*, *barbhara*), see *M.N.*, p. 128. (11) *Vassa-kamma*, as opposed to vassa-kamma, was connected with root *rish* with vyava; so that *vassa* = *vyavassa*, *cf.* Pâli *vassa* = Sanskrit *varsha*. (12) Traces of the Sanskrit root *kri*, "to injure," were traced in *kata* (*Jât.* iii., p. 136), *katana* (*Jât.* iv., p. 42), *karana* (*Sum.*, p. 137). (13) *Aranavihâri* = *mettavihâri* (*Petavatthu* i. 33). In *Divyâvadâna*, p. 401, l. 4, we find aranâvihârin explained by the editor as "hermit?" (14) Âmandaliya = *âmandalika* = eddy, whirlpool (*M.N.*, p. 225), *cf.* Sanskrit *mandalaka*, "a circle." (15) Abbhum (*Cull.* 5. 10. 2) "utrâsavacana" = Prâkrit *avvo* (for abbo = *abbho*), *cf.* *ammo* (for ambo = *ambho*). *Abbhum* probably represents an original Sanskrit *â-bhuk* interjection expressing terror, alarm. Pâli *abbhuta* and Sanskrit *adbhuta* are probably due to *abbhum*.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(*Thursday, May 23.*)

DR. FENNELL in the chair.—Mr. R. S. Conway proposed a new interpretation of what is known as the *Duenos*-inscription (the triple vase of the Quirinal). He pointed out that all the renderings (of Bücheler, Jordan, and others) based on the reading of *duenoi ne* in the third line as *dus noine* ("on the ninth day") were equally unsatisfactory from the linguistic and the archaeological point of view. At the same time, Jordan's translation of *ted endo* "towards thee," and *asted noisi* "at nisi," "that is to say unless, unless indeed," Comparetti's explanation of the irregularities in the writing as due to a Greek engraver, and Deecke's suggestion that *Iouei Sat.* should be read *Io. Vei. Sat.* (Jove, Vejove, and Saturn), were of great importance. Mr. Conway would translate: *Io. Vei. Sat. deiuos* (nom. plur.) *qoi med mitat* (= *mittant*), "may the Gods Jove Vejove and Saturn who suffer me to be sent (grant)" *nei ted endo cosmis uireo sied* "that Proserpine be not gracious unto thee" *asted noisi Ops Toitesiai pacari uois* "unless thou wilt make peace with Ops Toitesia" (or "by the aid of Toitesia"). *Duenos med feced en Manom* "Duenos made me (as a curse) against Manus," *sinom Duenoi ne med malo* = (*malom*) *stated* "and let not evil come to Duenos by reason of me." *qoi* might also be dat. sing. with *ted* or *uireo*. as its antecedent. He regarded it as a curse, but found in it the literal translation of a regular Greek formula which occurs in several inscriptions from Cnidos (Newton, *Halic. and Cnidos* ii. 2, No. 81 foll., p. 719, *cf.* *Rhein. Mus.* 1863, p. 570), which generally runs μὴ εὐιλάτου τύχοι Δάματρος καὶ Κόρας ("let him not meet with the favour of Demeter and Persephone"). In some cases for εὐιλάτου τύχοι we have εὐιλάτα εἴη αὐτῷ (Κούρα) which was the exact equivalent of *cosmis sied* ("comis sit"). *Vireo* (virgo) = Κόρη. The second line was the condition whose fulfilment would avert the curse, as in the Oscan curse of Vibia (Zv. Syll. Osc. 50), the Lydney curse (*C. I. L.*, vii. 140), five of the curses from Cnidos, and others. The third line was a clause added to specially exempt the author of the curse from harm, as regularly in the Cnidos inscriptions, the old Latin curse in Macrobius *Sat.* 3. 9, and several other examples. The most strik-

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ing evidence in favour of this view was the occurrence in the Oscan curse of Vibia (from Capua) of a translation of a curious formula (*ἀναβαίη πετρημένα πᾶ Δαμάτρα=kori(s) Arentikai(s) lamatir*) the original of which was found in the same Cnidian inscriptions as those which gave us the source of the *Duenos*-formula, showing that this form of curse was well known in Central Italy. The employment of foreign formulae in curses was a natural element in witchcraft, of which he quoted many examples, *e.g.*, Greek curses in Phrygian, Ramsay *Kuhn's Zeitschr.* 28 (1866), p. 381 foll. In several other points the inscription showed close resemblance to other recorded curses, *e.g.*, in the appeal first to several deities, then especially to Proserpine (*cf. C. I. G.* 538, 539, Newton *l.c.* No. 82, 83, 85, 86), the archaising character of the language and writing, and the omission of the word meaning "grant" (*cf.* Macr. *l.c.* and Catull. 66, 48). From the grammatical point of view it was much better to take (1) *deivos* as nom. than dat. pl. (*deiuōs : qoi* as Skt. *dēvās : tē*), (2) *mitat* (beside *sied fecad*) as plur. than sing., and not in the unparalleled sense of "offer," and (3) *statod* as intransitive. The largest class of such curses was of those found in graves, to which this inscription perhaps belonged. It was a possible conjecture that the offence which provoked the curse was a trespass on the temple of Ops. For another curse not on a lead tablet *cf. Bull. Inst. Arch. Rom.* 1860, p. 70.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—(*Anniversary Meeting, Friday, May 24.*)

MR. CARRUTHERS, president, in the chair.—A portrait of John Jacob Dillenius (1687-1747), the first professor of botany at Oxford, copied from the original picture at Oxford, was presented to the society by the president, who gave a brief outline of his career, and of his personal acquaintance with Linneus.—The treasurer having made his annual statement of accounts, and the librarian's and other reports having been read, a ballot took place for the election of officers and council for the ensuing year. The president, treasurer, and secretaries were re-elected, and the changes recommended in the council were adopted.—The president then delivered his annual address. He gave an interesting and detailed account of the existing portraits of Linneus, many of which are in the society's possession. The result of his inquiries showed that there are seven original and authentic portraits of Linneus in existence; that the engravings most widely known are from the originals by Inlander and Roslin; and that these give the most faithful representation of the features of the great naturalist.—A unanimous vote of thanks to the president for his address, coupled with a request that it might be printed, having been passed, the ceremony of awarding the society's gold medal took place. This medal, having on the obverse a fine bust of Linneus and on the reverse the arms of the society, below which is engraved the name of the recipient, was founded last year in commemoration of the society's centenary, and is bestowed upon a botanist and zoologist alternately, for distinguished services to biological science. This year it was awarded to the eminent botanist Prof. Alphonse de Candolle, and in his unavoidable absence was handed to his grandson, M. Austin de Candolle, who attended on his behalf to receive it. Addressing his representative, the president said:—"M. de Candolle, it is a great satisfaction to me to place in your hands, for transmission to your distinguished grandfather, the Linnean gold medal, in recognition of his many important services to botanical science. These services have been so great, and are so universally acknowledged, that it is unnecessary for me to do more than refer to them. His many systematic monographs justify his being awarded any honour that botanists can confer. His philosophical treatment of the geographical distribution of plants has greatly advanced this department of science, and his successful codification of the laws of botanical nomenclature has been of the greatest practical service to systematists. But botanists will always look with gratitude to Alphonse de Candolle for the successful carrying on of the gigantic enterprise inaugurated by his father when he undertook the publication of the *Prodromus Systematis Naturalis Regni Vegetabilis*. By his own work, by securing the aid of accomplished collaborateurs, and perhaps not least by the plodding toil of reading the proof-sheets of volume after volume of dry systematic descriptions during the thirty-two years in which he took charge of the *Prodromus*, he has laid science under a debt which cannot be estimated. The work as now completed contains descriptions of all the dicotyledonous phanerogams, and of gymnosperms, which were known when the different volumes were published, amounting to nearly sixty thousand species. By his numerous labours Alphonse de Candolle has added lustre to a name that had already obtained a first place among botanists. His son Casimir, by his scientific researches, maintains the credit of that name; and now, in handing this medal to you, M. Austin de Candolle, the representative of the fourth generation, may I venture to hope that this imperfect estimate of the services rendered to science by Alphonse de Candolle may help you to realise the honour of the name you inherit, and encourage you by similar true and honest labour to transmit it with added renown to posterity."—The presentation having been suitably acknowledged by Dr. Marcet, a countryman and relative of the recipient, the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the president and officers.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(*Monday, May, 27.*)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, ESQ., president in the chair.—Mr. G. F. Stout read a paper on "The Development of the Distinction between the Physical and the Mental considered from a Psychological Point of View." The object of the paper was to show that conflict of presentation and constructive apperception play an indispensable part in the genesis of the cognition of physical reality.

FINE ART.

TWO BOOKS ON ANCIENT COINS.

A Dictionary of Roman Coins. By S. W. Stevenson. Revised in part by C. Roch Smith, and completed by F. W. Madden. (Bell.)

Le Petit Mionnet de Poche. Par A. Boutkowski. (Stargardt: Glinkà.)

THESE are two bad books. The first, in spite of the names which appear on its frontispiece, is hopelessly out of date. The second is constructed on such a ludicrously eccentric principle that it can serve no practical purpose. It is a pity; for both a good dictionary of Roman coins, and a supplement and extension of Mionnet's *Medailles grecques* are much wanted.

The greater part of the stout and voluminous work which Messrs. Bell publish must have been written, to judge from internal evidence, about thirty years ago. Even at that date it would not have been quite up to the times, for its author seems to know little of any authority since Eckhel. The latter part of the book seems to have been revised by a more modern hand, but even here many faults are to be found.

The principle of the *Dictionary of Roman Coins* is not bad. It catalogues all abbreviations, describes types, and gives biographies of emperors and usurpers from Augustus down to Romulus Augustulus. Several hundred well-executed woodcuts are inserted in the text. But if the plan of the work is good, the execution is hopelessly faulty. The author was evidently a painstaking lover of coins, but he would appear to have been neither a scholar nor a scientific archaeologist. In particular, the Roman constitution would seem to have been beyond his comprehension.

A few examples may serve to bear out these assertions. For inadequate scholarshi we may cite the following: "Urbs in Achaemeniis vallibus ista fuit," is rendered: "That is a city in the valleys of Achaemenia"; the translator evidently thinking that Achaemenia is a country, and not seeing that the allusion is to the royal house of the Achaemenidae. To speak of a competitor for empire as "raised to the Augustal dignity" could only mean that he was made an *Augustulis*, or priest of Divus Augustus; but the author evidently meant by it promotion to the place of emperor. *Hirco*, taken as a nominative, "a he goat," instead of a dative, is another slip. Caesarea Samaritis is, we fear, meant for Caesarea Samaritidis. Lutetiae for Lutetia Parisiorum seems strange. "The hardy warriors of the Republic lost but little time in their toilet, and despised the *matutino amorus*" is also an expression likely to offend the critic's eye. But perhaps the most extraordinary passage is that which translates "accuratote ut sine talis domi agitent convivium" by "Be careful that they have not the liberty at mine to make feasts."

Of curious accounts of constitutional usages we may cite a few. For example: "A law (that of Vatinia) was passed to allow the Pontifex Maximus to draw lots for the provinces he was to govern." Is Vatinia supposed to be a man's name? Another noteworthy statement is that "after the death of Caligula the title of emperor became elective, and it was the soldiers of the Praetorian guard who proclaimed the Emperor Claudius." LEG. AVG. PR.P. is translated "Lieutenant of the Emperor for the Praetor," as if there were but one praetor, and the legate were substituted for him.

The following examples of style are quaintly Lemprieresque, and seem to indicate that the author was writing a good many decades back.

"*Juno* was assigned the highest rank among the goddesses, and the poets relate many fables respecting her jealous and imperious disposition, which she carried sometimes to the length of attempting to put Jupiter himself (who gave her but too just cause of offence) under her feet."

Constantine is treated in a more serious vein:

"The man who could deliver up the chiefs of his no longer resisting foes to wild beasts, at the games which he exhibited for the *amusement* of his people was *not* a monarch, but a monster, *not* a *Christian* emperor, but an incarnate fiend."

The italics are found in the author's original, and not inserted by his critic. The end of Hercules is also worth quoting for its quaint style:

"Finishing his allotted career with native valour and generosity, though too frequently the submissive agent of the meanness and injustice of others, he perished self-devotedly on the funeral pyre, which was raised on Aeta. Jupiter raised his heroic progeny to the skies."

Among the names of emperors and usurpers whose biography should be contained in this volume, we note the omission of the following individuals, all of whom have left coins of undoubted genuineness—Marinus (father of the Emperor Philip), Johannes (ruler in Italy A.D. 423-25), Dryantilla (wife of Regalianus), Jotapianus, and Bonosus. On the other hand, we have an account of Spourianus, an apocryphal ruler whose coins are notoriously eigh-

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teenth-century forgeries, and clumsy ones of their kind.

Mr. Boutkowski's little book was destined to correct misattributions in Mionnet's monumental *Médailles grecques*, and to note instances where that great numismatist has under or over-priced noteworthy coins. But the author has chosen a method of arranging his book which is not only original, as he claims in his preface, but also absurd.

He proceeds to class the cities according to the case in which they write their ethnic name on their coins. First are to come towns which write their title in the nominative singular—this volume takes us from ΑΓΚΩΝ to ΜΑΓΝΗΣΙΑ—the next will finish the nominatives and get into the genitives, the third will be occupied with all places which ever struck a coin bearing a dative or accusative, and so forth. In some dim future day we may get to the genitive plural, the case in which nine towns out of ten set forth their ethnic name.

We need hardly point out the utter insanity of this method of classification. But to take an example, Thebes on one coin puts its name in what Dr. Boutkowski takes for the nominative singular—ΘΕΒΑ (it is really only a contraction of ΘΕΒΑΙΟΝ), it will therefore come in vol. i. But all the other towns of Boeotia habitually use the genitive plural, and will therefore be separated from Thebes by hundreds of pages, and appear in parts v. or vi.

There is a great deal of elaborate reading shown by the author, and quotations are lavishly marked in many places. We note, however, that he seems to have borrowed the tables on pp. 23-4 straight from Mr. Head's *Historia Numorum* without acknowledgement. Some amusing tirades against the views of a certain set of numismatists "qui traitent d'une manière assez pedantesque hautaine et égoiste tous mes travaux." They reside in Russia, "s'arrogant les titres des docteurs et professeurs," and "en somme ne connaissent absolument rien de positif en fait de la numismatique." We hope that this arrow has gone home. Meanwhile, the author of this review will preserve a decent *incognito* in the face of such a pugnacious author.

C. O.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

A HELIOGRAVURE subsequently "worked upon" by Mr. C. O. Murray, reproduces in *The Portfolio* a beautiful study in black and white chalks on brown paper—one of those female heads which Sir Frederick Leighton loves so well to draw, and knows how to draw so well. The other plate is an etching by Mr. Murray after the well-known little picture in the National Gallery by Thomas Sword Good, called "The Newspaper." As this work has been already engraved for the *Art Journal* and reproduced in "English Art in Public Galleries," it is a pity that another example of this clever and little known Northumbrian artist was not chosen. Mr. Loftie's interesting papers on Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Reginald Blomfield's still more interesting study of Inigo Jones, continue to occupy the greater part of this periodical.

THE *Magazine of Art* for June is as good as usual. Mr. Watts's "More Thoughts on our Art of To-day," illustrated by an excellent wood-engraving of Mr. Gilbert's splendid bust of the artist, is full of fine thought finely expressed, and contains some good advice. The affected carelessness of the young school of painters is deservedly condemned. "The Plagiarisms of the Old Masters" supplies Mr. Claude Phillips with abundant material; and Mr. Whibley's paper on "Portraits of Alexander the Great," though badly illustrated, is well written. The editor's review of the Academy, Mr. Jackson's paper on Caricature, Mr. Hodgson's on Education in Art, and Mr. F. G. Stephens's on Savonarola, complete an interesting number. The etching is after the Family Group by Rembrandt in the Brunswick Gallery, concerning which Mr. Walter Armstrong has a learned note.

THE *Art Journal* for June is full of short articles of more or less interest. But there is nothing in it of striking merit; and some of the illustrations, notably those to William Blake's Song and "The Death of Dido," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, are far below the level which ought to be sustained by this periodical. Nor can much be said of the blurred and ineffective photogravure which is intended to preserve some of the beauty of Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Approach to Bealloch-na-ba. The best articles are Messrs. Hodgson and Eaton's account of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Claude Phillips's paper on the Museum of French Sculpture at the Trocadéro.

THE last Heft of the *Jahrbuch* of the Konigliche Preussischen Kunstsammlungen is mainly devoted to researches into the history of comparatively unknown painters. It commences with a learned paper by J. L. Sponsel upon Gillis van Coninxloo (a Flemish landscape painter of the latter half of the sixteenth century) and his school. Dr. Bode follows with a study of the existing information with regard to Ambrogio de Predis (or Preda), whose existence was discovered by Lermolief (Morelli). He was a Milanese artist, influenced by Leonardo, to whom some of his works have been ascribed. The immediate subject of this interesting article is a profile portrait, now in a private collection at Berlin, of Bianca Maria Sforza, second wife of the Emperor Maximilian. Of this portrait a photogravure is given, together with copies of two drawings of the same lady, one by de Predis (at Venice) and the other by an unknown artist (in the Museum at Berlin). A. Bredius and W. Bode join together in the next paper to tell us all they have gleaned with regard to Symon Kick, an almost unknown Dutch genre painter of the seventeenth century. Their article is illustrated by an admirable etching by Albert Krüger after a picture by Kick and a woodcut after another.

MR. BISCOMBE GARDNER'S DRAWINGS IN BLACK AND WHITE.

MR. BISCOMBE GARDNER for the second time is holding a small exhibition of his works with the brush in black and white, to which he has on this occasion added a few charcoal drawings. Those who know his merit as a wood engraver will not be surprised to find that he can draw with great skill and accuracy, and that his mastery of form is equalled by his subtle appreciation of tone. It may be said of him that what can be done to represent the ordinary appearances of nature by the use of the brush and neutral tint he can do in a manner which for certainty of hand, and dexterity of manipulation, can scarcely be surpassed. The infinity of foliage, and the intricacy of the architecture, seem to present no difficulty which he cannot overcome; and whether his subject be some leafy underwood, or a stretch of country under the full sun, he is always equal to the occasion. The justness of his gradations, and the resourceful variety of his touch, are equally to be admired.

Many of the drawings now on view at St. George's Gallery, Hanover Square, have a special interest as representing a part of Great Britain no longer visible, as it has been submerged by the new artificial Fyrnwy Lake recently created to supply Liverpool with water. Here we can see, as they never will be seen again except in these same drawings, the village of Llanwyddyn, and the once neighbouring manor-house of Eurant Hall, and Powis Hotel, and Tyncha Farm, and many other bits of that "smiling loveliness," of which Mr. Grant Allen writes in his short note prefixed to the catalogue. In charcoal, Mr. Gardner seems to have found a material singularly suited to his special gifts and taste. He exhibits several fine large drawings of the Dart; but perhaps finer still are a drawing called a Surrey Farm, and another called Cwm Cross. In the former the effect of light in the sky and on the water is very bold and brilliant, but carried out with great refinement and subtlety of tone and texture; while in the latter there is a wildness and a movement of nature, and a dashing strength of execution, which is rather a relief after the somewhat elaborate prettiness of most of the other drawings.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. R. S. POOLE, the recently-appointed Yates professor of archaeology at University College, London, proposes to hold a series of classes of an educational character during the vacation, specially designed for students in archaeology in the final schools at Oxford and Cambridge. The subjects treated will be sculpture with bronzes and terracottas, vases with painting, and coins with gems. The probable time will be early in July, and the place the British Museum. Prof. Poole will himself deliver an introductory lecture to these classes upon "The Place of Archaeology in School and University Education," at University College, on Wednesday next, at 5 p.m.; and Mr. Talfourd Ely will give an introductory lecture upon "Athens and Recent Discoveries," on Friday. Admission to both these lectures is free.

THE most important exhibition to open next week is the collection of the works of English humourists in art, from the time of Hogarth to the present day, which has been brought together by Mr. Joseph Grego in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly. The collection includes original paintings, water-colour drawings, sketches in black and white, rare engravings, social and political satires, &c. And there has been added, as not incongruous with the general scheme, a collection of original drawings illustrative of the works of Charles Dickens. The exhibition will remain open until the end of July.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL will open two exhibitions in their Bond Street galleries: a series of water-colour drawings, by Mr. Walter W. May, chiefly of Lough Swilly and other parts of Ireland; and a collection of busts of prominent Englishmen, moulded from life by Mr. Conrad Dressler.

OTHER exhibitions are - a large number of pictures of the colonies, chiefly painted by Mr. Edward Roper, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; some pictures by Mr. Pertuiset, described as "the hunter of lions," in the Gainsborough Gallery, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Cassell's annual exhibition of drawings in black and white executed for their publications, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street; and a collection of old oriental weapons and armour, the

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Indian metal ware known as *bidarí* work, and Chinese opium pipes, at the Japanese Fine Art Association, in New Bond Street.

FRAÜLEIN VON HOERSCHELMANN is delivering a course of lectures, by special permission, in the National Gallery.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON will sell on June 27 a collection of original engraved copper and steel plates, some in proof state, framed together with paper or satin impressions, as wall decorations. In this curious collection are many old sporting, theatrical, humorous, and miscellaneous copperplates, engraved in line, stipple, and mezzotint, including a set of four unpublished etchings of "Football," "Blindman's Buff," "Croquet," and the "Slide," by Charles A. Doyle (brother of Dicky Doyle), said to be the only plates he ever etched. Among the more curious is one in circular form, published by Ackerman at the beginning of the century. On it is engraved, in a number of different attitudes, a man riding a hobby horse—the precursor of the bicycle. An impression from this plate on being spun from the centre before a looking-glass shows the man and hobby horse in motion. The portraits include a delicate stippled one of Mrs. Cosway seated in her breakfast-room in Pall Mall; and Lady Hamilton, in brilliant condition, after Romney.

A METHOD of painting with petroleum is said to have been invented by M. H. Ludwig, a German landscape painter at Rome, for which it is claimed that it makes the colours more luminous and preserves them better than previous processes. The Prussian ministry are said to have sent a special artist to Rome to report on the discovery.

REMBRANDT'S famous "Ronde de Nuit" has been removed from the museum at Amsterdam to undergo a partial restoration.

WE have received artist proofs of some more etchings recently published by the prolific establishment of the Librairie de l'Art. One is an agreeable pastoral of a peasant teaching a pretty girl to play upon the pipe, to which the English name of "The Lesson" has been given. The plate has been charmingly executed by M. Gaujean from the picture by M. Deyrolle. The others are three original designs of fisher-life by Mr. William Peters, of bold and effective execution. Two are single figures, called "On the Look Out" and "The Old Sailor," which would make a good pair; the other, which we prefer, is a scene in the interior of an old cottage, powerful in light and shade and solemn in sentiment. In an inner room is seen an old woman reading by the bedside of an old man of whom only the head is visible. It seems doubtful whether he is alive or dead.

Sulla fognatura della Città di Roma, descrizione tecnica dell'Ingegnere Cav. Pietro Narducci. (Rome: Forzani.) Roman archaeology has no doubt reaped much benefit from the rapid development of building in the city and the consequent subteranean works, more especially as regards the study of the topography of ancient Rome, which has made great progress of late years. Very important materials for the history of ancient Roman building are contained in this book. The author, Signor Pietro Narducci, is an engineer who was commissioned by the Roman municipality to make minute investigations into the state of both the ancient and modern system of drains in the city. The present work is the fruit of his researches; and to its technical interest it adds an archaeological one, on account of its description of Roman drainage from the most ancient times and also in the middle ages—an examination carried on by the author under exceptionally favourable conditions. Signor Narducci's treatise is accompanied by a large atlas of plates and tables.

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

THE famous collection of pictures formed by M. Secrétan is to be sold in Paris in about four weeks' time; and an illustrated catalogue will shortly be issued by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co., in this country. Besides a few Italian, Spanish, and English works, and a very fair series by the great Flemish and Dutch masters, this collection will always be notable for its extraordinary representation of modern French art. Here are no less than twenty oil paintings by Meissonier (excluding water-colours, sepia drawings, &c.); four by Millet, including his masterpiece, "The Angelus," for which fabulous offers from America have already been refused; eight by Decamps; seven by Delacroix; six each by Diaz and by Rousseau; five by Fromentin; four by Corot; and so on.

NO medals of the first class have been awarded for painting at this year's Salon. The medallists of the second class are MM. Gabriel Guay (who heads the list with thirty-seven votes out of forty), Baschet, Renard, Berthelon, Boutigny, René Gilbert, Henry E. Delacroix, Outin, Montenard, Deyrolle, Loustaunau, Alexis Vollon, Bondoux, and Frère. M. Michel has taken the only first-class medal for sculpture.

THE exhibition of the works of the great animal sculptor Barye, at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, is very complete and well arranged. Besides the bronzes, the collection contains pictures, drawings, and water colours, leaving little of the genius of the master without due illustration. It is principally selected from the collections of M. Barbedienne, M. Baider, M. Lucas, M. le Comte Doria, M. Lutz, and M. Bounat. To the last belong many of the finest examples of the master. Another exhibition of Barye's works is to be opened shortly at New York.

THE contents of the studio of the late M. Cabanel were sold at Paris on May 25, and produced over £5000. The highest price was given for a picture of Cleopatra experimenting with poisons on prisoners condemned to death. This gruesome composition fetched £800. The sale of the collection of pictures formed by M. Aug. Dreyfus, concluded on Friday last, realised £34,440.

THE monument to be erected in Paris to Danton has been assigned to M. Auguste Paris, and M. Guilbert's statue of Etienne Dolet has been placed in the Place Maubert.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Emile Cartailhac submitted a report upon his mission to Majorca and Minorca to examine the so-called Cyclopean remains. There are found in both islands complete towns, surrounded with walls formed of immense blocks of stone, some of which measure nine cubic metres. Within the circuit of the wall are a large number of buildings, and usually also one building bigger and better constructed than the rest, which occupies the highest point in the town. Another remarkable class of remains are the round towers called *talayots*, also built of huge stones, which cover vaulted crypts or caves dug in the earth. Besides, there are also elongated towers, of the shape of a boat turned bottom upwards, which the people call *nau* or *navetas*. These cover tombs. Lastly, in the cliffs along the shore are to be seen many sepulchral caverns, hewn out of the rock.

WE regret to announce the death of M. Eugène Veron, the well-known director of *L'Art*, which took place at Sables-d'Olonne on May 22, after a long and painful illness.

THE STAGE.

"THE PROFLIGATE."

AT last I have seen "The Profligate" at the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Hare's acting manager having forgotten to invite me, I went into the pit, paying my half-crown with honesty, but, I trust, without ostentation. A very comfortable pit it is, where no one need be in the slightest degree unhappy; and here, while the fine people were slowly assembling in the stalls, there was an opportunity of observing the pretty horseshoe theatre, all red and gold, the pretty "act drop" on which is painted some reminiscences of Watteau—the gallant with the double bass, the comedian of Le Théâtre Italien, the young lady who never accepts, but who never quite refuses—the elegant whom the audacious may spirit away to the "insula perjucunda," the very delightful island of love and of sunshine. It is all very pretty, very pagan, and in very excellent taste.

About the play. Mr. Pinero has set himself, as an artist has a right to do, a difficult subject. He has treated it perhaps not altogether with success, but at least with force, with tenderness, with epigram. The story would not be in the fashion if it did not deal with a man or woman who has had a "past." Happily here it is the man who has had the "past." Dunstan Renshaw, nearing the forties, is marrying Leslie Brudenell, almost a schoolgirl. He is quite unworthy of her. He does not seem, when he marries, to have any real deep love for her; and with perfect callousness he has betrayed and deserted a village girl named Janet. She turns up—not a model of endurance by any means—to inquire about him at the office of the man who is his bride's lawyer; and she tells her story and the tale of his own cowardice to one Mr. Hugh Murray, engaged in the same office, who is secretly in love with Leslie. We need not finish the story in detail. Suffice it to say that a month after Dunstan Renshaw and his bride have gone to Fiesole, Janet arrives there too, in the capacity of a travelling companion of one Mrs. Stonehay—not knowing at whose house it is that she is deposited. Ill-health falls upon her; Mrs. Stonehay is brutal; and Janet stays to be treated tenderly by her old lover's wife, and to be fallen in love with by that lady's brother—a blameless youth, Wilfred Brudenell. Now, Mrs. Stonehay has a daughter Irene. The two are like Edith Granger and her mother in *Dombey and Son*. Irene, that is to say, is to be married to a man she does not care about. Lord Dangars is the man; and Lord Dangars coming into the loggia, overlooking the Apennines, with Dunstan Renshaw, Janet sees her old lover for the first time since her desertion. She utters a betraying scream. For awhile, out of kindness to the young wife, she would have it believed that Lord Dangars, not Renshaw, was her lover; but Lord Dangars protests, with that air of veracity and gentlemanly assurance of which Mr. Hare is master, that he never saw the young woman before. He is believed, and had a right to be. He is not a worthy person; he, too, has had a "past," or many "pasts"; but he is innocent of any dealings with Renshaw's mistress. The knowledge that comes to Mrs. Renshaw tardily—not of her husband's failings, but of her husband's utter heartlessness—is like to

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break her down. She cannot endure him. She tells him to be gone from her; and the curtain has to fall once and to rise again before reconciliation is possible.

That is briefly the story. It is, of course, not a pleasant one; but, in its analysis of feeling it is an attempt, no doubt sufficiently sincere, to deal with a difficult problem of life and society. The contribution which in the sequel it makes to the solution of the problem posed is not to my thinking very valuable, or final, but it is at least interesting as a study and good in intention. Nor are the characters to whom Mr. Pinero introduces us novel or surprising—they are, however, none the less lifelike probably for that. Thus, Lord Dangars is the ordinary man of the world; Wilfred Brudenell, the unspoilt youth; and Hugh Murray, the loyal friend, who could not be the devoted lover. The women are, perhaps, no more difficult to believe in; but to Renshaw, the chief character, some exception must be taken. Why at his age is his whole nature to be changed, and the serpent transformed into the dove, through the simple process of spending a month at Fiesole with the young woman to whom he has last taken a fancy? To have made such a character acceptable in a novel, the author would have been obliged to trace his development or his transformation with more minute care, but on the stage we may remember that the interval between a couple of acts suffices to accomplish a very great deal. No; it is not in the morality of the story—it is not in the presentation of novel characters—that Mr. Pinero has succeeded most. He has succeeded in weaving a plot very closely and firmly. He has built up his effects with the knowledge of a skilled dramatist; and, best of all, he has given us dialogue which is literature. His dialogue, that is to say, whether it be meant to be witty or meant to be earnest, is never common-place. Mrs. Stonehay holds that it is the duty of men and women to help each other. She can help no one; but it is none the less the solemn duty of the rest to help her. Every one talks as pointedly as that. The conversation of the drawing-room is brightened as it were with a page of Sheridan. Mr. Pinero succeeds in being very pathetic by the observance of a rare economy in pathos. He is very simple and direct. Thus, when the newly-made bride asks her friend—silently her lover—if he will not congratulate her on her marriage, Mr. Murray replies: "What can I say to you but this? God bless you, little school girl—always." There are some very pointed things about people like Dunstan Renshaw, too. His old love, wanting to find him, tells Mr. Murray it cannot be difficult to find him, "For he is not a murderer, creeping along in the night time. He is only a betrayer of women. Men do not hide for that."

Pass to the acting. Mr. Lewis Waller plays the sympathetic part of Hugh Murray quite to perfection — seriously, vigorously, wholly without mannerism. Mr. Forbes Robertson's part—that of the unlovable Renshaw—demands, perhaps, more dramatic force and a greater variety; nor does Mr. Forbes Robertson fail. But our sympathies, of course, are ever with Murray. Mr. Brough is charming as the innocent youth, and Mr. Hare is as finished and precise as it is possible to be in the part of Lord Dangars. We have seen Miss Kate Rorke to greater advantage than as Leslie Brudenell; but she knows her business, retains her elegance of manner, has touches of true feeling, and is pleasant to see. The character of Irene—cold, but not bad—is very intelligently rendered by Miss Beatrice Lamb, large and blonde, with colour and poses like an Albert Moore. Miss Olga Nethersole, as Janet, is a little theatrical in the first act, but is charming in the beginning of the third, where she pays tribute to the "voice that was rising and falling." That was the voice, it may be said, of the first lover who had spoken to Janet of an honest love. Mrs. Gaston Murray was a very good Mrs. Stonehay.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MISS AMY ROSELLE will appear at a West-End theatre on Tuesday as "Esther Sandrey."

AT the Criterion, the last nights are announced of "Still Waters Run Deep," as "Garrick" is to be again revived before the end of the season.

MR. STANLEY LITTLE'S four-act play, "Doubt," was produced at a Strand *matinée* on Wednesday, and was received with cordiality. If it is wanting to some extent in that interest of comedy which a play of modern life, that lasts two hours, can hardly satisfactorily be without, and if the serious interest itself would gain—as we think it would—by ampler, even though terser, development, "Doubt" must nevertheless be accounted free from anything that offends or irritates; and it does address itself gravely to the study of the quite lamentable effects of the stupid passion of jealousy upon a man who has everything in his favour, but his too nervous, too jealous, too doting disposition. Mr. Nutcombe Gould—an excellent "character actor," within certain limits, and a man of admirable presence—has not as yet acquired freedom in the expression of emotion. Or, perhaps, he was scarcely at home. The grace and tact of Miss Alma Murray—whose reappearance was welcome—did everything for the part of the heroine. Mr. Stewart Dawson was seen with pleasure.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"LOHENGRIN" was given for the first time this season last Thursday week. Mdme. Nordica made her first appearance in the *rôle* of Elsa. In the opening act there was a certain coldness in her singing, quite possibly the result of nervousness; but it gradually wore off, and in the trying second and third acts she achieved a distinct success. She was quiet and graceful in manner, and her singing full of power and charm. Mr. Barton McGuckin was to have been the Lohengrin; but, being disabled at the last moment, his place was taken by Signor A. d'Andrade, who did the best he could under the circumstances. Mdme. Fürsch-Madi, with her impressive dramatic talent, made a fine Ortrud, and she was admirably supported by Signor F. d'Andrade as Frederick. Signor Castelmary as the King, and Signor Abramoff as the Herald, rendered efficient service. Signor Mancinelli conducted well, and the chorus sang in a powerful manner. With such a body of voices, one regrets the cuts that have to be made in the choral music of the second act—to say nothing of the balance between recitative and chorus which is thereby destroyed. "We shall not cut a note, not an iota of your work," wrote Liszt to Wagner in connexion with the performances of "Lohengrin" at Weimar in 1850. But what was then possible at Weimar is now impossible in London.

"La Traviata" was repeated on the following Saturday, and Mdme. Albani as Violetta sang with unusual brilliancy and effect.

"La Sonnambula," that mildest of operas, was given on Monday evening. Mdlle. Marie Van Zandt as Amina sang and acted with great intelligence and charm, and she was well received. M. E. de Reske made his first appearance this season as Count Rudolfo, and sang splendidly. The orchestra was under the direction of Signor Randegger.

"Aïda" was the opera on Tuesday evening, and the cast was a strong one. Mdme. Nordica (Aïda) sang with brilliancy and power. It would, of course, be difficult to find a better Rhadames than M. Jean de Reske, either as singer or actor. Mdlle. J. de Vignes took the part of Amneris, in place of Mdme. Scalchi, and proved an efficient substitute.

"Le Nozze di Figaro" was given on Wednesday, a non-subscription night, with a brilliant cast. Mdme. Albani is one of the most dignified and charming of countesses; Mdme. Ella Russell, a lady's maid who never forgets her position; and Mdme. Marie van Zandt, one of the most attractive of Cherubinos. They were all in splendid voice, and the applause, and, unfortunately, the encores, showed how successfully they sang. Sig. Cotogni, as the Count, acted in a quiet, yet effective manner, and sang remarkably well. Sig. Cotogni's lively and excellent impersonation of Figaro deserves special mention. Sig. Arditi was the conductor, and it was delightful to listen to the exceptionally delicate and refined accompaniments to the songs.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

SEÑOR SARASATE again drew a large audience to his fourth concert on Saturday last, and he performed Beethoven's Concerto with wonderful skill. His reading of it possibly lacks fervour, but it is pure and dignified. The cadenza which he introduces into the first movement may not be in keeping with the music: it is, however, a magnificent display of virtuosity. The programme included Saint-Saens's Concerto in B minor. Miss Nettie Carpenter had unfortunately sprained her ankle, and was unable to take part as announced in "Navarre"—a duet for two violins by the concert-giver. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Cusins, played Tschaikowsky's interesting "Romeo and Juliet" Overture, and Cherubini's "Anacreon."

THE fifth Richter concert was held on Monday evening. The programme included an important selection from the "Nibelungen," and Brahms' Symphony (No. 3) in F. In spite of these attractions, the chief feature of interest was the first appearance of Miss Hermine Spies, a Lieder vocalist of some fame in Germany. She has a fine and well-trained mezzo-soprano voice, and sings with marked intelligence and feeling. Her rendering of Gluck's "Che faro" gave but an imperfect idea of her powers. Afterwards, however, in some Lieder by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, she made a most favourable impression, and had to repeat the "Vergebliches Ständchen" of Brahms.

MR. E. PROUT'S cantata for men's voices, "Damon and Phintias," written specially for the Eglesfield Musical Society, was produced at Oxford on May 31, with great success. The composer conducted his own work, and met with a hearty reception. The music is in Mr. Prout's best manner. The style is clear, there is charm and vigour; and the orchestration is, as usual with him, effective. The most successful numbers were the two tenor songs of Damon, Phintias's scena, "O'er moor and crag," and the Finale, "Oh, Love, thou breath of Heaven!"

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SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

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THE EDITOR *cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.*

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, *and not to the* EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

THE MARTYRS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

The London Charterhouse, its Monks and its Martyrs. With a Short Account of the English Carthusians after the Dissolution. By Dom Lawrence Hendriks, Monk of St. Hugh's Charterhouse, Sussex. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Historia Aliquot Martyrum Anglorum, maxime Octodecim Cartusianorum sub Rege Henrico Octavo ob Fidei Confessionem et Summi Pontificis Jura vindicanda interemptorum. a V. Patre Domno Mauritio Chauncy, Londiniensis Cartusiae Professo Conscripta; nunc ad exemplar primae editionis Moguntinae anno 1550 excusae a monachis Cartusiae S. Hugonis in Anglia denuo edita. (Burns & Oates.)

STANDING just outside the limits of that which is strictly called the City of London, the old Charter House is even now a comparatively quiet spot. The din of the nineteenth century is hushed as you enter a seclusion full of interesting associations for "Carthusians" of modern times and hallowed by the memories of devout men and martyrs in a remoter past. And yet you are not quite carried back into the middle ages. The old Carthusian monastery is gone; even Sutton's hospital has been removed; the spirit of change and progress is felt to be at work even here. Look backwards and the shade of Colonel Newcome will appear to you before that of Prior Houghton becomes distinctly visible. Yet there is an air of solitude about the place highly favourable to meditation, and some of the walls around you have been raised by monks and martyrs.

Even so the two books named at the head of this article breathe the modern and the ancient spirit. The first is a popular account in English of the story of the London Charter-House, from its foundation as a monastery by Sir Walter de Manny to the recent removal of the Charter House School to Godalming. The second is a republication of a scarce Latin work, printed abroad in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by one of the last surviving monks of the place, who was anxious to leave behind him a record of the sufferings of his brethren, and of the cause for which they died. It has been carefully edited by Father Doreau, prior of a new Charter House recently founded in Sussex, to which establishment the writer of the first book also belongs; and much of the information given in the latter work is directly derived from it. Indeed, we may say at once that although there is much interesting matter contained in the English treatise relating both to earlier and to later times, and a good deal concerning the history of the Carthusian Order that is not strictly speaking connected with "the London Charter House," all the other matter in the volume appears almost trivial compared with the deeply pathetic story of those martyrdoms and persecutions which the two books contain in common.

The Carthusian rule was one of the most severe that any of the old monastic orders followed. Not to mention other qualifications, a man required to possess a strong physical constitution to enter it at all. For men so gifted in former days, it was a question whether they would devote their powers to war and tournaments, or to the service of their Maker in the cloister. If a man entered the Carthusian order, he spent his days in solitude and silence, hardly conversing even with his brethren (except in the case of lay brothers working together at manual labour), rising at dead of night for matins and at five in the morning for mass, never leaving his cell under ordinary circumstances but for these two services and afternoon vespers, with once a week a walk in the *spatiamentum* outside the enclosure; devoting his whole life to labour, meditation, and study upon a diet in which fish was the highest luxury, flesh being absolutely prohibited the whole year round. No wonder that in their latter days, when there was a positive premium upon apostacy, there were Carthusians who, like Andrew Boorde, declared themselves unable to abide "the rugurosytè" of that religion!

But it was not so with most. Whatever may be said, either for or against a life of seclusion in the abstract, there is no doubt—for it was proved by events at last—that such a life, with all its self-denials and abstinence, strengthened the moral sinews of men when the day of trial came to look with calmness and fortitude, not merely on the prospect of death, but of death accompanied by every circumstance of revolting cruelty which ingenious malice could devise. For centuries the Carthusians had lived apart from the world, and it may be that the leaven was kept too far from contact with the bread. But tyranny at last did the work which the austerity of monastic rule would never have accomplished by itself; and a handful of devoted sufferers, who had never sought to take part in the affairs of this world, at length broke the power of an odious and demoralising despotism which was all the more difficult to resist because it was able and cunning, and clothed itself, besides, with all the sanctions of religion.

It will be said, no doubt, that the tyranny still continued after the Carthusian martyrs had been put to death. And certainly there did prevail tyranny enough for many a long year after; indeed, that generation did not see the end of it. The three Carthusian priors—that is to say, John Houghton, of the London Charter House, with Augustine Webster and Robert Laurence, the heads of two other houses of the order, and with them Richard Reynolds, a brother of Sion, and John Hale, vicar of Isleworth—were but the first victims of Henry VIII.'s royal supremacy over the Church. Within two months they were followed to the scaffold by Bishop Fisher and three other Carthusian monks. Then immediately afterwards the head of Sir Thomas More fell upon Tower Hill. All this was between April and the beginning of July 1535. We need go no further with the bloody record. These were they who bore the first brunt of the battle. And if we regard the cause for which they died as the divine right of the successors of St. Peter to rule spiritually over the whole Christian world, it must be said that their blood was shed in vain, for royal supremacy was precisely the one thing that Henry with his despotism clearly succeeded in establishing. It was not undone even in Mary's reign, when Papal authority was once more introduced under royal sanction; and it has not been weakened even to this day. But Henry's reckless and licentious despotism had received a real check, and he had to be more wary in future how he opposed himself in matters affecting Christian faith and morals to the public opinion of Christendom. Royal supremacy might still be upheld; but the unjust cause which had led him to defy the Pope and put to death honest men who believed in his authority, even for declining to answer questions, was now discredited for evermore. The marriage with Anne Boleyn could no longer be maintained. It had become more odious in the eyes of men, since it required such sacrifices to cause it to be respected; and Henry, soon after, took his own way of annulling it and releasing himself from its restraint. Assuredly the victims of royal supremacy were avenged; but the result remained, and even martyrdom could not reverse it.

Yet the patience with which these and other martyrs faced their trials was the means of winning for us that spiritual liberty which we now enjoy, and which royal supremacy, in the end, was obliged fully to concede. No bondage can be devised for minds resolved to die rather than to yield a point of principle. And the Carthusians did not throw away their lives, but considered carefully how much they could yield with a safe conscience before they suffered. The first question proposed to them was whether they would swear to the validity of the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn and the nullity of his marriage with Queen Katharine. In vain did the prior plead that this was a matter which concerned the king, and not himself or his brethren. His opinion was expressly demanded, and he replied to the royal commissioners, in the face of the whole assembled convent, that he did not see how the former marriage, celebrated as it was according to the rites of the Church, and allowed to remain so many years unquestioned, could now be called invalid. To this answer the whole community likewise gave their assent. The result was that Prior Houghton was committed to the Tower, and with him the procurator of the monastery, Humphrey Middlemore. After a month's imprisonment, during which they were visited by some learned men (Dom Lawrence Hendriks says ecclesiastics, but his authority, Chauncy, only says *probos et doctos viros*) anxious to bring them to conformity or arrange some compromise, they came to the conclusion that they might at least agree to recognise the succession as arranged by Act of Parliament, and they swore to accept the king's laws conditionally—that is to say, as far as they were

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compatible with the laws of God. On this they were released and the oath was propounded to the convent, who were at first not a little troubled at it. But the prior —according to Chauncy, whose accuracy of memory is borne out in many other things by contemporary records—told them that their hour had not yet come; and that he had dreamed, the very same night he and the proctor had been released from prison, that he should be brought thither again before a year had elapsed and then complete his course. And though he did not give much faith to dreams, he urged the brethren to do like himself and live as long as they could without offending God. By his persuasions accordingly, the whole convent took an oath which was accepted at the time as sufficient, to obey the king as far as it was lawful.

This was in May, 1534; and in February, 1535, Prior Houghton saw too clearly that his dream was about to be realised. Parliament had met in November and passed the Act of Supremacy; and a new oath was to be exacted from everybody, requiring unreserved submission to the king as supreme head of the Church, renouncing all allegiance to foreign authority. Chauncy relates in simple language the terror which this news inspired in the convent, the readiness they all expressed to die together, and the pathetic warning given them by the prior that this was not likely to be demanded, but that he and one or two of the elders would probably be selected first as victims. He ordered, however, three days of preparation for whatever might befall—the first to be devoted to sacramental confession, the second to mutual reconciliation, and the third to a votive mass of the Holy Ghost to strengthen them for whatever sacrifice might be required of them. About this time they were visited successively by two different priors of the same order—Prior Robert Lawrence, of Beauvale, in Nottinghamshire; and Prior Augustine Webster, of the Charter House of Axholme, in Lincolnshire. Little did either of them know what awaited him in London; but when they saw the danger threatening their whole religion, they at once resolved to accompany Prior Houghton to an interview with Thomas Cromwell in the hope of being able to mitigate, if not wholly to ward off, the destined blow. Their pious zeal and sympathy only made them along with him the proto-martyrs of their faith. At the interview they were not allowed to remonstrate or discuss matters, but were simply ordered to prison. In the Tower, they were interrogated whether they would accept the king as head of the Church, and their simple refusal was made the ground of an indictment for high treason under the Act. There was no possibility of escape from the dreadful consequences. The butchery seems to have been made purposely even more hideous than usual to appease the anger of the court; and many of the courtiers—some thought even the king himself—went to witness it in disguise. But the whole of London was stirred with deep displeasure which did not dare to express itself too openly.

The deep interest of the subject of these books has carried us away from the books themselves. But before concluding we must say just a word in commendation of the pious care shown by Father Doreau to do his author every possible justice. Not only have old misprints and misreadings of English names been corrected (for Chauncy's chief work, it must be remembered, has been hitherto printed abroad) and some brief but useful notes added at the end, but photographic engravings are inserted from pictures of the sufferings of the martyrs, preserved at the Grande Chartreuse and elsewhere, some of which seem to be of nearly contemporary execution. Altogether it is a most beautiful, careful, and sumptuous edition of a work that is scarcely accessible now in any other form.

Dom Lawrence Hendriks, too, has done his part well as author. His volume, which is illustrated by similar engravings, mostly from the same pictures, is divided into three parts; the first giving a brief account of the original institution of the order and of the foundation and early history of the London Charter House; the second, a more minute account of the time of suffering under Henry VIII.; and the third, the history of the building after the dissolution of the priory, the re-establishment of the community for a brief period at Sheen, and their subsequent life abroad in a "Sheen Anglorum," which was set up first at Bruges and was afterwards transferred to other places, as the necessity of the times demanded. Their house was finally suppressed, with a number of other monasteries, by the Emperor Joseph II. in 1783.

James Gairdner.

The Ascent of Man. By Mathilde Blind. (Chatto & Windus.)

The singularly happy title of this book shows an advantage which the poet sometimes has over the man of science. When the latter traces the evolution of the human species he calls his work "The Descent of Man." The poet, undertaking a similar task, adopts a title which seems the exact antithesis of that. To him—in the present instance to her—the process is an ascent. Of course, whether treated by the poet or by the man of science, the progress of man is necessarily an ascent from lower forms and attainments to higher, but the poet takes account of moral and social and intellectual progress, while it is only the physical man that concerns the biologist. The poet also has much to say about man the animal. It is in natural conditions that the ascent begins; and Miss Blind describes these, and evolves from them the human savage, with much picturesque effect. This is another advantage which the poet has over the man of science. While the latter is busy with details and minutiae, the poet grasps the result, and bodies it forth in bold outlines that make the whole truth clear. Miss Blind does this when in half a dozen lines she traces the advance of animal life up to the ape, and suggests the future man. Thus:

"And in the long portentous strife,
Where types are tried even as by fire,
Where life is whetted upon life
And step by panting step mounts higher,
Apes lifting hairy arms now stand
And free the wonder-working hand."

The advent of man, and his struggles with an external nature more savage than himself, are described with the same felicity.

"From age to dumb unnumbered age,
By dim gradations long and slow,
He reaches on from stage to stage"—

and at length,

"With cunning hand he shapes the flint,
He carves the horn with strange device,
He splits the rebel rock by dint
Of effort—till one day there flies
A spark of fire from out the stone:
Fire which shall make the world his own."

From this half-physical, half-intellectual achievement Miss Blind traces the "ascent of man" through successive stages, until first love, and then sorrow—which is love under another guise—lead us to the highest conception of human life we can hope to reach. It is a brave, sad, glorious story, told with inimitable skill, and as only a poet who knows man's heart, with its hopes, doubts, fears, aspirations, could possibly tell it. We see the human creature when he is

"The sport of whim and blindfold circumstance";

when

"The irresponsible, capricious gods,
So quick to please or anger,"

narrow his life to a slavish service. Then we realise of his gods and himself this profound truth—so aptly and forcibly stated—

"But ever as Man grows they grow with him."

Loss and gain and suffering mark the progress he makes. There are ebbings and flowings of the wave—

"Kingdoms on kingdoms have their fleeting day,
Dazzle the conquered world, and pass away"—

but man grows and civilisation advances. It is the East that has the morning sun:

"Egypt confronts Sahara—sphinx of nations;
Taught by the floods that make or mar her shore,
She scans the stars and hoards mysterious lore.

Hers are imperial halls
With strangely sculptured walls
And long perspectives of memorial places,
Where the hushed daylight glows
On mute colossal rows
Of clawed wild beasts featured with female faces,
And realmless kings inane, whose stony eyes
Have watched the hour-glass of the centuries."

The old savagery comes out again, directed now to new ends, which have a strange but necessary place in the ascending scale of human experience. War and invasion and conquest succeed this stolid staring of kings inane. There is

"clash of spears and shields,
Widowing the world of men to win the world."

* * * * *

"Triumphant o'er them all,
See crowns and sceptres fall
Before the arms of iron-soldered legions;
As Capitolian Rome
Across the salt sea foam
Orders her Caesars to remotest regions:
From silver Spain and Albion's clouded seas
To the fair shrines and marble mines of Greece."

Rome the conqueror is conquered in her turn, and a new civilisation is brought in by Christianity. But that, too, has a varied and perplexing course, in which sometimes the upward flame is either beaten down or blazes out with the cruel lust of slaughter:

"... The flame of mystical desires
Turns to fury fiercer than a leopard's,
Holy fagots blaze with kindling fires."

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Social and political changes are as cruel as those wrought in the name of religion:

"Bastilles yawn, and chains are rent asunder."

Revolution, Federation, Liberty, are things or names that have their part in the moving scene. But all the while

"The soul of man flies on in deep distress,
As once across the world's harsh wilderness
Latona fled, chased by the Queen of heaven."

This admirable simile is amplified to show how art and poesy came to have divine birth, and to attain to heavenly beauty in man's life. The island birthplace of Apollo and Diana suggests another Delos—another "harbour of refuge on the tumbling seas"—

"Where, severed from the world-clang and the roar,
Still in the flesh he yet may reach that shore
Where want is not, and, like the dew from heaven,
There drops upon the fevered soul
The balm of Thought's divine control.
* * * *
Forms and hues and sounds that make
Life grow lovelier for their sake."

Sculptor and painter each ennoble humanity—the flame of the soul rises higher and shines more brightly—but it is the poet who quickens it to its fairest intensity:

"The poet in whose shaping brain,
Life is created o'er again
With loftier raptures, loftier pain;
Whose mighty potencies of verse
Move through the plastic universe,
And fashion to their strenuous will
The world that is creating still."

The story of the ascent of man is rendered complete by two distinct poems of remarkable excellence, called "The Pilgrim Soul" and "The Leading of Sorrow." The first describes a pilgrimage in search of Love, who is found "on the cold ground, abandoned, alone." The pilgrim soul had sought him in temples, in tapestried chambers—had found a mask in his likeness, and lust in his place—but Love all the time was a castaway. The soul is discouraged, but Love cheers it, and cherished by the soul recovers all his old power:

"And lo, as we went through the woe-clouded city,
Where women bring forth and men labour in vain,
Weak Love grew so great in his passion of pity
That all who beheld him were born once again."

"The Leading of Sorrow" is a sad, pitiful review of the lot of men in some of its harder phases. It shows how much there is in life to weep over, to atone for, and to amend. But the lesson of sorrow is the lesson of love—sorrow, indeed, is

"... Love himself, Love re-arisen
With the Eternal shining through his eyes."

The other poems in the volume are as excellent in their kind as those which give a title to it. The only difference between them is that one series is rich with human experience, and with the results of knowledge and of high thinking, while the other is all aglow with the fresh delights of the out-door world. These delights find an almost perfect expression in the following sonnet:

"There was intoxication in the air;
The wind, keen blowing from across the seas,
O'er leagues of new-ploughed land and heathery leas,
Smelt of wild gorse whose gold flamed everywhere.
An undertone of song pulsed far and near,
The soaring larks filled heaven with ecstacies,
And, like a living clock among the trees,
The shouting cuckoo struck the time of year.
For now the Sun had found the earth once more,
And woke the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss;
Who thrilled with light of love in every pore,
Opened her flower-blue eyes, and looked in his.
Then all things felt life fluttering at their core—
The world shook mystical in lambent bliss."

A reviewer who is so fortunate as to light on a book like this lays it down with regret, and fears that he has not said of it all that it deserves should be said. That is my feeling; and lest I should have omitted any note of praise that ought to be sounded I should like to add, by way of suggestion to all lovers of poetry—and I hope they are still many—that here is truly a book that is worth the loving.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

The Imitation of Christ. By Thomas Kempis. Now for the First Time set forth in Rhythmic Sentences according to the Original Intention of the Author. With Preface by Canon Liddon. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS new edition of *The Imitation* has been expected for some time. It required some one of peculiar ability, over and above that of a faithful translator, to give the rhythm of the original. Those who have examined various editions of *The Imitation* published during the last two or three centuries will have noticed a difference in most of them—some being more of a paraphrase, and others having more or less a literal translation, but still varying the words; but between these and the present work a greater difference will be observed than ever. Most of our English editions from the seventeenth century have been taken from Sommalius's copy of the Latin text. And Sommalius gives us to understand that he amended in some instances the Latin taken from the MS. (A.D. 1441) written by the hand of Thomas à Kempis. It will be noticed also that Sommalius divided the chapters into paragraphs, which many translators have followed; and since his time the paragraphs have been further divided into verses, as they now appear in the more modern editions. But in the 1441 MS. neither paragraphs are to be found as Sommalius gives them, nor does it appear that verses were designed as we now have them. And yet, from certain marks and stops—which a casual observer might overlook—there are evident divisions in nearly all the chapters. Thus, in book i., chap. i., while Sommalius has five paragraphs, the author only makes two divisions, clearly according to the two-fold heading of the chapter—viz., "The Imitation of Christ" and "The Contempt of the World." There are, moreover, certain breaks in these divisions, but not answering to the paragraphs that have been adopted, which it is desirable to notice, in order to gain the nicety and force of what is written. Instead of verses, a shorter method is indicated, answering to lines, some very short and some long. And in many instances this is the more clear from the ending words of the lines being made to rhyme. But over and above these points there is a kind of rhythm, which runs through the whole work, which most of the editions for the last two or three centuries have failed to reproduce, or have not noticed—a rhythm which gives a peculiar piquancy to the words which the mere prose often fails to convey. Some of the earliest copiers of this remarkable work evidently noticed this rhythm, for there are several MSS., both in England and abroad, which speak of the work as "Musica Ecclesiastica." Some interested critics have been much puzzled by these two words attached to the beginning of it. It does not appear that the author himself ever gave this title to it. But those who at the first copied the work from the MS. of Thomas à Kempis seem carefully to have noted how the words had a certain cadence in them, and were thereby adapted for church music, and how it was originally designed for religious people that they might chant it over, or repeat it in the way of "speaking to themselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

It is now not many years ago since Dr. Carl Hirsche, of Hamburg, made a minute and searching examination of the MS. of the *Imitation* written by the hand of Thomas à Kempis, and discovered several peculiarities which led him, with indefatigable industry and great literary skill, to draw out an exact copy of the whole work as it should be properly read; and in 1874 he published the result of his labours in a Latin copy, where he shows the lines, breaks, and divisions indicated as they occur in the 1441 MS., and the rhythm which pervades it. None but those who have carefully looked over the 1441 MS. of the *Imitation*—or the photographic copy of it, published by Elliot Stock in 1879, with a short but admirable introduction by Charles Ruelens, keeper of the MSS. in the Royal Library of Brussels, where this MS. is to be found—will thoroughly understand the immense labour and strain of the undertaking, and the special qualifications for the investigation which Dr. Hirsche must have exercised. The cramped handwriting of this MS., the many contractions, the various peculiar marks and stops, the difficulty of making out several of the letters, the evident endeavour to get the work into as short a compass as possible—this is clear from the headings of the chapters being continued on the very line in which the writer finishes the former chapter, or by writing a word or two of the chapter and then on the same line giving the title and number of the chapter—all these things show that the undertaking was one of no light magnitude; and it is feared that the work must have injured Dr. Hirsche's eyesight, for we regret to hear that the learned scholar is now nearly blind.

Those who were acquainted with his labours in thus bringing out this new copy of the *Imitation*, and the "Prolegomena" which he wrote upon it, have long wished to see it reproduced in an English translation as he has indicated; and it is with no little delight that they welcome the attempt that has been made in the present edition of the *Imitation*. And those who have used the former editions will be pleased with this fresh translation, which presents an old friend to them in a new and more attractive form, more in accordance with the original design of the author, which frequently gives a fresh-

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ness, grandeur, and terseness, very acceptable to the reader.

To give an example or two of the manner in which it is written, as well as of the beauty and raciness of the rhythm that appear, we turn to p. 170, where these words occur:

"Father of heaven, I bless Thee,
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
That Thou hast deigned to think of me in poverty.
Father of mercies, God of consolation,
Thanks be to Thee,
Who, now and then, with Thy consoling words
Refreshest me, unworthy of all comfort.
I bless Thee always, and I give Thee glory
With Thine own Son, the One-begotten,
And with the Holy Ghost the Comforter,
World without end.
Ah, my Lord God, my holy Lover,
When Thou comest to my heart
All my inward life is glad.
Thou art my glory,
Thou art he that maketh glad my soul,
My help, my haven,
When I am in trouble."

There is a grandeur about this passage, the beauty of which is not so striking in a prose paragraph, or when broken up into verses. Take another passage selected at random (p. 291):

"Think how very frail you are;
You find it over and again in meeting little crosses.
Yet they are for your health,
They and the like."

And again at the bottom of p. 115:

"Away from Thee I cannot be,
Without Thy visiting me I cannot live;
And I must often come to Thee,
And take Thee for the medicine of my health,
That I fail not on my way,
Robbed of my food from heaven."

The page, rather than the book and chapter, is given, because the translator, following the original order, has given the fourth book as it appears in the usual editions in the place of the third.

The above passages will give some idea of the method of rendering the original. But the work is of unequal merit; and there appears too often an unnecessary attempt to render the Latin differently from the other editions, that it may appear more striking, where it is far from being an improvement. Thus on p. 30 we have this rendering, where the idea of *proficere* is not clearly brought out—

"If you would stand as you should stand,
If you would tread where you should tread,
Then must you think yourself a banished man, a Wanderer on the earth"—

which does not come up to that of most of the former versions. And a few lines after, where "the habit and tonsure" (*habitus et tonsura*) are spoken of by others as profiting but little, is here rendered "the gown and shaven head."

But a more unsatisfactory rendering is to be found on p. 235, which comes far short of the dignity of the original, or that of other editions:

"O blaze that shines for ever,
High above all the fires of earth,
Lighten in flashes from above,
Finding a way into the secret chambers of my heart.
Make pure,
Make glad,
Make clear, make quick my spirit and its powers
To cleave to Thee in wild excess of joy."

The old rendering is better; for to give but the first part of it, as a proof of this, we have but to transcribe these words from another edition:

"O Light eternal, transcending all created lights, dart thy bright beams from above, and penetrate the inmost recesses of my heart."

Moreover, the translator does not always strictly follow Hirsche's delineation of the 1441 MS., but tries to improve upon it in some places by turning into lines a continuous sentence. Thus, on p. 26 two instances of this are found; so also on p. 165 at the top, the sentence is broken up into three long lines. There are also three instances of this on p. 169. And in the previous page, the division of the chapter, as in Hirsche, is left out altogether. And why does the translator in the title-page call the author Thomas Kempis, leaving out the *à* before the latter name? It would lead any one to believe that Kempis was his patronymic or family name. This, however, as is well known to those interested in his history, was Haemmerlein, and that of Kempis was taken from the town of which he was a native. It is under this name of Haemmerlein that all the works of Thomas à Kempis in various versions, and those that relate to his writings, are to be found in the British Museum. In the facsimile of his attestation at the end of the volume of MS. 1441, which now lies before me, there is clearly the sign of a contraction of the name, which, as the learned Mgr. Malou has it, stands for Kempensis—*i.e.*, "of Kempen," the name of the town; or, as Hirsche has it on his title-page, "Thomae Kempensis." And what authority has the translator for saying in his preface that Thomas à Kempis lived to be "ninety-seven"? None of his biographers make him to have been more than ninety-one, being born A.D. 1380 or 1379, and dying 1471. And why should he say that "the title"—*The Imitation of Christ*—"is a complete misnomer"? It is indeed, generally, thought that the title was taken from the first part of the first chapter of the first book, where the heading is the same. But are not the whole of the four books more or less permeated with this one great principle or duty? As a confirmation of this, we would refer the reader to pp. 190, 199, 201, 215, 235, 177, 297, 69, 91, 93, 98, 99, and 287 in the present edition; and even when *the following of Christ* is not directly spoken of, still the leading idea is the making of ourselves conformable in all things to the will of God, which was the great and ever present ideal and endeavour of Christ our Lord. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification."

We do not point out these matters to dishearten the translator, for he has done much, and in the right direction, but that he may make corrections and improvements, and bring the work to greater perfection in another edition, which we hope will soon be called for.

S. Kettlewell.

The "Statesmen Series."—*Life of Henry Grattan.* By Robert Dunlop. (W. H. Allen.)

Mr. Dunlop is a conscientious student, who has devoted much time to the study of Irish history, and is a thorough master of the subject. An honest investigator and an accomplished literary man, his impartiality commands respect, and his lucid style at once draws attention. Though a familiar subject, Grattan gains something in freshness and interest at the hands of Mr. Dunlop; and readers of this little book of 232 pages will be gratified to learn how much can be said in a small space on a great theme by a competent authority.

What is especially pleasing in Mr. Dunlop's book is the skill with which he steers clear of the political currents of the day, and the steadiness with which he holds a true historical course. Mr. Dunlop is no blind worshipper of Grattan, or of the Irish parliament of '82. He sees the defects in the man and in the institution, and he points them out with an unsparing hand. He fairly hits the great blot in the constitution of 1782 in saying that Ireland was

"still controlled by English ministers irresponsible for their conduct to the Irish Parliament. On this hidden rock the new Constitution, set afloat with such incredible pains and hailed with such rapturous applause, eventually struck and foundered" (pp. 60, 61).

This point has never been so well put before. In truth there was an Irish parliament, but, practically, an English executive; and the parliament and the executive were almost always more or less in conflict. Grattan made little effort to reform this state of things. No doubt the system of subjecting the executive to parliamentary control was not so well understood in the eighteenth century as it is now; yet it is remarkable that Grattan, who was so jealous of English interference in domestic affairs, while sincerely loyal to the English connexion, did not perceive that the existence of an English executive, which could hold the balance between Irish parties, must tend to fetter the freedom of parliament. Grattan, in fact, was intensely grateful for the "concession" of '82; and he was anxious to show his gratitude by avoiding fresh causes of disturbance. He also believed that parliament would in time right itself and the country. He was, therefore, at first more or less disposed to adopt a policy of *laissez faire*. Not so Flood, who saw more clearly than Grattan the necessity of improving the victory of '82. Flood, however, did not attempt to reform the executive; but he did the next best thing—the only thing, perhaps, that was possible—he tried to reform the parliament.

Upon this question of reform Grattan's conduct was, as Mr. Dunlop says, "deplorable" (p. 70). He did not help Flood. It is to be feared he thwarted him. Mr. Dunlop says: "It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in this instance Grattan's conduct was, perhaps unconsciously to himself, prejudiced by his quarrel with Flood" (p. 70). I am not prepared to adopt this statement, even in the tentative form in which it is made. I believe Grattan was influenced in this matter by three chief considerations—fear of the volunteers, gratitude to Fox and the Whigs, loyalty to the English connexion. Fox, it must be borne in mind, resisted the demand for reform. He wrote:

"The question is not whether this or that measure shall take place, but whether the Constitution of Ireland, which Irish patriots are so proud of having established, shall exist, or whether the government shall be as purely

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military as ever it was under the praetorian bands" (Grattan, *Memoirs*, iii., p. 113).

Fox forgot that it was the volunteers who had "established" the constitution, but Flood could not. He believed that the work which the volunteers began, the volunteers only could complete; and he was prepared to overawe the Irish parliament into submission in 1783 by the same means which had been used to overawe the English government into submission in 1782. Grattan recognised the great services of the volunteers, but he shared Fox's fears. And it is right to add that these fears were not unnatural, though, I believe, groundless. The volunteers could have overawed parliament, and probably, as Mr. Lecky points out (*Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, p. 95), wrested Ireland from England's grasp. If the proposal for reform had come from within parliament, Grattan might have taken a different stand. But it came from without. It came from a military body whose power in the country was, in truth, supreme. Grattan had commenced to fear this body, and was not prepared to take measures from its hands. That his fears were groundless, and his action was wrong, there can be no doubt. The life of the Irish parliament depended on reform; reform depended on the volunteers; and there is no just reason for thinking that the volunteers were less loyal to the English connexion than Grattan himself. Had Grattan co-operated with Flood, reform would have been carried. The executive would in time have been brought under parliamentary control, concessions to the Catholics would have been hastened, and the constitution would have been preserved without the English connexion being endangered. As it was, Grattan's fatal policy led to the rejection of Flood's proposal, and to the disbandment of the volunteers—the two first steps in the downward move which ended in the destruction of Irish legislative independence.

Mr. Dunlop's account of the conflict over Pitt's commercial propositions in 1785 is full and clear; and his comments are judicious and just. Fox's conduct in this instance cannot be too strongly condemned. It was factious and unpatriotic. Pitt's plan, as first proposed, was "open, fair, and just," and Grattan accepted it; but "Fox and the Whig party, backed by the noisy and selfish protests of the manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire, ultimately obliged Pitt to withdraw the measure for amendment" (p. 81). In its original form the plan consisted of eleven propositions dealing with the commercial relations of the two kingdoms without trenching on the Irish constitution. In its amended form it consisted of twenty propositions, some of which did trench on the Irish constitution. In this latter form Grattan opposed the plan, and the Irish Parliament supported him. Mr. Dunlop seems doubtful whether Grattan ought not to have accepted even the amended plan, open as it was to objection on constitutional grounds; but I think Grattan was right. He could not have guarded the constitution too jealously. Mr. Dunlop, however, places the responsibility for the rejection of the commercial proposals on the right shoulders.

"Whatever blame," he says, "attaches to their rejection lies at the door of the English opposition. It was not the first nor the last time Irish interests have been sacrificed to suit party purposes" (p. 85).

Fox had strong sympathies with Ireland; but he proved a mischievous friend on two critical occasions—in 1783 and 1785. Grattan committed a grave mistake in identifying himself with any English party to the exclusion of another. Pitt had not the warm sympathies of Fox; but there is every reason for believing that in 1784-5 he was sincerely desirous to establish commercial relations between England and Ireland which would be advantageous to both countries, and which would not curtail the liberties of the Irish parliament. He then desired a union of interests, not a union of legislatures. Writing to the Duke of Rutland, he said:

"Such an arrangement [as the commercial proposals] is defensible only on the idea of relinquishing local prejudices and partial advantages in order to consult uniformly, and without distinction, the general benefit of the empire. This cannot be done but by making Ireland and England one country in effect, though for local concerns under distinct legislatures" (*Rutland Correspondence*).

The rejection of the commercial proposals made Pitt the enemy of the Irish parliament. It was the third step in the direction of legislative union.

Like most other writers, Mr. Dunlop does not sufficiently emphasise the part taken by Wolfe Tone in the concession of the franchise to the Catholics in 1793. Sometimes the Irish parliament gets all the credit for this boon, sometimes the English cabinet. The truth is, the cabinet forced the parliament to grant the measure. But who forced the cabinet? In my judgment, Wolfe Tone. But for the union between the Catholics and the Ulster Presbyterians, between the constitutional party and the revolutionary party, the measure would not have been carried. This union, in fact, overawed the cabinet; and this union would not have been possible but for Wolfe Tone.

"The country is in a terrible state," wrote the lord-lieutenant, "the democratic [Catholic] leaders have coalesced with the United Irishmen and every turbulent spirit in the country. The Catholic committee already exercise the functions of government, levy contributions, issue orders for the preservation of the peace—a circumstance more dangerous, perhaps, than if they could direct the breach of it. Their mandates are taken by the lower class of people as laws."

It was this "terrible" state of things that brought about the concession of 1793, and for it Wolfe Tone and his Ulster republican colleagues were chiefly responsible.

Another man whose services at this crisis are generally forgotten is Myles Keon. It was he—at least Tone gives him all the credit for it—who formed a plan for organising the Catholics throughout the country; who, in fact, almost anticipated the Catholic Association of O'Connell. And it is curious to note how Canning, in 1825, described the operations of the Association much as the Lord Lieutenant described the operations of the Catholic committee in the language above quoted. Tone, John Keogh, and Myles Keon taught the Catholics to help themselves. Hitherto the practice of their friends had mainly been to do justice for them rather than by them.

The Fitzwilliam administration, the rebellion of 1798, and the Union, are familiar topics. They are touched with the hand of a master in this little book. Mr. Dunlop thinks that Lord Fitzwilliam was an injudicious agent employed to carry out a great policy. There can be no doubt of it. It was natural enough to try and get rid of the Beresford faction. But Lord Fitzwilliam did not count the strength of that faction, and he proceeded with fatal rashness to accomplish an object good in itself. No faults of Fitzwilliam, however, can diminish the blame which rests on Pitt. He acted basely towards the Catholics in 1795, as he did again in 1800. He prevented Catholic emancipation, and made the rebellion of '98 inevitable. It is idle to pretend that the Irish parliament would have refused emancipation in 1795, if Pitt had remained faithful to his original intention. At Pitt's bidding the Irish parliament granted the Franchise Act of 1793. At that time there was a party in parliament in favour of emancipation; by 1795 it had grown stronger. Thus, in the former year, a proposal to admit Catholics to parliament was rejected by 163 to 69 votes. But, after the departure of Fitzwilliam, and in the teeth of Pitt's opposition, and when there was no pressure from outside, as there had been in 1793, a similar motion was rejected by 155 to 84 votes. Thus the majority of 94 against the Catholics in 1793 had been reduced to a majority of 71 in 1795. Mr. Dunlop's comments on the division of 1795 are perfectly just. He says:

"Considering it was made a Government question, the division was very favourable to the Bill, many of the usual supporters of the Government voting for it; and there can be no doubt that had Fitzwilliam and his friends remained in office, it would have passed with the greatest ease. As it was, its rejection at this time was attended with the most disastrous consequences. It . . . exasperated the Catholics, and added to the strength of the Republicans" (p. 154).

Mr. Dunlop treats the subject of the Union with commendable brevity. He does not waste time by dwelling on the means used to bring it about. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in reviewing the *Life and Correspondence of Lord Cornwallis*, has described those means in two sentences. He says:

"There is no doubt that a majority in the Irish Parliament was obtained for union by purchase; by places, pensions, peerages, and compensation for suppressed seats; the transaction was a bargain, but it was a bargain in market overt. The means employed were not unobjectionable; but they were less objectionable than force, which was the only practicable alternative; and such as they were, they all lie within the cognizance of history" (*Administrations, &c.*, p. 197).

About a million and a quarter was given as compensation "for suppressed seats." The question is sometimes asked, Was compensation given for suppressed boroughs in England in 1832? Mr. Lecky says:

"The precedent of 1800 was afterwards remembered when the English nomination boroughs were abolished in 1832; but all parties indignantly repudiated the notion of

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recognising such a principle in England" (*Leaders, &c.*, p. 179).

The story of Grattan's gallant but fruitless struggle for the Catholics in the imperial parliament is admirably told, and the closing scenes of his noble career are described with much feeling. Most Irishmen will agree with Mr. Dunlop that the life of the great patriot "is at once a lesson and an inspiration for the future."

R. Barry O'Brien.

NEW NOVELS.

Guilderoy. By Ouida. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Diana Wentworth. By Caroline Fothergill. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet. By Hugh MacColl. (Chatto & Windus.)

Far Away and Long Ago. By Frances Anne Kemble. (Bentley.)

Iris Dacre. By Alice Mangold Diehl. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Whims. By Wanderer. (Gilbert & Rivington.)

Audrey Ferris. By Frances A. Gerard. (Ward & Downey.)

Ouida's new book is apparently intended to be a novel with a purpose, that purpose being to advocate much greater dissolubility of marriage, on the ground that when either party or both become tired of the contract, there is no reason for holding them to it. The opinions aired in the book are not so much immoral as non-moral. They are redolent of the Restoration drama; and the oddest thing about them is that one particular maxim—that husbands are in no respect bound to be so faithful to their wives as their wives are to them—is not upheld by the profligate characters of the story alone, but by personages whom Ouida evidently intends to be taken as rather austere moralists. Of course we are in the very best society all through, and the gingerbread is treble gilt. The main theme of the plot is that Lord Guilderoy—a great noble of vast wealth, who is a fickle voluptuary with one grand passion in his past experience—suddenly finds himself attracted by a beautiful girl of seventeen poor, but well-born and refined. He marries her precipitately, and tires of her speedily afterwards, largely because she, though deeply in love with her husband, is naturally reserved and reticent, and therefore is not erotic in her relations with him. He encounters his former enslaver afresh, and renews the old relations; and in this part of the story comes in the curious distortion of ethical perception which is the chief literary defect of the book. For Lord Guilderoy pledges himself to the Duchess Soria to break with his wife, and keep himself for her, the Duchess, only; and in all the complications which ensue, he regards himself as bound by his "honour" to keep this pledge, whatever consequences it may involve to his wife. Now, the noteworthy point here is that it never seems to have struck Ouida that the marriage-vow, considered simply in the light of a contract, and without raising the religious issue at all, is a formal pledging of the word and honour of the contracting parties, so that it is not open, as a piece of bare honesty, to make any subsequent pledge or promise incompatible therewith. The case, as actually put, is much as if a man, having assigned the whole of his property to a creditor for value received, were then to pay some later and discreditable gambling debts out of this same fund, without the consent of the person chiefly concerned. And thus her hero, despite the halo she would fain diffuse around him, is a mere vicious cad after all, with no true sense of honour. There is one charming lapse into simplicity early in the first volume. John Vernon, father of Lady Guilderoy, is very poor, and leads a hermit life. Lord Guilderoy becomes his guest, and

"he did the honours of his homely table with perfect grace and simplicity. . . . The repast was very simple—a plain soup, fish fresh from the sea, prawns stewed in sherry, and the capon Vernon had spoken of; but he had seldom enjoyed any banquet better."

The ascetic character of the *menu* is undeniable, and Lord Guilderoy's condescension in putting up with it contentedly cannot be too much admired. We have the customary classicisms dragged in head and shoulders, with Ovid, Catullus, Tibullus and Co. to illustrate them; and Ouida's diction is not even yet "clean of gallicisms and despoiled phrases." But, with all the grave faults of the book, it has not the crowning one of being dull.

Diana Wentworth is a variant on the familiar theme of the plebeian wooer who persuades a patrician lady to abandon the prejudices of caste and the ties of kindred for his sake, and think herself fortunate in the bargain. The story is pleasantly told, and has a moral of its own—that it is neither courteous nor expedient to burn one's correspondents' letters without opening them first. This, it seems, was a custom of Miss Wentworth's; and on one occasion it was nearly causing her death, and on another nearly wrecking her love-affair. So, all and sundry, be warned in good time.

Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet belongs to the class of "Voyages Imaginaires," the planet Mars being the goal of the journey, and the vehicle an electro-magnetic flying-machine. Most of the incidents have been used before by the various writers who have essayed this kind of composition—the flying chest, for instance, is in the story of Malek and Schirine in the *Persian Tales*. But there is no ground for supposing Mr. MacColl to have annexed them; rather they are such as would be apt to suggest themselves independently to persons exercising their invention in this direction. The scientific portions are very carefully and plausibly worked out, and the slight story is effective.

Far Away and Long Ago is a story of New England life, either past the middle of the last century or in the first quarter of this one. The doubt arises from the introduction of Jonathan Edwards as one of the characters, and he died in 1758, while other references in the story seem to require a date of 1825 or thereabouts. The scene is laid in the village of Greenfield, near the county town of Gordonton—names which stand for Lenox and Pittsfield, where the author spent many years of her earlier life. The book is an attestation of unusually prolonged literary activity. Authors who begin at seventeen are rare; authors who publish at eighty are scarcely more common; but both unite in the present case, for her *Francis I.* was written when she was at the earlier age, and now this latest of her publications appears near the close of her eightieth year. It is a picture of New England religious life, as manifested in the congregation which Jonathan Edwards taught, and as affecting others outside that pale; and it is probably a faithful transcript of the memories she retains of that old sojourn.

Iris Dacre depends for its interest upon the plot, as there is little attempt at depicting character or inventing dramatic dialogue; but Mrs. Diehl has shown much ingenuity in the complication on which the story turns, and which only a very wary and experienced reader will detect. There is a slight mistake in one place. The heir presumptive to a peerage cannot assume the family honours so long as it is possible that an heir may be borne by the widow of the last peer, and just such a contingency occurs in the present story.

Whims is a collection of short stories, displaying some imaginative faculty and gift for devising effective incidents to constitute plots. Of course, it is not a very high kind of literary power, being analogous to inventing conundrums; but when of good quality, and well exercised, it is capable of giving a good deal of amusement, and that is the case with *Whims*. The style, however, needs amendment, specially in respect of the intolerable solecism "different to," which repeatedly occurs.

Audrey Ferris is the work of an inexperienced writer, who has not yet learnt how to make the best of herself and her materials. But there is evidence of capacity for doing much better; while, even as the book stands, it has genuine merit, and strongly reminds the present reviewer, despite entire dissimilarity in plot, of a once famous book, Mrs. Inchbald's *Simple Story*. Those who know that tale will recognise the high praise which such a comparison implies.

Richard F. Littledale.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

The Practice of Forestry. By C. Y. Michie. (Blackwood.) Long experience, from which, in all cases, the author draws in order to lay down the principles of his art, is the distinguishing characteristic of this book. Hence it possesses a peculiar value for all who delight in the most charming of country pursuits—planting. Mr. Michie divides his subject into planting, thinning, and pruning. His precepts on each of these points are copiously illustrated in about a dozen chapters for each division, and are both practical and interesting. He rightly points out the difference of treatment required by conifers and deciduous trees; and he shows that in all cases it is absolutely necessary, before planting or pruning, to consider the end of the plantation, whether it is to serve for ornament, shelter, or profit. The calculations of expense are full and lucid, showing that many a neglected hillside and strip of useless land might be planted by landlords with a tolerably certain expectation of

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profit in the owner's lifetime. Estimates of cost for labour, fencing, purchase of trees, and the like, are appended. It is superfluous to commend such a book, the work of a long-practised forester. Mr. Michie amusingly notices how many celebrated planters owned the name John, as, for instance, Sir J. Sinclair, J. Matheson, J. Evelyn, and many others. Unfortunately, the author of *Waverley*, a distinguished planter, was not called John.

Industrial Rivers of the United Kingdom. (Fisher Unwin.) The editor of *The Shipping World* has wisely reprinted these eighteen chapters on the trade and commerce of past and present days in the chief industrial rivers of the United Kingdom. They are written by different authors, each of them an accepted authority in the district of which he treats; and they form a valuable handbook to the shipping trade, the exports and imports of the great ports. Great Grimsby is almost the only large port which has been forgotten, and this may be because it stands on no large river; but the speedy rise of the place from a small town of a few hundred inhabitants to a population of some 50,000 since the beginning of the century, and the growth of a great continental trade, to say nothing of its being the metropolis of the North Sea fishing industries, certainly merited notice. Leith, too, and Dundee deserved a chapter. What is given, however, could hardly be better done. After a cursory reference to the upper course of the rivers, they are more minutely described from the point where commerce seizes upon them, dredges and widens and plants docks and quays by their side. Tables of exports and imports are added, and a large quantity of information on the different Harbour Trusts and the like appended. In short, this book succeeds in giving many useful facts in small compass which would otherwise have to be sought in many different quarters; and this is no small merit in the eyes of business men. The Tyne is perhaps better described than any of the rivers. Swansea Corporation appears to hold more land than any other corporation in the kingdom. The trade of Bristol and the fame of Bideford as a port have retrograded during this century. Iron and coal everywhere foster docks and trade. Cardiff exports more coal than any other English port. The rise of Middlesborough is graphically painted; but why the Tees should be poetically called "the stream Scamander where Vulcan lives" passes our understanding. Full justice is done to the manner in which the "canny" Glasgow bodies seized their opportunity, and by persistently dredging the Clyde, laid the foundation of their mercantile prosperity. From this river started the first steamship; and now yard after yard for a space of six miles from Glasgow turns out new steamers and sailing vessels, and more yards extending to Greenock follow suit, until, in 1883, 413 vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 415,694 tons were launched. Striking pictures of commercial prosperity and enterprise are everywhere visible in these pages.

Sylvan Folk: Sketches of Bird and Animal Life in Britain. By John Watson. (Fisher Unwin.) This book is distinguished from the crowd of similar essays on our familiar birds and beasts by careful observation. Mr. Watson not only writes well, but is a true student of nature. On several topics, indeed, such as migratory birds, deer, game birds, and others, he tells nothing new, though his pages are full of agreeable writing. On the other hand, the chapters on seals, and especially on the birds of the lake mountains, are well worth reading. In the latter is a full account of the breeding of the dotterel. Every here and there a naturalist would differ from his views. Thus, at p. 11, he says that first the martin, then the bank swallow, finally the chimney swallow, come to our shores. The bank martin is almost always the first to arrive; and, oddly enough, at p. 21, he himself allows this. The fly-catcher is almost always a later arrival than in the second week of May. Swallows and martins, he states, have been found in every month of the year. We never heard of either having been seen in February. The account of pheasants being captured by poachers lighting sulphur under their roosting-trees appears very mythical. The stories also of large birds migrating with smaller ones on their backs are worthy of Pliny's credulity. Again, he speaks of the American passenger pigeon and the purple martin crossing the Atlantic as if it were an ordinary occurrence—"Suffice it, they come." Only one occurrence of the purple martin has been noticed in our isles; and of the four passenger pigeons said to have been obtained in them, two at least are regarded by Yarrell as undoubtedly escapes from captivity. William the Conqueror did not love "the deer as if brothers." The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says, "He loved the tall stags as if he were their father." The youthful observer of nature will learn much from this little book. Its composition has evidently been a labour of love.

Haunts of Nature. By H. W. S. Worsley-Benison. (Elliot Stock.) Readers of the author's former book will gladly welcome some more of his reverent and careful studies in nature. Plant and animal, insect or flower, are alike seen to be full of mystery and wise adaptations to their environment, under Mr. Worsley-Benison's happy treatment of them. At one moment he teaches the cycle of the life of an aphis, at another discourses on the sundew's carnivorous habits, and then again on the useful qualities of the mole. Nothing, however, will ever prevent farmers killing these creatures, any more than it will persuade a keeper not to kill indiscriminately every large bird. There is a capital chapter here on rational enjoyment of the seaside. Arums and hybernation, gnats, wild roses, and many other common objects of the country are here carefully explained, and attention drawn to curious facts in their economy. The author wonders why the mistletoe is so seldom seen in old sculpture. He need not do so if he remembers its amatory and heathen associations. This is just the book for the father of intelligent children to procure for them whether they spend their holidays in the country or at the seaside. Indeed, if he begins the book himself, he will find that he can read it not only with profit but with pleasure.

The Eyes of the Thames. By A. T. Pask. (Ward & Downey.) Under this affected title Mr. Pask has brought together twenty-eight pleasant essays dealing mainly with the waifs and strays of London life, especially of river-side life. "The Eyes of the Thames" appear to mean the coastguard men and the Nore Light on the Thames pilots; but there are chapters on "A Sunday in Surrey," Portsmouth "Hard," and a "London Orchard," so that the name is not very distinctive. A good deal of skilful word-painting, of quick and genial transition from man to nature or the contrary, distinguishes this book. Mr. Pask has visited many out-of-the-way places, and conversed with many odd characters; and having used his eyes and ears to some purpose he possesses the happy knack of vividly bringing before his readers these curious experiences. His musings at Hampton Court are very enjoyable, while the account of the Waiters' Club and of the children rehearsing for ballet and pantomime will interest many readers. He writes with much care and in picturesque English; but his periods are at times jerky, at times the sense of repose is killed by the superabundance of the colour. And every here and there are irritating misprints, such as in describing the fortifications of Dunkirk "Vantans" is meant to read "Vaubans"; and, of course, *chaperones* ought to be *chaperons*. There is a poverty of resource, too, in alluding to "the hapless, sinful Vanderdecken" three times in the first seven short essays. A villager outside the vicinity of London might well object to Mr. Pask's ascribing the Sunday drinking and lounging of the suburban village in Surrey "only too truly to thousands of other villages throughout the country." In spite of these blemishes, *The Eyes of the Thames* is a healthy and amusing volume—one that would be popular in a country book club. Mr. Pask is certainly not the weakest of the descriptive writers of the day.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish very shortly a Life of Father Damien, by his friend, Mr. Edward Clifford.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish on June 24 Mr. Rider Haggard's story of "Cleopatra," which has been appearing as a serial in the *Illustrated London News*. It will be in a single volume, at a cheap price, though it will contain twenty-nine full page illustrations by M. Grieffenhagen and R. Caton Woodville.

THE same publishers also have in the press a new novel, entitled *Such is Life*, by May Kendal, who still prefers to be known as joint author of "That Very Mab."

A NEW and cheaper edition of Mr. Warde Fowler's charming volume of *Tales of the Birds* will be published by Messrs. Macmillan in about ten days. It will be followed by a uniform edition of the same author's *A Year with the Birds*, with illustrations by Mr. Bryan Hook.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish in the course of the present month *The Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth*, Princess Palatine and mother of Philippe d'Orléans, Regent of France, 1652-1722, gathered from various published and unpublished sources.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & Co. have in preparation a *Popular Handbook of County Dialects*, compiled by the Rev. J. L. Saywell, whose name (we are assured) is not a pseudonym. Its object is to give an example in poetry and prose of the dialect of each English county (Scotland not being included), and, where practicable, any distinctly local specimens of folk-speech, such as are found in all the ridings of Yorkshire. Each example will be preceded by a short note showing how the dialect has been built up, and the various influences that have assisted in the creation, immigration, corruption, and inflexion of dialectal words. Local words and phrases will be printed in heavier type, and their meaning will be explained in a foot-note glossary.

THE next volume in the series entitled "The Story of the Nations" will be *The Hansa Towns*, by Miss Helen Zimmern.

MR. FRANK MURRAY, of Derby—who is devoting himself to the publication of those limited editions which bibliophiles love—proposes to bring out a reprint of the English translation of Manuel's *Captain Castagnette*, made by Mr. Austin Dobson in 1866, with Gustave Doré's designs. The book will be issued in royal quarto, with the illustrations on India paper, and in a special binding. Only two hundred copies are to be printed, each numbered and signed.

THE same publisher also announces a series, to be called "The Moray Library," of which Mr. Thomas Hutchinson's recent *Ballades of a*

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Country Bookworm forms the first volume Among forthcoming ones will be two by Mr J. Rogers Rees, entitled *With Friend and Book* and *In the Study and the Fields*. The peculiarity of this series is that, while the entire edition will be strictly limited, one copy of each is printed on vellum.

The first volume of the new edition of *Baynes's Trade Tokens issued in the Seventeenth Century*, edited by Mr. G. C. Williamson, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

Mr. Beeton has in the press a new novel by Nomad, entitled *The Milroys*, exemplifying the theory of "self help" for women. It is dedicated to Mr. Walter Besant.

For the meeting of the Aristotelian Society on Monday next a symposium on the subject "The Nature of Force" is announced, to which Dr. Johnstone Stoney, Dr. A. Bain, and Prof. Dunstan, are to contribute papers.

The library of John Eglington Bailey, F.S.A., whose death was recorded in the Academy of September 8, 1888, is to be sold at Manchester, by Messrs. Capes, Dunn, and Pilcher, on Monday, June 24, and the five following days. The total number of lots is 2662; and the catalogue—as is not always the case with London sales—is classified in such a way as to assist the intending purchaser, as well as to throw light upon the bibliographical tastes of the late owner. Hardly any department of literature is unrepresented; but the collection is particularly rich (1) in local histories and publications of societies, and (2) in seventeenth-century books. The Fuller series alone fills four pages; and many of the lots are extremely rare, while others are enriched with MS. notes. Among the MSS. we notice a transcript on vellum of the Council Register of Queen Mary's reign (1553 1557), formerly in the possession of Speaker Onslow; what is apparently the original Proceedings in the House of Commons from 1656 to 1679; and a number of the Townley MSS. relating to pedigrees in Lancashire and Cheshire.

The Baconian craze is contagious. There has lately been published at Amiens a pamphlet of some 120 pages, entitled *Les Emprunts d'Homère au Livre de Judith*, par l'Abbé Fourrière. According to a notice in the *Revue Critique*, its aim is to prove that the authors who wrote under the name of Homer were of Jewish origin. Here are some of the proofs. There were Jews in the Troad, particularly in the neighbourhood of Mount Ida, as is shown by their name—"Idaei, Iudaei." When Homer says that a thing had two names, in the language of gods and in the language of men, by the former he meant Hebrew, and by the latter Greek. If the Aeolic dialect be compared with Hebrew striking resemblances appear, notably the similarity of the digamma and Vau. From the point of view of religion, the *Iliad* should be considered as, at bottom, the representation of a great war against the monotheism of the Bible.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

To the names mentioned in last week's Academy upon whom the university of Oxford proposes to confer the honorary degree of D.C.L. at the forthcoming commemoration there must be added that of the veteran Oriental scholar, Mr. Brian Houghton Hodgson, former resident in Nepal, and the chief authority on all branches of learning and science connected with North-eastern India. Mr. Hodgson's appointment to the Bengal Civil Service dates from 1818, and he retired as long ago as 1844.

A most unusual number of professorships are now vacant at the universities. At Oxford, Canon Rawlinson has just resigned the Camden chair of ancient history, which he has held for some twenty-seven years—thus adding a third vacancy to those caused by the deaths of Prof. Chandler and Sir F. Gore Ouseley. At Cambridge, it is announced that a successor to Prof. Wright in Sir Thomas Adams's chair of Arabic will be elected on June 24; while it is understood that Mr. Gosse will not again offer himself as a candidate for the Clark lectureship in English literature at Trinity College. Prof. Jebb's removal from Glasgow to Cambridge causes a vacancy in what has always been regarded as the most valuable professorship in the kingdom; while Prof. Nichol has resigned the chair of English literature at the same university, which he has occupied since its foundation in 1862. Both these last appointments are in the gift of the crown.

The delegates of the common university fund at Oxford have appointed Mr. Falconer Madan, sub-librarian of the Bodleian, to a lectureship in mediaeval palaeography.

The Rev. W. Eustace Daniel, of Worcester College, has been elected Grinfield lecturer on the Septuagint at Oxford.

The library of the late Dr. Edersheim has been presented by his widow to Exeter College, of which he was a member; and a proposal has been started to purchase Prof. Chandler's library, or at least that section of it relating to Aristotle, for the Bodleian.

The thanks of the university have been voted to Lord Brassey, in Convocation at Oxford, for his munificient contributions to the Indian Institute, amounting in all to nearly £9000.

The following is the speech delivered at Cambridge on June 6 by the Public Orator, Dr. Sandys, in presenting for the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters Mr. A. Wollaston Franks, Keeper of the Department of British and Mediaeval Antiquities and Ethnography in the British Museum:

"Inter has Musarum sedes artium liberalium studiis consecratas quantum iuvat virum salutare cum tribus deinceps doctrinae domiciliis, primum cum schola Etonensi, deinde Trinitatis cum collegio, denique cum Museo Britannico, non sine laude consociatum, qui artium in provincia non una inter principes numeratus, et Italiae renascentis et Orientis ultimi opera exquisita cura infinita collegit, collecta munificentia summa patriae donavit. Idem non exterarum tantum gentium opera pulcherrima identidem Britanniae largitus est sed etiam semel saltem artis Britannicae monumentum antiquissimum et pretiosissimum, saeculi noni dico cistellam Northumbriensem, inter exteros absconditum detexit, redemit, Britanniae reddidit. Munificentia singulari insignis ipse, munificentiae exemplum etiam aliis praetulit. Uni certe ex amicis suis auctor erat suasorque, ut in Academia non una sed et Londinii et Oxoniae et Cantabrigiae, pecuniae summa satis ampla legata, artium professores in perpetuum instituerent. Ergo animi grati in testimonium hoc honore quantulocumque alumnum nostrum libenter ornamus. Etenim, ut Ciceronis utar verbis, *quid est melius aut quid praestantius bonitate et beneficentia? Gratus* autem *animus est una virtus non solum maxima sed etiam mater virtutum omnium reliquarum.*"

Here is another American example which Oxford and Cambridge might follow. A special account has been opened at Harvard University, somewhat analogous to the "conscience money" of our Treasury, which is entitled "Scholarship and Beneficiary Money Returned."

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the June number of the *Archaeological Review* Mr. G. L. Gomme prints the first part of his paper on "Totemism in Britain," recently read before the Folklore Society. He has here brought together a very large amount of curious information, mainly preserved in folklore, regarding legendary beliefs and customs as to animals, &c.; but we are not prepared to admit that the rigid family system, to which alone the name of "totemism" is properly applied, furnishes the common explanation of them all. The strongest evidence, as might perhaps be expected, comes from Ireland. The series on "Recent Archaeological Research" is continued by Mr. C. F. Keary, whose competence to deal with numismatics is indisputable. After pointing out the praiseworthy activity of the coin department in the British Museum, he characterises as the two prominent features of modern numismatics (1) the tracing of historical evolution in the forms of coins generally, and (2) the special study of artistic growth in the case of Greek coins. Mr. David Nutt draws attention to the parallelism between certain features in the legend of the Holy Grail and in a Chinese legend of the Buddha's almsdish; but he is not disposed to admit direct borrowing. Mr. F. Haverfield describes, with illustrations, some Roman remains found in Carniola, and an inscribed Roman urn at Colchester. Finally, the project for a union of archaeological societies is again advocated, with some criticisms of the resolutions adopted at the conference recently held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries.

The *Revista Contemporanea* for May 30 opens with a notable article by the ex-premier, Cánovas del Castillo, on the political ideas in vogue in Spain at the advent of the Austrian dynasty. These were chiefly derived from translations from Aristotle's *Politics*, and the commentaries on it. A remarkable testimony of the lasting value of that treatise to a practical statesman is thus given: "The author of the present article has never turned over those golden pages without having found something which confirms his own practice of forty years of political life, and which opens new horizons to his meditations." The same number contains the conclusion of a valuable analysis by F. de Cardenas of the recently discovered compilation of Roman and Visigothic laws, with continuations of other important works.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE SPECTRUM.

How many colours here do we see set,
Like rings upon God's finger? Some say three,
Some four, some six, some seven. All agree
To left of red, to right of violet,
Waits darkness deep as night and black as jet.
And so we know what Noah saw we see
Nor less nor more—of God's emblazonry
A shred—a sign of glory known not yet.

If red can glide to yellow, green to blue,
What joys may yet await our wider eyes
When we rewake upon a wider shore!
What deep pulsations exquisite and new;
What keener, swifter, raptures may surprise
Men born to see the rainbow and no more!

Cosmo Monkhouse.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Bechet, E. Cinq ans de séjour au Soudan français. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.

Bodemann, E. Der Briefwechsel d. Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz in der königl. öffentlichen Bibliothek zu Hannover. Hannover: Hahn. 12 M.

Faguet, E. Notes sur le théâtre contemporain. Paris: Lecène. 3 fr. 50 c.

Lauth, Ch. Le manufacture nationale de Sèvres 1879-1887. Paris: Baillière. 8 fr.

Miller, E. Le Mont Athos. Vathopédi et l'île de Thasos. Paris: Leroux. 10 fr.

Weiss, J. J. Le théâtre et les mœurs. Paris: Calmann Levy. 3 fr. 50 c.

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HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

ANNUAIRE de législation étrangère, publié par la société de législation comparée. 1887. Paris: Pichon. 18 fr.

DOMARUS, V. Die Absetzung Adolfs v. Nassau. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 60 Pf.

JANVIER, A. Les Olabault, famille municipale amiénoise 1342-1539. Amiens: Hecquet-Décobert. 20 fr.

MAULDE-LA-CLAVIÈRE, R. de. Les origines de la révolution française au commencement du XVI^e siècle: la veille de la Réforme. Paris: Leroux. 8 fr.

SAINT-PÈRE, Rameau de. Une colonie féodale en Amérique: l'Acadie (1604-1881). Paris: Plon. 8 fr.

THOMMEN, R. Geschichte der Universität Basel 1532-1632. Basel: Detloff. 6 M. 40 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

GIROD, P. Manipulations de Zoologie: les animaux invertébrés. Paris: Baillière. 10 fr.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BRÖHAN, J. Die Futurbildung im Altfranzösischen. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 60 Pf.

COSSACK, H. Ueb. die altenglische metrische Bearbeitung v. "Boethius, de consolatione philosophiae." Leipzig: Gräfe. 1 M. 20 Pf.

GRUNDRISS der germanischen Philologie. Hrsg. v. H. Paul. 1. Lfg. Strassburg: Trübner. 4 M.

JARNIK, J. U. Neuer vollständiger Index zu Diez' etymologischem Wörterbuche der romanischen Sprachen. Heilbronn: Henninger. 8 M.

LINKE, H. Studien zur Ital. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

SASSE, J. De numero pluralí qui vocatur maiestatis. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUCER'S "HOUSE OF FAME."

Aberystwith: June 9, 1889.

Although Mr. Palgrave very frankly admits the validity of the parallels which I drew in detail between the *House of Fame* and the *Divina Commedia*, he still, in my view, underestimates their true importance. They are, he will still have it, the results of deliberate, but still merely incidental, imitation on Chaucer's part, the "14 lines out of 2000," which they compose, supplying, as we are led to infer, the approximate measure of Chaucer's indebtedness to Dante. I must still, however, insist that this indebtedness is by no means measured by the number of palpably parallel passages. Chaucer was no servile borrower; and the method of minute textual comparison, though decisive as far as it goes, is in his case thoroughly fallacious if relied on alone. The influence of Dante has, in fact, coloured the details of the *House of Fame* decidedly less than its plan.

Let me for a moment dwell upon this point, and at the same time attempt to show more precisely in what way the *House of Fame* is classifiable as, in Dante's sense, a comedy. So much, indeed, I readily admit at the outset, that the *House of Fame* is not by any means an antithesis to the "tragedy" of *Troilus*; and that though, as I shall show, the element of "ascent" is present, and even fundamental, in it, Chaucer was probably thinking not less of the more general quality of his intended poem as a "counterpart" of the "comedy" *par excellence*. I am willing to take my stand upon the sentence of Ten Brink's quoted in my review, which still seems to me to express most felicitously the fundamental point of contact between the two poems: "Aus schlimmem Anfangentwickelt sich durch die Führung höherer Mächte das Gute." The "initial evil" (1) is in both, by the "guidance of higher powers" (2), turned to "good" (3). The "initial evil" is Chaucer's own "distress" at his "hapless state," "desperate of all bliss," borne though it be "debonairly" enough. This is the true starting-point of the action. His unhappiness, like Dante's, is the occasion of the divinely-sent aid of which his past history—his poetic services to Love—are the cause. This, I think, shows us the place in the economy of the poem of the apparently incongruous first book. "The first book," says Mr. Palgrave, "after a general discussion upon dreams, contains simply an abridgment of the *Aeneid*, touching pretty fully upon Dido and upon other tragic loves," &c. The point to note, however, is that this "abridgment of the *Aeneid*" is figured on the walls of the Temple of Venus; that it is represented as the crowning marvel of Fame (poor Dido shrinks in fear at the prospect of having her shame thus immortalised); that Virgil, as the supreme dispenser of Fame, stands to Chaucer's vision in an analogous initial relation to that in which, as the describer of the underworld, he stands to Dante's; and that Chaucer, as already said, obtains this vision as the reward of his service to Venus. Is it too bold to suggest, in passing, that Venus, thus doubly related to Virgil and to Chaucer, is the Chaucerian counterpart of Beatrice? Without dwelling on that point, however, we note next that the poet, as already said, is carried by the Eagle as the agent of "Joves" to the precincts of the House of Fame. The House neither is, nor is intended to be, a copy of any one of Dante's three worlds; but it is composed no less obviously with reference to them. The whole conception is indeed, in comparison with Dante's, Humanist, Pagan, though the manner and style may be called, in comparison with his, mediaeval, even infantine. Fame is a capricious goddess, the sister of Fortune, and her decrees are far from corresponding to the worth, still less to the wishes, of the applicants. Some get Fame without deserving it, others without desiring it; others desire or deserve, without getting it; some do not desire it, and do not get it. Yet this is sufficiently unlike the terrible definiteness with which, in Dante's world, final fate stands related to former conduct; but the unlikeness belongs to the plan of the two poems. Dante's world is the creation of inflexible Divine justice, Chaucer's of the capricious verdicts and sentences of man. And, on the other hand, the very precision and minuteness of these subdivisions of the inhabitants of the House of Fame recall this striking feature of the Dantean world. All the possible varieties of mental attitude towards fame are distinguished with well-applied but not exactly Chaucerian subtlety, and their representatives assigned each as it were to his own *bolgia*. Lastly comes the transition to the House of Rumour. This was clearly intended to be the climax of the poem, though the fact is somewhat disguised by its unfinished state. Two things are implied however—first, that Chaucer aspires here to "learn some good," and secondly, that the Eagle, commissioned by Jove, designs that this aspiration shall be gratified. By the Eagle's aid he is enabled to enter the whirling house which at first sight utterly baffled him (we are again reminded of Virgil's potent aid on repeated occasions to Dante); and then, after witnessing the uproarious tumult of its inhabitants, he finally sees a man who seems to be "of great authority." At this point the poem tantalisingly breaks off, and it would be idle to speculate on the intended sequel. But it is highly probably that the "man of authority" is to be the medium of that "good" which Chaucer hopes to evoke from the tangled confusion of the House of Rumour, and which it is the will of Jove he should obtain. "For Fame itself," as Mr. Palgrave says, "Chaucer expresses no ambition"; nor would it be easy, had he done so to imagine a less Chaucerian procedure. The "good" need not for the present purpose be defined: it is only material that Chaucer obtained it, whatever it was. It appears, however, rather to have consisted of the revelation of some truth, by which the ardent curiosity of the student was to be gratified, than in a promise of lasting renown, which Chaucer doubtless desired, but had neither the naïveté nor the splendid assurance to assert his claim to. With great art this final *passus* of the poem is immediately preceded by the repetition (in the mouth of the Eagle), in still more emphatic terms than before, of the description of the "distress," the relief from which was here consummated.

I trust that this sketch, which is still far from exhausting the points of contact between the two poems, will suffice to show that the *House of Fame* may fairly be called a "counterpart" of the Divine Comedy, and could in this sense be naturally referred to as a "comedy" by Chaucer himself.

C. H. HERFORD.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "GOD."

Wood Green: June 8, 1889.

In a paper on the etymology of the word "God" read before the Philological Society some three or four years ago, and reported in the ACADEMY, I took the same objection as does Mr. Mayhew to Fick's derivation of the name "God" (ACADEMY, June 8, 1889, p. 397). I referred it to the root *ghu*, to utter, sound, an onomatopoeic root, as seen in Marathi *ghughu*, the hoot of an owl. We have extensions of this root in *ghu-r*, *gho-ra*, *ghu-sh*, *ghosha*. In Sanskrit *ghora* is "dreadful"; in Marathi it has the more concrete meaning of "the dying rattles," "loud howling," a battle, a swollen river.

From the root *ghu* we get *ghuta*, a neuter substantive, signifying originally "thunder," just as from *garj*, to sound, roar, we have *garjita*, "thunder." This last word is usually connected with the Sanskrit root *tan*, to sound; *cf.* Sanskrit *stanita*, "thunder," from root *stan*, to sound, thunder.

According to my theory, "God" would = Thor—(1) thunder, (2) the thunderer, the storm god. The Sanskrit *deva* I would connect not with *div*, to shine, but with *div*, to howl, wail (*cf.* Sanskrit *devana*, "wailing").

The Greek *θεός* cannot have meant originally "creator," or anything so "spiritual or lofty." Its connexion with Sanskrit *deva* and *deus* has long been given up. If *θεός* stands for *θεϝός* we might connect it with the root *dhû*, to shake, from which we have a number of derivatives signifying wind, storm, &c. There was probably a root *dhu* "to sound" (whence Sanskrit *dhvan*) from the strong form of which *θεός* may be derived.

The derivation of "Yah," Jehovah, from the Hebrew root "to be," is subject to the same objection as Fick's derivation of "God": it is too abstract. In Assyrian, I believe, *Yah* occurs as *Aa*, and is connected with a root meaning sound, thunder.

This theory of the origin of the English word "God" is a simple and natural one, in accordance with the growth of religious ideas; and the derivation of *deus*, *θεός*, and *Yah* is on all fours with it.

R. MORRIS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 17, 4 p.m., Asiatic: "The Babis of Persia: II. Their Tenets and Literature," by Mr Edward G. Browne.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "The Nature of Force," by Dr. A. Bain, Prof. Dunstan, and Dr. Johnstone Stoney.

TUESDAY, June 18, 8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The Native Princes of India, and their Relations with the British Government," by Sir Lepel Griffin.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Supposed New Genus and Species of Pelagic Gadoids from the Mediterranean," by Prof. Henry H. Giglioli; "A Collection of Land Shells made in Borneo by Mr. A. Everett, with Descriptions of supposed New Species," by Lieut.-Col. H. H. Godwin-Austen; "List of Birds collected by Mr. H. C. V. Hunter in Masai-land," by Capt. G. E. Shelley; "Description of Hunter's Antelope," by Mr. P. L. Sclater.

WEDNESDAY, June 19, 8 p.m. Geological.

8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: Annual Reunion.

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THURSDAY, June 20, 4.30 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Dante's Classification of Sins in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*," by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
8 p.m. Linnean: "The Mammals, Reptiles, and Batrachia of the Mergui Archipelago," by Dr. John Anderson; "The Prolonged Vitality in a Fritillary Bulb," by Mr. Charles Parkes.
8 p.m. Chemical: Ballot for Election of Fellows.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, June 21, 8.30 p.m. British Museum: "Babylonian Astronomy, III., the Zodiac," by Mr. G. Bertin.
8 p.m. Philological: "The Chinese Ku-Wen," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie.
SATURDAY, June 22, 3 p.m. Physical: "Researches on the Electrical Resistance of Bismuth," by Dr. Edmond von Aubel.

SCIENCE.

Moral Order and Progress. By S. Alexander. (Trübner.)

To say anything new on the subject of ethics might have seemed hopeless at the present day, much more to construct a new ethical theory. Nevertheless, this apparently impossible feat has been accomplished by Mr. Alexander. His work is described in its second title as "an analysis of ethical conceptions"; but the analysis, which might have been so conducted as merely to exhibit with greater clearness the doctrines of some established school, serves in fact to reinterpret morality in the light of recent researches, but on the lines of an original system.

In order to preclude any possible misconception, let me at once state that Mr. Alexander does not tamper with any of the moral distinctions generally recognised by modern society. He does not advocate infanticide, or the abolition of marriage, or the restriction of its privileges to a select few, or even the general confiscation of property. Nothing that he advances will give rise to a correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*. Assuming the facts of duty as undisputed, his object is to show, as others before him have tried to show, how they can be brought under a general formula and studied in relation to the truths of physical science. But here again his attitude is as little as possible that of a revolutionist. His formula professes to embrace rather than to exclude the formulas of other ethical thinkers. More particularly does he appear as a mediator between the two opposing tendencies that have long divided English speculation on the subject—between the school that regards morality as the means towards an ulterior end (usually defined as happiness or pleasure) and the school that regards it as itself the chief, if not the sole, end of life. It might seem at first sight as if Mr. Alexander were an uncompromising advocate of the latter view. He tells us that the end of life is good character; that pleasure is not the object of morality; that the end of conduct is good conduct. On the other hand, there are issues with respect to which he expresses himself in a manner that would satisfy the most thoroughgoing disciple of Mill.

"Everyone recognises that moral judgments depend on experience" (p. 6). "We need no special faculty of whatever sort to teach us morality, not even do we require a faculty of reason" (p. 141). "Except for the authority of one or two great names, there seems to be a general agreement that the will is determined by character and circumstance" (p. 336). "The idea of free-will [as understood, for example, by Dr. Martineau] is a sheer delusion" (p. 338). "There is no such thing as an absolute morality in comparison with which other conduct is variable and relative" (p. 293);

—the absolutely and eternally good thing being, as our author explains, the adjustment of conduct to certain changeable conditions.

Here, in fact, we have touched the key-note of Mr. Alexander's theory. Instead of isolating certain feelings, impulses, or actions from the rest, and appropriating to them the title of moral, he defines the moral ideal as

"an adjusted order of conduct, which is based upon contending inclinations and establishes an equilibrium between them" (p. 399). "Morality means an equilibrium of the moral sentiments, and conversely any sentiment is moral which can be equilibrated with the rest" (p. 107).

The conditions of this equilibrium are determined for each individual by the requirements of the society in which he lives, the moral order of which is also an equilibrium, an adjustment of conflicting claims on the part of its members, reproduced in miniature by the harmonious system of volitions which constitutes good conduct or character in them.

"*Obligation* is that relation in which the single part of the order stands to the whole order, when it is confronted by the whole: whether we are considering the relation of a man's acts to the whole of his own character or of a single individual to the institutions of society. *Duty* in the abstract is the name which comprehends obligation in all its details" (p. 142).

If we ask what is the good of equilibration, we shall probably be told that the very notion of goodness derives its meaning from this mutual adjustment and smooth co-operation of different elements in a single system, that conduct contains its own good within itself, and seeks for no extraneous end. If, accepting the identification of conduct with life itself, we follow the example of Mr. Spencer, and run up all moral issues into the single question, "What makes life worth living? we shall be referred to the persistent vitality of well-adjusted organisms as the practical solution of our difficulty. "The preferableness of existence is proved by the fact of existence" (p. 232). As among different existences, the preferableness of one is proved by its survival and their extinction. If there is anyone among us so cynical as to ask why the individual should sacrifice himself to the interests of others, Mr. Alexander will tell him that, to begin with, sociality is a fact of experience necessarily assumed as such by the moralist; that, further, as they grow up under the stringent conditions of sociality, all men, good and bad alike, form for themselves ideals of conduct which they strive to put into practice; that the good man will accept with equanimity such disadvantages to himself as are necessarily incidental to the realisation of his ideal; and that there is a struggle for existence always going on among the conflicting ideals which, as in the corresponding struggle of animal species, results in the survival of the fittest, that is to say, of the morally good. If, desiring to be good, we ask how, in the absence of a moral faculty, we are to know whether a particular action fulfils the difficult condition of maintaining the social equilibrium, Mr. Alexander will, like Hegel, refer us for guidance to the great social institutions of property, marriage, and so forth, in which the conditions of equilibrium ascertained and agreed on at any time are consolidated and made objective; but, unlike Hegel, he will refuse to stereotype any set of institutions. He will tell us that the social conditions are ever changing, and that the standard which represents their equilibrium needs to be periodically readjusted. Here, again, he will apply the Darwinian method, and will teach us to find in the struggle of ideals the mainspring of moral progress. But he will not, with Mr. Spencer, assign a goal to progress; still less will he consent to define the ultimate stage as a state of mobile equilibrium, since, according to him, such an equilibrium is realised at every stage in the history of morality.

Our opposing systems of moral philosophy have been developed by the usual processes of evolution from the teaching of Socrates and his successors. It is, therefore, natural that a system whose object is to reconcile them should largely reproduce the spirit of Greek ethical reflection, especially when it proceeds from a university where Plato and Aristotle are assiduously studied—and studied, too, under the influence of Hegel, the most Hellenic of modern philosophers. There is much in this volume to remind the reader of the *Republic* and the *Nicomachean Ethics*; and Mr. Alexander himself is fully conscious of the resemblance between his standpoint and that of their authors. He would apparently explain it by the more general fact that in the ascending spiral of progress we have reached a point almost vertically above the one on which they stood. It is a relief to find our civilisation classed with something fresher and brighter than the Roman empire in its decline. Without suggesting any invidious comparisons in that direction, I may mention that Mr. Alexander, in his valuable remarks on the specialisation of individual duty, reminds me much more of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius than of the classic idealists.

The idea variously expressed as compromise, adjustment, harmony, or equilibrium, will probably be accepted by all as a constant note of morality; on occasions, even, as its best description. But what we want is a generating formula whence the acknowledged truths of morality and the direction of its future development may be most easily and fully deduced. Mr. Alexander shows wonderful patience, ingenuity, and subtlety in the application of his ethical method to the phenomena; but he avoids the crucial test. He never brings it to bear on such disputed questions of duty as the politics of our time supply in abundance. He would admit that the hedonistic formula practically leads to the same conclusions as his own; and to me, at least, it seems more intelligible, useful, and comprehensive. Hedonism may be unfashionable; but to speak of it as outgrown is at least premature. The ideas of vital evolution, of a social organism, of the state or of humanity as living wholes exercising moral authority over their individual members, do not conflict with or supersede the old utilitarianism; they give it greater extension and precision. Some duties may be best interpreted as necessary conditions of social order and progress; but the maintenance of society is itself a primary condition of our creation, preservation, and all

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the blessings of this life. Mr. Alexander seems to have acquired from long intercourse with the spiritualistic school what I must call an irrational dread of pleasure. Yet, with his customary and admirable candour, he has pointed out how the undue restriction of the term to the commoner and coarser varieties of pleasure is responsible for much of the prejudice against it (p. 203); and he disputes Green's contention that the end cannot be pleasure, because pleasure consists in individual feelings that cannot be summed (p. 200). To the argument that pleasure is lost by pursuing it, he furnishes the sufficient answer that it may be procured by seeking its causes (p. 224). He admits that

"the end may be justly estimated in terms of pleasure" (p. 196); that "pleasure is part of the end by which all conduct is judged" (p. 211); that "the order of good conduct represents the maximum of happiness, counting pain as a set-off against pleasure" (p. 217); that "morality can be expressed in terms of all the pleasures and pains involved in action, reckoning the purely ethical pleasures among the rest" (*ibid.*).

Why, then, it may be asked, do you not accept the hedonistic standard at once, instead of laboriously constructing a new system of ethics? The answer seems to be twofold: first, it is urged that morality has to do with volitions—which may be readily admitted; and that pleasure by itself as a mere state or feeling cannot be willed (p. 165), which is true also, but not to the point. When of two or more actions we will to perform one solely because it yields more pleasure than another, we are making the pleasure as such our standard of action. Secondly, it is objected that pleasures differ from one another in kind, and that "it is morality itself which settles which of two pleasures ought to be preferred" (p. 207), so that morality, not pleasure, must be taken as the standard. But I for one fail to see how morality can decide the point, except by tracing the consequences to ourselves or others of each particular gratification, finally arriving, as an ultimate standard of comparison, at purely quantitative differences.

Mr. Alexander himself supplies a couple of instances that well illustrate the advantage of the hedonistic method over his own. After very properly bringing the cultivation of art and science under the head of good conduct, in tacit contradiction to the arbitrary distinction of Matthew Arnold, after placing the duty of attaining to truth and beauty at "the summit of the institutions of society" (p. 258), he has no better explanation to offer of "the duty of truth in knowledge" than that it is "an enlargement of the social duty of veracity" (*ibid.*). The utilitarian would first show what benefits were conferred on humanity by scientific knowledge, and then how entirely they depended on the accuracy of scientific statements, how much energy that might have been applied to making positive discoveries was expended in discrediting the false statements of unveracious enquirers. Reviewers know something of this wasteful neutralisation. Again, duties to animals are accounted for, with a vague reservation, as an extension of humanity from man to "merely sentient creatures" (*ibid*). That, no doubt, is how the duties in question historically came to be recognised; but once our attention is called to the subject hedonism can deduce them directly from its first principles. Moreover, it can prove, by an equally summary process, the bottomless absurdity of that tenderness to plants which our author seems to anticipate as a future development of morality (pp. 278 and 396). Should more rational methods fail, an agitation for preventing cruelty to cabbages might, perhaps, be efficaciously met by a movement in favour of babyhood suffrage.

Mr. Alexander's book is marked throughout by distinguished philosophical ability. Even what I believe to be his errors are those naturally incident to an original, subtle, and comprehensive intellect. If Lewes was right in holding that a man's philosophy, when not borrowed, is little more than the expression of his personality, then the theory that interprets morality as equilibrated conduct was, perhaps, suggested by a method of thinking pre-eminently directed towards the adjustment and reconciliation of opposing ethical systems.

ALFRED W. BENN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SERBIAN GRAMMAR.

Oxford: June 10, 1889.

I hope you will allow me a few lines in reply to an unfriendly critic, who writes under the initials W. W., in the *Literarisches Centralblatt* of June 8, a review of my little Serbian Grammar (Trübner's series of "Simplified Grammars"). Ignoring the plan of these works, which is to give merely a skeleton of the language chiefly for comparative purposes, he blames me for sins of omission. For these I shall not offer any apology, as my book had to be confined to certain limits; but I shall proceed at once to a few points in which he finds more serious fault.

1. He objects to my inserting the nouns *oči* and *uši* among the s- stems; but I did so, following Miklosich, upon whose comparative grammar my little book is mainly founded (see *Vergleichende Grammatik*, zweite Ausgabe, iii. 214). This arrangement is in harmony with comparative Slavonic grammar, which shows that these nouns properly belong to that declension (*ibid.* iii. 302, and, indeed, *passim*).

2. He draws a most unfair inference from my remark on p. 60 about the connexion between the Serbian *išao* and the Russian *šel*, and insinuates that I do not know that the borrowed past tense of *itti* "to go" (Russian), and the corresponding verb in the other Slavonic languages, is from the root *šed* = *hod* = *chod* (Mik. *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Slav. Sprachen*, p. 86). I am afraid it is rather late in the day to give me this rudimentary information. The idea was suggested to me by the remark of Miklosich, 582: "Das i in išlŭ ist durch iti, ida, hervorgerufen: eine Aussicht die schon für das s. išao ausgesprochen wurde." Seeing that so many modern Slavonic languages showed this prothetic *i*, I had thought that it was a regular development—thus Slovenish *išel*, *išal*; Bulg. *ot-išel*; Malo-Russian *išol*; Russian (in dialects) *išel*; Čech *išel* (occasionally); Upper Serbish *zajšol*. Since writing the note in my Grammar I have felt that it was wrong to base anything upon this form recurring in so many Slavonic languages, and should wish my reference cancelled; but to insinuate that I did it in ignorance of a piece of rudimentary grammar is not fair criticism.

3. In conclusion, the reviewer blames me for mentioning the poet Radičević, while speaking of the Serbo-Croatian dialects, as a piece of useless information. But surely in a language where several dialects are struggling for pre-eminence, and the books published in them exhibit such varieties, it is not unimportant to know that in studying a particular dialect we shall render ourselves better able to appreciate a leading author. "What is the use of this solitary name?" asks my reviewer. The use is that it is the name of the most popular poet in the Serbian language.

W. R. MORFILL.

THE OLDEST CHINESE CHARACTERS.

London: May 27, 1889.

I am very grateful to Mr. L. C. Hopkins, of H.B.M. Consular Service in China, for his letter (ACADEMY, May 18) in which he has made a searching criticism of my paper on "The Old Babylonian Characters and their Early Chinese Derivates." I appreciate the more his attempt at impartiality because, brought up like himself in the dark grove of Chinese conventionalism and routine, it has cost me ten years of toil to get out of it and reach the clear light of day. The criticism is welcome on another ground, since it gives me the opportunity of putting forth some explanations which were too much curtailed in the paper referred to.

My identification of the legend of Shennung with that of Sargon (which Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen has shown to be more complete than I had myself stated), and of the names of Huangti and Nakhunte, rests on so large an amount of circumstantial evidence that it is impossible to set it aside, even supposing—which is not the case—that the distortion naturally caused during so many centuries would have changed the legends beyond recognition. The name of the Baks, who were known in Western Asia, stands in the same position. In chap. vii. of an article resuming the proofs of the western sources of early Chinese civilisation, now in course of publication in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*, I have given a summary of the evidence on the few points objected to. The fact is that, if these disclosures had concerned another country than China, they would have been accepted without discussion; but in the present case the sole objection comes from all-powerful routine, and nothing else. Scholars engaged in other researches would be amazed at the amount of rubbish and conventionalities without foundation which form the baggage of traditional Sinology, where scientific method is unknown. Welcome to Mr. Hopkins if he is strong enough and sufficiently independent to cast off the yoke, but he must trust me that it will be a hard task which he has not yet achieved.

Since, as was frankly admitted by Dr. J. Edkins in the columns of the ACADEMY, I was the first among Sinologists to call attention to the importance of the Ku-wen, I think myself entitled to express some surprise that Mr. Hopkins should have entered into the field without having mastered what is known of the primitive style of writing in China. He has criticised some forms of Ku-wen characters given by me, not because they are not Ku-wen, which he has not studied, but because they are not similar to those of a writing in use during the five or six centuries preceding the Christian era. Such criticisms might have been dismissed without further comment. But the facts put forth by Mr. Hopkins might mislead some of your readers unaware of the circumstances of the case, and I wish the matter to be put in a clear light. Mr. Hopkins, again, lays great stress on a threefold agreement of the *Shwoh*

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wen, the *Luh shu t'ung*, and the *Luh shu ku*, in certain forms of characters, as establishing the primitive value of these forms. The aim of the author of the *Shwoh wen* was to give the best forms, according to his views, of the Tchuen writing in use during a few centuries before the Christian era, and simplified from the Ta Tchuen writing invented by Sze-tch'ou in 820 B.C. This work is therefore no authority for the characters of older times. The *Luh shu t'ung*, which I have highly praised, as containing all the forms of characters in the successive ages, reproduces among others those of the *Shwoh wen*. The third authority referred to, that of the *Luh shu ku* by Tai T'ung (1318), has received an undeserved honour in the translation of the introduction by Mr. Hopkins himself, published with estimable annotations under the title of *The Six Scripts* (Amoy, 1881). The *Luh shu ku* is as uncritical as it is voluminous, *i.e.*, thirty-three K. in nine sections. Its author made a false start, which vitiated all his work. He assumed that the six principles of writing the characters which he found in the *Shwoh wen* as those of the Tchuen style were the same as those of the earliest times, which they were not; and he set to work criticising what he did not understand, and fancying primitive forms which never existed outside his own imagination. The worst of it is that he actually forged characters as being primitive. For instance, the character *teh*, *tak* "to get," is now written with the following elements: sixtieth radical on the left, *jih* "the sun," *yh* "one" under it, and *ts'un* "inch," below; the Tchuen style shows that *jih* and *yh* are a corruption of *kien* "to see"; the Ku-wen, or oldest form, was composed of this *kien* and *ts'un* beneath it, the mute ideogram or radical not having yet been added to. The oldest sounds were *t'on* for *ts'un* (*cf.* the Sino-Annamite archaism *t'un*) and *kin* or *kim* for *kien*; both characters were part-phonetics in the compound, *t'on* below suggesting the initial *ko-* and *kim* above for the final *-k*, according to one of the laws of composition of the oldest Ku-wen. The author of the *Luh shu ku* had in his mind that the compound *kien* and *ts'un* could not be right, and that the complex symbol ought to have represented a hand thumbed holding a cowry; and accordingly he drew a little picture which he gave as the genuine original. Such were the methods of the worthy Tai T'ung to get at the truth. My readers will agree with me that his work had better be shelved than trusted to by students of Chinese palaeography. The great threefold authority on which Mr. Hopkins has built his castle is, therefore, built on sand. It does not refer to the original Chinese characters.

It is important for all those who wish to study Chinese palaeography that no misgivings should remain on the following points:—The oldest Chinese writing, the Ku-wen, which was derived more or less indirectly from the old Babylonian characters, remained traditionally in use until the time of Confucius and Lao-tze—and even later in some parts of the Chinese dominion—the only alterations introduced being those resulting from the gradual and unequal oblivion of the old rules of spelling and composing the complex characters, and the progressive divergence of the spoken dialects. In 820 B.C. an important recast of the writing was made by Sze-tch'ou, the historiographer of King Siuen of Tchou. In order to avoid the local variants, and that the same characters should everywhere have the same meaning, many of them were modified hieroglyphically, and mute ideograms were added to the former signs in much larger number than before. I have a MS. vocabulary of these remodelled characters. By the by, this reform of many symbols and the forgeries of old bronze inscriptions under the Sung Dynasty, which Dr. Chalmers and myself have branded, have prevented several Chinese writers from obtaining a clear view of the remarkable history of writing in China. The Ta Tchuen, or Great Seal characters—such is the name of the new style of writing invented by Sze-tch'ou—were not accepted in his time throughout the whole country, because of the impotence of the central authority and the political disorders which ensued. The views of Sze-tch'ou, however, made their way; and the written characters he had formed, as well as many others constructed on the same principles, gradually ousted the ancient Ku-wen forms. At the time of the unification of the Empire by She Huangti in 221 B.C, there were many variants in the shapes of written characters used in the several ancient states, and uniformity was urgently required. The teachings of Sze-tch'ou in fifteen books (*Sze-tch'ou shih wu pien*) were then taught in the public schools. But they were not sufficient; and Li-sze, the minister of She Huang-ti, set to work himself and wrote a book—now lost—on the seven rules of the oldest Chinese writing which had been taught by Tsang kieh, in which he advocated a much simpler style of writing. Tchao Kao, on the other hand, a contemporary official, upheld the six principles of Sze-tch'ou in a work called *Yuen-li*. And a few years afterwards Hu Muking, a great historiographer, wrote a book on the written characters, following the seven principles put forth by Li-sze. The result of their labours was the production of several thousands of characters, simplified from the ancient ones, but somewhat irregular in the rules of their composition. These form the Siao Tchuen or Lesser Seal characters, which remained in use until their substitution by the Li-shu, also called Ts'o-shu, in the reign of Wen-ti, which began in 179 B.C. This new style was the work of an old official of She Huang-ti, Tch'eng Miao, who had employed for that purpose the hair-pencil,* invented by Mung-tien in 220 B.C. Simplifying the Siao Tchuen writing into square and bold strokes, he formed 3000 characters, which became the pattern of the new style. It is this writing which — modified into the Heng-shu or current writing by Liu Teh-tcheng (A.D. 147-188), greatly improved by Wang Hien-tchi (*circa* A.D. 379), and slightly altered under the Sung dynasty—has become the Kiai shu, or model style, the present writing for printing in China.

The characters invented by Sze-tch'ou about 820 B.C., and simplified afterwards, as well as those formed according to his principles, or principles supposed to be his, did not, as we have seen, remain unchanged at the beginning of the Earlier Han Dynasty. They had been discarded in the governmental offices, and consequently were liable to be forgotten. It was under the Later Han Dynasty, at the close of the first century of our era, that Hü-shen, a great scholar, and pupil of Kia-Kwéi (A.D. 30-101), undertook the task of collecting all the Tchuen characters, which had been framed faithfully with the rules of Sze-tch'ou, in his own words: *Kin siü tchuen wen hoh y ku Tch'ou poh*, of his introduction—cf. *Shwoh wen*, ed. 1598 (identical with that of 986) *Hü-Shen tze siü*, fol. 7, *verso*. He thus collected 9353 characters, among all those in existence down to his own time, as answering to the six rules or Luh shu of Sze-tch'ou, which he had found in (a commentary on) the Tchou-li, and which were or were not exactly those framed by the historiographer of Siuen Wang. The thorough homogeneity of his collection of characters has caused his work, the *Shwoh wen*, to become, more or less openly, the authority for philological matters in China; and eighteen centuries after his death he was rewarded (in 1875) with a shrine in the temple of Confucius. The *Shwoh wen* has been much worked upon by subsequent scholars, notably in the last and present centuries. The combined results of their efforts may be seen in the arranged and classified English edition of the work, which Dr. J. Chalmers has given with much labour and success, under the following title: *An Account of the Structure of Chinese Characters under 300 Primary Forms; after the Shwoh-wan*, A.D. 100 (1882), and the *Phonetic Shwoh-wan* (1833).

I hope this page of history will dissipate any misapprehension regarding the real nature of the forms of characters illustrated in the *Shwoh wen*. The work is no authority on the oldest Chinese characters, which are not found in it, excepting a few cases of survival. Hü-shen himself took care to warn his readers against any misconception of the kind. Having described the Ku-wen characters as those in which the ancient classics, as well as the oldest inscriptions, were written, he explains that he referred to them only to make sure of the meaning of the Tchuen characters, which had been substituted for them—*cf.* his own preface, ff. 3 and 6. And in the course of his work he gives 441 Ku-wen forms with that object in view (not reproduced in the English version).

The oldest or Ku-wen characters have been preserved to us through several agencies; such as the engraving in stone of the ancient classics—as, for instance, 547 characters from the *Shu-King*, the *Yh King* complete, and parts of several other classics which were so engraved by Tsai-yung, by imperial command, in A.D. 175. These, and the 441 quoted incidentally by Hü-Shen, must be added to the characters of the genuine inscriptions still in existence, which are available for study either by themselves or by casts and prints of them. The Ku-wen characters separately have been carefully collected, as well as those of subsequent times, in such works as the *Luh shu t'ung*, in ten books by Min Tsik'ih (1661), who devoted a long life of study to its completion, and has given in it his authorities, inscriptions, and monuments for every form. This work has been several times printed. Not long ago a white paper edition was issued in China, but it was so badly written that the characters therein are distorted and untrustworthy. I have worked on a splendid edition on yellow paper (1718). The *Luh shu fun luy* by Fu Lwan-siang, in twelve books (1751), is a work of the same kind, still more complete but somewhat less critical in the selection of its sources.

It is in the inscriptions and in such works that the Ku-wen characters must be studied; and the enquirer will see that their forms, like those of all MS. characters, have a certain looseness in shape, which it will be his task to become master of, by comparing the various instances of one and the same character as written by different scribes. The process requires some years of experience before it can be made use of in comparisons.

After this exposition of the case, which I have made as short as clearness permits, my readers will find that not much remains of Mr. Hopkins's criticisms. He has ignored the first principle of comparative palaeography—that any comparison of written characters, with a view to discovering their original source, must be based solely upon their oldest forms. The survival of primitive forms in isolated cases may cause some illusions, but they cannot affect the absoluteness of the law. All the instances given in my paper were taken, either from the Ku-wen forms (including the oldest inscrip-

* Previously to the invention of the hair-pencil, the characters were either cut incuse with an appropriate graving knife on bamboo slips or tablets, or written with lacquer on silk or bamboo with a bamboo-pencil described by Tchwangtze, a sort of reed.

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tions), given in the valuable works of Min Tsik'ih and of Fu Lwansiang, or direct from the inscriptions in my own dictionary of the Ku-wen characters (MS.), after comparison of the various forms in that primitive style of writing. As stated in my paper "The Old Babylonian, &c.," I have also made much use of the *Tchuen tze wei* by Tung Wei-fu (1691), where a large number of variants of Ku-wen and Tchuen characters are given.

Little space remains to answer severally every one of Mr. Hopkins's criticisms. All the characters given as instances in my paper have several meanings in common with their antecedents in Western Asia, though the exigencies of brevity did not permit me to quote more than one, as one was sufficient to prevent any mistake.

I shall adduce only one instance on which my critic has greatly insisted, in order to show that he has engaged in a task which would require more study than he seems to have devoted to it. It is with reference to the complex symbol, *Ming*, "bright," which is now commonly written "sun" and "moon," but was not so in primitive times. The character on the right had assumed the shape of "moon" as early as the Ku-wen period; but after examining the Ku-wen form so called in Min Tsik'ih (iv. 24 v.) I think that it was another character altogether, though cognate in shape. Mr. Hopkins is right in criticising the printing of that character in my paper, where an internal stroke has failed to appear. The left-hand sign was *muh*, "the eye," in one of the most frequent forms in the Ku-wen style, as may be seen in the same work (ix. 2 v.), and not at all the "sun" (ix. 14 v.). The fact is so well known that the two forms, "eye-moon" and "sun-moon," are often given in dictionaries.

I thank Mr. Hopkins for having called my attention to several misprints, which will be rectified in a forthcoming comparative list. One misprint, however, he has reproduced without correcting it; the name *K'oh tou* was given by Kung Ngan-Kwoh in the second century B.C., not A.D.

TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WE understand that a committee of the Anthropological Institute has just been formed for the purpose of advising barrow openers and other archaeological explorers. General Pitt-Rivers, the official Inspector of Ancient Monuments, finds that a great deal of irreparable damage has been done by unskilled explorers, who have neglected that accurate examination of the exhumed relics which is demanded by modern science—this neglect being especially notable with regard to the measurements of human skeletons and animal remains. At his instance a standing committee of aid has been appointed, and a schedule of instructions for explorers will in due course be drawn up.

THE President of the Chemical Society, Dr. W. J. Russell, and Miss Russell, received at the Grosvenor Gallery on Friday evening, June 7, a large number of fellows of the society and other guests, whom they had invited to meet Prof. Mendeléeff, the Russian chemist, who was to have delivered the Faraday lecture to the society. The lecture was instituted by the Chemical Society in 1869 in honour of Faraday, and has been delivered by men of such world-wide reputation as Dumas, Canizzaro, Würtz, Hoffmann, and Helmholtz. Prof. Mendeléeff, to the deep regret of his British friends, was suddenly recalled to Russia on account of the illness of his child. Prof. Mendeléef is the discover of the Periodic Law of the Chemical Elements, which has not only afforded to chemists a means of classifying the elements, but has actually provided them with a weapon of prophecy so accurate that the properties of the three most recently discovered elements—gallium, scandium, and germanium—have been found to be almost exactly those which Mendeléeff twenty years ago pointed out would pertain to elements yet to be discovered, and which he named eka-aluminium, eka-boron, and eka-silicon.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE June number of the *Classical Review* contains several interesting papers. Mr. F. W. Walker continues his "Philological Notes." He deals with the question of the *v-* perfect in Latin, arguing that the so-called syncopated inflexion *amasti* is prior to the longer form *amavisti*. Next is printed the last contribution of the lamented J. H. Onions, entitled "Verisimilia Noniana." Then we have a second instalment of Mr. T. W. Allen's "Notes on Greek MSS. in Italian Libraries," treating this time of Bologna and Genoa. J.E.B.M. contributes some more reminiscenes of Dr. Kennedy and his methods of teaching; while Prof. Cook Wilson writes of his own schoolmaster, the Rev. Walter Clark of Derby, himself a pupil of Kennedy, and does not shrink to sign his name to this sentence:

"Even those of us among his pupils who had intended to go to Oxford caught from him an enthusiasm for the Cambridge style of scholarship and for Cambridge scholars."

Under "archaeology" an account is given of the winter's work of the American School at Athens; and Mr. A. S. Murray brings forward the view that the aigis of Athene was originally not a mere ornament for her breast, but the entire skin of the Gorgon thrown over her shoulders.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(*Annual General Meeting, Monday, May 27.*)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair.—The following officers were elected for the next academical year: president, Prof. T. McK. Hughes; vice-president, Prof. A. Macalister; treasurer, W. M. Fawcett; secretary, the Rev. S. S. Lewis; new members of council, Prof. C. C. Babington, the Mayor of Cambridge, the Rev. E. G. Wood, F. J. H. Jenkinson.—The annual report mentioned the titles of several works, now in the press, and soon to be issued to members, recorded with deep regret the loss of Dr. Churchill Babington, Prof. W. Wright, and five other members; and stated that at the six general meetings during the past year eighteen communications had been made by thirteen several members. Visits had been made to Stamford and to Bartlow, and an excursion to Lincoln is being arranged.—The president delivered an address reviewing the society's work during the past year.—Prof. J. H. Middleton read the following notes on "A Blue-glazed Oenochöe of Ptolemaic Manufacture." Mr. S. S. Lewis's glazed oenochöe, which he kindly exhibits here this evening, is, with one exception, the finest and most interesting example of a very rare fabrique which has ever been discovered. Its special point of interest is, in the first place, the inscription which fixes its date within the years of Ptolemy IV.'s reign, 222—204 B.C.; and, secondly, its peculiar fabrique, combining Egyptian technique with purely Hellenic form. This beautiful vase, a wine-jug or oenochöe, measuring 11¼ inches high, is said to have been discovered at Curium on the south coast of Cyprus, but—like many other objects found in Cyprian tombs—it is clearly of Egyptian workmanship. Like most of the pottery of Egypt, it is made of a very light coloured paste, formed of clay from the Nile delta, mixed with a large proportion of sand. The process of its manufacture seems to have been this. First of all the body of the vase was "thrown" on the wheel, and then the spout and ears were shaped by hand. The flat fluted handle and the various emblemata were then formed separately in moulds, and applied while soft to the body of the vase and fixed by luting before firing. The emblemata consist of two Silenus or Satyr-masks, both formed in the same mould, and applied, one at the bottom, the other at the top, of the handle; and also wreaths of leaves looped round the vase. These festoons are now missing, but their form is visible on the surface of the vase. Next came the first firing, which fixed the handle and the emblemata in their places. After this the potter cut the inscription, incising it deeply with a sharp tool—a rather difficult process on the hard gritty clay. Then came the application of the blue glaze, which is simply a glass made of sand, alkali from the Natron desert, and lime, the colouring matter being an oxide or carbonate of copper. All these materials were finely ground with water to the consistency of cream; the vase was dipped in the mixture and then fired a second time at a high temperature. The use of this brilliant blue glaze is peculiar to Egypt. It is used very largely to cover the Osiris-mummy-figures which are found in large quantities in the Egyptian tombs of many different dynasties, and for countless other purposes. Glazes in the true sense of the word were not used on Greek pottery, and enamels very rarely. The chief distinction is that a glaze is a transparent vitreous coating, and an enamel an opaque one. The final process applied to this oenochöe (judging from the analogy of other specimens of this ware) was the application of gold leaf to the masks and festoons—*i.e.*, to all the ornament in relief. As this gilding was applied after the final firing, it was very insecurely fixed, and has in this case wholly perished. The chief reason why the Greeks did not make glazed pottery is a practical one. The clay they used was what potters now call a "fat clay"; that is, it contained very little silica. This kind of clay is smooth and soft, very plastic on the wheel, and can be moulded with ease into almost any shape. Thus the Greek potters were able to mould vases of very beautiful forms of the thinnest possible substance. "Fat clays" have, however, one drawback: they cannot retain a vitreous coating or glaze. For this purpose a "lean clay" is needed, which contains a large proportion of silica. The siliceous glaze combines, during the firing, with the silica in the "lean clay," and thus a vitreous coating is produced which adheres closely to the pottery; whereas in the case of a "fat clay" the glaze would flake off as the vessel cools. "Lean clays" are not nearly so plastic and pleasant to work as the "fat clays," and thus Egyptian pottery is usually clumsy in body and far less graceful and varied in form than that of the Greeks. In some cases the mummy statuettes, covered with a brilliant blue glaze, are composed principally of sand, having only enough clay added to them to enable the potter to mould the figure into form. Some of these figures which have been fired at a very high temperature are vitrified not only on the surface, but all through the statuette, and thus have become solid masses of enamel rather than clay. Vases of this special fabrique appear to have been manufactured in Egypt only during the reigns of a few sovereigns of the Lagidae family. The most remarkable known example was found at Benghazi in the Cyrenaica, which, together with Phoenicia and Cyprus, for many years formed part of the Ptolemaic dominions. It is an oenochöe of similar shape and size to that now exhibited, and is inscribed in the same way, under the blue glaze, with the name of Queen Berenice, the sister and wife of Ptolemy III. (Euergetes) 246—222 B.C., ΒΕΡΕΝΙΚΗϹ ΒΑϹΙΛΙϹϹΗϹ ΑΓΑΘΗϹ ΤΥΧΗϹ. As eponymous founder of the city of Berenice (the modern Benghazi), she is deified as "the Good Fortune" of the city. The emblemata on this vase consist of a standing figure of the deified queen, holding a cornu-copiae, and pouring from a patera a libation upon an altar, which is inscribed ΘϵѠΝ ϵΥϵΡΓϵΤѠΝ, *i.e.*, "the Altar of the deified benefactors"—a title conferred on various members of the family of Lagidae. On the other side of the figure of the queen-goddess is a tall hippodrome meta, enriched with garlands of flowers—probably having reference to the sacred contests at the founding of a new city. The emblemata were wholly gilt, and a good deal of the gold still remains. Ptolemy Euergetes conquered the

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Seleucidae and became master of the Cyrenaica in the year 239—238 B.C.; so this oenochöe is probably a few years later than that date. It passed into the collection of M. Beulé soon after its discovery, and is described by him in the *Journal des Savants*, 1862, p. 162. Less important examples of this fabrique in the Berlin and Louvre Museums are inscribed with the names of other members of the Lagidae Dynasty, namely Arsinoe, wife of Ptolemy II., 285—247 B.C., and Cleopatra, wife of Ptolemy VI., 181—146 B.C. Some smaller uninscribed specimens are to be seen in the British Museum—*e.g.*, a cup from Naukratis and an alabastron from Tel-el-yahoudeh, in the Egyptian Delta; others were found in various tombs in Cyprus. Returning to Mr. Lewis's vase, the incised inscription is ΒΑCΙ-ΛΕΩC ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ ΦΙΛΟΠΑΤΟΡΟC — "the vase of the King Ptolemy Philopator," at least, so I think it must be interpreted. This form of vase-inscription is quite abnormal, as it is not usual to put the owner's name on Greek pottery. The nearest thing to it is a class of incised inscriptions, scratched on early pottery from the temeni of various temples at Naukratis, dating from the seventh and sixth centuries B.C. These vases were marked as belonging to certain temples by scratching on them the word "I am," followed by the name of the deity in the possessive case; *e.g.*, ΑΓΟΛΛΩΝΟΣ ΕΜΙ. Legends on coins of the Ptolemies and other kings are similar in form to the inscription on Mr. Lewis's vase; *e.g.*, a fine gold octodrachm of Ptolemy IV., the owner of the vase, struck in Cyprus, has the legend ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ ΦΙΛΟΠΑΤΟΡΟC, some word for "coin" being understood. From the palaeographical point of view, the vase inscription is peculiar from its semi-cursive, semi-lapidary form. The round sigma (c for Σ) is used, while on Ptolemaic coins the older form always occurs. The cursive ω is used for Ω, and the rounded ε with the central stroke separated from the curve. The alpha, in two instances, is peculiar, being open at the top; the other characters are of the usual lapidary type; so the whole inscription comes midway between the papyrus and other pen-written types and those on coins and marbles of the Ptolemaic period. In Crete the c for Σ occurs very early, *e.g.*, on a coin of Gortyna of the seventh or sixth century B.C.; but in other places it is not used, except in cursive writing, till considerably later than the date of this vase.—Mr. M. R. James began his paper on "Illustrated MS. Psalters and Gospels," with a supplementary note on two more copies of Prudentius's *Psychomachis*. These MSS. are both in the Cottonian Collection: the first (Cleopatra, c. viii.) is of the eleventh century, and corresponds exactly (save for a gap) with the Corpus MS., No. 23; the second (Titus, c. xvi.) is of the twelfth century and once belonged to St. Albans. It has fewer pictures, and those different in some cases from the older books. Its dependence on earlier traditions is seen chiefly in the titles of the illustrations. The section on illustrated MS. Psalters began with a summary of the results arrived at by Dr. A. Springer in his essay "Die Psalter-illustrationem im frühen Mittelalter." There are two great independent families of Psalters—Eastern and Western. The Eastern books are best represented by the ninth-century Chludoff Psalter at Moscow. The artist there illustrates the Psalms by picturing (usually on the margin) the New-Testament event which was thought to be foreshadowed by the text. The Eastern tendency may be called theological. The Western Psalters, represented by the (eighth or ninth century) Utrecht Psalter and the two copies of it (Harl. 603, and the Eadwine Psalter at Trinity), show on the other hand the literal style of illustration. Every detail in the text of the Psalm is introduced into the picture which heads it. Only one picture in early Psalters is a direct product of a classical school. This is the drawing of David surrounded by his choir of minstrels, and playing on his harp, which immediately precedes the text in very many MSS. Of later mediaeval Psalters the reader distinguished two main classes: those with, and those without, a series of paintings preceding the text. A certain development in the selection of subjects is visible in these preliminary pictures, which do not occur much before 1100. The succession seems to have been this: (i.) Events in David's life were represented. (ii.) The same, together with New Testament events, illustrated by David's experiences or prophesied in the Psalms. (iii.) Instead of the Davidic cycle, a series of Old Testament subjects (most commonly from the creation to the judgment of Solomon); the New Testament pictures keep their place. (iv.) Instead of the Old Testament subjects, single figures or stories of patron saints, following the New Testament subjects. Lastly, the Psalter is superseded by the Horae, but it is noticeable that early Horae are illustrated with Bible pictures in many cases. Instances illustrating the development were drawn from the Library at Corpus (No. 53, a Peterborough Book), at St. John's (k. 26, containing forty-six paintings), at Trinity College (three copies), and at the Fitzwilliam Museum. The section on Gospels was not intended to be comprehensive; the reader only dealt quite shortly with the famous Gregorian Gospels at Corpus, the only MS. in Cambridge which is a direct product of Romano-Christian art. The second finest Cambridge MS. of the Gospels, which contains scenes from our Lord's life, is a MS. from Bury St. Edmund's at Pembroke. It probably belongs to the twelfth century. In conclusion, it was remarked how rare a phenomenon in later mediaeval art is any complete series of illustrations of the ministry of our Lord. This seemed a natural outcome of the popular theology of the day.

FINE ART.

The Civilisation of Sweden in Heathen Times. By Oscar Montelius. Translated by F. H. Woods. (Macmillan.)

The work of Prof. Montelius, which Mr. Woods has translated into English, is a rapid but lucid and interesting sketch of the prehistoric archaeology of Sweden. The translation is made from the second and latest edition (1878) of the Swedish original, but it incorporates the additions contained in the German edition of 1885, and also includes some new matter furnished by the author, so that the information may be said to have been brought down to the date of last year. Notwithstanding these enlargements, it is possible that many English students, to whom Swedish archaeology is interesting chiefly on account of the light which it sheds on the antiquities of their own country, may find the work somewhat meagre. The volume contains only about 200 pages of large type, and of this limited space a considerable portion is occupied with matter which is already familiar to English readers from translations of the works of Nilsson and Worsaae. The abundance of excellent illustrations, indeed, to a great extent compensates for the brevity of the text, but there are many points on which more detailed explanations would have been welcome. In particular, it is rather disappointing to find that the author's views as to the absolute chronology of the three great culture-periods—which differ very widely from the theories maintained by earlier authorities—are stated without the slightest indications of the nature of the grounds on which they are based. The reader is simply told that "everything tends to show" that the Bronze Age began in Sweden not later than 1500 B.C., and that the result of recent investigation has been to throw back the date of the commencement of the Iron Age as far as 500 B.C. No one will deny that the opinion of Prof. Montelius on such questions is of great weight, but it is not wholly satisfactory that English students should be asked to accept these important conclusions solely on his authority. It is of course to be borne in mind that these dates are given only as rough approximations, a half-millennium being the smallest measure of time with which prehistoric archaeology can at present reasonably attempt to deal. Prof. Montelius agrees with Worsaae in believing the Bronze Age to have lasted about a thousand years, but places its termination about 500 years earlier. English archaeologists will probably be disposed to accept the latter conclusion; but it is hard to imagine what kind of evidence can be accessible which can justify any decided opinion respecting the date when the Bronze Age began.

The chapter on the Stone Age occupies less than forty pages. The extraordinary perfection of finish characteristic of the late stone weapons of Sweden must be regarded as indicating a higher stage of culture than has been proved to have existed among the neolithic peoples of the rest of Europe. From the character of the skulls found in the cromlechs and gallery-graves, Prof. Montelius is inclined to conclude that the people who constructed these sepulchres were in the main Teutonic, though a certain proportion of the skulls are of the Lapp type. At the same time, the author accepts the view propounded by Nilsson, that the gallery-graves imitate in their form the dwellings of the living, and points out that on this supposition the habitations of the stone-age people of Sweden must have resembled those of the modern Lapps. The "cup-shaped" hollows in the roof-stones of graves, Prof. Montelius thinks, were "certainly used for offerings either for or to the dead." In corroboration of this opinion, he states that in Sweden these cups—"elf-mills" as they are popularly called—are still regarded as holy, and offerings are secretly made in them. This is certainly an interesting fact; but is it not possible that the popular veneration for the "elf-mills," and the practice of making offerings in them, may be due merely to that belief in their supernatural origin which is implied in their name, and not to any tradition connected with their primary use? In England there are many instances in which similar "cup-shaped" hollows occur on the vertical surfaces of stones.

It seems to be established that in Great Britain the use of bronze was introduced by an invading people of different race from the makers of the neolithic weapons. The prevailing opinion has been that this was the case also in Scandinavia. Prof. Montelius, however, considers that in Sweden the transition from the Stone Age to the Bronze Age was gradual, and was merely the result of increased communication with foreign nations. The bronze weapons and ornaments appear, for the most part, to have been made in the country; but the material must have been imported, as there is no tin in Scandinavia, and there is no evidence that the copper mines were worked at so early a period. A fact which can hardly be without importance, though its precise significance may be easy to determine, is that in Scandinavia the introduction of the practice of cremation, which occurred in the middle of the Bronze Age, was accompanied by a marked change in the style of the weapons and ornaments, the work of the latter period being, on the whole, inferior in artistic excellence to that of the earlier period. It would be interesting to know whether there is anything analogous to this in the history

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of the Bronze Age in Great Britain. That both cremation and simple interment were practised by the Bronze Age people in England is well known; but, whether the two usages existed simultaneously or successively is a question which seems not to have been conclusively answered.

Among the most interesting remains of the Bronze Age in Scandinavia are the rock-carvings, which seem to have formed a regular picture-writing. Several specimens of these carvings are figured in the present volume. The epoch to which they belong is shown, among other evidence, by the remarkable resemblance of the swords represented in some of them to those which have been actually found in the barrows. Taken altogether, the remains of this period afford much fuller material than might have been expected for a connected picture of the habits and condition of the people. The character of their costume has been remarkably illustrated by discoveries made within the last twenty years (principally in Denmark), which include a man's and a woman's complete attire, both in perfect preservation. These have already been figured in Mr. Simpson's translation of Worsaae's *Nordens Forhistorie*; Prof. Montelius gives an engraving of the woman's dress, which, he remarks, is very similar to that worn at the present day by peasant women in some parts of Sweden. The man's costume, on the other hand, differs widely from any that is known to have been worn in the country at any later period. One of the most curious discoveries mentioned by Prof. Montelius is that made in a barrow at Hvidegaarden, near Copenhagen, where, beside a heap of human bones, wrapped in a woollen mantle, there was found a leathern case containing

"a piece of an amber bead, a small Mediterranean shell, a die made of deal, the tail end of a snake, a bird's claw, the lower jaw of a young squirrel, some small stones, a small pair of tweezers, two bronze knives, and a spear-head of flint."

The author very plausibly suggests that the dead man was "either a doctor or a magician, or perhaps both."

In the chapter on the earlier Iron Age Prof. Montelius gives an illustration representing a Northern warrior of about A.D. 300 Every detail of costume and equipment in this picture may, he says, be relied upon as absolutely accurate, being copied from articles actually found in two peat-bogs in Jutland. From this period onwards Prof. Montelius is able to find much interesting illustrative matter in the sagas and the older Scandinavian poetry. With reference to the origin of the runes, he accepts the theory of Wimmer, that they were a modification of the Latin alphabet formed by some South Teutonic tribes; but he assigns their adoption to about the date of the Christian era—some two centuries earlier than the time given by Wimmer in the last edition of his work.

Mr. Woods's translation is smooth and readable, though now and then there is a trace of foreign idiom; for instance, it is not good English to speak of an object being "described" in an engraving. Sometimes, also, the grammar is rather careless, as in the following sentence:

"But if the clothes found in Treenhöi ought to be regarded as an ordinary example of the men's dress of that time, it must have been very different from what is not merely now worn, but from that worn during the latter part of heathen times."

In the preface Mr. Woods explains that he has discarded the accepted term "gallery-graves" for "passage-graves," because "the word gallery suggests to his mind something of the nature of a gallery in a theatre or a church." But the meaning of "gallery" as a mining term is surely familiar enough to ordinary readers, and there does not seem to be any adequate reason for displacing a designation which has come into general use among archaeologists.

Henry Bradley.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUCCIO OF SIENA.

London: June 6, 1889.

My attention has been called to a letter in the Academy of May 25, in which I am challenged to substantiate a statement made in Mr. Stillman's article on Duccio in the *Century*.

I never saw either the previous letter, or Mr. Stillman's reply. I answer somewhat unwillingly to avoid misconception.

The picture by Duccio referred to *was* taken down for me some years since in order that it might be photographed. The picture being entirely under the control of the Opera of the cathedral, only the rector's permission was necessary, the Minister of Public Instruction having nothing whatever to do with it. Hanging, as the picture did, in the cathedral far above the eye in a dim light, and never having been removed for nearly fifty years, its beauty astonished all who were present, and the rector expressed his sorrow at having to replace it. Some years later, a special gallery having been built for the numerous works of art hitherto shown in the sacristy (with some inconvenience to the officiating clergy), the picture was finally removed there. This gallery, which is a fine, lofty, and well-lighted room, your correspondent designates a "lumber room"; but his religious scruples might be satisfied by noting that it is built within the area of the cathedral itself, the walls being part of the gigantic edifice planned before the plague, and afterwards abandoned.

C. Fairfax Murray.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The second exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society will be held in the New Gallery from October 7 to December 7. It will consist of contemporary work in design and handicraft, including all kinds of decorative art. Forms of application may be obtained from the secretary, Mr. Ernest Radford, 45 Great Marlborough Street, W.

The Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts propose to hold during the coming autumn an exhibition of works in black and white, and also of pastels. The Institute has already held three exhibitions of black and white—in 1880, 1881, and 1882; but this will be the first exhibition of pastels in Scotland. The last day for the delivery of works intended for exhibition is October 4.

The annual meeting of the Hellenic Society will be held at 22 Albemarle Street on Monday, June 24, at 5 p.m., Prof. Jebb, vice-president, in the chair.

On Monday next, June 17, and on the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the large collection of coins formed by Mr. John G. Hall. The collection includes examples of many periods and countries; but perhaps its chief features are the series of Byzantine gold pieces and of German thalers. There are also a few of the so-called "Indo-Scythic" coins.

Mr. Petrie's collection of Greek portraits from the Fayum—now the property of M. Théodore Graf—has lately been on exhibition in Paris, where they attracted the attention of the Académie des Inscriptions. M. Maspero pointed out that they represent a change in funeral customs, which lasted for about a century and a half, from the beginning of the Christian era; and that they are found in Thebes as well as the Fayum. M. Ravaisson added that the realistic style of art was characteristic of a nation in its decadence.

Among the most recent archaeological discoveries at Rome is that of two stone sarcophagi, dug up in the Prati di Castello about eight metres below the surface. Both of them bear inscriptions showing that they were the tombs of two members of the Gens Crepereia. In one of them was found the skeleton of a girl, together with a number of objects in excellent preservation, among them a wooden doll with jointed arms and legs.

THE STAGE.

IBSEN IN LONDON.

One is glad to have had an opportunity of seeing a play of Ibsen's—a representative piece—upon the stage in London, even though the conclusion one draws after having seen it is, that it is not particularly likely one will see it again. At all events, the stage itself—and not the closet—is the best place on which to get the question answered in regard to Ibsen. Is he a missionary, or is he an artist, or is he perchance both? So far as "The Doll's House" is concerned, we have had our answer. Mr. William Archer—who, for Mr. Walter Scott's little volume, had furnished a translation of "The Pillars of Society," which did not read smoothly—has made what appears to me (who know nothing of the original) a much better translation of "The Doll's House." It can hardly be, indeed, but that it is quite a good one. And Mr. Charles Charrington, Mr. Royce Carleton, Mr. Waring, and best of all, as few will doubt, Miss Achurch, have given us a performance which allowed us, as I think, to judge the play. The result of the judgment is that Henrik Ibsen must be said to be an interesting, but not a very great, artist: that he must be confessed to be a missionary into the bargain—a missionary, perhaps, before all—yet one whose mission is to some extent unnecessary, and to some extent injurious.

"The Doll's House" is a drama written partly to show that in a life of civilisation a woman must not be considered as man's creature alone—a ministrant or a toy. I should have thought, I confess, that, in 1889, intelligent England, and yet more assuredly intelligent America, had got beyond the need of any such teaching. To say this is not to invalidate the worth of Ibsen in Scandinavia or Germany, where conversions have yet to be made to views which France and England have accepted, off and on, for much more than a hundred years, and which America has accepted through all but the whole of her short and brilliant history. London is not the place in which the most pressing of our needs is to learn Henrik Ibsen's sapient lesson. With

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the lower class woman, doing as much as a man, in her own way, to earn the family loaf; with the "young person" of the quite ordinary middle classes, presumably so much brighter, and so much fuller of initiative, than the youth with whom she condescends to consort; with the woman of the upper middle class and of the higher classes giving to society half its value and more than half its charm — nay, rising now and again to such heights of intelligence that she can voluntarily put her name to a memorial against the suffrage being ever conferred upon her: with these things so, we do not require Ibsen's tearful argument. Here he has no *locus standi*. It is as unnecessary for this thoughtful Scandinavian to inform us what a woman ought or ought not to be, as it is for us to accept from him the view that the preacher of orthodoxy must needs be a hypocrite or dullard, and that it is in the Church that conventionality most certainly and inevitably resides. He has no parson in "The Doll's House." But, elsewhere, his parson—a study accurate enough, for all that I know, in Scandinavia — is introduced only to be ridiculed and exposed. If Ibsen were an Englishman—engaged in preaching that our women are dolls and our clergymen humbugs—I should say that he was provincial; I should say that he was suburban. And I should then pass on. But, as it is, there is no doubt little justification for being quite so hard on him. Ibsen is not suburban; he is not even provincial—he is of Scandinavia.

But, if we have dealt as yet very little with the art, we have not done with the mission. Nora, the heroine of "The Doll's House," makes a stupid and empty marriage. She is a doll. Her husband is content for her to be a doll. Three little children she has, and she is child as well as mother among them. Gradually she realises how undeveloped she is, and how little her husband has done, or ever will care to do, to improve her. Without knowing that it was wicked, she has forged a signature. Without knowing that it was rash, she has allowed a friend to be very nearly a lover. Her husband—good man of business though he may be—is *borné* and hard, and poor and thin. Life with him is unsatisfactory. He does not appreciate her possibilities and her newer aims; and, if the question were one in which they only were concerned, it might be we should not cast the first stone if she went out from the parched desert of her home to find, elsewhere, rest for the soles of her feet. But, alas! there are three children; and how she proposes to practise, reasonably and rightly, her self-development, while these are neglected, is more than we can say. The scene—acted by Miss Janet Achurch, with a fine intelligence, with personal charm, with dignity, with reticence, even with sweetness—closes with Nora's lonely and mistaken departure.

I had read the day before, in an evening newspaper with a decided *parti pris*, that "Ibsen is very modern: Browning is an ancient beside him." So I went home and read a little of the "ancient"—who is modern besides, with something that is not merely the *modernité* of a day — opening the page at "Ivan Ivanovitch," and learning there what justice Ivan Ivanovitch dealt out to the mother who had forgotten motherhood, who had ignored self-sacrifice, who had thrown, one by one, her children to the wolves.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

MDME. MELBA, the Australian prima donna, took the part of Gilda in "Rigoletto" last Thursday week, and her acting and singing were both much admired. M. Lassalle, as the jester, gave full evidence of his dramatic power; his acting in the exciting close of the third act was particularly impressive. He sang in French. M. Montariol was the Duke. Signor Randegger conducted.

"Faust" was given on Friday evening. Mdme. Nordica, in the *rôle* of Marguerite, was not at her best. There was a want of animation, especially about her singing of the "Jewel" song. Last season we considered it one of her most successful impersonations. But actors and actresses are not always up to high-water mark. The chief feature of the performance was the Mephistopheles of M. E. de Reske. When he is on the stage, eye and ear are alike satisfied. His acting is wonderful. He does not every now and then startle you with some striking attitude, but, by his ever-changing gesture and facial expression, he always commands attention. Signor Talazac was the Faust. Mdme. Scalchi and Mdlle. Bauermeister were, of course, efficient, the one as Siebel, the other as Marta. M. Lasalle was an excellent Valentino.

For Saturday evening Mr. Harris announced "Lohengrin," and with a cast which it would indeed be difficult to improve upon. The house, it need scarcely be said, was crowded in every part. Mdme. Albani's impersonation of Elsa is so well known that it will be sufficient to say that she was in splendid voice, and that each time she appears in that *rôle* she seems to act with more intensity. But with a king so noble in bearing, so powerful in singing as M. E. de Reske, and with a champion so dignified and tuneful as M. J. de Reske, she finds it perhaps easy to put forth her full strength. The prayer as sung by M. E. de Reske in the first act is quite wonderful. Mdme. Fursch-Madi again won a great success as Ortrude, and M. Séguin made a favourable appearance as Frederick. The chorus and the orchestra, under Signor Mancinelli's careful guidance, acquitted themselves honourably.

Last Tuesday evening, "Guillaume Tell" was presented. It is some time since an efficient performance of Rossini's masterpiece has been given in London. In many respects this one was of considerable merit. The part of Mathilde was taken by a new-comer, Mdlle. Lita. She has a voice more strong than sweet. She sings well, but has an unpleasant way of jerking out her upper notes. Her success with the audience was moderate. M. Lestellier, who appeared in London three or four seasons back, was the Arnoldo. The part is indeed a trying one, and due acknowledgment must be made of the energy and skill which he displayed. But his voice is all throat or head, and in loud notes the tone is decidedly harsh. M. Lassalle was prevented by indisposition from appearing in the *rôle* of Tell. M. Séguin, who made his *début* in Lohengrin last week, took his place, and acted and sang in a most efficient manner. He sang in French, but from necessity rather than choice. M. E. de Reske was all that could be desired as Walter. Mdme. Lablache, as Tell's wife, and Mdlle. Bauermeister, as Jemmy, rendered valuable service. The chorus sang remarkably well, and the close of the second act quite roused the house. The orchestra, under Signor Mancinelli, was first-rate. The piece was magnificently put upon the stage.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MDME. BACKER-GRÖNDAHL, who played Grieg's Concerto with so much success at the second Philharmonic Concert on March 28, appeared again at the sixth concert of that society last Thursday week. Beethoven's Concerto in E flat is the touchstone of pianists—a work which has made or marred the fortune of many a player; and Mdme. Gröndahl passed victoriously through the ordeal. We might, indeed, say the double ordeal, for a storm was raging furiously at the time, and the lightning flashes and the growl of the thunder alarmed some, and distracted all. The playing was remarkable for its clearness and for the gradations of tone, and the reading showed intellectual grasp of the music. Besides, there was individuality, but not of that kind which makes the interpreter more prominent than the composer. Mr. F. Cliffe conducted his Symphony in C minor, and at the close received quite an ovation. We recently noticed this work on the occasion of its production at the Crystal Palace. By it Mr. Cliffe has suddenly become famous, and now he will have the difficult task of maintaining his reputation. Much will be expected of him. Fräulein Fillunger sang Weber's "Ocean, du Ungeheuer," and some Brahms's Lieder, and received much applause. Mr. Cowen conducted the whole of the orchestral music except the Symphony.

Señor Sarasate gave his fifth concert last Saturday afternoon. There was no orchestra, and Mdme. Berthe Marx was again the pianist. The programme opened with Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, a finished and artistic performance. The violin variation (No. 2) in the middle movement was given in so brilliant a manner that the audience insisted on a *reprise*. After this came Schubert's interesting and showy Fantasia in C major for Violin and Pianoforte (Op. 159). This gave to both performers a legitimate opportunity of displaying their virtuosity. Mdme. Marx played her part with great finish and dexterity, while Señor Sarasate in the effective variations on the theme of "Sei nur gegrüsst" surpassed himself. Mdme. Marx afterwards obtained much applause for her rendering of Liszt's Rhapsodie (No. 12).

Señor J. Albeniz, pianist to the Queen of Spain, gave a Pianoforte Recital at Princes's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. He is a wonderful, though most unequal, player. He has great strength of finger, a fine wrist action, and perfect command of the key-board. His rendering of Beethoven's C sharp minor Sonata, however, was not satisfactory. His performance of Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor was, with one exception, too wild or too tame; that exception was the Presto Finale, and his reading of it was quite remarkable. With many players it is a mere finger-piece, but by dexterous use of the pedals Señor Albeniz gave to it a mysterious wailing sound, *à la* Rubinstein. He played seven Scarlatti pieces, some with great taste and finish; but others were spoilt by exaggeration and by tasteless additions. In some pieces by Mayer, Liszt, and in graceful compositions of his own, he was heard to great advantage. The audience was small but enthusiastic.

We forgot to mention above the Concert of Signorina Teresima Tua at Princes's Hall last Thursday week. This lady has improved much since she was last in London. She interpreted, with Mdlle. Wonsowska, Brahms' Sonata in A for Violin and Pianoforte, and both ladies played with considerable taste and intelligence. Mdlle. Wonsowska has excellent fingers, and gave a clever rendering of the Weber-Tausig "Invitation à la Valse"; but the piece itself is an abomination.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889.

No. 894, *New Series.*

THE EDITOR *cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.*

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, *and not to the* EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The Encylopaedic Dictionary: a new and original Work of Reference to all the Words in the English Language, with a full account of their Origin, Meaning, Pronunciation, and Use. (Cassell.)

WE have now the concluding volumes of a work which was initiated about seventeen years ago. The first issue did not appear till the autumn of 1879, since which date, within little more than nine years, the whole fourteen volumes have been published. The Rev. Dr. R. Hunter spent four years in amassing material, and his name was specially connected with the first volumes, whence it is known to some as "Hunter's Encyclopaedia." He has, in effect, continued throughout to contribute a large number of the articles on general knowledge. But Mr. S. J. Herttage has from nearly the beginning had the writing of the portions which treat of the language—*i.e.*, "the dictionary proper"; while Mr. John Williams has exercised a careful supervision over the whole, acting, in fact, as editor. In addition, the publishers acknowledge much valuable assistance given on numerous technical or scientific points by many eminent authorities. Particular attention has been given to the numerous items connected with chemistry by Mr. J. F. Walker and Mr. W. M. Harkness. A number of helpers have been found among the staffs of the British Museum, the Zoological Society, and other institutions; while the names of Sir John Stainer, Prof. Huxley, and Lieut.-Col. Cooper King, should be guarantees of excellence in their own special department of knowledge.

To the last volume is prefixed a Preface of forty pages, of which nearly two thirds are filled with "An Historical Sketch of the English Language: its Origin, Dialects, Structure, and Affinities." The whole work is concluded by an Appendix, which contains much curious and useful apparatus for reference—such as lists of phrases and quotations, many of them in current use, from Greek, Latin, and four modern languages, with explanations and notes of their origin; lists of Scripture names, also of classical and other ancient names, accented so as to show their pronunciation according to English usage, together with some information sketching in the story of the mispronunciation of Greek and Latin in England. This includes a table of the consonants and vowels in Latin, which briefly indicates what are "the conclusions to which modern scholars have come as to the pronunciation of Latin."

More likely to be in frequent requisition than any, perhaps, is the last article in the Appendix—viz., a list of "Abbreviations and Contractions in general use," the number of which is astonishing—over twelve hundred. The larger part of these are peculiar to Great Britain, standing for English words; and the mystification of the unfortunate foreigner—to say nothing of many an innocent native—may well be pardoned among so many unknown signs. Here stand all the mystic letters which the learned and official delight to tack on to their names, clothed in their full meanings; here, too, will be found many a contraction in literary use, relic of the ancient habit of writing contracted Latin, or forms of modern introduction, which often puzzle the "general reader"; the various shifts to which scribbling humanity of the English-speaking race is put in order to save time and labour are all enumerated here. We are glad to see among the rest the shortened forms of the States' names in common use by Americans—such as "Io." for Iowa, "La." for Louisiana, which are not always familar to an English eye. Such a list as this is an essential part of an Encyclopaedic Dictionary, which deals, above all, with language. Abbreviated forms have a tendency to pass into current words, as the familiar *'bus* and *cab* (omnibus, cabriolet); and even a string of representative letters may become a word which will prove a terrible nut for future lexicographers to crack. By the time Dr. Murray has reached the letter M in the New Dictionary (so rapid is the march of some words) "mabys" may be an accepted piece of coinage knocking for admission into his treasury; we have heard it used several times in public and private speech by friends and members of that useful society the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants. M.A.B.Y.S., however, as well as R.I.B.A.—the architect's formula—and perhaps others, are omitted from the list in the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary*.

We have not yet done with the Appendix. The first twelve pages are devoted to the literature of those dictionaries in which English has a part, containing a short account of "English lexicography," and a list of dictionaries divided into fourteen classes, each arranged chronologically. This is a very interesting part of the history of the language, which was dealt with by Mr. Wheatley so long ago as 1865, in a paper read before the Philological Society. The first really English dictionary, or "English Expositor of Hard Words," was a small book by John Bullokar, printed in 1616. But our earliest glossaries and dictionaries date from the times when Latin and French were the languages of culture in England, and were spoken and written and taught in probably greater proportion than at present. Among these are the vocabularies of Neckam and of Walter de Biblesworth, and the "Dictionarius" of John de Garlande, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The list before us begins with the *Promptorium Parvulorum* and the *Catholicon Anglicum*, both of the fifteenth century, which are the two best-known dictionaries for English-Latin, the first having been printed many times. A year after the first edition of the *Promptorium* appeared the first print of a Latin-English dictionary, the *Ortus Vocabulorum*, in 1500, the *Medulla*, compiled about forty years previously, to this day existing only in MS. Several treatises to help in learning French had been written before the famous work of Palsgrave, printed in 1530, the first which is given here; among which the curious "Manière de langage qui enseigne à parler et à écrire le français," written by an Englishman in the fourteenth century (printed in 1873 by Prof. Paul Meyer), should have found a place in this list. In the sixteenth century the increased intercourse with Italy and Spain bore fruit in Florio's Italian-English, and Percival and Minsheu's Spanish-English dictionaries; Greek was taken up by Baret and Hutton; while the supply of Latin and French word-books continued. Of dictionaries designed to the understanding of English alone there appeared about a score after Bullokar's in 1616, till Dr. Johnson's great work in 1755 capped them all. Cocker's book (1704) must long have been popular; the phrase, "according to Cocker" (an invocation for correctness) is still familiar.*

The compiler of this list would have added to its value had he given some sign (in this Class I.) of the dividing line where he ceases to include lexicons of other languages than English. He has Ainsworth's Latin dictionary of 1736, and Baretti's Italian of 1760, and his Spanish of 1778; and, in the present century Armstrong's Gaelic of 1825 and Foley's Irish of 1855; but of the numerous dictionaries of inter-English and foreign languages produced say within the last century, no hint is given. For instance, there is not, we believe, a single German dictionary mentioned. Now it might not have been necessary to include all these, but the account and the classes are not complete without some reference to them, especially when we find all other arts and sciences represented. To the student of language, the lists of American dictionaries of English, of Glossaries (including those of the English Dialect Society) and Concordances, and of Etymological Dictionaries will be welcome; although two capital omissions occur in this last—Spelman's well-known *Glossarium Archaiologicum* (1687) and the invaluable treasury of Ducange, even Migne's handy abridgment of it being left out. In the case of Ducange, this is the more inexcusable, as such works as the *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Romanischen Sprachen* of Diez are included. The Anglo-Saxon dictionaries, five in number, should have been placed in the first list, as part of the history of the language, whereas they are relegated to a class apart, between Etymology and Synonyms. The remaining lists deal with special word-books and cyclopaedias, slang, biblical, law, military and marine, medical, chemical, &c., not forgetting encyclopaedias and general dictionaries of all modern knowledge, English and American. This is a new and useful feature, quite proper to an encyclopaedic work.

Since Dr. Johnson's time, the dictionaries of general English alone published in this country and America number more than a hundred and twenty-five—testimony to the desire felt by the race for understanding and fixing the symbols of its speech. The present work claims to be "the most exhaustive

* We have ourselves always understood this phrase as referring to Cocker's *Arithmetic*, which certainly survived in actual use down to Dr. Johnson's tour in the Hebrides.—ED. ACADEMY.

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dictionary of "the English language" yet brought out, designed

"to trace the history of each word step by step, thus showing the successive gradations of meanings as they rose out of each other, and to illustrate each meaning by quotations from the written or printed language."

The latter part of this bold programme cannot be said to be fully carried out. Every page shows the failure to comply with it. We do not say this in depreciation. The aim was high, and therefore has led to good results; but such a plan could only be strictly followed in a scientific work like Dr. Murray's great Dictionary, which confines itself to the history and elucidation of the language, and does not attempt encyclopaedic knowledge. The influence of that monumental work, although still so far from complete, is, no doubt, seen in these pages, and the net result shows a great advance on lexicons of English hitherto available. The words are given in their various forms, various meanings, and various compounds more or less numerous; popular and proverbial phrases are quoted under the chief catch-word, *e.g.*, "great cry and little wool," under "wool." Words that are obsolete, and those rarely used, are pointed out by appropriate signs—a feature of much value to readers of our older literature. The vocabulary of Scotland, as found in Burns and Scott, has been especially included.

As a storehouse of English words now or in former times current, the Encyclopaedic Dictionary is probably unrivalled, containing, it is stated, in round numbers, 180,000 headings or articles. A scientific analysis of these, such as Dr. Murray gives, is wanting. We cannot, therefore, yet take real stock of the language in its entirety—how many are main words, what are combinations, how many are still foreigners, &c. On the other hand, we have here, plainly admitted by the scope of the undertaking, numerous technical words belonging to "those knowledges most familiar to, and most intimately connected with, the daily life of man" (as an American review puts it), games, occupations, slang, arts, as well as the recondite sciences. The following indicates what have been sought for:

"As an illustration, it may be mentioned that in one column of the *Field* newspaper, no less than twenty words connected with golf occurred which do not appear in any dictionary."

In turning over the leaves, indeed, it has struck us that terms of purely scientific nomenclature, especially pertaining to chemistry and mineralogy, have a large space. The preface assures us that what may be termed the cyclopaedic words include all except those special to geology and biology. Such words as "yunx," "yttrogummite," "onisciдæ," "murænichthys," "tabernæmontana," show that a good deal more than English speech is attempted in this extensive compilation. Much of historic and statistic interest, too, is embodied in the explanation of such words as "dynamite," "methodist," "flagellant," "caucus," "boycott." With definitions and explanations covering nearly the whole field of science, art, and literature, which the compilers have laudably endeavoured to bring up to the very latest date, this dictionary recommends itself as one of the most useful works of reference that we possess, and by far the most comprehensive in terms that has appeared. It is essentially a product of modern times, taking its instances not only from books but from the daily press, that current expression of oral speech. If on the language-side the quoting of present writers and best opinions, rather than the production of any clear or independent essay, gives to the "Historical Sketch of the English Language" here prefixed some element of weakness, this is, on the other hand, in character with the work as a representative compilation. Barring an occasional confusion in the use of the term *English*, the chronological specimens of writers from Caedmon to Spenser, and the summaries of the distinguishing grammatical features of these and of the three dialects given in this sketch, form a fitting introduction (though found in the last volume) to a work which has deservedly become popular.

L. TOULMIN SMITH.

EMERSON AT HOME IN CONCORD.

Emerson in Concord: a Memoir written from the "Social Circle" in Concord, Massachusetts. By Edward Waldo Emerson. (Sampson Low.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Seer: an Estimate of his Character and Genius, in Prose and Verse. By A. Bronson Alcott. (Elliot Stock.)

THE "Social Circle" in Concord is a club that dates back to the days of the Revolution, having been founded in 1782. Emerson was elected a member in 1839, and five years later he described the institution to a friend in these terms:

"Much the best Society I have ever known is a Club in Concord, called the Social Circle, consisting always of twenty-five of our citizens, doctor, lawyer, farmer, trader, miller, mechanic, &c., solidest of men, who yield the soldest of gossip. Harvard University is a wafer compared to the solid land which my friends represent. I do not like to be absent from home on Tuesday evenings in Winter" (p. 146).

Emerson continued to be a member of this club until his death, which took place on April 27, 1882. A month earlier he was present at a meeting held to celebrate the hundredth year of its existence. This club has a book of biographies, in which it is the custom to preserve "as true a picture as may be of the life of each departed member." The memoir of his father, which Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson has prepared, was intended primarily for this book of biographies. He writes, he says, for his father's neighbours and near friends; but he wisely adds—"I include many who, perhaps, never saw him." These chronicles of "a citizen of the universe," as Dr. Holmes called Emerson, are valuable to a wider circle than that at Concord. Indeed, now that the existence of the book of biographies has been made known, the question arises, Are there not other records therein which, for their historical value, or because they relate to eminent persons, ought to see the light?

Mr. Edward Emerson is careful to explain that the publication of his book is in no way due to dissatisfaction with the biography prepared by Mr. James Elliot Cabot, which has been before the public about eighteen months. Mr. Cabot, he says, wrote the story "for the world." All the diaries, letters, and other papers that Emerson left were at his disposal; and, in the opinion of Mr. Edward Emerson, "he made good and true and loyal use of the trust." Undoubtedly Mr. Cabot's book is a valuable contribution to Emerson literature. It might have been fuller, perhaps, in some directions; but it is well to remember that when Mr. Cabot was preparing it he had the fate of Mr. Froude before his eyes as a warning against over-candour. He erred, if at all, in the contrary direction. Perhaps he was rather too judicious. After all, even in biography, honesty is the best policy; and besides, in the case of Emerson, there really was nothing to conceal. Mr. Edward Emerson's memoir now supplies what was wanted. Some of the ground he traverses is familiar; but he is able to fill up various gaps here and there. Much more that he tells us had not been told before. His purpose is to reveal his father's personal and inner life as "the citizen and villager and householder, the friend and neighbour." He adds: "If I magnify, perhaps unduly, this aspect of my father, it is to show those whom his writings have helped or moved that his daily life was in accord with his teachings." He presents to the imagination the real Emerson as he was in the flesh. He shows that there was perfect harmony between Emerson's public precepts and the conduct of his private life. To some of us this does not come as a surprise. As much was expected; but it is good, nevertheless, to have the facts set forth. Some six years ago, in the *Westminster Review*, I ventured to apply to Emerson himself the words he had written about Michael Angelo: "In him all things recorded agree together. He lived one life, pursued one career.... Especially we venerate his moral fame." The estimate has been abundantly justified.

Almost simultaneously with Mr. Edward Emerson's book comes a reprint of Bronson Alcott's tribute to Emerson. This little work was first printed as long ago as 1865, as a birthday gift to Emerson. It was published in 1882, together with an "Ode" by Mr. F. B. Sanborn. A publisher's note states that Alcott was anxious that this book should be given to the world, and some of his last literary work consisted in revising and correcting the proofs. The essay does justice to Emerson's genius and credit to Alcott's own discernment. It exhibits, too, the free and generous spirit of the writer, of all men the most guileless. It is one of the best appreciative criticisms of Emerson's genius and personal life that has been attempted. The praise is ungrudging but not indiscriminate. Alcott anticipated, in part at least, Mr. Matthew Arnold's classification of Emerson with Marcus Aurelius, and he saw other affinities which Mr. Arnold missed.

Next to the life-long friendship with Carlyle, the most interesting of Emerson's friendships is that with Alcott. It was a friendship of equal esteem and independence on both sides. Alcott, like Emerson, was self-centred. Each understood the other's character in its deeper aspects. Emerson never hesitated to express his admiration for his friend. He wrote to Margaret Fuller: "He has more of the God-like than any man I have ever seen,

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and his presence rebukes and threatens and raises." He sent him to Carlyle, after describing him as "a majestic soul with whom conversation is possible." "He is capable of truth, and gives me the same glad astonishment that he should exist which the world does." But Carlyle, with his duller sympathy, failed to understand the man. He saw only a visionary reformer "bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age," and probably reckoned him a fool.

"A genial, innocent, simple-hearted man of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity withal, which in many ways appeals to one;" "a kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugh at without loving——"

This was the best report that Carlyle could make, even to his friend Emerson; and no doubt, for Emerson's sake, he had done his utmost to admire Alcott. But neither his friendship for Emerson nor Alcott's own manifest sincerity and sweetness sufficed to save Alcott from personal insult about his "damned potato gospel." "As you do not seem to have seen in him his pure and noble intellect," answered Emerson quietly, "I fear that it lies under some new and denser clouds." Alcott's crotchets could not have been more to Emerson's liking than they were to Carlyle's; but Emerson was at least courteous to worse crotchet-mongers than Alcott, and was always open to listen and to learn even from them:

"When philosophers and reformers sought him constantly and sat as guests at his table, shuddering at flesh or stimulants, or products of slave-labour, or foreign luxuries, or even at roots because they grew downwards, he was so hospitable to every new thought or project that aimed to make life more spiritual, that he was willing to try what might lie in it; and when his guests were gone, he, on one or two occasions tried their experiment, even went to his study direct from his bedroom in the morning for several days, and there had bread and water brought to him, instead of the comfortable family meal and the two cups of coffee to which he was accustomed; but his strong sense showed him at once that those very means undid what they aimed at, by making questions of eating and drinking of altogether too much importance, and also unfitting the body and mind for their best work—and temperance, not abstinence, became, as before, his custom without effort or further thought about so slight a matter which filled smaller men's horizon" (*Memoir*, p. 153).

In the case of Alcott he penetrated the sterling man behind the crotchets, and appreciated him accordingly. There is justice in the comparison which Alcott draws between Emerson and Carlyle in the essay before us:

"What higher praise can we bestow on anyone than to say of him that he harbours another's prejudices with a hospitality so cordial as to give him, for the time, the sympathy next best to—if, indeed, it be not edification in—charity itself? For what disturbs and distracts mankind more than the uncivil manners that cleave man from man? Yet for his amendment letters, love, Christianity, were all given.

"How different is he [Emerson] in temper and manners from Carlyle, with whom he is popularly associated! but who, for the most part, is the polemic, the sophist, the scorner; whose books, opened anywhere, show him berating the wrong he sees, but seeing, shows never the means of removing. Ever the same melancholy advocacy of work to be done under the dread master; force of stroke, the right to rule and be ruled, ever the dismal burden. . . . He rides his Leviathan as fiercely as did his countryman Hobbes, and can be as truculent and abusive; the British Taurus and a mad one. . . . Silenced he will not be; talking terribly against all talking but his own; agreeing, disagreeing, all the same; he, the Jove, permitting none, none to mount Olympus, till the god deigns silence and invites" (pp. 26-9)

With these two books, and the others which have come before, we are able to get an uncommonly clear and truthful conception of Emerson's character, and to see how it manifested itself in the public teacher and man of letters, but especially how it was presented in the more private relations of citizen and friend and in his domestic life as son, husband, and father.

Emerson was a dweller in Concord for forty-eight years—at first for a short time at the famous Old Manse, and afterwards in a house of his own. He held various public offices, the first which devolved upon him being that of Hog-reeve. "It was the ancient custom of the town to consider the newly married man eligible for this office"; and Emerson, as soon as his marriage with Miss Lydia Jackson qualified him, received the appointment. More congenial, doubtless, was his appointment as a member of the school-committee, which came later. He was constant in his attendance at the town-meetings, not often taking part in the discussions, but always an interested listener. In this institution, which he thought gave to "every individual his fair weight in the government without any disorder from numbers," he seemed to see "the safety and strength of New England." About the duties of the citizen he had decided opinions:

"Those who stay away from election think that one vote will do no good. 'Tis but one step more to think that one vote will do no harm. But if they should come to be interested in themselves, in their career, they would no more stay away from the election than from honesty or from affection" (*Memoirs*, p. 81).

Particularly he condemned the pairing-off of votes, as though all requirements were satisfied by this mutual cancelment—"as if your presence did not tell in more ways than your vote." "Suppose the three hundred at Thermopylae had paired off with three hundred Persians; would it have been all the same to Greece and to history?" He found, says his son, that "to do one's duty to the State strengthened the individual."

As to the special function of the scholar as citizen, Emerson's views were equally pronounced:

"The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. . . . Some ephemeral trade, or war, or man is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half as if all depended on this particular up or down. . . . Let him not quit his belief that a pop-gun is a pop-gun, though the ancient and honourable of the earth should affirm it to be the crack of doom" (*Memoir*, p. 83).

A similar sentiment, it will be remembered, runs through Mr. Russell Lowell's discourse on "The Independent in Politics."

While thus giving heed to his duty as a citizen Emerson had a strong aversion to political agitation, and it was only under strong pressure that he ever shared in it. In connexion with the anti-slavery movement he thought he was called to this activity. He helped John Brown with money and sympathy for his work in Kansas, and when the war came he attended public meetings and addressed them and faced howling mobs. He held that the scholar was "bound to stand," not only "for all the virtues," but for "all the liberties"; and in the crisis it seemed to him that "the supreme public duty of all thinking men" was "to assert freedom." He did assert it strenuously. This slavery question, and his duty in respect to it, had long troubled him. In 1852 he wrote in his journal:

"I waked last night and bemoaned myself because I had not thrown myself into the deplorable question of slavery, which seems to want nothing so much as a few assured voices. But then, in hours of sanity I recover myself and say, God must govern His own world, and knows His way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me. I have quite other slaves to free than those negroes, to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man—far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of man, have no watchman, or lover, or defender, but I" (*Memoir*, p. 78).

The passing of the "Fugitive Slave Act" weighed upon him heavily. He thought it was a law "which no man can obey or abet without loss of self-respect and forfeiture of the name of a gentleman." When he heard that his children had a composition to write at school on "The Building of a House," he said: "You must be sure to say that no house nowadays is perfect without having a nook where a fugitive slave can be safely hidden away." Later, he was fully drawn into the movement; and, for a time, the only thing worth striving for seemed to be the liberation of the slaves, and war presented itself to his mind, as well as the minds of many of his countrymen, as the only means to attain that end.

Some things there were for which nature had entirely incapacitated Emerson. He could never have been a great merchant. Mr. Edward Emerson is at some pains to discredit a popular superstition which he supposes to exist, that Emerson was a 'cute Yankee. In reality, it seems, he was an uncommonly poor man of business. To him, multiplication was indeed vexation. His efforts with the American publishers' accounts on Carlyle's behalf must have been little short of martyrdom; as to his own dealings with his publishers, he never derived full benefit from his books until his son-in-law took these matters in hand for him. His "'cuteness" really consisted not in a mastery of figures, but in the possession of the seeing eye and the understanding heart, and in prudence. There is no evidence that he was more liable to be imposed on than other honest men. If his simplicity was great, assuredly he was not a simpleton in any direction.

For farming he was as incapable as he was for business, and his efforts in this direction would have been disastrous had not friends

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again come to his assistance. He was so clumsy with tools that his little son Waldo, seeing him with a spade, cried out, "Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg." He had an orchard, and took sufficient pride in his pears and apples to send them for exhibition. Mr. Edward Emerson relates that

"one day, after this exhibition, a party of gentlemen visited his orchard who were introduced to him by his neighbour Mr. Bull, as a Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He smiled with modest pride at having his little orchard thus honoured; but the Hon. S—— D——, the chairman, said: Mr. Emerson, the committee have called to see the soil which produces such poor specimens of such fine varieties" (*Memoir*, p. 130).

Emerson, however, knew his limitations pretty well, and did not waste much time over impossibilities. "God has given me the seeing eye, but not the working hand," he said.

Persons who possessed talents which he lacked always commanded Emerson's admiration He magnified the talent of the merchant, of the farmer, and of the man who was handy with tools. One of several causes for his esteem for Thoreau was doubtless Thoreau's ingenuity and mechanical skill. In another direction, Thoreau did him service. Dr. Holmes says he "lent him a new set of organs of sense of wonderful delicacy," meaning thereby that he taught him to see natural objects with the eye of science as well as with that of poetry. Emerson himself credited Ellery Channing, another poet whom he had discovered, with also assisting him to observe:

"In walking with Ellery you shall always see what was never before shown to the eye of man. And yet for how many days has that pretty wilderness of White Pond received the sun and clouds into its transparencies, and woven each day new webs of birch and pine shooting into wilder angles and more fantastic crossings of these coarse threads, which, in the water, have such momentary elegance" (*Memoir*, p. 118).

Surely Emerson was as much entitled as Ellery Channing to say, "As for beauty, I need not look beyond an oar's length for my fill of it." Whatever may have been his scientific deficiencies, he had pre-eminently what he termed "musical eyes"—a swift perception of beauty, especially of beauty of form.

I speak of Ellery Channing as a poet "discovered" by Emerson. The amount of genius that appeared in the little village of Concord during the lifetime of Emerson must have struck many persons as remarkable. The circumstance is too remarkable to be a simple coincidence. Emerson was always on the look out for greatness in others, and, if any existed, was sure to detect it. More than one known writer who is associated with Concord would in all likelihood have remained a "mute inglorious Milton" had it not been for Emerson. He was so quick to discern genius, so ready to acknowledge it, and so eager to encourage it, that it had good chances of recognition in his neighbourhood. Hawthorne's fame was, of course, quite independent of his connexion with Concord. Hawthorne owed little to his personal acquaintance with Emerson, though much to Emerson's teachings, for unhappily these two men, though they dwelt so near to one another, hardly came in contact. But I doubt what the fate of Thoreau and Ellery Channing would have been if Emerson had not discovered them; and it is almost certain that the beauty of Alcott's character would not have been discerned had not Emerson with his clear penetration into the soul of things been there to find it. Emerson himself said—so Mr. Cabot reports—that it would be a pity if Alcott survived him, since he alone possessed the means of showing to the world what Alcott really was.

Emerson's habitual hopefulness and serenity are well indicated in the *Memoir*. They did not spring from insensibility to the "seamy side" of life, but from a persistent faith in goodness. It has been complained, says his son, that Emerson did not do justice to "the prevailing power of evil in the world. Fortunately he did not. It is not the message given to him." Strictly speaking, he did not believe that evil was a prevailing power. It was no case of not doing justice to it; for, looking deeper, he saw that what is called evil is not a positive thing, but, to use his significant phrase, is "good in the making." He was not the only or the first man to give currency to this truth; but few, if any in modern times, have laid the particular stress upon it that he did. This idea tempered his teaching and his action. He was a most persistent and determined discoverer of good in everything. "All through life he was cheerful by temperament and on principle." He "constantly rejoiced in the happiness of his lot." Yet we know that the loss of friends, and sickness came to him, and that he was never rich in this world's goods—causes for grumbling and not for rejoicing with many people. To "shun the negative side" was his precept and his practice. "That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavour to realise our aspirations."

WALTER LEWIN.

The Land of Manfred. By Janet Ross. (John Murray.)

THE accomplished author of this new volume of Italian travels has returned to the country which inspired some of the best work in her previous volume—the far south of the peninsula, Magna Graecia, the country of Manfred. It is rather surprising that this part of Italy is comparatively unvisited. The country itself appears to be beautiful, and its historical associations are of unsurpassable interest. As Mrs. Ross justly remarks, "The country is like a palimpsest." Perhaps no other portion of the peninsula offers so rich and so varied a record. For it was here that all the wealth of intellect, of refinement, of luxury, which we associate with the name of Magna Graecia had its home; and this land was the scene of two most splendid and romantic episodes in history—the Norman pilgrimage and conquest, and the tragedy of the house of Hohenstaufen. Of all their varied history the tradition of the Hohenstaufen lingers longest in the minds of the peasantry of South Italy. And more especially is the memory of two members of that house kept green—Frederick II., of whom actual and visible signs and traces are to be found in his great castles of Lucera and Castel del Monte; and Manfred, in whom the tragedy of the race was completed. Manfred, who has passed into the region of legend and myth, whose beauty, whose gallantry, whose mournful end have secured for him the immortality of the people's affection—"O'Re Manfredi, noi non t' abbiamo consciuto vivo, ora ti piangiamo extinto." For the people to this day, Manfred's cairn by the Beneventa bridge does not cover the young king's bones; for them King Manfred is not dead but merely vanished.

It is a fascinating country, and Mrs. Ross is a pleasant guide. Her distinguishing qualities, which were apparent in her last work, are even more so in this. Her *camaraderie*, her enjoyment of every-day life, her sympathy with the common people, enable her to make her pages bright and vivid. But her heart is so entirely in to-day, her sympathy with the "handsome Nicòla," with the shepherds at Lucera, with the dancers of the tarantella and the pizzica, is so absorbing that the past sits somewhat heavily upon her pen. The historical pages are a little wearisome. There is a wrench in the transition from the Emperor Frederick to the shepherds Nanzia and Michè, and an obvious relief in rejoining the latter. But this spirit of *camaraderie* enables Mrs. Ross to accumulate a very considerable amount of curious information about the people—their ways, their daily life, their superstitions and legends; and it is this which gives their chief value to Mrs. Ross's pages, and makes her book a companion to be recommended to all who mean to visit the land of Manfred.

H. F. BROWN.

Two Chapters of Irish History. By T. Dunbar Ingram. (Macmillan.)

IN this book Dr. Ingram follows up his defence of the Act of Union by an attack on the Irish parliament of James II., and an apology for the violation of the Treaty of Limerick. And just as there was in the *History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland*, so is there in these *Two Chapters* a grain of truth embodied in a mass of commonplace, exaggeration, and misrepresentation.

What object Dr. Ingram can have in thus whitewashing England at the expense of Ireland it is difficult to conceive; but it is just such books as these, dressed in the garb of history, but written in a spirit of bitterest partisanship, that fan the flame of national prejudice and prevent the reconciliation of Irish Catholic and English Protestant. Dr. Ingram seems possessed of the curious idea that the generally received notions of Irish history are altogether erroneous, and that it has been reserved for him to set the world right in not a few important particulars. The result is not a little straining at gnats and a considerable facility in swallowing camels. This, of course, is only natural when the object to be attained is not truth, but the proving of a certain proposition; which proposition, in Dr. Ingram's case, is the moral turpitude of the Irish Celt and the transcendent purity of the English government. History these *Two Chapters* certainly are not; for the first qualification of the historian is to

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be impartial, and to Mr. Ingram it is impossible to look upon Irish history from any point of view than that of an ultra-English Protestant.

Take, for example, his account of the Irish parliament of James II. Starting with the Rebellion of 1641, he dilates on the folly, wickedness, and cruelty of that event, without offering one word of explanation as to the causes which gave rise to it, and which, in the opinion of the Irish, at any rate, as completely justified it as did Charles's misgovernment the contemporaneous rebellions in England and Scotland. Not one word does he say about the extreme harshness and illegality of the Long Parliament in confiscating the "rebels' lands" in Ireland; though the Duke of Ormonde shared equally in that confiscation with Sir Phelim O'Neill, against whom Dr. Ingram waxes indignantly wrath. The ejection of two-thirds of the Irish gentry from their patrimonial estates by Cromwell appears to him only remarkable for its "leniency," though the attempt of the parliament of 1689 to reverse this settlement and to restore the land to its old owners is described by him as an act of spoliation and iniquity such as has not been seen in Europe since the days of the Norman Conquest. In the same strain of exaggeration, amounting to misrepresentation, does he sketch the government of Ireland under James II.; the sole object of which, it seems, was the reversal of the Restoration Act of Settlement (pp. 63-4). But one requires a little more proof than Dr. Ingram's bare assertion that it is certain that the Irish clergy and Tyrconnel, *with the consent and concurrence of James*, began a "conspiracy," the object of which was Roman Catholic ascendency in Ireland, the complete separation of Ireland from England, and the restoration of the land to the Irish.

To come, however, to the grand object of Dr. Ingram's investigation—the history of the parliament of 1689. Briefly stated, his case against that parliament is that it was illegally summoned, that it was packed, that it passed an Act reversing the Act of Settlement, and another for the attainder of the adherents of William and Mary. According to Dr. Ingram, the King of England, being *ipso facto* King of Ireland, and James having forfeited the crown of England, he was therefore incapable of summoning an Irish parliament. Technically Dr. Ingram is probably right, though it appears to me that as good a case can be made out for the Irish, who preferred to regard James as their legitimate sovereign and William as the usurper. But the question was clearly one that could only be settled by the sword, and until then Dr. Ingram has no authority for saying that

"there was not a member of James's council, nor of the Dublin assembly, that did not know that the parliament was summoned by one who had no right to call it, and that it was an act of treason to sit in it or to take part in its proceedings."

As to the parliament being packed, I have not the slightest doubt that it was. That, unfortunately, was the fate of most Irish parliaments from 1613 to the one which, in 1800, passed the Act of Union; but it is an argument that Dr. Ingram, of all persons, ought to have hesitated to use. Certainly, I think, he would have been safer had he confined himself to Archbishop King's statement, that "the generality of the House of Commons consisted of the sons and descendants of the forfeiting persons in 1641"; in which case he might have found an explanation of that otherwise inexplicable fact—the repeal of the Acts of Settlement. From Dr. Ingram's standpoint the attempt to upset the Act of Settlement was, of course, a piece of unparalleled robbery. Such, however, is not the verdict of the impartial historian; and before venturing to set Mr. Lecky right on certain points of little or no importance, Dr. Ingram would have done well to learn from that distinguished student that sympathy and candour are as essential requisites for an historian as mere verbal accuracy. Nor does Dr. Ingram appear to be even verbally accurate in this matter. The position of the Commons of 1689 was that the confiscation of Irish lands by the English parliament having from the first been fraudulent, and acknowledged to be such by Charles I., it was only matter of right that the Adventurers and Commonwealth men, being in the position of usurpers, should immediately be ejected and the Irish restored to their patrimonies. As for those who had purchased from adventurers and soldiers, on the security of the Acts of Settlement, a fund for compensation was to be established out of the forfeitures accruing to the Crown by the attainder of the adherents of the usurping Prince of Orange. This, I say, was the view which the parliament of 1689 took of the situation. With the light of subsequent events upon it, the Act of Repeal may appear to us impolitic; but it is not fair, as Mr. Lecky candidly says, to judge it otherwise than in the light of antecedent events of Irish history, and with a due allowance for the passions of a civil war, for the peculiar position of the legislators, and for the extreme difficulty of all legislation on the subject. What grain of truth there is in Dr. Ingram's statement rests for its basis on the doctrine that William, being King of England, was also *de facto* as well as *de jure* King of Ireland—a doctrine not very apparent, it must be admitted, before the Battle of the Boyne and the flight of James, and which, therefore, until then, the Irish Parliament may reasonably be excused for disbelieving.

The same want of candour so unmistakeable in Dr. Ingram's first chapter is no less patent in his criticism of what he describes as "the alleged violation of the Treaty of Limerick." The negotiations for that treaty began on September 27, 1691, by an offer on the part of the besieged to capitulate on certain terms. These terms Ginkel, the commander of the English forces, rejected as preposterous, which in truth they were. Thereupon the Irish begged him to dictate his own terms, and these, after consideration, they agreed to accept. Now, by emphasising the original demands of the garrison, and by ignoring the points of resemblance between them and the conditions submitted by Ginkel, Dr. Ingram succeeds in completely misunderstanding the meaning of the treaty itself. For it does not follow, as he imagines, that because Ginkel, in the name of the government, declined to place the Irish Catholics generally on a footing of equality with the Protestant colonists, that therefore they were to be debarred from all civil and religious liberty. Far from it. The key to the situation is not, as Dr. Ingram would have us believe, the original demands of the garrison; but a proclamation published by order of the home government, after the capture of Athlone, three months prior to the surrender of Limerick. This proclamation has, it is true, been ignored by Lord Macaulay, as well as by Mr. Ingram; but it is given by the contemporary historian, Story, at full length, because, as he remarks, it

"made a great noise both in the enemy's camp and ours, and also all over the kingdom, during the remainder of the campaign, being that upon which the Articles of Galway and Limerick and all the Irish capitulations were afterwards founded."

It is impossible here to discuss fully the bearing which this proclamation has on the treaty of Limerick, but it is clearly a point which ought to have been considered by Dr. Ingram, and which materially affects his account of that transaction. Dr. Ingram again is very indignant with Sarsfield for capitulating at all, and draws an invidious comparison between the conduct of the Catholics at Limerick and the Protestants at Derry; but it is hardly fair to the memory of that gallant officer to suppress the reasons which, in his opinion, rendered such a course not only justifiable, but also advisable. Dr. Ingram thinks the Irish would have commanded better terms had they continued to hold out till the season obliged the English army to retire into winter quarters, overlooking, among other things, that the Shannon, the only way by which succour could come from France, was blocked by several English men-of-war. Sarsfield believed that he could obtain better terms with a well-equipped body of men behind him than when negociating at the head of a half-starved and mutinous garrison. Nor, in truth, had he any reason to feel dissatisfied with the terms of the treaty of Limerick; though, if we were to believe Dr. Ingram, the subsequent persecution of the Irish Catholics was due not to any infringement of the treaty, but to indifference on the part of the Irish negociators to the Catholic cause.

"The Roman Catholics of this kingdom," runs the first article of the civil treaty, "shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles II.; and their Majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will endeavour to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of the said religion."

Whereupon Dr. Ingram labours to show that the Roman Catholics of Ireland had no legal rights in the reign of Charles II. In answer to which it is perhaps sufficient to refer him to his own book (pp. 24-8), where he satisfactorily proves that

"the Roman Catholics of Ireland enjoyed from 1660 to the accession of James II. a toleration which, when compared with the contemporaneous condition of the Protestant subjects under the Catholic governments of Europe, was a state of perfect freedom."

A liberal toleration was all the Irish Catholics

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asked for, and what they thought they had obtained when they surrendered Limerick into the hands of Ginkel. As for their subsequent exclusion from Parliament, Dr. Ingram ignores the question. After this it is not surprising to find him laying down the doctrine that the parliaments of 1692-5 were constitutionally and morally justified in rejecting the articles of the treaty, and that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the Massacre of Epernis were a sufficient excuse for the Penal Code.

R. DUNLOP.

NEW NOVELS.

Ardath. By Marie Corelli. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Landing a Prize. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Fire Trumpet. By Bertram Mitford. In 3 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Haunted Church. By James Murphy. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Fog Princes. By Florence Warden. (Ward & Downey.)

Cásga. By Ivaniona. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

The Sweep of the Eagles. (Ward & Downey.)

ENTHUSIASM in the cause of a purified and enlightened Christianity is bound to command respect; and, when it finds utterance in singularly powerful language, enriched by all the resources of a highly poetic imagination, he would indeed be an ill-conditioned reviewer who criticised such a work unfavourably except with the utmost reluctance. Marie Corelli's latest novel, *Ardath:* the Story of a Dead Self, describes the conversion of Theos Alwyn, poet, materialist, and agnostic, to a belief in revealed religion, by means, in the first instance, of a temporary separation of soul from body, in the course of which his immaterial essence holds converse in the realms of ether with a female form of divine beauty—an angel, in fact, named Edris, by whom it appears he has been beloved for many thousands of years. His soul having been restored to the flesh, he subsequently falls into a trance near the site of ancient Babylon, and is favoured with an introduction to himself in his previously existent character as poet-laureate of the kingdom of Al-Kyris, some seven thousand years ago. This over, he returns to England an avowed apostle of a regenerated and exalted Christianity, being materially assisted in his efforts by Edris, who now quits the divine sphere and becomes his earthly bride. It is scarcely possible to do justice to the masterly descriptive powers and grasp of philosophical subtleties possessed by the author, or to commend sufficiently the earnestness and worthiness of her general purpose; and it is with peculiar regret, therefore, that we find it impossible to predict popularity for a story which, in regard both to plot and moral, invites disapprobation almost from start to finish. The bold invasion made into the mysteries of the unseen world is a licence which will find little favour among novel-readers of an eminently prosaic age, though it might have been excusable in a poem; and if the tale has any moral at all, it seems to be this, that if men can indeed "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things," such a result can only be attained by supernatural manifestations and a *deus ex machina.* Of minor blemishes it is scarcely necessary to speak. To judge from the spirit in which literary reviewers are treated throughout the book, it is probable that Marie Corelli has suffered before this at their hands. While suggesting that fretful satire levelled against these gentlemen—as, for instance, in vol. iii., p. 296, where we are told that they

"have their special cliques—their little chalked-circles, in which they, like tranced geese, stand cackling, unable to move beyond the marked narrow limit"

—does little to improve the position, we may assure the gifted author of this book that there are hundreds of kindly-hearted critics of totally unfettered judgment, who, in consideration of the sterling merits of her work, will freely ignore her elaborately sustained disparagement of male humanity, her pessimistic and almost frivolous impeachment of human nature for being no better than it is, and her contemptuous opinion of themselves, though they may feel unable, even at the risk of being told that "the force of asinine braying can go no further," to withhold expression of their opinion that her novel is scarcely likely to prove a success.

Mrs. Edward Kennard might with advantage have compressed *Landing a Prize* into two volumes. This is a story of a wealthy young Englishman's fishing tour in Norway, where, after a hot-headed flirtation with a married woman—which, as here described, is not particularly agreeable reading—he loses his heart in earnest to the daughter of one of the native landowners. Mrs. Kennard is another of the many lady-novelists who delight in painting man-monsters and resentfully deprecating the inequalities existent between the sexes. Sometimes her indignation upon the subject overrides her sense of grammar, as in vol. i., p. 222: "The law had made him her master, *she* his slave." As has been already said, the novel wants pruning. The first volume cannot be called exciting—much of it reads like an expanded diary; and though the descriptions of scenery are feelingly and gracefully executed, there is a little too much of them. However, the third volume is refreshingly delightful.

If Mr. Mitford is by birth or adoption a South African, we must accord to his book the welcome which the mother country is in duty bound to give to all attempts on the part of her colonies to found a literature of their own. *The Fire Trumpet* is a story of the Kafir rising of 1877, and abounds in tales of daring adventure and hair-breadth escapes, while the love-story is a particularly pleasing one. There is rather a superabundance of "local colour" about the book; and no doubt it will be read with most pleasure by those to whom inspanning and outspanning, spreuws, stoep, kloofs, kerries, kraals, spekboem, &c., are things familiar. In fact, to those unacquainted with Cape life, the first half of the story may appear rather dull reading; but those who have penetrated thus far will find the remainder well worth their pains.

The Haunted Church is a tale of somewhat melo-dramatic type, and teems with villainies of the deepest dye, lovely maidens galore, ghosts ditto, and dare-devil exploits, such as delighted the heart of our boyhood. We are introduced at the outset to a retired buccaneer, whose "record" of atrocities it would take a great deal to beat. Commencing with a midnight carouse and foul murder, by way of whetting the appetite, the plot soon becomes absorbing in its interest, and continues so until the final triumph (and elevation to the peerage) of beauty and virtue in the last chapter. It is but fair to the author to say that his story, though of a rather antiquated pattern, proceeds on strictly legitimate lines. Its ghosts only exist in the terrified imaginations of ignorant hirelings, and its events, though startling, are well within the bounds of possibility.

Miss Florence Warden's friends will not be disappointed in her latest story, *The Fog Princes.* It is only a short and cheap publication in paper covers, but it exhibits all the author's well-known skill in the construction of an ingenious plot and in careful manipulation of the various threads of her tale. Lord St. Austell, a generous landlord, but a man of rather loose morals, maintains in his house, as librarian, Amos Goodhare, his own illegitimate half-brother, little suspecting the revengeful feelings entertained towards him by the latter. Among the library MSS., Amos Goodhare discovers a letter describing the position of a treasure secreted in Carstow Castle—a ruin belonging to Lord Austell, and situated in a part of his grounds; and after considerable difficulty he succeeds in finding and securing it. What he does, however, with his newly acquired wealth, and who the Fog Princes are, who give their name to the story, must be left to be discovered by the reader. There are some novels in which the plot is a merely minor affair, which may be freely disclosed without spoiling all interest in the narrative, but this is hardly the case with Miss Warden's.

Another shilling novel is *Cásga*, by a lady who has written a good many works of a similar kind. It is a rather painful story of a woman's ill-treatment at the hands of a cold-blooded husband who deserts her for a mistress, and eventually locks her up in a lunatic asylum. However, all turns out happily in the end, though not until after many years of misery and suffering. The writer is well qualified for the task of sensational writing; and those who delight in "society novels," with their wicked noblemen, and paramours, and other abominations, will no doubt find *Cásga* to their taste. A large part of the tale is taken up with a description of the horrors endured by the unhappy heroine in a private lunatic asylum—a veritable hell-upon-earth, existent, we sincerely hope, only in the fanciful brain of the novelist.

The popularity achieved many years ago by that ingenious alarmist production, *The Battle of Dorking*, appears to have encouraged a periodical manufacture of pamphlets of this sort. *The Sweep of the Eagles* contains an account of a gigantic conspiracy, having for its object the dismemberment of the British Empire. Three leading statesmen of three

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great continental powers, Bigshark, de Jeers, and Fluqueur, having met together and agreed upon a division of the spoil, despatch, by the hands of Count Albert Bigshark, an ultimatum to our Prime Minister, the Marquis of Snarlaway, requiring him within twenty-four hours to surrender the whole of England's foreign possessions, under threat of immediate invasion by the combined fleets in case of refusal. The panic in Whitehall, the helplessness of government officials in an emergency, and the inefficient condition of England's armaments are described with considerable humour. The expedient devised for the ultimate solution of the difficulty might be considered ingenious, if such a difficulty could ever be seriously imagined as likely to occur at all.

J. Barrow Allen.

SOME BOOKS ON ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.

Seneca on Benefits. Translated by A. Stewart. *Seneca's Minor Dialogues.* Translated by A. Stewart. (Bell.) We are glad to see signs that the interest in Seneca is reviving in this country. Popular once, he seems of late to have lapsed into obscurity; and, though he will never want readers among scholars and historians trying to illustrate the times of the early empire, he has fallen out of the list of writers familiar by name to the multitude. Yet he well deserves reading for his own sake, and an excellent compendium of the Stoic doctrine of his time might be put together from his miscellaneous works. M. Aurelius, whose Meditations appeal to earnest minds far more than the best which Seneca wrote, composed in Greek; and it is possible to find readers for a Latin volume whom Greek would repel. Mr. Stewart's version of the treatise *De Beneficiis* should do something to familiarise English students with Seneca's morality. Its style is pleasanter than the "sand without lime" of Seneca's Latin. Here and there, however, it seems to miss the author's meaning. In iv. 27 *negotiorum gestorum damnato* may perhaps mean "condemned for breach of trust," but cannot mean "one who had lost his own family-estate." In the *De Ira*, ii. 21, there is a picture of a spoiled boy, "to whom nothing is ever denied"; and *cui de paedagogo satisfactum est* Mr. Stewart translates "whose *paedagogus* is made to pay for his shortcomings." But this hardly fits the subject of anger. Do not the words rather mean that the unlucky *paedagogus* is forced to apologise for having checked or even slapped young master? In *De Ira*, iii. 33, Mr. Stewart renders *imputatum a servo denarium* "a shilling scored up by a slave." Though we can produce no parallel, we suspect that it rather means "a shilling omitted in his accounts." At the end of the consolatory address to Marcia, *animae aeterna sortitae* is hardly "the heirs of eternal life." It rather refers to the Stoical doctrine of the universe existing for an *aevum* or fixed period only. Nor do *ista moliri* and *labentibus cunctis* in the same passage seem to us rightly translated. The preface to the *De Beneficiis* also contains some slips. The so-called *Apocolocyntosis* is not a "satiric poem." Nor did the Empress Livia apply to Areus for consolation "in her first agony of grief at the loss of her first husband." She was divorced from her first husband, and asked comfort from Areus on the death of her son Drusus.

Plutarch's Morals. Translated, with Notes and Index, by A. R. Shilleto. (Bell.) In days not so very far distant the *Moralia* were more valued than they now generally are. It was Montaigne, no bad judge, who said that "Plutarch and Seneca were the only two books of solid learning he seriously settled himself to read." We doubt whether he long kept his seriousness over the *Moralia*. But it was a happy thought to extend Bohn's old classical library with new volumes, and a still happier to include the best of Plutarch's moral essays in the series. Whether the object be to facilitate for general purposes reference to classical authors, or to make the authors themselves accessible to a wide public, Plutarch should certainly be represented by a good English version. Familiarity with his lives would do much to advance the study of antiquity as a living thing; and his moral writings on the one hand are full of curious scraps of information, necessary to complete our picture of the times, and on the other exhibit at its best the gentle and philosophic disposition of a real Greek under the early empire. The morality revealed is high, and the character sweet. Mr. Shilleto has taken great pains to make the meaning of his author plain by clearing up, either in notes or by the translation itself, his bold metaphors and recondite allusions. But the translation is not always quite complete or accurate. It strikes us as being the work of a writer in whom interest in and knowledge of ancient things has for the time at least outrun the ability to deal with the language in which those things stand recorded. Ἀρότους in the *Conjugalia Praecepta*, section 42, means "fields," not "seed times," as the local names which follow plainly show. In section 48 the present participle μανθάνουσα cannot mean "who has learnt"; and further on in the same section ἀπὸ μηδενός is simply left out of the translation.

The Meno of Plato. With Introduction and Notes, by St. George Stock. (Clarendon Press Series.) Mr. Stock, whose translation of part of the *Nicomachean Ethics* has been of use to many of the Oxford passmen who read Aristotle, has now come to the assistance of those who take Plato with a useful little commentary upon the *Meno*. All the difficulties which are likely to trouble them are met in Mr. Stock's notes, and lucidly explained. Even the very obscure passage in p. 86E is elucidated by an account which Mr. Stock modestly offers "for want of a better," but which may well be accepted *per se*. The Introduction, which is written with unusual spirit and freshness, puts the reader at the right point for commencing his task. In p. 81D ζητεῖ is printed by mistake for ζητεῖν. In the note on p. 93D Themistokles seems to be spoken of as "the Olympian," most likely by confusion with Perikles, mentioned on the next page. The book is very suitable for school use also; and the text and notes, which are printed separately, are bound in different colours, to prevent, we suppose, the use of the notes in class. The device is good. It is odd that it should not have been adopted long ago.

The Ethics of Aristotle. By Rev. J. G. Smith. (S.P.C.K.) This last addition to the series of "Chief Ancient Philosophies" will hardly take rank with some of the other volumes. The plan is good—that of tabulating from the *Ethics* "the opinions of Aristotle on several questions of paramount importance, which are widely discussed at the present time"; and we quite believe that the general reader will find Mr. Smith's own remarks upon the questions very thoughtful and suggestive. But the execution of the plan suffers in our judgment partly from the attempt to compress too much matter into a few pages, partly from an imperfect acquaintance with the text of the *Nicomachean Ethics*. Thus, we read at p. 58 that the magnanimous man (μεγαλόψυχος) "interposes to prevent serious mischief, provided that his intervention will not involve much annoyance to himself," and the reference given for this is iv. 6.6-7. But that passage refers to quite a different character; and the remark about "much annoyance to himself," seems to spring from a mistranslation of ἡ δ' ἐναντίωσις μικρὰν λύπην (φέρει), where the annoyance is to some one else. Again (p. 62), "The true friend deliberately practices everything that is excellent for the sake of his friend." This comes from ix. 4.1, where, of course, the real meaning is, that a friend is one who both wishes good and does good to his fellow for that fellow's sake.

A Brief History of Greek Philosophy. By B. C. Burt. (Boston, U.S.: Ginn.) We have here a very brief and even curt abstract of the history of Greek philosophy. It seems to be an attempt to make the speculations of the ancients accessible to people who are unable to study them in the original tongues. Such an attempt may be made successful by the bold expedient of sinking most of the features in a Greek philosopher's system and concentrating all our attention and power of teaching on one important point—as was done in Prof. Ferrier's Lectures; or by disregarding many details and relying on biographical interest to carry off the rest—as in Mr. Lewes's book. But without one of these devices, or without the rarest genius, a study unaccompanied by the regular use of the original authorities will fail to lay hold of the mind. It will be forgotten, if it be ever understood; and it will be very dry. This is the case with Mr. Burt's little book. But, worse still, his book is not always accurate. It gives a very fair analysis, where a fair analysis has been made before; but where a guide of some importance has made a mistake, there Mr. Burt follows him in his error. Yet a brief abstract must either be accurate or be worthless. One instance will show what we mean. In Mr. Burt's account of the *Republic* of Plato, he tells us that the virtue of the husbandman is temperance. This is the echo of a mistake made by Prof. Jowett in the first edition of his *Plato*, and since corrected by him. Temperance, in the State and in the individual, is expressly said by Plato to belong to both the governing and the governed elements. At p. 97 there is a blunder which must, we think, be of Mr. Burt's own making. Plato's Meno is introduced as "a boy who knows nothing of geometry."

A Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana. By D. M. Tredwell. (New York: Tredwell.) This is a most puzzling book. We cannot discover from it how much the author knows about his subject. The higher qualities of a biographer or a historian are, we are afraid, totally wanting. The statement that "Stoicism was a pure morality stripped of all absurd Divine sanction, and was in the main pretty much the same as modern atheism," might be thought to cast some doubt on his knowledge of philosophy. But as to his ability to use the original documents on which a life of Apollonius must rest, we cannot make up our minds. Sometimes he quotes Philostratus, or other authors, and translates his quotation rightly. But then, again, we find him citing such authorities as *Strabonis*, or *Spartianus Vita Septimius Severus*; or talking about Ulpinus Trajanus; or informing us that the Library of Apellicon was brought from Athens by Sully. Next, he refers his readers to Suetonius in Mr. Bohn's "edition," and to the *Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*. He tells us that some of Apollonius's Epistles "have been preserved by Philostratus, others by Cujacius," and, as to Philostratus' Life, that "a copy of this work in Greek may be found in the Library of Congress." Nor do we find his historical details always correct. He turns the poor King of Cappadocia, on whom

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Tiberius played so shabby a trick, into the "Emperor Archelaus." It was from Apollonius of Chalcedon, not (as Mr. Tredwell thinks) from Apollonius of Tyana, that Marcus Aurelius learned philosophy. Even Mr. Tredwell's English is shaky, as when he tells us that Philostratus "does not speak very complimentary" of Moeragenes. Yet there is something about the book, after all, which suggests that trouble has been taken with it; and we should be very sorry if we were discouraging the efforts of a man self-educated, eager for learning, and trying to do his best. If such be the case here, Mr. Tredwell must take our remarks as merely a warning that he should get a competent literary adviser.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Rev. T. E. Threlkeld's publications on the language of the aboriginal inhabitants of New South Wales have long been difficult to obtain. His Grammar appeared in 1830, his Key to the Grammar in 1851. Mr. Threlkeld's statements have always proved most trustworthy, and much regret has been expressed that the Dictionary on which he was engaged at the time of his death has never been forthcoming. We are glad to hear that the MS. of that Dictionary, beautifully written out and ready for press, has lately been placed in the hands of the well-known missionary and scholar, the Rev. William Wyatt Gill—on whom the University of St. Andrews has recently conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. There is every prospect that the Government of New South Wales will bear the expense of the publication of this truly important work, and that, at the same time, Mr. W. W. Gill will bring out a collected edition of Mr. Threlkeld's literary works.

A PROPOSAL has been made to resuscitate the Oriental Translation Fund, which was started in 1828, with the Earl of Munster for its first chairman, and which issued altogether some seventy works before its extinction in 1879. As so large an amount of Oriental literature still remains untranslated, it is hoped that a sufficient number of subscribers may again be brought together to give a practical character to the scheme. As preliminary to a meeting in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, those interested are requested to write to Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, 18 Park Lane, Piccadilly.

WHAT is proleptically called a "complete" bibliography of the works of Mr. Ruskin has been undertaken by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, hon. secretary of the Shelley Society, whose name is a guarantee for conscientious accuracy. He will arrange the subject-matter under four headings: (1) the works of Mr. Ruskin in chronological order, with special sections on *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice*; (2) first appearance of separate pieces, in newspapers, magazines, &c.; (3) reprints and selections, including the American piracies; (4) Ruskiniana, under which will be comprised biography and criticism, and published portraits. The work will be printed on the finest Dutch handmade paper, and will be limited to a subscribers' edition of only 250 copies. It is proposed to issue it in about eight periodical parts of 32 pages each. Intending subscribers should address themselves to Mr. J. P. Smart, jun., 5 Mount-view-road, Crouch Hill, N.

THE council of the Royal Historical Society has in contemplation the publication of a series of volumes of original documents, in addition to the *Transactions*, to be brought out in the same form as the publications of the Selden Society. The first volume, edited by the Rev. Dr. W. Cunningham, of Cambridge, will probably contain several thirteenth-century treatises on agriculture and the management of manorial estates. In later volumes it is hoped to print collections of state papers, especially those relating to the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period.

MR. FRANK TURNER, Count Dillon's private secretary, is engaged upon a life of General Boulanger. Mr. Turner has accompanied the General on all his journeys, and is in possession of many important documents and facts such as would not be available to an ordinary biographer. The work will be written from an independent standpoint, and will, so far as possible, be confined to the facts of the General's life. Messrs. Sonnenschein will be the publishers.

A RECORD, often extremely minute, of the American Civil War, is supplied by the four volumes of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," published in New York by the Century Co., and to be issued here by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. One-third of the matter appeared in the *Century Magazine*; but the remainder, including elaborate rosters of the opposing forces in each battle, will be fresh to English readers.

"PIGSTICKING" is to be described in all detail by a book to be published shortly by Messrs. Harrison. It is written (and copiously illustrated) by Capt. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, 13th Hussars, who himself won the Kadir Cup, and piloted the Duke of Connaught in his first trials of the sport.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a volume on the Alps by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, editor of the *Alpine Journal*. It will be entitled "Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books."

Mr. FISHER UNWIN is about to issue a translation, "with permission of the author," of Ibsen's latest play, "Fruen fra Havet." The translator is Eleanor Marx-Aveling.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for early publication the ninth volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library." It will be entitled *Bibliographical Notes*, and will contain a classification of the notes on books which appeared in the *Gentleman's* from 1731 to 1868.

MESSRS. SONNENSCHEIN & Co. will publish early in September a new novel of love and sport, by Mr. F. C. Philips, to be entitled *Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship*.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will shortly publish in two volumes Mr. Frank Barrett's new story, *Under a Strange Mask*.

THE fifth volume in "Unwin's Novel Series," to be published immediately, will be *Isaac Eller's Money*, by Mr. Andrew Dean.

MESSRS. DEAN & SON are about to publish a dramatic story in scenes by Mr. Campbell Roe-Brown, entitled "Richard Barlow the Bloodhound"; and also a guide-book on "Poultry: their Habits, Classification, and Diseases," by Mr. Edward Brown.

THE fifth edition of Archdeacon Hessey's *Sunday: its Origin, History, and Present Obligation*, being the Bampton Lectures for 1860, will shortly be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The archdeacon has written a new preface, bringing down his account of Sunday to 1889; and he has attached to it an Excursus on two important cuneiform documents in the British Museum, which have been held by Profs. Friedrich Delitzsch and Sayce to indicate an acquaintance with the Sabbath on the part of the Babylonians. The version of the text and the translation of the documents on which the Excursus is founded have been supplied by the Rev. C. J. Ball.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will issue immediately a cheap edition of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's first novel, *Miss Bretherton*.

STUDIES of the lives and extracts from the writings of Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Andrew Lang, the Earl of Lytton, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Robert Whelan-Boyle, will appear in the eleventh number of Mr. Eyles's *Popular Poets of the Period*, which is about to be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE—who, as is well known, does not share Matthew Arnold's adverse opinion of the "ineffectual angel"—will deliver a lecture on "Shelley's Minor Poems" at University College, Gower-street, on Wednesday, June 26, at 8.30 p.m. Tickets may be obtained from the Treasurer of the Shelley Society, 3 St. George's-square, Primrose-hill, N.W.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY will be engaged during the whole of next week in selling the Burton-Constable collection of MSS. and printed books. The MSS. are particularly valuable to the genealogist and local historian, for they include the collections made during the last century by Dr. John Burton for his *Monasticon Eboracense*, and a very large number of deeds, autograph letters, pedigrees, and coats of arms. There are also some old English and French romances, and a Latin Bible illuminated in the Anglo-Norman style (*circa* 1200). Among the printed books, county histories and liturgical works seem to predominate. But general literature is also represented by rare examples of early presses, and by first editions of English classics.

AT the speech-day at Cheltenham College on Friday next, June 25, the "Oedipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles is to be performed in the evening, with Mendelssohn's music.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

WITH the July monthlies will appear the first number of the *Newbery House Magazine* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), a Monthly Review and Family Magazine for Churchmen and Churchwomen. Though its doctrines and views are those of the High Church party, it will aim at supplying attractive literature for all. Controversy will at once be challenged by Mr. Moore's article, entitled "Freedom for the Church," in which he maintains that the English Church is still groaning under fetters imposed by Henry VIII., and suggests that she should boldly utilise existing machinery for purposes of self-government. Fiction will be represented by a novel by Messrs. Christie Murray and H. Herman, called "The Bishops' Bible," illustrated with a photographic facsimile of the first edition of that version (1568); and also by a story for children.

YET another new monthly is announced for publication on July 1—the *Masonic Review*, edited by someone who is apparently well known in the craft as "The Druid." As a special feature, there is promised a series of articles, with portraits, on "Eminent Masons at Home," which will be begun with the Prince of Wales at Sandringham.

IN the July number of the *Scottish Art Review* will be inaugurated a series of articles upon Scottish country houses. The first paper is upon Pinkie House, the residence of Sir John Hope, by Mr. J. M. Gray, curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The article is illustrated with original drawings by Mr. T. Crawford Hamilton. The same number will also contain a continuation of the series of Scottish character sketches, the third in the series being by Mr William Jolly, illustrated by Mr. James Ladenhead. There will also be an article upon the works of Henry Muhrman, with ten illustrations from the pencil of that artist; a series of drawings of Prof. Herkomer's Pictorial Music Play, with an article upon it; and a design by Mr. Heywood Sumner.

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THE *Century* magazine for July will contain the following articles: "Winchester Cathedral," with illustrations by Joseph Pennell; "Woman in Early Ireland," by Charles de Kay; "On the Indian Reservation," by Frederic Remington; "The Free Command at the Mines of Kara," by George Kennan; and "The Temperance Question in India."

REAR-ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB will contribute a series of articles on "Naval Warfare" to the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, commencing with the July number.

THE July number of *Time* will contain an anonymous paper on the *Saturday Review*. Dr. Leitner will contribute an article on Mohammedanism, Mr. Fuller-Maitland one entitled "Music in Profundis," and Major Nelson "Some Stories of the Last Hours." A fresh "Modern Instance" is written by Miss Edith Sichel, who will continue this series of character sketches.

THE *Lyceum* for July will contain papers on "The Founding of the United States' Constitution," "The Slave Trade in Africa," "The Religious Element in Politics," "Plantation Schemes in Ireland," a review of Shorthouse's "Countess Eve," and a sketch of Dostoiewski's life and works.

St. Nicholas for July will include: "The Child of Modern Japan," with portrait; "How a Battle is Sketched," by T. R. Davis; "Among the Florida Keys," illustrated; "A Narrow Escape," illustrated; and "The Bunny Stories."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

SIR JOHN STAINER — formerly organist of Magdalen, and now again a resident at Oxford—has been elected professor of music, in succession to the late Sir F. Gore-Ouseley.

IT is understood that Dr. W. Robertson Smith, now university librarian, will offer himself for Sir Thomas Adams's Chair of Arabic at Cambridge, vacant by the death of Dr. Wright. Mr. Habib Anthony Salmoné, lecturer in Arabic at University College, London, is also a candidate.

AMONG the names mentioned as probable candidates for the Waynflete professorship of moral philosophy at Oxford are—in alphabetical order—T. Case, W. L. Courtney, Aubrey Moore, R. L. Nettleship, J. A. Stewart, and W. Wallace.

OXFORD proposes to confer the honorary degree of D.D. upon the Archbishop of Nikosia, the head of the Cypriote Church, who is at present in England on a mission connected with the advancement of education in the island.

PROF. J. J. SYLVESTER, the Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, announces a public lecture on "The Sufficiency of Barbier's Principle to furnish a Universal and Geometrical Solution of a celebrated Problem of Chances originated by Buffon, whose Solution of it, as also that of Laplace, was limited to the two simplest Cases, and involved the Use of the Integral Calculus." The lecture will be divested as far as possible of technical terms so as to be made intelligible to a general audience.

AT the last meeting of the Oxford Philological Society, Prof. Lewis Campbell, of St. Andrews, read a paper on "The Order of the Platonic Dialogues."

THE report of the curators of the Bodleian Library for 1888 has been issued as a supplement to the *Oxford University Gazette*. The total number of additions during the year was 43,949 pieces, of which 30,545 were acquired under the Copyright Act. The donations of MSS. include the papyrus of the second book of the *Iliad*, found by Mr. Flinders Petrie at Hawara, and presented by Mr. Jesse Haworth; and a Greek MS. of the Gospels of the twelfth century, which had belonged to Dean Burgon. Among the MSS. bought were a large proportion of Oriental ones, and a number of fragments of Greek, Coptic, Pahlavi, and Arabic papyri. The name of the Rev. Greville J. Chester occurs repeatedly among the donors of MSS., books, and coins. Sir Charles Warren also augmented a former donation of coins with an additional one of 791, mainly Ptolemies, Seleucids, Jewish, Roman imperial, and Byzantine. The purchases of old printed books were mainly effected out of a special donation of £100 from an anonymous member of All Souls. The total income of the library from all sources was £8169. Apart from salaries, the largest items of expenditure were £1260 for books, and £988 for binding. As regards the British colonies, &c., it is curious to observe that 730 volumes and parts came from Asia, forty-five from America, thirty-seven from Australasia, and twenty from Africa.

WHEN recording recently the decease of the History Seminar at Oxford, we ought to have stated that a sister institution—the Oxford Ancient History Society—continues in vigorous life. Founded in 1884, it now numbers some thirty senior members, besides half as many undergraduates. Nearly forty papers altogether have been read, among which we may mention "Horace and the Empire," by Prof. Nettleship; "Britain, Gaul, and Spain, A.D. 406-412," by Prof. Freeman; "Recent Discovery in Egypt," by Prof. Sayce; "Phrygia," by Prof. Ramsay; "Cannae," by Mr. Strachan-Davidson; "Ancient Greek Monetary Systems," by Mr. Oman; and "The Romans on the Save," by Mr. F. Haverfield.

WE have received from Cambridge a copy of the *Eagle*, a magazine supported by members of St. John's College, which has reached its eighty-ninth number. A series of recent deaths gives prominence to the obituaries. There are reminiscences of F. A. Paley as a private coach during the forties, of Dr. Kennedy during his last years at Shrewsbury, and a notice of the late Prof. Evans, of Durham, signed "J. E. B. M." We may also mention an article on the arms and badges of the college, with an illuminated plate, and some unprinted documents by Christopher Wren and Dr. Butler.

THE Rev. W. M. Metcalfe, of the South Church, Paisley—well known in literature as the editor of Pinkerton's Lives of the Saints, and the Cambridge Platonists, and as the conductor of the *Scottish Review*—is a candidate for the Chair of Church History in the University of Aberdeen, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Christie.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

BURY her at even
That the stars may shine
Soon above her,
And the dews of twilight cover:
Bury her at even,
Ye that love her.

Bury her at even,
At the shut of flowers
Softly take her;
They will lie beside nor wake her:
Bury her at even
At the shut of flowers.

Bury her at even
In the wind's decline.
Night receive her
Where no noise may ever grieve her!
Bury her at even,
And then leave her.

MICHAEL FIELD.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS ON A UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON.

IT will be difficult for any of the petitioners or counter-petitioners—still less for those who have solely at heart the interests of higher education in London—to draw much comfort from the report of the University Commissioners. The Commissioners, indeed, agree in one or two important principles, which it is desirable to re-state here as a preface to our further remarks. They may be thus summed up:

1. The existing university, so long as it is a mere examining and degree-giving body for all comers, is not a *London* university in any practical sense.

2. The general case for the establishment of a teaching university in London is made out.

3. Any body which is to undertake the functions and duties of a teaching university for London must be composed, so far as its teaching elements are concerned, of institutions within the metropolitan area. Any body not so constituted, would not be what is wanted. It would not be a teaching university in and for London.

In these three principles all the six acting Commissioners appear to have entirely concurred. When, however, the question arose as to how these principles were to be carried into practice, a hopeless divergence of opinion seems to have manifested itself. The legal members of the Commission appear to have found insuperable difficulty in the idea of two universities (a real and a nominal one) located in London; and they accordingly suggest a scheme for the modification of the existing imperial examining board. To this scheme we propose to return shortly. The three members of the Commission whose lives have been devoted to teaching or the advance of knowledge, and who have had real experience of academic life and its necessities, while feeling the objections which may be urged against the plan of having two universities for London, were not disposed to attribute so much importance to these objections as their colleagues. They quietly allow the body of the report to be occupied with a detailed account of the modifications suggested for the existing university by their more hopeful colleagues, and then drily remark: "But the scheme won't work!" "We acquiesce in the attempt, but it will be a miserable failure." This, at least, seems to us the only interpretation to be put on the note appended to the report by Sir William Thomson, Sir G. G. Stokes, and Mr. J. E. C. Welldon. The crucial words are:

"Considering that the London University has long since ceased to be in any sense a teaching university, and has become merely an examining board; that in this capacity it has established a high reputation, and is doing a useful work for the whole empire; and considering the very large number of candidates who present themselves for the various examinations leading up to a degree, we doubt the possibility of effectually combining the functions of an examining and of a teaching as well as examining university in the University of London, and on this account, we should have preferred the establishment of a new teaching university for London, leaving it to the London University to continue to discharge its present functions."

If we analyse the objections conveyed by this note they amount, we think, to the following:

(i) A teaching university is essentially local, and cannot undertake, as well as its own teaching and examining work, the stamping of thousands of external students with the required trade-mark.

(ii) The true functions of an imperial examining board are likely to be injured by

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association with those of a local teaching university.

The three academic Commissioners carefully refrain from saying that the new university, which they would prefer to see established, is that sketched by the draft charter of University and King's Colleges. It may well be questioned whether that scheme is the ideally best. What one would wish to see would be a university with the same state support, with the same social and scientific status, and with, on broad lines, the same constitution, as those of Berlin or Leipzig. A despotic government might sweep just so much as is worth having—which would certainly not be all—of University or King's Colleges into the foundations of such a university. But we have not a government of this type, nor do we ever strive in this country for the ideally best in matters of education. The merit of the joint scheme of the colleges is that, although it is in itself only third or fourth rate, it leaves open a highway for something much better in the future. Once subject, without restriction, the little academic influence and less academic spirit in London to the examination Juggernaut at Burlington House, and both will disappear beyond resuscitation. The joint scheme of the colleges would have kept it alive—possibly in a retired and shabby condition—till such time as London should feel conscious of the shame which attaches to a capital with the largest population and the least organised provision for its higher education of any in Europe.

Let us now turn to the scheme which, while occupying the bulk of the report, appears to have been really approved by only a moiety of the Commissioners. To understand this scheme, it is necessary to go back somewhat to the history of the movement for a teaching university in London. In May, 1884, an "Association for Promoting a Teaching University for London" was founded. This Association included among its members many of the teachers of University and King's Colleges, but the scheme drawn up by the founders of that Association was never put to the vote of its members. Several teachers resigned, and it was owing to the almost universal opinion among the teachers of University and King's Colleges that the Association scheme was not calculated to further academic education in London that the governing bodies of those colleges took action, which resulted in the joint petition. The Association scheme, however, owing to the leisure and pertinacity of its promoters, had already taken root in a new direction. It had captivated the imagination of Lord Justice Fry, and he drew up proposals for the modification of the existing university, which extended the metropolitan *omnium gatherum* of the Association into an all-England *mixtum compositum*. The Commissioners (p. xii., 19 and 20) seem to have been under the impression that the colleges approved the Association scheme, and suggest that those colleges might reasonably have waited before presenting their petition till the existing university had finished its deliberations on the suggestions of the Association. But it was the conviction that the Association scheme was impracticable which really hastened the petition and the publication of alternative proposals. It is needful to bear this in mind, as the Commissioners appear to have considered that something on the Association lines must necessarily be acceptable to the college petitioners.

It is Lord Justice Fry's scheme which has been taken by the Commissioners as the basis of their proposed modification of the existing university. But it is that scheme shorn of the features which would have made it acceptable to the great mass of the degree *clientèle* of Burlington House. The Commissioners, true to the principles we have stated at the head of this article, limit the teaching institutions to the metropolitan area, and create the consultative faculties and select the academic members of the senate from this area. They see clearly enough that to accept Lord Justice Fry's *mixtum compositum* is to render the Teaching University for London a farce. But they have hardly thought of the outcry—the very just outcry—which this will raise in Birmingham, Bristol, Nottingham and elsewhere. "It is not reasonable," they say, "that the country colleges should have a negative voice upon the enlargement of the present university for teaching purposes, especially concerning the metropolis." This is truth—the truth almost of platitude. But on the other hand, it is equally unreasonable that the London teachers should alone have a voice in the determination of examinations for which the majority of candidates undoubtedly come from outside London, largely from the country colleges. The statement of the Commissioners that the nominees of the crown and of convocation will prevent "any practical injustice being done to candidates for degrees who may come from country colleges, or from no colleges at all"—either means that the London teachers are to have only a nominal influence over the examinations, or else that the Commissioners totally failed to grasp the true spirit of a teaching university. Would it be fair to compel the Oxford student to enter for the Cambridge examinations? What would be the result? Obviously another Correspondence College or a circle of Cambridge crammers round Oxford drawing the students away from their recognised teachers. Every university that is worthy of the name has its idiosyncrasies, its peculiar lines of strength weakness; and its examinations will be moulded on those lines. It is entirely unreasonable to expect the students of a totally different teaching institution to follow its development and methods. The sole result would be the destruction of all independent teaching, the disheartening effect which a "syllabus" based on pp. 1-900 (omitting pp. 600-700) of the current text-book invariably produces. Yet the text-book syllabus is all that is possible for a universitywhich examines all-comers. The Commissioners have certainly not recognised what a storm their proposals will raise in the country colleges, or else they are still devotees of the syllabus shibboleth.

It is the absolute impossibility of combining the degree-examinations of a really great and therefore individual, teaching university with those of an imperial examining board which appears to have been quite apparent to the academic, but entirely unappreciated by the legal, members of the Commission. Their profession we may reasonably suppose teaches them to pay no regard to persons, and to fit every divergence of circumstance so far as possible under one and the same precedent. To say that the nominees of the crown might safely be trusted to act with justice to students from all parts of the United Kingdom and from the colonies is to say that the nominees of the crown would stop the legitimate development of the teaching university.

Suppose the university to become the seat of, say, an original school of philosophy, then, in justice to the outsiders, the degree examinations would have to remain uninfluenced by this fact. We may be quite sure Cambridge would never have become the first mathematical school in the kingdom under a restriction of its teaching element—made in deference, let us say, to the fact that its examinations were open to the students of the Birkbeck Institute and our fellow-subjects from St. Kits. It is the statement of § 34: "The final examination for degrees ought, in our judgment, to be the same for all candidates, whether taught in constituent or associated colleges, or institutions of the University of London or elsewhere"—which renders the whole scheme of the legal moiety of the Commission nugatory. It is a statement which could hardly have been made had the overwhelming evidence against it been placed before the legal mind with less academic obscurity than is currently reported to have been the case.

But a still more serious objection to the proposed scheme lies in the fact that it does not give the senate practically any control over the colleges. If the teaching university is to be a reality, there must be a real organic union between the constituent colleges and the university. The university ought to have a voice, or at least a veto, on the appointment of the more important teachers in each faculty. To throw the matriculation and intermediate examinations into the hands of the constituent colleges, as the Commissioners propose, is thoroughly bad in principle. It is conceivable that the colleges would commence an unhealthy rivalry in the cheapening of the earlier degree stages. Such standards as are necessary must be fixed by the university as a whole, but by the university as representing even more strongly than the Commissioners propose the authorised teachers. The danger we have indicated is not imaginary. A witness from one of the colleges is said to have gravely asserted that the present pass B.A. examination—from the teachers' standpoint one of the most pitiable of examinations—was far too *hard* for the majority of their students.

It is not a loose union between the existing university and the colleges which is wanted, but absolute absorption of the better and more efficient portion of the colleges into a real university. The Commissioners seem to have held that the colleges could play the part of those at Oxford or Cambridge with regard to the new body. They do not seem to have recognised that the London colleges at present combine two elements—the one directed to collegiate training, and the other attempting to do real university work. A glance at the syllabuses and class examination papers will show that in the latter field the work done is on as high, in many cases on a higher, level than that of the Scotch universities, and some at least of the scientific laboratories produce work which will bear comparison with university work anywhere. It is this latter element which we desire to see freed from the existing trammels, but this can only be by actual absorption into the proposed university, and not by reducing its functions to those of the colleges in the older universities.

To the constitution of the senate as proposed by the Commissioners—which is practically Lord Justice Fry's scheme modified by enlarging the teaching influence—we do not think the colleges ought to take more than minor exceptions. It gives to convocation a disproportionately large share of influence; but as the older universities have ultimately succeeded in depriving the "country parson" of real power, we have no doubt that the corresponding London academic busybody—the barrister with spare time—would ultimately vanish from the university council-room. We say that we do not think the colleges ought to take grave exception to the scheme; we mean by this, were it proposed as the first step towards a teaching university and not as a scheme for a body to deal with the existing examinations. Now, is there no possibility of such a compromise? Why should not the existing university apply for powers to establish a teaching side on the lines suggested by the Commissioners, leaving its present work to be carried on entirely independently on the old lines, with as much supervision by convoca-

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tion of the open examinations in favour of "self-educated students" as may seem good to that body. It would at first be unnecessary perhaps to differentiate all or perhaps any of the existing degree examinations; but such differentiation would come as the teaching university developed on its own individual lines. In return for such concessions to the teaching element, the colleges ought to grant substantial rights in the election of their teachers to the new senate. Indeed, it would be to the interests of academic teaching in London if the colleges were more or less gradually absorbed by the new body. The result would be that their influence and buildings and endowments would ultimately become incorporate parts of a real university in London, and not merely collegiate constituents. A repetition of the struggle between the colleges and university which has so checked the progress of the older universities is hardly desirable, especially when the chief object of the college — social life and discipline — are not possible in a university which does not propose to establish a residential system. The creation of a teaching side to the existing university by the foundation of an additional senate, whose crown members might or might not be members of the older senate as should seem good to the existing university, does seem a way out of the deadlock. But it must involve a power in the new senate to modify old, and call into existence new, examinations so far as concerns the needs of its own students. In return, the colleges ought to grant real control over the appointment of their teachers and other safeguards for their efficiency to the new senate. If they are genuinely earnest in their outcry for a teaching university, there ought to be no difficulty about this. It is indeed the high road to the development of the existing university into the *alma mater* of genuine teaching universities distributed over the kingdom. It opens up to it an enormous field for a new and better influence.

Both the colleges and the existing university must be prepared to give and take. But this can only be possible by a better feeling arising between them. The fault in the past has doubtless been on both sides; but this much is obvious, that teachers who for years have been preparing London students for degrees have had absolutely no method of approaching the London University, unless they chanced to be the rare exceptions who are London graduates. The barrister who, twenty years ago, took a pass LL.B. degree can move in convocation that the existing B.Sc. examination is too easy or hard, but the hapless teacher is left to nurse his contempt for the examining university without even the safety-valve of a voice in convocation! The Commissioners have said that there is practically no university in London at all; a moiety of them have said that Burlington House can call into existence a real university, the other moiety doubt it. Would it not be possible for the existing university to attempt, at least, informally, to arrange with the colleges some practical way out of the deadlock? That is what we ask, and what we are inclined to think the general public will ask.

Of the medical side of the matter we have said nothing. The Commissioners report adversely to the scheme of the Royal Colleges, and recommend a "cheapening" of medical degrees. It sounds rather pitiable, and looks like a conflict for fees between the Edinburgh and London schools; but that is a matter for the medicals themselves to settle. Perhaps they will discover in time that the outside public has, after all, distinguished between a London and a Scotch M.D. Personally, regarding Aesculapius as a man whose chief function is to cheer us up by bright conversation when in a depressed state of mind, we should prefer to call in an M.D. Cantab., that he might talk "auld lang syne."

KARL PEARSON.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

APPERT, G., et H. KINOSHITA. Ancien Japon. Paris: Maisonneuve. 15 fr.

DES ECORRES, Ch. Souvenirs de Saint-Maixent. Paris: Lavanzelle. 3 fr. 50 c.

GOMPERZ, Th. Hermann Bonitz. Berlin: Calvary. 2 M.

HASSE, O. Kunststudien. 3. Hft. 4. Die Verklärung Christi v. Rafael. Breslau: Wiskott. 6 M.

HUGO, Victor, Œuvres posthumes de. Toute la lyre. Paris: Charpentier. 7 fr.

JORDAN, P. Beiträge zur Geographie u. Statistik d. Gouvernements Ehstland. Reval: Wassermann. 4 M.

LOCELLA, G. Zur deutschen Dante-Litteratur m. besond. Berücksicht. der Uebersetzungen v. Dantes göttlicher Komödie. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.

MAUREL, Ch. de. Le Prince de Bismarck démasqué 1887-8. Paris: *Nouvelle Revue*. 6 fr.

MELCHIOR DE VOGUE, le Vte E. Le fils de Pierre le Grand. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

MILLET, René. La Serbie économique et commerciale. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 5 fr.

NISARD, Désiré. Aegri somnia. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

POST, J. Musterstätten persönlicher Fürsorge v. Arbeitgebern f. ihre Geschäftsangehörigen. 1. Bd. Die Kinder u. jugendl. Arbeiter. Berlin: Oppenheim. 10 M.

REMUSAT, P. de. A. Thiers. Paris: Hachette. 2 fr.

SCHMIDT, P. O. Das aristokratische Prinzip in Natur- u. Menschenleben. Halle: Schroeder. 5 M.

SIMON, E. L'Empereur Guillaume II. et la première année de son règne. Paris: Hinrichsen. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

RUNZE, G. Studien zur vergleichenden Religionswissenschaft. 1. Hft. Berlin: Gaertner. 6 M.

WELLHAUSEN, J. Die Composition d. Hexateuchs u. der histor. Bücher d. Alten Testaments. 2. Druck. Mit Nachträgen. Berlin: Reimer. 9 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

BERTOLOTTI, A. Architetti, Ingegneri e Matematici in relazione coi Gonzaga signori di Mantova nei secoli XV., XVI. e XVII. Ricerche archivistiche mantovane. Turin: Loescher. 5 M.

BOHM, R. Die Besetzung der deutschen Bistümer in den letzten 80 Jahren Heinrichs IV. 1077 bis 1105. Jena: Pohle. 2 M.

DELARBRE, J. Tourville et la marine de son temps (1642-1701). Paris: Baudoin. 7 fr.

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PHILOLOGY.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE COURT OF LOVE."

Cambridge: June 14, 1889.

In the ACADEMY for August 3, 1878 (p. 116), a letter from me was inserted showing how the merest tiro in Middle English may convince himself, by simple methods, that the "Court of Love" was not written by Chaucer. Since then, Mr. Cromie's "Rime Index" has been printed for the Chaucer Society, and we can now tell, with ease, what rimes are used in the *Canterbury Tales*, and where they occur. I am now able to see how much I understated the case. Tested by this Index, I find that the number of false rimes in the "Court of Love" (*i.e.*, of such rimes as would be false on the supposition that Chaucer wrote it) amount, not to thirty-seven, as I then supposed, but to (at least) ninety! And that, too, when some doubtful cases are passed over. I could give the list, but it would be tedious. However, I can give the references for the first 500 lines. The false rimes will be found in the following places, viz., at lines 13, 27, 65, 79, 88, 121, 132, 135, 142, 149, 160, 216, 225, 251, 253, 272, 282, 298, 303, 309, 323, 361, 363, 400, 405, 407, 408, 419, 421, 450, 458, 485, 491.

They can easily be verified by the Index, in most cases. Thus, at l. 135, we find the double error of riming "yen" with "line" and "fyn." Now, "yën" (miswritten "eyen" in the Ellesmere MS.) rimes, in Chaucer, as a dissyllable, with "ally-en," "cry-en," "dy-en," "espy-en," "ly-en," "pry-en," "spy-en," "wry-en" (Index, p. 233). "Lin-e" is also dissyllabic, and rimes with "Proserpin-e," "fyn-e" (infinitive); see Index, p. 241. But "fyn," adj., is a monosyllable, and rimes with "myn," "wyn," "Constantyn," &c.; Index, p. 238. That is to say, Chaucer does not rime "y-ën" with "lyn-e," nor yet "lyn-e" with "fyn," nor yet "y-en" with "fyn," but pronounced all three words differently. Yet here we find them all riming together. This single instance should render the poem suspected at once. How great, then, must needs be the difficulty of explaining away, not merely one such instance, but ninety such? Perhaps it will be said that no one now seriously believes the "Court of Love" to be Chaucer's. I regret to say this is not the case. Really it is high time that the merest elements of criticism should be acquired.

However, this is of no consequence at all, except to would-be critics. What I want to show now is that this poem must needs be late, for other reasons. Dr. Murray puts it down "about 1450." This is tolerably safe, but "about 1500" would be safer.

My new points are these. We do not find in Chaucer such a rime as that of "write" with "right," because the *gh* was still pronounced. He rimes "write" or "wryte" with "byt-e," "endyt-e" "lyt-e," "myt-e," "quyt-e," "smyt-e," and any word ending in "-yt-e"; see Index, p. 253. And he rimes "right" only with words ending in *-ight*; Index, p. 143. But in the "Court of Love" we have "write," "aright," 13; "white," "delite," "hight," 142; "brighte," "white," 790. It follows that the poem was written after the sound of the *gh* was lost, or, at any rate, was so weak as to be disregarded.

Again, at line 79, we find "grene," "shene," "bene." Here "bene" is miswritten for "been," and "shene" for "shine"; *i.e.*, the words "shine," "grene," "been," rime. At line 132, "degree" rimes with "ye" (eye); and at l. 135, "yen" (eyne) rimes with "lyne" and "fyn." But "ye" (eye) also rimes with "busily" (298), "pretily" (419), "me," "see" (765). At l. 561, "eke" rimes with "lyke." At l. 1170, "compenye" rimes with "destinee." At l. 1301, "here"

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rimes with "desyre." It is obvious that all these instances point to a date, much later than Chaucer, when the distinction between the *e* of "eke" and the *i* of "like" was practically lost, and those vowels were treated as riming. What were then the precise sounds of those vowels, I do not presume to say. The student can consult Sweet and Ellis. But I venture to think we must attribute this phenomenon to a date nearer to 1500 than to 1450. At any rate, the facts cited afford data which it may be well worth while to work out. We sadly want stricter dates, if we can only get them, for the various changes in pronunciation.

In Hawes, *Pastime of Pleasure* (ed. Wright, p. 68), we find "desteny" (Chaucer's "destinee") riming with "unhappy." But such cases are very rare. I do not find that he ever rimes *-ite* with *-ight*, except in the case of the word "delite," which he spells "delyght"; see pp. 22, 25, 98, 116, 120, &c. The rimes in Hawes are far more exact than those in the "Court of Love." Skelton frequently rimes *-ite* with *-ight* thus, in "Colin Clout," 439, we find "wryte," "despyte," "ryght," "lyght," "delyte." But the way in which he avoids riming *-ee* with *-y* is astonishing. For examples of *-ee*, see "Colin Clout," ll. 38, 59, 148, 452, 462, 469, 497, 587, &c.; and for examples of *-y*, see ll. 72, 336, 486, 538, 686, 920, 1043, 1063, &c. Yet some people would actually attribute to Chaucer rimes which even Skelton avoids!

WALTER W. SKEAT.

"IBSEN IN LONDON."

University College, Aberystwyth: June 16, 1889.

I was not among those who were privileged to witness the recent performance of Ibsen's "A Doll's House"; and if the notice of it, by Mr. F. Wedmore, in last week's ACADEMY, had related solely to that performance or to that play, I should not have ventured to offer any comments upon it. But he goes further, and pronounces, with an air of quiet finality which will impress the unbiassed reader's judgments, upon the general merits of a writer whom, by his own confession, he knows only at second-hand and in part. As one for whom Ibsen has been for years among the chief intellectual pleasures of life, and who is not quite persuaded of the necessary immaturity of any literature which contrives to grow up without the aid of the critical nurses of Pall Mall, I should like to be permitted very briefly to notice it.

Mr. Wedmore speaks of Ibsen, with polite disdain, as a "missionary." The sequel shows that this indictment includes two distinct counts; and it remains to the end uncertain whether it is, for a dramatist, a blacker sin to attempt to teach something, or to have—out of Scandinavia—nothing to teach. For my own part, I attach relatively less value to this element of Ibsen's work, as well as to the "social" dramas, now so much discussed, in which it mainly appears. That he has strong convictions would be of comparatively little importance if he had not also a faculty, unapproached in our time, of giving them dramatic form. These convictions are in themselves mainly negative; and when, as in the famous "Third Kingdom" of *Kejser og Galileer*, a positive and constructive element appears to emerge, it cannot be said that its emergence is of very definite moment. Granting all this, however, it still seems by no means made out that Ibsen's drastic and penetrating pictures of social abuses are wholly superfluous for the fortunate inhabitants of non-Scandinavian lands—or even for those of Paris and London. It happens that the play by which Mr. Wedmore's judgment of Ibsen has principally been determined, deals with the one social question—the position of women—which England may fairly claim to have brought nearer, in recent times, to its solution than any other European people. His remarks on this head are sufficiently just—though, by the way, to talk of Ibsen's "tearful pleading" shows a comical misconception of one of the most masculine of modern poets. I have no doubt that the promoters of the performance quite agreed with his indifference to the "practical moral" of the play, and were very little concerned to save potential English Noras from the fate of their Scandinavian prototype. But the "Doll's House" is in this respect an exception among Ibsen's works; and I suppose that Mr. Wedmore himself will hardly pretend that, within recent years, either Paris or London has produced any play, of comparable merit, pervaded by a moral atmosphere so bracing and invigorating as the "Pillars of Society"; or any which handles with such overpowering effect evils which, precisely in those two enlightened capitals, assert their right of existence with the most cynical effrontery as "Ghosts."

But Ibsen, as I have urged, with all his powerful advocacy, is not to be judged simply as an advocate. His fame must rest, finally, in the main, upon his two great and original dramatic poems. It was something more than "interesting" art which built up, out of the fatal "All or Nothing" of the heroic priest (an instance, by the way, for Mr. Wedmore, of a "clergyman" who is not a "humbug"), by the most rigidly consistent steps, the overpowering tragedy of "Brand"; and turned a study of egoism into that wonderful fantasia upon the infinite dissonances of modern life, "Peer Gynt." These seem to me, and to not a few others, by far the most remarkable dramatic achievement of a generation which includes Browning and Swinburne, Sardou and Wildenbruch. Mr. Wedmore does not mention them; nor does it appear that they have in any way contributed to or coloured the view which he takes of Ibsen. Yet neither as a man nor as an artist can Ibsen be adequately judged without them. In a passage of admirable innuendo we are told that Ibsen is not suburban; he is not even provincial—he is Scandinavian. I should be very sorry to assert of so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Wedmore that his criticism is provincial, or even that it is suburban; but I am not quite sure that, in this particular instance, it can wholly escape the charge of being "cockney."

C. H. HERFORD.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "GOD."

London: June 17, 1889.

Kluge's view of the etymology of "God" may or may not be correct, but I can see no force in the objection that the resulting meaning is "too abstract." In pre-Christian antiquity the word was of course not a proper name, but a generic term. The Teutons must have recognised a number of individual deities before they perceived that all these personages formed a class for which a common name was needed. The necessity for such a general name could only arise at a period when worship was in some degree organised. At such a period it is surely not unlikely that a verb existed with the sense "to invoke" (a deity). The Teutonic word *god* (unlike most of its synonyms in other languages) is of the neuter gender, and is in form a passive participle. The most obvious inference seems to be that it means "something that is worshipped," or, less generally, "something that is invoked," "prayed to," "sacrificed to," or the like. The Aryan roots from which it might formally be derived are g^1heu to invoke, and g^2heu to pour out. The former, preferred by Kluge, yields a likely sense; the latter, favoured by Mr. Mayhew, *may* possibly have had a secondary meaning, "to honour with libations," and, if so, would be as probable as the other, though hardly more so.

Dr. Morris's theory seems to me to include three unlikely assumptions:

1. That the Aryan *ghutom* originally meant "thunder." This is possible etymologically, but the word is not preserved in this sense in any known Aryan tongue.

2. That the neuter noun meaning "thunder" became, *without changing its gender*, the proper name of the thunder-god. Is this psychologically possible? Neuter nouns have in some Aryan languages become proper names of deities; but then they have changed their gender, as in the case of the Roman Venus. A *general* name for "god" may very well be of the neuter gender, as we see from *numen* and δαιμόνιον.

3. That the proper name of the thunder-god came to be used as a common noun, meaning a god in general. Again, I doubt the possibility of such a transference; at all events I know of no analogous instance. The Latin *deus* and its Teutonic cognate (the O.N. plural *tivar*) are, of course, to be explained differently.

Dr Morris argues that his explanation of the word is in accordance with the growth of religious ideas. But even if we knew for certain that the first object of human worship was the thunder-god, our knowledge would, I think, be irrelevant to the present question, because a generic word for "god" could only be formed when men had come to recognise several objects of worship; that is to say, some others *besides* the thunderer. The "thunder" theory, however, is not the only one in the field. Dr. Gruppe, for instance (whose erudite work I have not read), is said to maintain that religion had its origin in the rapturous emotion experienced by primitive man when he got drunk. The etymology proposed by Mr. Mayhew might easily be interpreted to suit this theory. It would have to be developed as follows: "The word *ghutom* literally means 'what is poured out.' In its Teutonic form it received the following successive applications: (1) to a bowl of good liquor; (2) to the god who dwells in good liquor, Liber pater; to gods in general." This hypothetical history of the word is wholly free from any taint of the abstract or spiritual ("spirituous" being quite another thing); and it is in perfect accordance with the growth of religious ideas—at least as conceived by Dr. Gruppe.

HENRY BRADLEY.

THE CONE-FRUIT OF THE ASSYRIAN MONUMENTS.

London: June 15, 1889.

In a recent communication to the ACADEMY, Dr. E. B. Tylor suggested a new and ingenious explanation of the cone-fruit represented in the right hand of some figures, human and mythological, on Assyrian sculptures; and he proposes to prove his case in a specially illustrated paper.

The bearer of the cone-fruit is often shown as presenting it towards the nostrils of the king (Rawlinson's *Five Great Monarchies*, ii. 7); and Lenormant has pointed out in the cuneiform inscriptions a statement that cedar fruit was presented to the face of a patient (*cf.* my paper "The Tree of Life and the Calendar Plant," n. 5). On the other hand a botanist, Dr. J. Bonavia, has adduced some evidence for his view that the cone-fruit represented on the monuments was a citron. ("The Cone-Fruit of the Assyrian Monuments" in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*, vol. ii.)

Dr. Tylor, therefore, before proceeding to the demonstration of his theory, must show reason for rejecting the explanations of those who have previously studied the question.

TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE.

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"NEVER CORRECT YOUR OWN PROOFS."

Braemar: June 1st, 1889.

The "rather extraordinary" misprint noticed in my *Counter-Reformation* ("Epochs of Church History" series) by Mr. Kingsford, in his review of the little volume in the ACADEMY of June 8, was observed by me almost immediately after publication, and a slip correcting it has been inserted in all copies since issued. I accept your reviewer's gentle rebuke as a fresh illustration of the excellence of the maxim impressed by Dr. Worthington upon Dr. Henry More, that an author should never correct his own proofs.

A. W. WARD.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 24, 5 p.m. Hellenic: Annual Meeting.
8.30 p.m. Geographical.
TUESDAY, June 25, 4 p.m. Statistical: General Annual Meeting.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Some Examples of Prehistoric Trephining and Skull-boring from America," by Prof. Victor Horsley; "Cross-bows, Long-bows, Quivers, &c., of Yoruba," by Governor Moloney; "The Structure and Affinities of the Composite Bow," by Mr. Henry Balfour; "Poisoned Arrows," by the Rev. Dr. R. H. Codrington.
WEDNESDAY, June 26, 4 p.m. Society of Arts: Annual General Meeting.
8.30 p.m. Shelley Society: "Shelley's Minor Poems," by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.
FRIDAY, June 28, 3.30 p.m. British Museum: "Babylonian Astronomy, IV., Movement of Stars," by Mr. G. Bertin.
SATURDAY, June 29, 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Studies in Classical Philology: the "Cum" Constructions, their History and Functions. In Two Parts. By William Gardner Hale, of Cornell University—Professor] in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. (New York: Ithaca.)

THE American school of classics derives its methods and inspirations much more from Germany than from England, but it is not often that one finds a German treatise on a point of grammar combine so business-like a statement with such elaborate execution. Prof. Hale's treatise bristles perhaps a little unpleasantly with technical descriptions of sentences, and the progress of the argument is somewhat obscured by anticipations and recurrences. But, for all that, the work is learned and sensible, and in my judgment shows excellent scholarship and fine grammatical insight. Prof. Hale's classifications are seldom open to serious objection, and his view of particular passages is careful and right. Certainly, I have rarely read so many pages of grammatical discussion with less disagreement.

Incidentally the usage of early and of classical writers in the use of the moods with *cum*, or, as better written, *quom*, receives considerable attention. But the book has too main objects: first, a disproof of the theories of Hofmann and Lübbert, which have obtained more adherents on the continent and in America than in England; and, secondly, an explanation of the growth of the Ciceronian use of *quom* with the subjunctive in expressions of time, of cause, and of hindrance. The first is the chief negative side of the argument; the second is the positive theory. And Prof. Hale fairly faces the difficulties of the question. He shows the predominant, if not exclusive, use of the indicative with *quom* in such sentences in Plautus and Terence. By Cicero's time there was a change. Yet we can hardly say that it was felt the subjunctive was required to express time; for the persistent use of *postquam*, *quando*, *ubi*, &c., with the indicative negatives the suggestion. Nor is the idea of cause or hindrance sufficient to justify the subjunctive; for *quod*, *quia*, on the one hand, and *quamquam*, &c., on the other, serve to express cause and hindrance, and yet continue to keep company with the indicative. Nor is "non-existence" or "irreality" an adequate reason for the subjunctive; for both consecutive clauses and *quom* with subjunctive are regularly used of what are admitted to be facts; as in *Ko factum est ut Caesar interfectus sit*, and *quom Caesar tres legiones misisset, repente hostis aduolauerunt*. The subjunctive throws no shadow of doubt on Caesar's death or his despatch of the three legions.

Prof. Hale has himself summed up his conclusions at the end of the second Part, but I may briefly state his theory in this way. The usage has its origin in a simple hypothetical subjunctive, such as *mallem*. After a relative this same hypothetical subjunctive might be, and was, used. It gradually passed into a use of the subjunctive expressing character or even result; and we thus get sentences like *Is est Caesar qui inimicis parcat*, and *Est illud tempus quo inimicis parcatur*. The relative *quo* was frequently supplanted by the equally relative, though adverbial, form *quom*, and was used with an antecedent *is dies*, or *illo tempore*, &c. *Uendidit fundum illo tempore quom agrorum pretia iacerent* is convertible into *quom iacerent agrorum pretia, illo tempore fundum uendidit*. If *illo tempore* or the like antecedent be omitted, we have an ordinary instance of *quom* with the subjunctive expressing the circumstances: *quom iacerent agrorum pretia, fundum uendidit*. *Postquam*, *quando*, *ubi*, &c., were, as Prof. Hale thinks, not used in so simply a relative character as to experience the same transition as *quom*.

This is probably as good a pedigree for Cicero's usage as can be suggested, if the usage arose by analogical extension from one particular class of relative expressions. But there are several grounds for scepticism. First, the extant literature between Terence and Cicero is merely fragmentary; and yet it is in this period of sixty or seventy years that the early usage of *quom* in such sentences with indicative nearly ceased, and the subjunctive became the fashion. Secondly, I do not see why this subjunctive should be supposed to carry with it the bearings of one line of ancestors only. It is no doubt true that the subjunctive of "attendant circumstances" and the subjunctive of result are the only classes of sentences in which the actions denoted are not merely put as suppositions, but are practically regarded as real. But this is not necessarily a reason for deriving the one from the other. They may be sisters, and not parent and child. The same readiness of the human mind to give reality to its own conceptions and to treat modestly, or, as it were, for argument's sake, supposed cases as real, may have been exhibited in the one class of sentences as well as in the other. Nor, indeed, in the absence of any knowledge of the precise meaning of *quom* and *quando*, as well as of other particles, can we discover why they had such different developments. And *quoniam* is specially noticeable, for it is presumably only *quom iam*; and yet the former would be used with the indicative, when the latter in the same sense would in Cicero usually have the subjunctive. Prof. Hale seems to me to have left out of consideration what I believe had often a large but subtle effect—the desire to discriminate, and thus to adopt a subjunctive, not so much from its intrinsic worth, but because the writer is afraid he may be misunderstood if he used the indicative.

Prof. Hale expresses his agreement with my view of the special functions of *quom* with the subjunctive—viz., to denote the attendant circumstances, or, as he rather prefers to style it, "the character of the situation"; but he objects to the causal idea being held to lie at the basis of the subjunctive (p. 184).

"No formula more incorrect in science or more misleading in practice could be framed than the too common one that the indicative is the mode for a purely temporal clause, while the subjunctive is used where an idea of cause is in some way involved" (p. 195).

The latter statement, no doubt, is too sweeping, even if confined to the use of *quom*. But that in Cicero mere time is the note of the use of the indicative with *quom*, and influential circumstances the note of the subjunctive usage, is correct doctrine common to Prof. Hale and others. He, however, attributes this meaning of *quom* with the subjunctive rather to *quom* than to the mood. To his mind *quom*, in these sentences, bears about it its historical pedigree from *quom* consecutive, and denotes not merely "when" but "time being such that." I am in the habit of thinking not so much of a historical theory as of the living distinction; and, finding two moods used with the same conjunction, I think it logical to seek for the cause of the distinction in the difference rather than the identity, and thus to attribute the difference of meaning between *quom aderam* and *quom adessem* to the mood in which they differ, and not to the particle which is common to both. The history of a syntactical usage must, when the language is dead and the literature small, be full of uncertainty. Speech in all its parts is a growth, and the epochs of its growth are rarely well marked, and may easily have no record in literature at all. Roman literature has been but imperfectly preserved. Speech is always much wider than literature; and the usages of speech are produced and modified by many concurrent feelings and analogies.

HENRY J. ROBY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"GRAPHICS."

Mason College, Birmingham: June 13, 1889.

In your review of my book on *Graphics* (ACADEMY, June 15) it is said that my "introduction of the word *locor* to replace what Clifford termed *rotor*, which is shifted to something else, is unnecessary and confusing." This is misleading. Clifford used the term "rotor" to mean two essentially different things. One set of things thus named by Clifford, namely rotational quantities, I still call "rotors." Clifford applied the word "rotor" also to rectilinear quantities having direction *and* posi-

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tion, the latter characteristic distinguishing them from "vectors." These I call "locors." No doubt a rotational quantity can be represented in many of its properties (but still incompletely) by a straight axial line; but it is surely essentially important to bear in mind the distinction between the graphic representation of a thing, and the real thing itself. It would be far more reasonable to call force-moments, quantities of work, and quantities of energy by the same name (all being of the same dimensions) than to give the same name to so utterly different things as "rotors" and "locors" in the senses used by me. The term "locor" was fixed on only after a full year's consideration, and after consultation with many scientific friends.

Your reviewer complains that he took twenty minutes to read page 246 of my book. By the help of four new symbols there is compressed into this one page what without them would probably cover half-a-dozen pages of text. Of these four new symbols not commonly understood by every mathematician, two are the exact reverse of each other, so that it only requires one mental effort to grasp the meaning of the two. A third is a long-established and well-known symbol reversed in its signification by adding to it a—(negative) sign. The facility, definiteness, and rapidity attained by the use of this simple nomenclature in the writing out of long graphic constructions has been an incalculable relief to myself and my students.

If the book be bad, I fear I cannot accept the excuse suggested by the reviewer, namely ignorance of contemporary literature, as I have examined most, if not all, the American, English, German, and French works on the subject.

ROBERT H. SMITH.

OBITUARY.

MR. HENRY WILLIAM BRISTOW, F.R.S., whose death occurred on June 14, at the age of seventy-two, was one of the oldest officers of the Geological Survey, having joined the staff as far back as 1842. He had long been recognised as an authority on the upper oolites and the cretaceous strata, having as a young man worked and written upon these rocks, partly in association with Edward Forbes, in the Isle of Purbeck and in the Isle of Wight. Mr. Bristow was the author of a *Glossary of Mineralogy*, which for many years held a high position as a work of reference, and was also the editor and translator of Simonin's *Underground Life* and Figuier's *World before the Deluge*. To students of science classes in connexion with South Kensington Mr. Bristow was well known as the official examiner in geology. His position as director of the Geological Survey of England and Wales he retained until the abolition of that office in the early part of last year.

JUST as we are going to press we hear with much regret of the death of Dr. John Percy, F.R.S., who for more than a quarter of a century was professor of metallurgy at the Royal School of Mines. He died last Wednesday morning, after a painful illness, at the age of seventy-two.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WE have received several of the Parts of the *Proceedings* and *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for 1888, the latter of which contains various articles of interest in different branches of science, including one on the Differential Equations of all Parabolas, by A. Mukhopadhyah; a geological article on certain features in the structure of the Myelat district of the Southern Shan states in Upper Burmah as affecting the drainage of the country, by Brigadier-General Collett; notes, with ample plates, of some stone objects from a neolithic settlement recently discovered by W. H. P. Driver at Ranchi in Chuta Nagpur, by Mr. J. Wood Mason; and a meteorological article on the Psychrometer and Condensing Hygrometer, by S. A. Hill. In biology, there is a list of the ferns of Simla in the N. W. Himalayas between the levels of 4500 and 10,000 feet, by H. F. Blandford, with five plates; some new or little-known butterflies from the Indian region, by L. de Nicevillle, with two beautiful-coloured plates; an extensive list of the butterflies of the Nilgiri District, S. India, by G. F. Hampson; and a paper on new or little-known Rhynchota, by E. T. Atkinson, with a coloured plate; and a paper on a curious new ciliated Infusorian Anoplophrya, parasitic in the alimentary canal of Aeolosoma chlorostictum, by H. H. Anderson.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Religious Tract Society has entered upon publication-work in some new languages. Help has been given to Bishop Crowther for printing in the Idzo language one of the numerous dialects spoken on the Niger. Already the society has aided the bishop for the natives speaking the Ibo, Housa, Nupé, and the Yoruba dialects. Primers, catechisms, and elementary school books have been prepared at the missionary press in Bonny. For another part of Western Africa a beginning has been made in the Bunda or Angólese, M. Heli Chatelain having prepared the letterpress to illustrate some simple books on the Lord's Prayer and the Prodigal Son. The committee have just received a specimen copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in the Amoy colloquial in Romanised characters, making the eighty-third language in which Bunyan's book has been issued.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(*Tuesday, May 28.*) F. GALTON, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Lieut.-Gen. Pitt-Rivers exhibited some crania found during recent excavations at Hunsbury Camp and the Roman Villa at Llantwit.—The Rev. H. G. Tomkins read a paper on "The Hyksôs, or Shepherd Kings of Egypt."—In a paper on "The Proprietorship of Trees on the Ground of Others," Mr. Hyde Clarke showed that this was the case in Asia Minor, Melanesia, Borneo (Honey Trees), India, Chuta Nagpur (*mowra*), and was supposed to be so in parts of China. He proposed the ownership of trees as a more probable origin in jurisprudence of the rights of property than ownership of land, which has no primitive value.

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(*Wednesday, June 5.*) FREDERICK ROGERS, vice-president, in the chair.—A paper on "John Ford and his Work as a Playwright" was read by Mr. Frank Payne. To this author, as to many others of the Elizabethan writers, the celebrated summing-up of Steevens might be applied: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspere is that he was born at Stratford, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced actor, wrote poems and plays, returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." Of Ford we know much less. His baptismal entry of April 17, 1586, is to be found in the parish registers of Islington, in North Devon, he being a descendant of the Fords settled for centuries in that part of the country. He became a member of the Middle Temple in 1602. We do not know how he came to be acquainted with Webster and Decker, and the disreputable Cockpit Theatre. The date of his death is also unknown. His extant plays number nine, of seven of which he is the sole author; and they were published between the years 1629 and 1639. They may be divided into three classes—(1) The love-passion plays, embracing "The Lover's Melancholy," "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," "The Broken Heart," and "Love's Sacrifice"; (2) the historical play of "Perkin Warbeck"; (3) the two slender comedies, "The Fancies Chaste and Noble," and "The Lady's Trial." Of these plays, four are pre-eminent—"The Lover's Melancholy," "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," and "The Broken Heart"—as exhibiting Ford's powerful grasp of delineating the passion of love, and "Perkin Warbeck" as being the finest example of the historical drama outside the plays of Shakspere. The friendship of Menaphon and Ametheus in "The Lover's Melancholy" is beautifully wrought, though the character of Prince Palador is from first to last too feeble. The ridiculous underplot mars the beauty of the play, which claims our admiration for its consistent upholding of true friendship and faithful love. In "'Tis Pity She's a Whore" the summit of tragedy has been reached. It is Ford's greatest play, and in it his own peculiar power has full scope. Never has the power of love for evil been painted in more lurid colours. "The Broken Heart" is more artistic, but is written with less power. The central figure is Orgilus, marred by his base betrayal of Ithocles. He is a repetition of Giovanni in "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," who is the victim of love:

> "The tyrant of the heart, it darkens
> Reason, confounds discretion, deaf to counsel,
> It runs a headlong course to desperate madness,"

madness which draws to destruction the gentle, tender Penthea, and the heroic and lovely Calantha, whose names are redolent with pathos. The characters are well wrought, and stand out bold and clear; but the play, apart from the difference of plot, lacks that impetuous rush of passion which overwhelms the reader of "'Tis Pity She's a Whore." After criticising "Perkin Warbeck," Ford's characteristics were summed up in the power of depicting the passion and utter despair of a helpless woman broken down with grief. A brief discussion followed on the fitness of "'Tis Pity She's a Whore" for poetic treatment, which was opened by the chairman, and continued by Messrs. Cowham, Edney, Newcome, and Payne.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(*Friday, June 7.*) ALEX. J. ELLIS, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—The Rev. Prof. Skeat read a paper on "English Etymologies." Some of the words discussed were the following:—"Clever"; see E. Friesic *klüfer*, in Koolman; allied to *klüfern*, *klüfern*, to climb. "Coble" (boat); O. North. *cuopl*, Matt. viii. 23 (Lindisfarne MS.). "Cosset," a pet; formerly Lat. *cottetus* (Schmidt, A.S. Laws); from "cot" and "sit." "Costrel," a bottle (Chaucer); see *costeret* in Godefroy. "Crare," a small ship (Shakspere); O.F. *crarier*, apparently Anglo-French; perhaps for **crescarius*, from M.E. *crake*, a creek. "Cudgel"; A.S. *cycgel*, Gregory's "Pastoral Care," p. 297; Cockayne's "Shrine," p. 163. "Cullis," strong broth; O.F. *colis*, *celeis*, Lat. **colaticius*; from *colare*, to strain; the "cullis" in "port-cullis" is feminine, Lat. **colaticia*. "Draught-house," short for "with-draught-house," a withdrawing place; translated from F. *retrait*; so also *wydraught* (Halliwell), a drain, is short for "withdraught." The *with-* is also lost in our "drawing-room." "Faldstool"; A.S. *feldestol*, A.S. Leechdoms, vol. i., p. lxxii. "Fantegy," worry, ill-humour; properly excitement; from F. *fanatique* (Cotgrave). "Fit," in several senses and from several sources; the verb to "refit" is from Lat. *refectus* (Wedgwood). "Furlong," originally a piece of land forty poles (one-eighth of a mile) long and one pole broad; and therefore a rood, or a fourth part of an acre; also called "a land." "Gallant"; probably from *wallôn*, to go on a pilgrimage (Schwan). "Gambeson"; see Wedgwood, who is probably right. "Gambol"; from Low Lat. *camba*, the leg; hitherto unauthorised, but it occurs in A.S. Leechdoms, vol. i., p. lxxi. "Gay"; the F. *gai* is from the O.H.G. *wâhi*, gay. "Gigging of sheeldes" (Chaucer) is fitting shields with straps; O.F. *guige*, the strap or handle of a shield. "Hand

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of glory" ("Ingoldsby Legends") is a translation of O.F. *mandegloire*, Lat. *mandragora*; see Godefroy. "Goluptious," a corruption of Cockney "woluptious," *i.e.*, voluptuous. "Havoc," O.F. *havot*, in the phrase *crier havot*, to give the signal for plunder; cf. *havet*, *haver*, *havés* in Cotgrave. "Herb ive" (Chaucer) is (usually) *Ajuga chamæpitys*, a kind of bugle; F. *ive* (Cotgrave). "Lake," A.S *lacu*, was originally distinct from F. *lac*, Lat *lacus*; it meant stream; cf. Icel. *laka*, pt. t. *lak*; G. *Lache*. "Latch" (Shakspere), to moisten; A.S. *læccan*; Swed. *laka*, to distil. "Lea," untilled land, originally distinct from "lee," a pasture, which is a corruption of "lees," a pasture, a leasowe, A.S. *lǽsu*. "Limpet," A.S. *lempedu*; from Lat. *lampreda*. "May-weed"; for *maithe-weed*. "Mean," to moan (Shakspere), is the correct mutated form; ignorantly altered by editors. "Omelet," formerly *aumelette* in the "Gazophylacium Anglicum," 1689; not in the Society's Dictionary. "Scour," to run hastily over, is from Lat. *excurrere*, and quite distinct from "scour," Lat. *ascurare*. "Scur, skirr"; the same as "scour" (*excurrere*); hence "scurry." "Shire"; A.S. *scir*, *scire* (Schmidt); cf. *scirian*; not allied to "shear." Several other words were discussed in the same paper.

FINE ART.

The Recent Discoveries of Roman Remains in Chester. Edited by J. P. Earwaker. (Manchester: Ireland.)

IN the spring of 1887 it was found necessary to repair part of the north wall of Chester. The immediate object of the work was to rebuild the upper courses of masonry filling one of the breaches made in 1645, but the lower portion of the wall was also examined at the same spot. This substructure had long ago been declared by competent judges to be Roman work *in situ*, but no one was prepared for the results of the investigation. Thirteen Roman inscriptions and many uninscribed Roman stones were taken out of the small part of the lower courses which was laid open; and when a committee set to work in October, 1887, to explore further, an equally large find was their reward. Such a discovery is no ordinary one, and Mr. Earwaker has rightly thought that a comprehensive account would be welcome to archaeologists. Accordingly he has edited, in this prettily printed volume, a number of papers read before the Chester Archaeological Society in connexion with the finds, prefixing an interesting "Historical Introduction" of his own. Some readers may regret that the volume is not a critical summary but a collection of papers by various hands. However, it has, at least, the merit of representing impartially the controversy which has raged over the walls; and, though it omits some notable contributions to the subject made by Mr. Roach Smith and others elsewhere than in Chester, this omission was, no doubt, unavoidable. The book is fully illustrated, but contains no map of the city.

The contents may be considered under two heads—walls and inscriptions. The first I hardly like to discuss here. I have no wish to start another long correspondence in the ACADEMY; and, though I have seen—who has not?—the disputed masonry, I do not pretend to have closely examined it. So far, however, as can be judged from the book before me, it is most probable that the lower courses of the north wall are part of a Roman wall *in situ*. On the other hand, there are still one or two difficulties in the way of this view—for instance, that raised by Mr. Shrubsole and others, as to the roughness of the interior work and backing. This point may, after all, be unimportant. According to Prof. Church, the Roman wall of Cirencester consisted of loose stones and rubble, backed by earth and faced by large dressed blocks without mortar. Still, the point should be decided; only I would suggest that excavation will do so quicker than argument. The arguments, indeed, are the least satisfactory part of the whole business. Many of them are purely *a priori*; and, while they glibly decide what the Romans ought to have done, they are little concerned with what the Romans really did. Hence a terrible waste of print, energy, and time, over facts which ought never to have been doubted—the date of the "ecclesiastical stone," the use of tombstones for building material, and so forth. The "ecclesiastical stone" is a particularly good instance. After long dispute, it has been admitted to be Roman; and yet one writer in Mr. Earwaker's book suggests that, while it is Roman, it may still represent a stole and Christian vestments (p. 34). Some good has, however, come out of evil. The determined scepticism, which has subjected every detail to close scrutiny, has saved us from several unverified, or unverifiable, assumptions.

But, after all, the date of a few yards of masonry is not a matter of supreme importance. The wall dwindles into insignificance beside the inscriptions and sculptures found in it. The value of these objects has not escaped Mr. Earwaker, and he has enriched his book with eighteen plates representing the more notable stones. I have compared these plates with the originals, and can testify to their general excellence. One would, perhaps, have preferred a purely mechanical means of reproduction, for the photograph, unless wilfully altered, has an accuracy to which no human draughtsman can attain. But many of Mr. Earwaker's plates are undoubtedly good, and I have no wish to grumble. I cannot, I fear, say so much for the accompanying explanations. There is very little about the sculptures, though an interesting article might have been written on these additions to our knowledge of costume and of funeral monuments. There is more about the inscriptions, but it is not all quite successful. The first find of thirteen inscriptions is described by Mr. Watkin (pp. 11-24), and, on the whole, adequately described. The second set of fourteen is treated by Mr. W. de Gray Birch (pp. 98-131), and I regret to say that his readings, expansions, and comments, are very untrustworthy. The readings come off best, for many of the inscriptions are singularly legible; but I think that, if Mr. Birch will re-examine the originals of, say, Nos. 5, 6, 8, or 13, he will admit that he has seriously erred. The expansions are much worse, and I am constrained to give examples. No. 1 reads—*D. M. P. Rustio. Fabia. Crescen. Brixia. mil. leg. xx* cet. *Groma. heres fac. cur.* Except for *Groma*, this is quite plain—"To P. Rustius Crescens, of the Fabian tribe, born at Brixia (Brescia)," &c. Mr. Birch prefers, "erected by Fabia Crescentia of Brixia to P. Rustius." No. 3 reads—*Q. Longinus Pomentina Lastus Luco* cet. Mr. Birch renders—"Q. Longinus Pomentina, tenant in a sacred grove," and observes that "Pomentina" is a new name. Unfortunately Pomentina is merely a variety of the tribe name "Pomptina," Lastus is a cognomen, and Luco the man's birthplace, possibly the Lucus in north-west Spain (Kubitschek, *De Trib. Origine*, p. 165). The rendering, "tenant in a sacred grove," is simply impossible. Another soldier, to whom Mr. Birch (No. 6) gives the wonderful and quite imaginary name of "L. Ecminus Delius Licinulus" is styled VETR, *i.e.*, a veteran. Mr. Birch misreads VLPR, and expands *vexillifer*. The ingenuity of the theory is undeniable. It is of the kind required (as Mr. Freeman has said) to make a real blunder. But, in the first place, *vexillifer* is wholly unknown to epigraphy; and, secondly, the Romans abbreviated by the first syllable of a word, not by the first letter of each syllable. It is only in the latest age that the Christian priest is PRB, and Theodoric GLASMS. Further on (No. 10), Mr. Birch meets the abbreviation B. TR. (*beneficiarius tribuni*), and suggests, as alternative expansions, *Biturix* or *Beneficiarius Turmae*, the latter a most extraordinary phrase. On another stone, *Turma* seems to occur (No. 7); Mr. Birch thereon asserts that this word occurs in none of Hübner's inscriptions. It is needless to conduct the reader further through this museum of mistakes, and it is difficult to characterise them in academic language. But enough has been said to show that Mr. Birch is a thoroughly unsafe guide in Roman epigraphy.

I regret sincerely that this should be so. The Chester inscriptions, though not of primary importance, certainly deserve attention. Most of them are sepulchral, and belong seemingly to the second century—a fact, by the way, which suggests that, if the wall is Roman (as I think), it may have been built by Severus during his presence in Britain. They contain a good many details of value—*e.g.*, in connexion with the Roman *Conscriptionsordnung*, into which one cannot now enter. One fragment (p. 126), of fairly early date, comes from a temple or other building, and was seemingly faced with metal letters of the same type as the V found at Colchester (c. vii., 89) and the twenty-five letters at Lydney Park (Bathurst and King, p. 141). The building was no doubt the same which gave the wall the large moulded stones now preserved behind the Grosvenor Museum, and further excavations may perhaps yield up the rest of the inscription. It is, indeed, much to be hoped that such excavations will be made. It is hardly doubtful that there are other valuable stones in the unexplored wall; and, as Canon Raine says, the vandalism would consist not in pulling down and rebuilding the wall, but in suffering the inscriptions to remain undiscovered. No librarian would hesitate to search his old bindings, if discoveries were probable; no archaeologist should shrink from searching Chester walls.

F. HAVERFIELD.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

IT cannot be said that Mr. Hubert Herkomer has attained a level higher than usual in the series of portraits which he this year contributes. We regret to be unable to swell the chorus of admirers who have lauded to the

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skies the portrait of "Lady Eden" (151). The sitter possesses plastic beauty of the rarest and most genuinely English order; but the pose is one of true Teutonic pretentiousness, while the painter's palette lacks the purity necessary to give full effect to the peculiar scheme of colour at which he aims. This, with its key-note of greenish-yellow in the dress, backed by the blue-green of the landscape, and relieved by the cinnamon of the shot-silk cloak, might in other hands have been made very effective. The presentment of "Samuel Pope, Esq., Q.C." (95)—a personality pictorially somewhat difficult to deal with—contains the superficial elements of an outward resemblance, but lacks the higher qualities which are of the essence of true portraiture. By far the best of the artist's contributions is the true and vivacious portrait of "Mrs. Gladstone" (205). Mr. William Carter has already attained the first rank, and may one day attain the first place, among English portrait-painters. One of the best portraits of the year is his "Lieut.-Colonel W. Hill James" (1133). It repels somewhat at first, because, in consequence of a certain fidgettiness of technique, the flesh-painting is not completely satisfactory; and, further, the head is not happily relieved on the peculiarly toned background. But the rarest intuition is shown in the rendering of an individuality of singular refinement and charm, the sensitive expression of eyes and mouth being seized and perpetuated with admirable skill. Another fine and solid work by the same artist is the portrait of "W. S. Hoare, Esq." (349). Of Mr. Ouless's powerful and dignified works, marred as they are by his characteristic harshness and dryness of execution, nothing very new remains to be said. The "Sir Wm. Bowman, Bart." (292) is a fine specimen of his powers. Among the works sent by Mr. J. J. Shannon—one of the most modish of the younger school of portrait-painters, and one of the most skilful of those who aspire mainly to please, while satisfying in a measure the artistic tastes of the not over-exacting—may be singled out the "Miss Colley" (1144). This shows a brilliant brunette, whose youthful animation the painter has happily caught, clad in yellow silk, with a bright orange sash. The chief drawback is here a certain leathery and opaque quality in the flesh-painting, from which Mr. Shannon's work is rarely free. Technique of a somewhat similar kind—with less certainty of hand but with a stronger individuality—is shown by Mr. W. H. Margetson in his powerful, if unrefined, presentment of "Miss R." (1129). It is a little difficult to say how much is here native power, and how much assimilation of the French style and standpoint; but the work is undoubtedly a bold and striking one. It would be unfair not to notice the masculine and vivacious portrait by Miss Maud Porter of "James Bigwood, Esq., M.P." (1176).

The most satisfactory landscapes—those which leave behind an impression that they have a genuine *raison d'être*, and which exert a penetrating power beyond that of the mere photographic reproduction—are not, perhaps, to be found among the canvases of the painters whom the public first seeks out on such occasions. Still, Sir J. E. Millais, about one of whose landscapes—the "Murtly Water" (74)—the less said the better, has, with "The Old Garden" (242) achieved a real success in solving a self-set task of considerable difficulty. It cannot fairly be said that all the quiet pathos, all the suggestion of human influences which, without forcing the note, might have been evolved from the beautiful homelike scene, have been transfused into the canvas. Yet there is rare skill and beauty in the representation of the Jacobean house, half hidden by its girdle of yews and other trees, seen as it is in the pellucid atmosphere of a calm afternoon. Very happy is the rendering of the small plashing fountain in the foreground, but less so that of the somewhat opaque and airless foliage and of the background of blue hill, more guessed at than seen. Even Mr. Boughton's greatest admirers can scarcely assert that he has achieved a success with his "Sisters" (122)—a portrait of two young ladies framed in a summer landscape; but he fairly takes his revenge with "A Salmon River" (465), in which, if the figures have not that convincing and inevitable relationship to the landscape which so distinctively marks some of the painter's earlier works, the landscape itself has a dewy freshness most grateful to the eye; while a command over the whole gamut of greens, and a power in obtaining from them a fine general tone, are shown, in which Mr. Boughton has here few rivals. What can be said—if the truth is to be told—about Mr. Vicat Cole's huge and ambitious canvas, "The Summons to Surrender" (343), which is the inevitable result of the excessive laudation that greeted his not less ambitious venture last year? It is painful to be compelled to speak in dispraise of a work which has evidently cost much thought and labour; but the result of so much elaboration must be pronounced a failure. Neither is the pulsating motion of an agitated sea truly simulated, nor are the elaborately drawn Spanish galleons and English ships comprehensible, either as regards their shape or their mode of conflict. All this roaring and raging, both of men and elements, leaves us cold, and signifies absolutely nothing. Mr. McWhirter has once more, in his "Constantinople and the Golden Horn" (457), seized upon a subject of brilliant spectacular effect, and once more he treats it in careless and perfunctory fashion. So, too, Mr. Peter Graham—to whom, however, must be conceded far higher artistic rank than to his compatriot—extorts a measure of admiration for the undiminished zest with which he continues to paint his often-repeated highland scenes, and for the penetrating quality of his sober colour-harmonies; while he, too, disappoints by the flimsiness and insufficiency of his execution. The better of his two contributions is the sea-coast scene, "Where Wild Waves lap" (602). Mr. David Murray, whose style is a curious and often happy admixture of the Scotch school with strong French influences, displays in his "Nooning in the Hop Gardens" (475) a happy originality in the choice of a subject both fresh and charming; his work, however, still suffers from a certain paintiness, and, above all, from an inability to sacrifice or subordinate any part of his over-copious material. Rarely has the veteran Mr. Hook produced anything more charming in conception or more brilliant and harmonious in colour and tone than the "Fowler's Pool" (32), in which, with the aid of a subtle arrangement of values, he succeeds in realising a fresh-water pool of a blue-green hue extending to the very edge of green cliffs, beyond which stretches the calm sea—of a deeper blue. Wild duck tenant the pool, and have been scared by a not sufficiently cautious sportsman, who, hardly seen, watches them behind a wall. The human figure being less prominent than is usual in the painter's work, the picture is to a corresponding degree more successful; for Mr. Hook has never really succeeded in rendering his accessory personages an integral and, as it were, inevitable part of his landscape. Of Mr. Henry Moore we can only say that his sea-pieces are as splendidly energetic and masterly, but also as monotonous, as usual. Mr. Colin Hunter must be congratulated on having produced in his "Morning Breeze" (451), by no means his most sensational but by far his most artistic and most moving performance. It merely shows an expanse of summer sea gently stirred by a light wind, with a distance of narrower inlets bounded by dark blue cliff and hill; but we are charmed by an unusual reticence and delicacy in the execution, and, above all, by a satisfying unity both in the sentiment of the picture, and in the noble lines of its composition. Powerful of its kind, and self-assertive, is Mr. Yeend King's large landscape, "From Green to Gold" (739), in which he displays a certain unity of motive and power of selection such as must be the result of foreign training. The artistic fibre revealed, is however, a somewhat coarse one, whether we consider the heaviness and want of charm in the execution, or the failure to present more than nature's most obvious and least touching aspects. To Mr. Alfred East a measure of the peculiar power of suggesting inherent resemblances between moods of nature and moods of man would appear to have been given; and there is something personal and interesting in his version of subjects generally in themselves noble and attractive. He should, however, remember that indistinctness, and suppression of natural fact do not necessarily mean suggestive or synthetical power. A Corot would never have attained his magic power in this last respect, had he not begun his artistic career as a careful and minute annotator of character-giving detail. Mr. East's sole contribution to the Academy this year is a landscape of unusual dimensions—"A Gleam before the Gloaming" (301). The disagreeable "tea-boardy" aspect, the hard wooden quality of Mr. Alfred Parsons's "The Valley of the Thames" (723) must not blind us to its merits of composition, to the careful study of cloud, river, and pasture which it reveals: especially the foreground is treated in masterly fashion. It is to be deplored that the less agreeable qualities of the painter's serious and well-considered art should thus accentuate themselves from year to year. Very successful, in the low-toned grey-and-green manner of the modern Dutch school, is Mr. E. Elliot's "The Last Load" (789); and not less so the still more sad-coloured "Autumn Leaves" (1201)—a performance satisfying rather than charming, which is from the brush of a Flemish painter, M. Henry Rul. Curious effects—with which the study of nature at first hand would appear to have little to do—are attained by Mr. Alfred Noble, whose bituminous depths and brilliant enamel-like surfaces, enhanced as they are by the varnish which covers his canvases, recall now the old Dutch masters, now the Barbizon school. The same excessive pre-occupation with the work of other masters deprives the skilful performances of Mr. Peppercorn of serious artistic value. His style is a pasticcio of the steel-grey and sombre green colouring of M. Pointelin, with a flavouring of the shadowy touch and atmospheric effects of Corot. Somewhat hard and cold, but showing certain qualities of style, and a rare power in the grouping and arrangement of huge tree trunks, is Mr. Charles Fox's "The Firs, Hampstead Heath" (738). One of the most beautiful landscapes here is Mr. Lindner's "Along the warm blue hills the day declines" (334). It is but a stretch of lightly ruffled river or pool, behind which rise high green banks, the whole scene being deluged with the orange light of late afternoon. In the sky the effect aimed at does not appear to us to have been absolutely realised, but the luminous quality of the whole causes it to stand out brilliantly against its surroundings.

It can hardly be said that the relatively high standard attained by English sculpture during the last three or four years has on this occasion been fully maintained; though there is to be found in the two halls devoted to it a sufficient admixture of work of high interest to prove that the new life infused into this branch of native art has not been allowed to die out. The protagonists of the new school, upon whose

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shoulders would appear to rest the responsibility for further development, have preferred, or more probably have been compelled, to restrict their efforts within narrower limits than usual; and the exhibition is, to a corresponding degree, robbed of brilliancy and general attractiveness. Sir J. E. Boehm contributes the models for two of the statues at the base of the Wellington monument—"The British Guardsman of 1818" and the "Enniskillen Dragoon of 1815." In their present position these works offend the eye less than when they are taken, as they must be, as part of an architectural whole. There cannot be denied to them a certain power of execution, a certain vivacity of movement; but more than ever is it patent that their very qualities render them absolutely unfit for the position which they occupy. Instead of the true monumental treatment which should have been adopted, a falsely picturesque style of conception is here preferred; instead of the generalised forms, the measured gravity and reticence of style indispensable under the circumstances, we find an undue striving after individualisation and an over-emphasised realism. The same sculptor's bust of the late Frank Holl is a superficial piece of work, not in his best manner, though it is what the casual and indifferent observer might call a good likeness. Sir J. E. Boehm further contributes a "Design for a Fountain" (2196) in the *barocco* style of the seventeenth century, of which the lower portions are, from a decorative point of view, well conceived; while the crowning group is again not a satisfactory element of an architectural whole, even if we make the necessary allowances for the over-free style of the period here imitated. The curiosity of the collection is Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Arcadian Shepherd" (2187)—a typical painter's statue, showing unmistakable evidence of the artist's over-anxiety, together with an exaggerated emphasis in the rendering of anatomical detail. This tremendous athlete, with muscles all tense, advancing in an attitude almost threatening, is no Arcadian Shepherd; indeed, he is hardly, with his unsufficiently explained energy, comprehensible or human. Nevertheless, the work shows an infinite capacity for taking pains which may lead its author to better things in a branch of art hitherto unexplored. The head especially is a fine piece of modelling in the Greek style. A very spirited group, displaying qualities of style which do not exclude but, as they should do, rather emphasise the life and movement which are central motives of the work, is Mr. Harry Bates's "Hounds in Leash" (2192), showing a nude hunter about to let loose a leash of hounds, who furiously tear against the curb. Unfortunately, the work is modelled in a clayey substance of inky blackness, which does not reflect the light, so rendering it impossible to form a definitive judgment as to its aspect when it shall be translated into bronze. Mr. Henry Armstead's colossal model for the bronze statue at Chatham of "Lieutenant Waghorn" (2032) does not rise above the commonplace; the melodramatic gesture of the right arm being especially infelicitous. Yet, from a technical point of view, there is much to praise in the broad and powerfully modelled draperies, and in the treatment of the costume generally. The same artist's mural memorial of "The Late Rev. Benjamin Webb" (2138), destined to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, is chiefly remarkable for the very beautiful marble frame which encloses the portrait-figure in high relief. In this piece of sculptural decoration certain elements of the earlier and the later Italian Renaissance have been combined with a happy originality and skill, and with rare delicacy of execution. The most consummate piece of modelling here displayed is Mr. Brock's "The Genius of Poetry" (2188)—a work in the best style of the modern French school. There is, perhaps, no special originality of conception in this beautiful nearly nude figure; but its execution is so finished, so firm and subtle, as to command respect and admiration. We hope the artist may be induced to reconsider the inharmonious arrangement of the lyre and cloak which hang formlessly from the back of his genius. Mr. Onslow Ford's "The Singer" (2195)—the small nude figure of an Egyptian girl, with antique head-gear and adornments, which appears standing on a highly ornate pedestal, seemingly encrusted with silver—is not much more than a very decorative and pretty toy. The modelling of the flesh is of a gummy softness and smoothness which hardly suggests either the muscular or the osseous structure beneath. The earnest and admirable art of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft is certainly not seen at its best in the two bronze panels, in low relief, destined for the Gordon memorial which is to be erected at Melbourne, Australia. The "Death of Gordon at Khartoum" (2074)—a subject which should be well calculated to inspire an artist—is, if harmoniously composed, terribly wanting in true characterisation, reality of movement, and dramatic energy. The artist might with advantage consult the famous bronze reliefs of Donatello in the Santo at Padua, and the more sculptural "Herod" framed in the baptismal font of S. Giovanni at Siena, should he need proof that it is possible to infuse intense dramatic fire into sculptural reliefs, without to an undue extent depriving them of their decorative and architectural character.

Mr. A. Gilbert is this year chiefly represented by two admirable busts—the "J. S. Clayton, Esq.," which is one of his best works of the kind, showing rare individuality both in the method of characterisation and execution; and a decorative, broadly modelled portrait of "G. F. Watts, Esq., R.A.," in which the noble and pathetic type of the original is not quite perfectly reproduced. We could still wish that the gifted sculptor would adopt a more purely sculptural as distinguished from a picturesque mode of treatment and execution; and this he might do without sacrificing the vivid realism and passionate energy of his style. The same artist's "Design for the Obverse and Reverse of a Medal" (2065) is remarkable for the admirably subtle modelling of the profile head of the Queen; while the general arrangement of both obverse and reverse is over-daring, and both clumsy and ineffective in its contempt for harmony of line. Mr. G. Simonds has for a long time produced nothing as living or as true as his bust of Mr. Walter Crane (2141)—a work showing in its freedom and absence of conventionality the influence of the younger English school, of which Mr. Gilbert is the head, but displaying, perhaps, a sounder and simpler method. A head of "Claude Brousson, Martyr, 1698" (2164), by Mr. Frederick Rogers, shows considerable power. There should be further mentioned a "Decorative Panel" adapted from the "Women of Amphissa" of L. Alma-Tadema (2146), which, notwithstanding a certain stiffness and angularity of execution, and a lack of harmony in the ensemble, shows considerable mastery over the difficult art of low relief.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE SECRETAN COLLECTION.

THE first of July is the day fixed for the beginning of the sale in Paris, by M. Sedelmeyer, of the extremely famous collection of pictures formed by M. Secretan, who, it may be remembered, was the promoter and organiser of the Copper Syndicate, and who has been described as "the principal victim of its collapse." Certainly not since the Hamilton Palace collection was broken up, seven years ago, has there been any event of the like magnitude in the art world. It is stated that M. Secretan paid not very much less than half-a-million of money for his pictures. What will he—or those who are interested in his concerns—now realise? That remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, we may reasonably inform ourselves what the collection really is—and the carefully prepared catalogue of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co. enables us to do so the more effectually. With the exception of one or two Reynoldses and of a Bonington—always more appreciated in France than in England—there is no representation of English art. The representation of the Primitives is almost as insignificant, though Memling indeed has a place. But the Dutch and Flemish painting of the seventeenth century is represented by notable masterpieces; and it seems that there are no less than two examples of an extraordinarily rare and distinguished master—he whom Bürger, so to put it, "discovered," and on whom other critics have since been engaged: we mean, of course, Van der Meer of Delft. "Le Billet Doux" seems a sufficiently interesting, and "La Dame et la Servante" an overpoweringly convincing, example of this direct and potent master. Metsu, Teniers, and even Rembrandt are represented not inadequately; and Peter de Hooch finely. There is a really noble Rubens, and a Frans Hals portrait of the first order—a tiny but, of course, a broadly painted portrait of Scriverius—and a scarcely less interesting counterfeit presentment of the wife of that personage.

Great Dutch pictures have never been more highly esteemed than they are at present; nor is it in the slightest degree likely that an art so absolutely accomplished will ever again want recognition, or will even be subjected any further to caprice of fashion. But is it possible that as much can be said for what are called the "French Romanticists"?—people quite admirable in their way, but just now exalted even above Turner himself by the unbalanced or by the imperfectly educated. Rousseau, Troyon, Diaz are three charming artists, and they are represented with singular perfection in the Secretan collection. Decamps and Delacroix are not charming at all. They may be masters, perhaps, of an accomplished brutality. But great and even foolish store is set by them at present, and there is enough and to spare of them in this richly and variously endowed gathering. A wonderful classic, Ingres, a master of pure life and refined conception—whom, as it has been said, an Athenian tribunal alone could fitly judge—is represented by his famous "Oedipus and the Sphinx." Millet's "Angelus" shows, we will not say romantic, but pastoral or idyllic art at its noblest and sweetest. The composition of bent peasant heads against the long-stretching horizon of La Beauce is too well known to need to be enlarged upon. And such a gathering of Meissoniers has never before been seen. There are about a score of his pictures and about half-a-dozen of his drawings; and it is very noteworthy that this collection of them disproves a statement often made, to the effect that never, or at the most, only once, has a woman been introduced into Meissonier's canvases. It is, of course, none the less a fact that the introduction of a woman is exceedingly rare. There are next, perhaps, to be noted some Corots of exquisite quality—a "Biblis," particularly; and, going back to the earlier French design—to that of the great period of the French genre painter, the eighteenth century—we shall find conspicuous, perhaps, three compositions: one of them a most engaging portrait, by Jean Baptiste Greuze, of Mdlle. Philiberte Ledoux; another, "L'Enseigne,"

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attributed to Pater, and bearing close resemblance to an engraved masterpiece of Pater's great teacher, Antoine Watteau; and the third, "Les Plaisirs de l'Hiver," by Lancret, admirably engraved—in "line," of course—during the lifetime of its painter, but known to us hitherto simply under the name of "L'Hiver." It is, indeed, one of a set of the four Seasons, which Lancret painted, and the only one, by the by, in which the scene is laid in an interior.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

IN connexion with Prof. R. S. Poole's vacation classes in classical archaeology at University College, London, a series of twelve demonstrations will be given at the British Museum during the first fortnight of July. Prof. Poole himself will undertake coins, while Mr. Talfourd Ely will deal with sculptures, bronzes, and terra-cottas, and Mr. Cecil Smith with vases and painting.

THE Dudley Gallery Art Society will open next week an exhibition of water-colours in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

The Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt—of which Mr. Edward J. Poynter is hon. secretary—has issued an appeal for subscriptions in order to defray the cost of the several works of protection, &c., recommended by Grand Bey in his recent report to the Egyptian government. The most important items are £2055 for clearing the temple at Luxor, and £1465 for the temple at Esneh. The total amount required to carry out all Grand Bey's suggestions is more than £8000.

AN exhibition of works by living artists—in the departments of painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and lithography—will be held at Amsterdam during the months of September and October. The municipality offers six gold medals, each of the value of 100 florins, to be awarded by a jury of which the majority are to be elected by the exhibitors themselves.

THE latest addition to the series of "Les Artistes Célèbres," published by the Librarie de l'Art, is Mr. P. G. Hamerton's *Turner*, illustrated with twenty engravings.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MDME. SARAH BERNHARDT is expected in London in the course of a few days; and she is more likely, perhaps, to appear at the Lyceum than at the Gaiety Theatre.

WHILE the Gaiety is occupied by French players—of whom Mdme. Jane Hading and M. Coquelin are the particular stars—Mr. George Edwards has arranged for the performance at the Globe of that entertaining and brilliant spectacle, "Faust up to Date." Mr. Louven and Mr. Stone—quaint and inexhaustible—Miss Violet Cameron, always full of spirit, and Miss Florence St. John, engaging in aspect and in admirable voice, are the four chief artists engaged; but a *pas de quartre*—a dance in which not one of these four appears, and in which it is possible that Miss Lilian Price shines the most—is, to many, among the greatest attractions of the show.

TWO *matinées* of some importance are announced for next week. On Tuesday afternoon a version of Jan de Vos's successful play, called "A Man's Love"—it has been quite a triumph at Rotterdam and elsewhere—is coming out at the Prince of Wales's. It is stated that there are only three characters, and that these will be filled by Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Kingston, and W. Leonard Boyne. On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new play—"Phillis"—is announced for production at the Globe.

WE hear that Mr. Thomas Thorne, and some of the principal members of the Vaudeville Company, start on a long provincial tour upon August 26, and bring it to a conclusion about the end of November. Several of the best watering-places will first be visited, after which Mr. Thomas Thorne and his comrades betake themselves to the large towns of the midland counties and the north. Visits to Bristol and Brighton, to Oxford and Cambridge, will complete the tour. We may add that "Joseph's Sweetheart" will be the principal play in Mr. Thorne's country programme, though other pieces in the Vaudeville repertory—"Dr. Cupid," "Angelina," or the "Farm by the Sea"—will presumably be presented.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"DON GIOVANNI" is an opera the music of which never grows old, and an opera, too, in which the music is of paramount importance. The cast for the performance at Covent Garden last Thursday week was, on the whole, one of considerable excellence. Mdme. Valda as Elvira, obtained a well-deserved success. She sang with much brilliancy. Mdlle. Van Zandt is one of the most graceful and winning of Zerlinas. There is modesty and yet archness about her impersonation. The behaviour of Zerlina and Masetto in the ball-room scene was especially good; for there were no *opera bouffe* effects. M. Lestellier did not prove a very satisfactory Don Ottavio. Mdme. Fürsch Madi as Donna Anna, and Signor F. d'Andrade as the "Don," sang and acted as usual—*i.e.*, well. Signor Arditi conducted; and the extreme delicacy with which the delicious accompaniments were given by the band was by no means the least striking feature of the performance.

A brilliant house assembled on the following Saturday evening to hear and to see Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette." This opera is by no means new, but it was lately touched up by the composer for performance at the Paris Opéra; and, besides, the fact that it was sung in French at Covent Garden made it somewhat of a novelty. Mr. Harris provided a powerful cast, and it is not surprising that the result was eminently satisfactory. Gounod's music is very charming; but, with only moderately good artists, might prove somewhat tedious. Mdme. Melba achieved a decided success in the part of the heroine. She sang with great *entrain*, and her rendering of the waltz-air, "Je veux vivre," in the first act was one of many triumphs. M. J. de Reske, as Roméo, was most impressive; but it seems almost unnecessary to praise this accomplished artist. The same, too, may be said of his brother, who was the Frère Laurent. His commanding presence and sonorous voice gave special *éclat* to the marriage service in his cell. Mdlle. Jane de Vigne, as the page Stéphano, deserves much praise for her rendering of "Que fais-tu, blanche tourterelle?" M. Vinogradoff sang artistically, but the light Mercutio music scarcely suited him. Mdme. Lablache (Gertrude), Signor Castelmary (Duc de Verone), M. Séguin (Capulet), and M. Montariol (Tybalt), rendered efficient aid. The chorus distinguished itself; and the finale recently added by Gounod to the third act proved effective. Signor Mancinelli conducted with praiseworthy zeal. The piece was splendidly mounted.

"Les Huguenots" was given on Tuesday evening, the cast being an unusually strong one. Mdlle. Toni Schläger, from the the Vienna Opera House, made her *début* in the *rôle* of Valentine. This lady has a strong voice, and is evidently accustomed to the stage. But there was a roughness and effort about her rendering of the music, which, especially in the two duets, contrasted strangely with the smooth and natural singing of the De Reske brothers. Mdlle. Schläger may, however, claim indulgence. The stage was new to her, and possibly she may do herself more justice later. Messrs. J. and E. de Reske, as Raoul and Marcello, were at their best; and, as they have not a little to do during the course of this opera, they contributed greatly towards the general success. Signor F. d'Andrade was a genial Conte di Nevers, and M. Lassalle a dignified Conte di San Bris. Mdlle. Ella Russell took her accustomed *rôle* of Margherita, singing the florid music with much brilliancy. The Urbano of Mdme. Schalchi needs no comment. The popularity of this opera depends greatly, of course, upon its choral and spectacular effects; and it must suffice to say that they were most effective. Signor Mancinelli conducted with unflagging zeal.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE sixth and last Sarasate Concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon attracted an immense audience. The popularity of the famous virtuoso shows no sign of diminution. He played Dr. Mackenzie's Concerto and Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, and both these works were interpreted with unfailing precision and wonderful vigour. After the latter he gave his own arrangement of Chopin's E flat Nocturne. Miss Nettie Carpenter took part with him in a difficult and tricky duet, entitled "Navarra," Señor Sarasate's own composition. This led to a double encore. The player probably accepted the one for the lady and the other for himself. The programme included Beethoven's Symphony (No. 8) and Lalo's Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys." Mr. Cusins conducted.

THE programme of the sixth Richter Concert on Monday evening included Sach's Monologue from the second act of "Die Meistersinger," which was artistically sung by Mr. C. Mayer; and the closing scene of "Die Walküre," with Miss Fillunger as Brünnhilde and Mr. Mayer as Wotan. Both artists sang well, but not with all requisite earnestness. Dvorák's Symphonic Variations, introduced two years ago by Herr Richter, were performed. They are not only clever, but full of charm. The concert concluded with a magnificent rendering of Schubert's great Symphony in C. There was a large and attentive audience.

THE students of the Royal Academy of Music gave a chamber concert at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. Dr. Wesley's fine anthem, "The Wilderness," was sung in a most creditable manner, the solos being rendered with good taste and feeling. The choir was afterwards heard to advantage in madrigals by Byrd and Purcell. An interesting feature of the programme was a clever Sonata for piano and cello, composed by Miss A. Horrock. The middle movement pleased very much. Dr. Mackenzie conducted the concert.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

No. 895, *New Series.*

THE EDITOR *cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.*

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, *and not to the* EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Edited by David G. Ritchie. (Sonnenschein.)

THIS volume is the one contribution to the Carlyle biographical literature of which it is not only possible, but imperative, to speak in language of almost unstinted eulogy. There is not a page—there is hardly a line—in it which can be said to be superfluous. Mr. Ritchie is the most judicious of editors. He has neither the Froude bias nor the Norton bias, although the result of this publication will be to support the Norton view of Carlyle and of the relations between him and his wife. He lets Jane Welsh Carlyle, and, still more, Jane Baillie Welsh, speak (and even occasionally spell) for herself, without seeking to mend the sharp truths and sharper exaggerations which came from her pen. Mr. Ritchie's editorial notes are, moreover, precisely what editorial notes should be—informative, elucidatory, sometimes speculative and suggestive, never dogmatic or didactic. Only once in his book does Mr. Ritchie depart, or appear to depart, from the perfect editorial law of publishing only absolutely verified facts. That is where (pp. 315, 316) he gives an account of a meeting in Chelsea between Carlyle and Mr. Robert Scot Skirving, to whom Mrs. Carlyle wrote some letters which Mr. Ritchie publishes. On this occasion Carlyle figures decidedly as a bear, telling Mr. Skirving that he and his mother were fools because they had been reading a novel by Disraeli, and falling foul of him as "a damned impudent whelp of an Edinburgh advocate." This report of the Carlyle-Skirving rencontre may, of course, be strictly accurate; but, as a matter of fact, it is merely a record of Mr. Skirving's own impressions. Mr. Ritchie says: "Mr. Skirving met Mrs. Carlyle afterwards in Scotland, and she apologised for Carlyle's treatment of him." But, as regards both Carlyle's bearishness and his wife's apology for it, it may be well to read, as possibly bearing on both, these extracts from a letter written by her in 1834 to his mother, and given by Mr. Froude:

"He is really at times a tolerably social character, and seems to be regarded with a feeling of mingled terror and love in all companies; which I should expect the diffusion of Teufelsdröckh will tend to increase. . . . A Jack Thomson of Annan, whom I received in my choicest mood to make amends for Carlyle's unreadiness."

It is hardly possible not to entertain the suspicion that Mrs. Carlyle secretly enjoyed and perhaps approved of—even although she may have "apologised for"—her husband's unconventional candour and "unreadiness."

Mr. Ritchie in this volume gives a few letters, interesting rather than important, from Carlyle, written chiefly to an acquaintance—a minister in the South of Scotland of the name of Aitken. But the bulk of it is composed of letters written by Mrs. Carlyle before her marriage, and during her early married life, to Mr. Ritchie's great-aunt, who, before she became the wife of Carlyle's acquaintance Aitken, was Miss Eliza Stodart. Miss Stodart, who lived in Edinburgh, where she kept house for her uncle, Mr. Bradfute, of the publishing firm of Bell & Bradfute, was a cousin—more or less—of Jane Baillie Welsh, and was accorded as many of the confidences of that apparently, rather than really, communicative young woman as she seems to have given to anyone. These letters confirm the impression created by *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Jane Welsh must have been an exceedingly attractive, vivacious, bright-witted girl; but she was a true child of the Lothians. The wind was almost always in the east with her. She seems to have been practically destitute of purely feminine sympathy and incapable of tolerance. She loved her father as a Frenchman loves his mother; but one can hardly conceive of her, under any possible circumstances, exhibiting love of the ordinary wifely, much less of the maternal, kind. In these letters the ghosts of old lovers cross the little stage at Haddington; and very ludicrous the poor fools look, for Jane Welsh's humour was quite as merciless and quite as graphic as Thomas Carlyle's.

"A certain goosish man, my quondam lover"; "the same sentimental-looking person with the open mouth who used to go about catching flies in Edinburgh"; "he retired to his inn and vapoured back in the course of an hour or so in all the pride of two waistcoats, one of figured velvet, the other of sky blue satin, gossamer silk stockings, and morocco leather slippers."

This is all very clever, but it is also a trifle hard. When one comes to Carlyle himself, in Jane Welsh's correspondence, one is told that

"he is something liker to St. Preux than George Craig is to Wolmar. He has *his* talents, *his* vast and cultivated mind, *his* vivid imagination, *his* independence, and *his* high-souled principles of honour. But then—ah, these *buts*!—St. Preux never kicked the fire-irons, nor made puddings in his teacup. Want of Elegance! Want of Elegance, Rousseau says, is a defect which no woman can overlook."

This is both clever and hard, but it is artificial as well. It is but an "exercise" in Rousseauism—well done, but girlish, and essentially insincere. But simply because she was clever, self-conscious, imitative, rapidly acquisitive, open-eyed, censorious to every fibre, artistically humorous to a fault, there is not one of Jane Welsh's letters that is not sprightly and—the east wind notwithstanding—very enjoyable. She is, perhaps, seen at her very best in an account of some length which she gives of her interview with a decidedly "goosish" and provincial creature, who asked her co-operation in a magazine which he was projecting.

This volume proves that if Jane Welsh had had her way in her Haddington days, she would have married neither Edward Irving nor Thomas Carlyle, but George Rennie, a well-to-do young Scotchman, who, being at once pushing and "unmelodious," became a Member of Parliament and Governor of the Falkland Islands. To the last, and in spite of her belief both in Carlyle and in Carlylism, she was socially ambitious; and Rennie would have gratified her ambition. Hence it is that he simply pervades the earlier of her letters, and we find her even in her Chelsea days taking a curious interest in him and his doings. Mrs. Carlyle's letters from Craigenputtoch and Chelsea are—except as examples of her style—not specially valuable, although they present the brighter side of her and her husband's life. "Carlyle growls along, but does no practical mischief," is her most acrid criticism of the man she was always criticising. Whoever, too, believes that this proud and courageous, though not profoundly sympathetic and inexplicably French, Scotchwoman was perpetually miserable at Craigenputtoch had better read the letter to her Edinburgh friend, in which she says:

"There is nothing like a good bit of pain for taking the conceit out of one. Had I been newly returned from Edinburgh, my thoughts still wandering on the hilltops of vanity, it is probable I should have found life here, in the grimmest of weather, almost intolerable; but being newly recovered from a sore throat, I am quite contented beside a good fire, with a book or work, and the invaluable capacity of swallowing, though the desert around looks the very headquarters of winter, and our knocker hangs a useless ornament."

Obviously Carlylism, thoroughly worked out and patiently practised, is not without its consolations, and even its pleasures.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Life and Labour. Vol. I.—East London. Edited by Charles Booth. (Williams & Norgate.)

THERE is something Thucydidean in the laboriousness and severe impartiality of Mr. Booth's work. His book may be contrasted as a "possession for ever" with the ephemerally popular writing of the many whose easy beliefs are formed without scrutiny. Their unverified impressions are dispelled by his statistical researches. Thus there is found to be no ground for the alarm which has prevailed in some quarters that society is threatened with an invasion of barbarians from the East End. The numbers of the criminal and dangerous class are proved to be comparatively small—not an eightieth part of the entire population. By far the largest class is formed by the respectable fairly well-to-do workmen, earning regular standard wages. On either side of this solid column extend the thinner ranks of the very rich and the very poor. This population is grouped, in respect of earnings, much in the same way as in respect of height, weight, and other attributes. Nor can it be altogether accidental that Mr. Booth's statistical diagrams present a general resemblance to that curve of distribution which, as Quetelet and Mr. Galton have shown, is apt to prevail among almost all statistical phenomena.

Mr. Booth does not merely register the earnings of the people; he also pictures their life and manners. He shows us the interior of the working-men's club, which he is far from condemning as a drinking den.

"Coarse though the fabric may be, it is shot

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through with golden threads of enthusiasm. Like co-operation and like socialism, the movement is a propaganda, with its faith and hopes, its literature and its leaders."

Even for the public-house Mr. Booth has a good word; especially now that the publican, threatened by the temperance movement, is setting his house in order. Concerning the diversions of the people, we read that keen dialectic is their especial passion. It is often exercised on religious questions. As to the influence of religion Mr. Booth expresses himself with tantalising brevity:

"Comparatively few go to church; but they strike me as very earnest-minded, and not without religious feeling, even when they say, as I have heard a man say (thinking of the evils which surrounded him), 'If there is a God he must be a bad one.'"

Mr. Booth's reflections upon the lot of the masses may be summed up in the following weighty words:

"An analysis of the elements of happiness would hardly be in place here, but it may be remarked that neither poverty nor wealth have much part in it. The main conditions of human happiness I believe to be work and affection, and he who works for those he loves fulfils these conditions most easily."

So great a task has not been performed by Mr. Booth singlehanded. He has been aided by an able band of assistant investigators. Each of these has described in a separate monograph the fates and fortunes of some particular industry. A somewhat wider subject is covered by Miss Collett's careful article on "Women's Work." The "Influx of Population" is discussed by Mr. Llewellyn Smith in an essay distinguished by ingenious statistical artifices, and conducting to reasoned conclusions very different from the loose assertions of alarmist writers on the subject.

It would be impossible here to present even an outline of the immense mass of information contained in this series of studies. We shall notice only one or two views which appear to be common to all, or most, of the writers. It seems that the opinions implied in the popular conception of a "sweater" have no foundation in fact. The evils which have excited indignation are not connected with any particular form of contract or sub-contract. For example, in the tailoring trade the worst paid work is that of the "tallyman," who takes orders direct from the actual wearer without the intervention of any contractor. The efficacy of "middlemen" has been greatly exaggerated.

"The nineteenth-century patent sounding machine of competitive trading has pierced through the series of middlemen, and has at length struck the low level of the actual rate at which labour is willing to sell itself in the East End market."

The essence of the evil which threatens us seems rather to be the tendency of labour to become degraded by an unlimited and cut-throat competition. "Industry moves from a higher to a lower grade of labour; and in a short time the low prices which result from low-paid labour, instead of from improvement in organisation and methods, are matched by the bad work given in return." The deterioration of the standard of life is apprehended in many of the principal industries. An exception is formed by the tobacco workers, who are placed in a somewhat peculiar position by the action of government in carrying out its fiscal policy.

The arrangement in an easily accessible form of a mass of information so copious and detailed as these monographs contain presents a difficulty which has not perhaps been surmounted by all the writers. In some places the interminable array of facts appears to extend too uniformly over a dead level, neither reviewed from the commanding height of some theoretical point of view, nor marshalled by the artifices of an index and a table of contents, nor thinned by the judicious use of an appendix. All parts of the book do not appear to us so lucid as Miss Beatrice Potter's studies on "The Docks" and on "The Jewish Community." From the author of the *Diary of a Working-Girl* we expected picturesque description and piquant detail, and we have not been disappointed. We may notice as particularly graphic the description of the landing of the Jewish immigrants:

"Polish and Russian Jews, some sitting on their baskets, others with bundles tied up in bright coloured kerchiefs. Stamped in the countenance and bearing of the men is a look of stubborn patience, in their eyes an indescribable expression of hunted, suffering animals, lit up now and again by tenderness for the young wife or little child, or sharpened into a quick and furtive perception of surrounding circumstances. . . . The steamer is at rest; the captain awaits the visit of the Custom House officials. All eyes are strained, searching through the shifting mist and dense forest of masts for the first glimpse of the eagerly hoped-for relations and friends, for the first sight of the long-dreamt-of city of freedom and prosperity. Presently a boat rows briskly to the side of the vessel; seated in it a young woman with mock sealskin coat, Vandyke hat, slashed up with blue satin, and surmounted with a yellow ostrich feather, and long six-buttoned gloves. She is chaffing the boatman in broken English, and shouts words of welcome and encouragement to the simple, bewildered peasant who peers over the side of the vessel with two little ones clasped in either hand. Yes! that smartly dressed young lady is her daughter."

Equally vivid is the picture of the Jewish service and congregation. Here, again, the feathers and finery of the Jewess are conspicuous, contrasted strangely with "the old-world memories of a majestic religion." These ostrich feathers and purple patches do not appear to us out of place in a work of scientific research. Like the colours of Mr. Booth's beautiful statistical maps, the brilliancy of his ablest coadjutor's style aids apprehension and memory. But form and colour are not the only attractions possessed by the monographs which we have selected for especial commendation. The writer has her own economic philosophy, which does not shrink from the hardy treatment of the facts of life. She is no sentimentalist, holding rather with Louise Michel "La philanthropie, c'est un mensonge." On the other hand, she protests against unmitigated *laissez faire* in passages like the following:

"It is by competition, and by competition alone, that the Jew seeks success; but, in the case of the foreign Jews, it is a competition unrestricted by the personal dignity of a definite standard of life, and unchecked by the social feelings of class loyalty and trade integrity. . . .

"The immigrant Jew seems to justify by his existence those strange assumptions which figured for *man* in the political economy of Ricardo—an always enlightened selfishness seeking employment or profit with an absolute mobility of body and mind, without pride, without preference, without interests outside the struggle for the existence and welfare of the individual and the family. We see these assumptions verified in the Jewish inhabitants of Whitechapel; and, in the Jewish East-end trades, we may watch the prophetic deduction of the Hebrew economist actually fulfilled in a perpetually recurring bare subsistence wage for the great majority of manual workers."

It will be seen that we are not of those who hold that statistical writings should be mere repertories of facts. The Statistical Society, of which Mr. Booth is an ornament, appears to us to have acted wisely in abandoning its original emblem of a wheatsheaf, indicating the harvest of facts, with the legend *Aliis exterendum*. Mr. Booth, at any rate, has not adopted that motto. He gives us the practical conclusions to which his statistical investigations lead. In his judgment, the principal difficulty and danger are constituted by the existence of Classes A and B, the lowest and the penultimate strata in the succession of social depths. Class A, if we understand his proposal rightly, is to be "harried out of existence" by the pulling down of its rookeries, and other vexatious proceedings. A milder doom awaits Class B. They are to be employed by the state, "well-housed, well-fed, and well-warmed." The government would lose pecuniarily by the transaction; but society would gain, if, as Mr. Booth computes, by abolishing the competition of Class B, the earnings of the higher classes would be so enhanced as to suffice for their own wants, and to cover the deficiency incurred by the state. So long as that deficiency does not exceed a certain limit, the semi-pauperised class are to "live as families." But those who are onerous in a higher degree will be moved on to the poor-house, "where they would live as family no longer." Such is the scheme of "limited socialism" which has forced itself on a singularly unprepossessed and impartial mind in the course of one of the most careful statistical investigations which have been ever made.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

A Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard at Major Bartlelot's Camp on the Aruhwimi. With an Account of River-Life on the Congo. By J. R. Werner. (Blackwood.)

THIS title, which it is an open secret has been modified since the book was first advertised, is a good instance of what a title ought not to be. For reasons too obvious to need comment, it puts in the forefront what was a mere episode in the author's two years' residence in the Congo Free State, and throws in as an addendum what forms the essential, though, at the moment, the less attractive part of the work. Of the fourteen chapters, twelve are occupied directly or indirectly with "an account of river-life on the Congo," and two only with the "visit to Stanley's rear-guard, &c.," title and sub-title being thus exactly

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reversed. But when the "episode" has passed into the domain of ancient history—a process sufficiently rapid in these feverish times—the title-page can be re-adjusted with more consideration for the fitness of things and the expectations of future purchasers of the volume.

As a professional engineer, Mr. Werner's reputation is understood to stand high; and in this capacity he certainly rendered good service to the Congo State at some critical moments during an engagement of a little over two years—June, 1886, to end of July, 1888—brought to an abrupt conclusion by illness. It is desirable to be accurate on this point, as he himself refers somewhat vaguely to the subject, the period going on at a crescendo rate from "two years," at p. 50, to "nearly three," at p. 297, and "three," without the "nearly," two pages further on. However, a residence of even two years, not confined to one or two stations, but almost continually afloat on one or another of the little steamers now plying on the great equatorial artery and its countless navigable affluents, is a tolerably good certificate of competency to pen "an account of river-life on the Congo." Mr. Werner's account is in fact excellent, full of graphic pictures and shrewd remarks on man and his surroundings, and revealing at every page a spirit of generous sympathy for the teeming populations at present distracted between the rival claims of two antagonistic civilising agencies. Like so many other observers, he is struck by the seeming paradox that an imperfect state of culture is in many respects worse than downright savagery; and on this interesting topic, which lies at the root of the now rampant pessimism, his reflections are singularly just and to the point.

"Nature, when left alone, does her own scavengering; but, as civilisation advances, the works of man often interfere with the natural drainage, without providing any substitute; and it is only when the population has been decimated by disease that men's eyes are opened. . . . The primitive savage living in his hut has no need of dust bin or dust cart. The ants from the large hill close by will soon make short work of any meat he may have left on the bones; the sexton-beetle will soon bury what remains out of sight; and the wind and rain sweep all feathers and dirt into the river. . . . As civilisation advances, roads are made, the ant-hills get destroyed, and hawks and carrion birds disappear before the death-dealing shot gun. The natives congregate together in large towns, without any improvement in their sanitary arrangements, where the salutary effects of wind and rain are probably neutralised by the way in which the streets are built; and so things go on till disease is generated, and men fall by hundreds."

And coming nearer home we see analogous evils developed on a far vaster scale by the very efforts of philanthropy at the improvement of the proletariate classes—light and air shut out by huge piles of "Peabody buildings," which yield handsome returns to those pests of urban life, the great ground landlords, but which enormously increase the density of the population in a given area, without any compensation in the way of open spaces, patches of green sward, or playgrounds for the swarms of children now more than ever crowding our dangerous thoroughfares. Were these results to be regarded as final, we should all have to be pessimists; but it is because we know that civilisation has not said the last word on the social problem that we do not yet despair of the future of humanity.

Most readers will naturally turn to the section dealing with "Stanley's Rear-Guard"; but as the events referred to all took place *before* Maj. Barttelot's murder, their hopes of gleaning any first-hand information regarding subsequents events will necessarily be disappointed. But if Mr. Werner saw nothing of Stanley and has little to tell us about the famous expedition to the relief of Emin Pasha, he picked up a good deal of interesting information regarding the capture of Stanley Falls by the Arab slave-hunters, and its heroic defence by Mr. Deane. He also saw something of Tippoo Tip during the expeditions between the Falls and Barttelot's camp on the Aruwimi; but was not very favourably impressed by that wily mestizo, whose anomalous position as slave dealer by instinct and Stanley's ally by choice has been such a puzzle to observers of recent events in the Congo Free State. At their first interview near the Falls, expecting to see an Arab of light complexion, Mr. Werner

"was somewhat surprised to find Mr. Tippoo Tip as black as any negro I had seen; but he had a fine, well-shaped head, bald at the top, and a short black beard, thickly strewn with white hairs. He was dressed in the usual Arab style, but more simply than the rest of the Arab chiefs, and had a broad, well-formed figure. His restless eyes gave him a great resemblance to the negroes' heads with blinking eyes in the electric advertisements of somebody's shoe polish which adorned the walls of our London railway-stations some years ago, and earned him the name of 'Nubian blacking.'"

To Tippoo's "treachery" is attributed the collapse of Stanley's "rear-guard" on the lower Aruwimi; and as he is "a devout Mohammedan, who carries the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other," this "most powerful of all the slave-raiding Arabs between the Aruwimi and Tanganyika" certainly seems a weak reed for either Stanley or the Free State to lean upon in their efforts at the regeneration of the Central African populations. Yet this is the man who, after the recovery of the Falls Station,

"was established there as governor, and the country round about left for a whole year to the mercy of men whose only objects in life are—like those of the Spaniards of old—the amassing of wealth for themselves, and the spreading of their religion—a religion of carnage, sensuality, and lust. . . . Left to himself for a whole year, without even a letter to tell him why the European officer had not arrived, Tippoo naturally followed the promptings of his Arab instincts, and raided the country right and left. The state of depopulation, on my arrival in the spring of 1888, showed only too plainly how he had fulfilled the terms of the treaty [of February 24, 1887]. . . . By the conditions under which Tippoo was left at Stanley Falls after his appointment as governor, the flag of the Congo State was made to afford protection to the oppressor, and the Lone Star banner of freedom was dragged in the mire."

The full significance of these statements will become apparent a little later on; and meanwhile Mr. Werner deserves the thanks of the European public for his outspoken language, at a time when certain notorious attempts at a *suppressio veri* have already had an ephemeral success. On the other hand, he appears to have been mystified by the groups of "poles" often noticed by travellers on the slopes of the hills skirting the Middle Congo, and which he was informed

"were placed to mark the spot where the corpses of decapitated slaves had been thrown into the river. It appears that at a place called Lusengo, whenever the natives have a great massanga-drinking, they cut off the heads of one or more slaves, and throwing the bodies into the river set up a pole to mark the place, to the top of which is tied the dead man's loin-cloth. I do not know whether the pole is driven through the body of the victim, but imagine that it is so, as during the whole time I have been at Bangala, I have not seen above four dead bodies floating down the river."

This recalls the "stakes" observed by the Anglican divine during his ramblings in the Balkan Peninsula, and by him supposed to be the gibbets used by the "unspeakable Turk" for impaling his Servian and Bulgarian Christian subjects. Only on the banks of the Danube it was "scarecrows"; on the banks of the Congo it was the stems of palm-trees killed by the rude native method of extracting both oil and wine from "those valuable plants, which, when leafless and of a sombre grey, present the appearance of so many gibbets set up on the hillside" (*Reclus*, xiii.).

Elsewhere crocodiles are spoken of, which were "perhaps upwards of 50 ft. long," and one seen by the author himself was reckoned by him to be "quite 50 ft. long." Saurians of this size are usually supposed to belong rather to a mesozoic or tertiary fauna, and none exceeding 28 or 30 ft. appear to have ever been observed even in the Nile waters, where this reptile is said to attain its greatest length. Hence the "quite fifty feet" must, at all events, be received with some degree of reserve.

Among the illustrations, for the most part rather poor reproductions of sketches by the author, there are a few good photographs of Stanley, Barttelot, Jameson, and one or two other Congo celebrities. The book is also provided with an Index, and a useful map of the Congo basin brought up to date, consequently showing the course both of the Aruwimi and of the Mobangi-Welle so far as traced by Junker and Grenfell. The head-stream of the Aruwimi is made conjecturally to flow from the Muta-Nzige, which is, of course, entirely separated from the Albert Nyanza, and extended southwards to within some eighty miles of Tanganyika.

A. H. KEANE.

Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical. By Aubrey de Vere. (Macmillan.)

MR. AUBREY DE VERE'S second collection of miscellaneous papers provides less material for interesting comment than its predecessor, the two volumes of *Essays, chiefly on Poetry*. I have no evidence save that supplied by the volume itself to warrant the hypothesis, but I cannot help thinking that the appearance of the present work is the result of an after-thought—that when Mr. Aubrey de Vere sent out his former volumes he sent them out

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with the feeling that they included all his fugitive prose contributions which were deserving of permanence, at any rate, those which were *most* deserving; but that the warm welcome extended to the collection by many competent critics has encouraged him to give the same permanence to essays which his discrimination had at first prompted to leave ungathered from their original resting-places in periodicals or pamphlets. Of course I may be altogether wrong; but I do not know how, otherwise than by this hypothesis, to account for the fact that the results of the gleaning are—not merely in quantity, but in general quality — somewhat less satisfying than those of the reaping.

When I reviewed in the ACADEMY the *Essays, chiefly on Poetry*, I pointed out—with, I hope, due courtesy and respect—what seemed to me not unimportant defects of substance and expression; but, when all real or imaginary faults were allowed for, the greater number of the papers had an intellectual or literary interest, a permanent *raison d'être*, which is not to be found in more than two or three of the ten essays included in the present volume. Among the non-literary contents of the book are a couple of exceedingly admirable articles. The pages devoted to "A Policy for Ireland" and to "Proportionate Representation" display qualities which suggest the conclusion that had Mr. Aubrey de Vere turned his attention to statesmanship he might have made a mark not less honourable than he has made in literature; and there is some reason to fear that, simply because he has chosen to be known as a *littérateur* rather than as a politician, these thoughtful and wise utterances may attract less attention and be read with far less earnest consideration than they deserve. The columns of a literary journal are not, however, a fit place in which to comment upon or discuss Mr. Aubrey de Vere's views upon current burning questions of politics—an unfitness which, to one reader at least, is a matter to be regretted, for the essays devoted to literary subjects are, with one exception, much less weighty in substance and vigorous in handling than these excursions into the domain of political thought.

This exception is the essay on "The Personal Character of Wordsworth's Poetry," read before the Wordsworth Society in 1883, which will be familiar to some readers, as it has since then been printed in the interesting volume entitled *Wordsworthiana* published under the society's auspices, but which can be read a second or a third time with both pleasure and profit. Mr. Matthew Arnold's remark, that Wordsworth has been specially fortunate, inasmuch that all who have written about him have written well, finds some of its pleasantest illustrations in Mr. Aubrey de Vere's contributions to Wordsworthian criticism; and his latest contribution is worthy of its predecessors, displaying all their fine veracities of sympathetic insight, and having no fault but one rendered inevitable by external conditions for which the writer was not responsible and which he doubtless deplored—the fault of undue brevity. In this essay Mr. Aubrey de Vere regards the work of Wordsworth from the point of view of one who sees in poetry not a mere "creation of the poet's intellect" but "the embodied progeny of his whole spiritual being." He very justly says:

"It is not a single faculty of the mind that originates a true poem, though the imagination is specially needed for the end; it is the whole mind, and not the mind only, but the whole moral and emotional being, including those antecedent habits and experience which fitted that being for its task. In this respect the highest poetry has some analogy to religious faith. It is this also which makes poetry such a large thing, and which constitutes the infinite variety of poetry."

This vital relation between the really great poet and his work—the latter being not simply produced by the former, but begotten and conceived by a sort of spiritual generation—is universal; but its indications vary both in number and in obviousness. In the work of Wordsworth they are at once numerous and clear; and, therefore, the "personal character" of his poetry provides a specially suggestive and fruitful theme. Of course it is not a theme which has been altogether ignored by Mr. Aubrey de Vere's forerunners; but he, more adequately than they, has recognised its full promise of result, and has, therefore, treated it more systematically and effectively. Mr. Aubrey de Vere criticises, as other writers have criticised, Wordsworth's arbitrary division of his work into poems of the "Affections," of the "Fancy," of the "Imagination," and of "Sentiment and Reflection"; but he provides a new and weighty objection to the poet's classification by pointing out that, in addition to its irritating quality and its want of real outline, it has the further and more serious disadvantage of concealing from readers capable of being misled by names the essential co-operative unity of the spiritual and intellectual factors to which the variously described poems owe their existence. He writes—

"All these faculties [fancy, reflection, &c.] are doubtless found, though with diversities of proportion, in Wordsworth's poems; but they are almost always found in union, and they are ever marshalled under the control of the highest poetic faculty—viz., the imagination. . . . It is but in a few of Wordsworth's inferior poems, such as might have been written by his imitators; that the higher faculties and impulses are found in separation. In his best poetry the diverse elements of the human intellect and of the human heart are found, not only in a greater variety, but in a closer and more spiritual union, than in any other poetry of his time; and from that union rose the extraordinary largeness of character which belonged to it."

One cannot help regretting that Mr. Aubrey de Vere did not pause to illustrate the statement made in the second of these sentences; indeed, as I have already hinted, the essay would be enriched by some of that elaboration, of which, both in this volume and elsewhere, he is sometimes too prodigal. In leaving an essay on which it would be pleasant to linger, I may point out a misprint which has escaped correction. On p. 328 appears the following sentence: "In any case his [Wordsworth's] sympathies for men must have been held in check by the stately severity of his moral ideals." It is abundantly manifest from the context that the word "with" should take the place of "for," the point of the paragraph being that Wordsworth's sympathies were "rather *for* than *with* men."

Longer, but much less satisfactory, than the essay just noticed, are the three papers devoted to the poetry of Archbishop Trench, Sir Samuel Ferguson, and Mr. Coventry Patmore. The first of these articles is undoubtedly the best; but there is not much of importance to be said about the archiepiscopal contribution to English verse, which was pleasing rather than in any way remarkable. Indeed, the critic seems to have been half conscious of the tenuity of his nominal theme, for many pages of the essay are devoted to an edifying, but surely superfluous, defence of religious poetry, in the course of which he argues most seriously and earnestly with some people in whose existence it is very hard to believe—people who maintain that "philosophy would cease to be a fit theme for poetry if it became Christian philosophy," who allege that "poetry should confine itself to secular themes when it deals with narrative," and who declare that "saintly characters are too like each other for poetic illustration." There cannot be need for a painstaking refutation of such propositions as these.

The other two essays named were probably published as reviews of the books with which they deal, and as such they are irreproachable. In an account of a new work written for some critical journal a running description and commentary, with occasional extracts, are perfectly satisfying; but work of this kind has no permanent place in literature. Of the most elaborate essay of all, to which the place of honour is given—"Some Remarks on Literature in its Social Aspects"—I fear I cannot speak to profit, for I frankly confess I have been unable to get more than a faint glimmering of its main drift. Mr. Aubrey de Vere seems to think that the fact of literature being a moral force is insufficiently recognised, and he seems also to be much exercised by the moral influence of the literature of our own day. Literature which was once a vocation, then a profession, has become a trade, and with this degradation of its status has come a depravation of its influence. I cannot but think that Mr. Aubrey de Vere disquiets himself in vain. The Art for Art School, which alone denies his first proposition, is a very small, though a very noisy, minority; and writers by vocation, by profession, and by trade, have not lived in different consecutive periods like the men of the stone and of the iron age, but are all to be found working among us to-day. We have doubtless now more frivolous and harmful books than we have ever had, because we have more books of all kinds; but so long as their effect is largely neutralised by other books instinct with health, purity, and piety—books, for example, like those of Mr. Aubrey de Vere himself—there can be no need for our spirits to be cast down within us.

The three remaining essays deal with ecclesiastical and theological questions which, like the political questions above referred to, cannot be fully discussed here. I may, however, mention a purely logical difficulty suggested by his "Remarks on the Philosophy of the Rule of Faith." Mr. Aubrey de Vere unreservedly condemns private judgment; and yet, if his essay has any practical object

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at all, that object must lead his readers to exercise their private judgment in favour of the views which he commends to them. Is there not some confusion here?

James Ashcroft Noble.

Bench and Bar. By Mr. Serjeant Robinson. (Hurst & Blackett.)

It is just as well, perhaps, that there are only six serjeants at law still surviving who have not attained the judicial bench, and that one of them is a county court judge, and another, Serjeant Pulling, has already written his book (and a very interesting and valuable one, too). Otherwise there would be an appalling prospect of legal jokes, *crambe repetita*, still to be produced before a somewhat satiated public, if every "one of the last of an ancient race" is to imitate Serjeant Ballantine and Serjeant Robinson and give the world the benefit of his recollections and reflections.

It must, however, be admitted that so long as he confines himself to his recollections—or rather to his memoranda—Serjeant Robinson is an agreeable companion for a railway journey, or as the "idle" proser "of an empty day" by the seaside. It is always interesting to the present generation to be reminded of the days when the Thames was still a river and not a mere open sewer; and when the young barrister could, after devouring his commons at the "half after four," get into a boat at the Temple Stairs and pull up to Battersea, or down to Limehouse, or could watch the gorgeous barges of the City companies gliding up the river to more solid repasts at Hampton Court. It is pleasant, too—in the Lucretian sense of pleasure by contrast with others' pains—to recall the terrible dangers that beset the advocate from special pleadings, or wearing a beard and moustache, for which grave crime Serjeant Robinson recollects a practitioner at the Old Bailey being turned out of the Bar-mess.

Serjeant Robinson can mar a curious tale in telling it as well as another when he trusts to his memory. He makes rather a hash of Mr. Justice Maule's famous summing-up to the jury when a man, whose first wife had run away from him, was tried for bigamy; and he relates at appalling length in prose a poetical skit on Baron Parke as a special pleader. Whether he is right, too, in his account of the story of the Jameses may be doubted. According to him, Edwin James, subsequently disbarred, was called James I.; one of his devils, James II.; and one Allan, a young relation, the Young Pretender. The present received version, whether revised or not, is that the present Sir Henry James was once addressing the court, and thinking the presiding judge had mistaken who he was, said so; when the judge replied he knew very well there were three Jameses, and he distinguished the late Lord Justice, then at the bar, as James I., Edwin James, as James II., and his interlocutor as the Young Pretender—an attempt at a snub of which the author must have subsequently repented when the Young Pretender became Attorney-General.

But there are many good stories in the book. Perhaps some of the best are the "bulls" attributed to Serjeant Arabin as a judge at the Old Bailey—*e.g.*,

"Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case. I will therefore give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost";

or again to a witness:

"My good man, don't go gabbling on so. Hold your tongue, and answer the question that is put to you."

Another good bull is recorded of Phillips, the Old Bailey practitioner, whose conduct in calling God to witness the innocence of Courvoisier has been the subject both before and since of so much platitudinous comment, and "whose flowers of eloquence," Lord Brougham described as "horticultural, not floricultural." He told a witness whom he detected kissing his thumb instead of the book, "You may desave God, sir, but you won't desave me." (The Serjeant, by the way, spoils the story by making him say "You may *try to* desave God.") Phillips, when a judge in the insolvent court, told an insolent insolvent, who said that he had retained none of his possessions, and that all were in the hands of his creditors, "You do not mean all. You certainly retained for your own use your self-possession." Another Old Bailey practitioner named Curwood—Serjeant Robinson's experience seems to have been mostly of the "Sessions and Ancient Bailey" type—told a brother practitioner that he verily believed that "if you were to rake the infernal regions with a small-tooth comb, you would not find a woman with a tongue and a temper like Mrs. Curwood's." But Mr. Justice Maule, as usual in legal anecdotes of the time, is the great source of legal merriment. There is one told anew here, which ought to be quoted whenever it reappears, as the same farce is still gone through now as then. The judge, to a little girl of tender years about to give evidence:

"'Do you know what an oath is, my child?' 'Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth.' 'And if you always tell the truth, where will you go to when you die?' 'Up to heaven, sir.' 'And what will become of you if you tell lies?' 'I shall go down to the naughty place, sir.' 'Are you quite sure of that?' 'Yes, sir; quite sure.' 'Let her be sworn. It is quite clear she knows a great deal more about it than I do.'"

A witness once said to him: "My Lord, you may believe me or not, but I have told the truth, and I have been wedded to truth from my infancy." "Yes, sir," said Maule, "but the question is how long you have been a widower."

Serjeant Robinson reports that the Western Circuit was at this time famous for its long-winded bores; and that Parke, going that circuit, told Maule he would make those long-winded fellows shorter or he would know the reason why. "Quite right," said Maule; "but by the time you get back you will have learned the reason why." Perhaps the funniest thing in the book is the tale of a countryman who fell asleep in the jury-box while one of the long-winded ones named Crowder was orating; and, on being rebuked by the judge, said:

"'My lord, I can teak a dose o' Crowder as well as any man, but I must teak it yearly in mornin', when I am fresh and fit for any queer business that may tourn up.'"

Another charming comment by the jurymen on the judicial flow of eloquence is recorded of Serjeant Adams, who, after a lengthy summing-up in a nuisance case, hoped the jury understood the points, to which the foreman answered:

"Oh yes, my lord, we are all agreed that we never knew before what a nuisance was until we heard your lordship's summing-up."

We are afraid Serjeant Robinson has not wholly escaped the long windedness of the profession. We should advise no man or woman to read beyond p. 177, where the Serjeant's recollections come to an end and his reflections begin. Otherwise, he or she will find him or herself involved in the Serjeant's views on such questions as "What is truth?" or, "What is the arithmetical proportion between the late Sir W. Follett's intellect and that of ordinary clever men?" (say of a serjeant). "What is the relation borne by the morals of Adam and Eve to those of to-day"; with enunciations of such startlingly novel political doctrines as that

"the various parts of the constitution are so closely connected and so mutually dependent upon one another that in seeking to cure one evil we may be unconsciously introducing many more serious ones."

Arthur F. Leach.

NEW NOVELS.

An Isle of Surrey. By Richard Dowling. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Prince Roderick. By J. Brinsley-Richards. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Ede. In 3 vols. (Remington.)

Heathcote. By Ella MacMahon. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Knights of the Lion. With a Preface by the Marquis of Lorne. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Last Coup. By Hawley Smart. (White.)

A Midnight Pastime. By J. H. Brighouse. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Red Ruin. By A. N. Homer. (Ward & Downey.)

It is a genuine pleasure to meet with Mr. Dowling at his best. Owing to some defect or other in choice of subject or treatment, his recent stories have not fulfilled the promise originally held out; but the author has fully recovered himself in *An Isle of Surrey*. This is in many respects, and chiefly from the literary point of view, the best work Mr. Dowling has yet written; and it is one of which no living author would need to feel ashamed. Mr. Dowling is not pre-eminently a reflective or didactic writer—philosophy is not his forte—but he is observant, and quite at home in the study of human nature. He has never hitherto drawn so fine a character as Francis Bramwell. It is shown in these volumes how the deepest wrongs may, through the elevating and refining influence of a little child, change a dark and gloomy soul into one truly noble, and alive with the highest aspirations. Bramwell's reception of his erring and repentant wife recalls the pathetic scene in Tennyson's "Guinevere"; and, indeed, the betrayal has some kindred features with

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that of the great hero of romance. As one of the characters in Mr. Dowling's narrative exclaimed, there was enough Christianity in Bramwell to make a whole bench of bishops.

"I always knew he was a hero, but I was not prepared to find the spirit of a martyr as well. And yet I ought to have been prepared for anything noble and disinterested in him. He does what he believes to be right, without any view to reward here or hereafter."

At the opposite end of the poles, morally, is William Crawford, who wrought havoc with several lives. "His notions of right and wrong were clear and simple: what he liked was right, what he did not like was wrong." After a life of unutterable meanness and selfishness, Crawford dies a miserable death. Many of these villains expire calmly in their beds in real life; but we are glad that in this instance poetic justice has been done. There are two or three female characters excellently touched in, but they are not so strong as the men. The scene of the novel is chiefly laid at Welford Bridge, on the South London Canal. All the surroundings are humble. Mr. Dowling has recognised that the human tragedy may be as deep and powerful here as in camps and courts; and to our mind he has surmounted the difficulties which naturally environ the subject. We congratulate him upon his success, and trust he will not go back from it.

There is decided cleverness, with a spice of cynicism, in Mr. Brinsley-Richards's *Prince Roderick;* but, as a whole, the story is unsatisfactory. The women folk take on a new passion and throw off an old one as easily as they effect a change of dress; and if the sex were as fickle as here represented, they would warrant all the old poet's charges of inconstancy. The Princess Dorothea, sister of the hero, makes love to Captain Meredith, her brother's private secretary; and when she has completely enthralled him, coolly tells him that she is about to marry the Grand Duke Rothbart for reasons of state, but that that will make no difference to the mutual affection between herself and the handsome Englishman. Prince Roderick, of Kronheim, nephew and heir presumptive to King Franz, is somewhat original, though his actions now and then savour of insanity. He falls into disgrace with the sovereign owing to his numerous love affairs, and he does not mend matters by threatening to publish a book advocating Socialism and other doctrines inimical to the powers that be. Finally, he goes upon his travels, and while in England succumbs for a second time to the charms of Isabel, daughter of Lord Springfield, and marries her. They return to the continent together, and intrigues are set on foot to raise Prince Roderick to the Bulgarian throne. In many respects the novel follows the course of recent history. For example, the circumstances attending the melancholy death of the late King of Bavaria, his struggles with the doctor, and their drowning together in the lake are exactly reproduced in relation to the crazy Prince Wolfgang. The story closes with a description of the tragic death of the Princess Roderick, during a struggle between her husband and Meredith, and a band of brigands. Meredith himself is a weak sort of creature, though he passes through a number of exciting adventures. The greatest mistake made by Mr. Brinsley-Richards in this novel is in introducing the political element. Anxious, like Dr. Johnson, to let the "Whig dogs" have the worst of it, he will offend fully one-half of his readers. For example, Captain Meredith inherited a small Irish property, but not being able to get any rents, he adds:

"I had been told that if I freely renounced my rents and set up as a penitent landlord, I might be elected to the House of Commons in the beggar-my-neighbour interest, and be salaried out of a fund raised by Irish kitchen-maids in America."

This, of course, might be all very well in a political pamphlet, and would be just about as smart and veracious as much that is found in political *brochures*; but it is out of place in a novel. Mr. Gladstone, and a well-known Radical politician who figures in these pages as Mr. Lemesurier, are attacked with great bitterness. When next Mr. Brinsley-Richards writes a novel, he should remember that fiction is intended for all classes of readers, and should rigidly eschew a partisan attitude in politics.

The writer of *Eds*, though not possessing talent of a high order, has struck out a new line. She shows us a rich Midland banker, so devoted to the pursuit of wealth, and so neglectful of his only child, that he fails to perceive he is gradually breaking her heart, through the enforced loneliness of her life. He is destined to a rude awakening. Finding the burden of existence insupportable, Edith Verney one morning leaves her home to fight her own way in the world. She takes a humble position as a designer in a pottery factory, and the reader must follow for himself the vicissitudes of her career. She is thrown into the society of rough but good-hearted people, whom she captivates by her beauty and charming manners. The sketch of Griff, her stalwart rustic lover, is the best thing in the book; and we feel that so noble and manly a fellow deserved something better than to lose the woman whom he had loved in her adversity. To overcome his grief he emigrates, accompanied by his sister and father, both persons of strong individuality. The latter rejoices that the Americans "are gettin' quite civilised now, an' have horse racin' an' sportin' in a sort o' way; that allays shows civilisation." Edith is found by her father in the end, and he discovers that the love of his child is better than the worship of Mammon. A subsidiary plot relating to a poor fellow who utterly ruins himself by his passion for law has something of the pathetic in it. Altogether, this novel, while not revealing the practised hand, may be read with genuine interest and satisfaction.

Judging from *Heathcote*, we fear that we cannot encourage Miss (or Mrs.) MacMahon in the idea that she will become a novelist. Her present story is very thin, and has no grip in it. It manifests no special power of delineating character, no descriptive talent, and no evidence of original thought. It is, in fact, not a whit better than any lady of intelligence could produce, if she sat down to make the attempt; and with such a superfluity of mediocre writers in existence already, the world demands something more than this from a new aspirant. The story is pleasant and readable enough. Heathcote Grant, the hero, is calculated at some points to beget sympathy; but this is the utmost that can be honestly said for it. Let the author turn to some of the admirable stories produced by her own sex, and she will feel that publication is a mistake unless she has something more to say than she has said in *Heathcote*.

"BATTLE, murder, and sudden death" are some of the staple elements of *The Knights of the Lion*, which is a romance of the thirteenth century. In his introduction, the Marquis of Lorne states that the story has been rescued from the obscurity of a lofty shelf in an old library. It is, undoubtedly, powerful, and throws a vivid light upon the period with which it deals. The rivalries of nobles, the class hatreds, the contentions of cities, and the internal feuds of petty states, are all illustrated in a dramatic manner; but there is so much bloodshed that it begins to pall upon the reader. It is all very well to polish off a few characters now and then, but this mediaeval slaughter is appalling, and it is accompanied by all the concomitants of warfare in the middle ages—cruelty, rapine, and lust. From 1208 to 1250, which was a stirring period in European history, forms the basis of this story. Those who like a work full of excitement, action, and intrigue, will go a long way before they find the equal of *The Knights of the Lion*.

OF the horse horsey is the *Last Coup*, and those who know Capt. Hawley Smart's writings will not need to be told that the interest is kept thoroughly alive. Jim Luttrell's love affairs, together with the great stake which depended on the Lincolnshire Handicap in a certain year, are treated with the author's well-known skill; and it is written in the Book of Tattersall's Chronicles that the race in question was a peculiarly stirring one.

A Midnight Pastime is extraordinary and bewildering; perhaps it is natural to midnight pastimes always to be so. It is a weird account of a spectre, and of an estate in which a well was the most conspicuous feature; but as we read, which we did religiously to the end, we felt that the author would have done better to "let *well* alone."

Red Ruin is a tale of West African river life, and Mr. Homer graphically shows the dangers to which whites are exposed in these régions. There is plenty of excitement in his sketch, and the fortunes of Joyce Melville, an altogether charming English girl, will be followed with much interest.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

Flowers of the Night. By Emily Pfeiffer. (Trübner.) It would be doing Mrs. Pfeiffer grave injustice to regard this volume as in any respect representative of her poetic faculty. Insomnia is not a hopeful source of inspiration; and the various pieces in these pages "have all taken shape in sleepless hours of the night, of which they have relieved the suffering." At the same time, though one cannot but notice the lack of that spontaneity and freshness which have hitherto characterised Mrs. Pfeiffer's writings, there occur numerous passages which bear the impress of a spiritual experience, and a technical perfection, which belong solely to

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genius. The title of the book prepares the reader for a certain unity of sentiment and theme; and, notwithstanding the prefatory warning of the author, it is a little disconcerting to find among "Flowers of the Night" such miscellaneous subjects as "The Witch's Last Ride," "The Highland Widow's Lament," and "A Rhyme for the Time," based on the debate on Mr. Bryce's Infants Bill of 1884. Two or three of the minor lyrics, such as "The Sonsy Milkmaid" and "A Remonstrance," are written in the curious pseudo-Doric which half amuses and half puzzles the reader benorth the Tweed. The volume closes with a small selection of verses from Heine, including the familiar "Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar" and the marvellous passion-flower dream; and these versions, careful and studied as they are, once more serve to illustrate how almost hopeless it is to expect a completely satisfactory translation of an original so simple and subtle. In the first stanza the line

"Zu schau'n die Prozession?"

is rendered by the terrible sibillation,

"'To see the procession?' she said."

In the third stanza, Mrs. Pfeiffer has, without any evident reason, rendered

"Nimm Buch und Rosenkranz"

by the verse

"Take book and bead, and go";

while, further on, the lines

"Die Mutter Gottes zu Kevlaar
Trägt heut' ihr bestes Kleid,"

lose all their rustic fervour in the grotesque phrasing

"The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Is wearing her best silk gown."

These are, however, very minute details. Of the book as a whole, Mrs. Pfeiffer writes one of her characteristically graceful and melodious sonnets by way of "Envoy":

"When the last laden bee has homeward flown,
And daisies close their curtains on the night,
When only hearts that wake for love's delight
And eyes that seek to shed their tears unknown
Are sleepless—then are strange, wan blossoms blown,
Children of darkness, so not richly dight
Though sweet perchance to other sense than sight
As they distil their secrets all alone.
And such methought were these sad-coloured rhymes;
They seemed some potent perfume to exhale
While cheating night with their melodious chimes;
And so at dawn I gathered them, to pale
Yet more by day, and with the altered times
In fragrance as all else perchance to fail."

The Afternoon Landscape. Poems and Translations. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Longmans.) Col. Higginson's place among American worthies is a rather remarkable one. Once upon a time he was a clergyman; but, when the Secession War broke out, he exchanged the service of the Prince of Peace for that of the imperilled Republic, and his military title clings to him still. He has, since then, become known and admired in the world of letters. As a prose writer he has shown much ability. His style is incisive, ideas are plentiful, and he has the gift of making whatever subject he touches interesting. In the present volume he gives specimens of his work as a poet. They are neither remarkably good nor remarkably bad. Perhaps the best things in the book are one or two pieces signed with initials other than Col. Higginson's. On the whole, the verses are pleasing; and at any rate they will be acceptable to many readers on both sides of the ocean who have pleasant memories of the *Atlantic Essays* and *Commonsense about Women.*

Marpessa. A Masque. With Eight Odes. By Arthur Platt. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.) "Marpessa," which may be defined as a three-act imitation of a Greek play, is a highly promising poem, but promising more, perhaps, in the way of prettiness than of strength. The cadence and turn of thought is sometimes Swinburnian, but more often Tennysonian. The debt of the matter to Greek originals is sometimes too patent, *e.g.*, p. 14:

"Never at height of his fortune seeming fair,
Man may abide without fear of future care;
Never secure
Build up the house of peace unfailing,
But in serenest weather sailing
Strikes on the reef and founders far from shore."

If this were original, it would be thought fine; as it is, it only strikes one as a rather annoyingly loose rendering of Aeschylus. But there is real beauty in the description (p. 10) of the sorrow of the drowned mariner's widow—

"And all the sea becomes a mist of tears,
And all the wave breaks like the happy years,
Which were to be and which are lost for ever,
Swept by inexorable fate away,
Broken like waves in unavailing spray,
A mist of tears, a dream sad days do shiver,
A wailing infinite of flying shades.
And down the valley sweeps the warm south-west,
Bringing the bird's cry from the sunny glades,
The low of kine, the song of happier maids,
Until the baby strained against her breast
Stir her from agony of dumb despair
And bring back life its innocent life to share."

The three divisions of the poem—Morning, Noon, Evening—might be called the Love, the Wrath, and the Forgiveness, of Apollo, by whom Marpessa, the love of Idas, is first wooed, then rapt away, and finally restored to her lover unharmed. We do not quite like the part the Muses play in act ii. We cannot with pleasure regard them as go-betweens for an amour of Apollo. But the speech of Apollo on p. 17 opens well:

"Now sitting lone upon the flowery spray,
The nightingale insatiable of spring
Leads prisoner the enamoured heart of May,
And all the field with crocus-bloom aflame
Shines like the face of heaven."

But it has not the true brevity of the Greeks, who suggest such a scene with half the verbiage; witness Aristophanes' nightingale—

ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τοῦ φθέγματος τοὐρνιθίου·
οἷον κατεμελίτωσε τὴν λόχμην ὅλην.

We do not approve (p. 31) "mourns" as a rhyme to "morns"; nor (p. 35) "empyræan pride"; nor the final verses of the maidens' chant (p. 36): it suggests Tate and Brady.

"We had not thought that we could be
To lose our sister glad."

But all "Marpessa" will be read with pleasure. The odes that complete the volume are of less value. The best, we think, are those called "To May," and "To-Night." The one entitled "To England" (p. 54-5) is a good brisk Chauvinistic libel, but "que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère"? It is an absurdly false note in this book. Most readers of p. 57 will ask wonderingly what *is* a "ringed atoll." On p. 48, we think the "garish world" is a piece of hackneyed petty larceny, which so promising a versifier as Mr. Platt should avoid.

Erotidia. By Charles Sayle. (Rugby: G. E. Over.) There is one lyric in Mr. Sayle's volume which is worth everything else therein, and for which alone it were "a thing to buy"—supposing back numbers of *The English Illustrated* unattainable. It is this of "Amaryllis":

"Sleep there beneath the lilies,
Rest there beneath the grass,
Nor know what good nor ill is
Whatever come to pass;—
O lovely Amaryllis
That wast so fair, alas!

Now nothing more thou fearest
Beneath the silent sod.
No burden now thou bearest
As when thy feet here trod;—
Would I were with thee, dearest,
With thee, and thou with God."

The rhyme of "bearest" standing out undissolved is the one flaw in a poem coming as near to Mr. Pater's ideal of a lyric as we hope for in these days. It is as the sobbing of rain among roses clustering on a tomb. Each line falls like a tear upon the grave of the sweet dead maid. One is inevitably reminded of two other "Requiescats"—Matthew Arnold's and Mr. Oscar Wilde's—not to suggest reminiscence, but to ask is not this, in right of its classical simplicity of form, and a music which hardly more needs us to take in the meaning of the words than the sound of tender weeping asks interpretation, is not this a third? To borrow the formula of the timid critic who, having screwed his courage to some giddy height of commendation, drops, in fright at his very temerity, sheer into a covert of explanatory apologetics—"This is high praise." Yes, of "Amaryllis"; but not of *Erotidia,* wherein is much to disappoint, many young things, one might say, that Mr. Sayle had done better to keep in the nursery. We should have lost little had it been nearer in bulk to the slim-waisted *Bertha* of happy memory. There are many pages of passable rhyme, with here and there a quaintness, a fragrance, and here and there a thought; but these latter are too much like the "reasons" in Gratiano's conversation—saving, of course, "when you have found them." The hackneyed is not so rare as one would have expected in the work of one whose wide culture is so pleasantly witnessed all through his book by dainty mottoes of quotation—which indeed made, it may be remembered, not the least of *Bertha's* charms. Mr. Sayle can yet ask to be bound within "thy spirit's mesh," and he is not above unhallowed sacrifices to rhyme; moreover, the very Calibans of misbegotten phrase squat within his verses—"undiscording," "unworth," "unhonour," "love-litten"—while "saering" is "not in use," nor under any circumstances to be used. But in spite of these remarks there is much in *Erotidia* to delight—more fine lines than fine poems perhaps, but some of those too. This is hardly "fine," but it is quaint, and worth quoting:

"In Muscovy when a corpse they bury
And round in a group the mourners stand,
Instead of an obol for Charon's ferry
They place a script in the dead man's hand:
"'To Holy Nicholas, Saint of God.—
Here is a man who loved you well
When on the earth with us he trod.
Save him now from the Gates of Hell.'
"If, when I die, I have still bewailers,
While over me swings the cresset-glass,
Open this book where these letters stand
And write again in a bold, round hand:—
'He loved boys and thieves and sailors,
Servant of Thine, St. Nicholas!'"

Mr. Sayle is generally at his best in simple lyrical measures, but he is deft in his rondeaux and triolets, There is a charming triad of the latter, though "Nothing so Sweet" among the former as *Bertha's* of that name and the "Trysting Tree." His sonnets are tantalising. They are generally fit in motive, correct in form, and there are nearly always good lines in them; but they strike us as stiff in movement and lacking in sonnet-music, while the so-called difficulties of the form protrude through the surface too often. This to Milton, which closes the volume, is, we think, the most satisfactory:

"Milton, our English Dante, let me take
Example of thy life in after days:
If I too much these early childish lays
Have, silent, cherished, here I now forsake

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Such vain delights. Hereafter storms shall shake
Fiercest about me, but not turn my ways
Contented where I follow toil and praise
That all good men their truest service make.
And if, in time to come, I yet may see
Some mightier vision, worthier of the pen,
Then let me come and learn my art of thee,
And tell what Life has taught, its joy, its scorn,
Neither in measure spent nor shapes outworn,
And breathe within Love's lips new words again."

Therefore, we suppose, Mr. Sayle's "new volume" is already imminent. A young poet is never so prolific as during the week following his "Farewell to the Muse."

Dante: a Dramatic Poem. By Héloïse Durant. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) Miss Durant has attempted an ambitious task. She has endeavoured to turn the story of Dante's life into a dramatic poem, divided into regular acts and scenes. Now, without being champions of the much-abused unities, we must raise our voice against this wresting of the drama to a purpose for which it is obviously unsuited. Miss Durant's work is a series of episodes which do not hang very well together. Her verse is also garnished with translations from passages in the various works of the great poet which are at times brought in with apparent effort and little relevancy. She has, moreover, somewhat sinned against the light, as Rossetti in his "Dante at Verona" has shown how effectively the incidents of the same career can be treated. Turning to her style, we must regret that Miss Durant's blank verse, which in some respects is up to an average level, is spoiled by a persistent and irritating elimination of the definite article. Such an ellipse—to assist the verse—may be permitted now and again. But, in the limit of a few pages, to come across "Till sun was but a red blot," "Like lily broken," "In sky's soft bosom," is nothing short of exasperating. A little further on elimination and inversion together have resulted in so strange a line as

"Most wisely ordered Pope the Jubilee."

We are convinced that Miss Durant, who is an ardent admirer of her author and evidently knows him well, did not intend to traduce his memory. But, to put such turgid language into Dante's mouth as

"Nor hear
The sullen thunder roar from my heart's peak,"

is an offence not easily forgiven. Nor is Dante's retort in a conjugal quarrel with Gemma conspicuous for dignity when that unfortunate lady asks "Dost deem me deaf and dumb?" and is answered "O that thou wert!"

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Mr. Browning has a new volume of poems in his desk. We hope it will be issued as the seventeenth of the new "complete" edition of his Poetical Works, of which only sixteen volumes were at first announced.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish next week *The Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald*, the translator of Omar Khayyam, and friend of Tennyson and Carlyle. The book will be in three volumes, and has been edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright.

MR. W. G. BOSWELL-STONE'S edition of the "Shakspere Holinshed" has gone to press. The New Shakspere Society and Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish it together. It will probably be in two parts or volumes of 400 pages each, and will be issued in large paper as well as small.

MR. F. S. ELLIS has made such progress with his Shelley Concordance—having finished lately the troublesome word "one" in it—that he hopes to get it to press next year, and have it out in 1892 for the Shelley centenary, the poet having been born on Saturday, August 4, 1792.

DR. R. VON FLEISCHHACKER has undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society the unique Ashmole MS. of the translation of Lanfranc's "Cyrurgerie," of the end of the fourteenth century.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, of New York and London, will publish shortly *The Winning of the West and South-West, from the Alleghanies to the Mississipi*, 1769-1783, by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. It will be in two volumes, and will give a detailed account of the fighting that took place during this period between the backwoodsmen and the French and Indians in what is now the State of Kentucky.

THE next volume in the "Statesmen" series will be *The Prince Consort*, written by Miss Charlotte M. Yonge.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS announce *Witch, Worlock, and Magician:* a Popular History of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland, by Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY announces the following books, in the class of literature of which he has made a speciality: *The Indian Religions;* or, Results of the Mysterious Buddhism; concerning that also which is to be understood in the Divinity of Fire, by Mr. Hargrave Jennings; *A Buddhist Catechism;* or, Outline of the Doctrine of the Buddha Gotama in the form of question and answer, compiled from the Sacred Writings of the Southern Buddhists for the use of Europeans, with Explanatory Notes, by Subadra Bhikshu; and *The Hidden Way across the Threshold;* or, the Mystery that hath been hidden for Ages and from Generations. An Explanation of the Concealed Forces in every Man to open the Temple of the Soul, and to learn the Guidance of the Unseen Hand, illustrated and made plain, with as few occult phrases as possible, by Mr. J. C. Street.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY also has in preparation an edition of Dr. John Anster's translation of *Faust*, printed in folio, with illustrations by Mr. Frank M. Gregory.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new volume of *Poems and Ballads* is already in its second edition.

A THIRD edition of *By Leafy Ways*, by Mr. F. A. Knight, is announced as just ready by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE Library Association has decided to hold its twelfth annual meeting in London during the second week in September; and the masters of the bench of Gray's Inn have kindly placed their hall, for the third time, at its disposal. With a view to making arrangements for the reception of provincial members, and returning the hospitality which the association has always received elsewhere, a meeting will be held in the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, on Monday next, July 1, at 5 p.m. Subscriptions for this purpose may be sent to the hon. treasurer, H. R. Tedder, librarian, Athenæum Club, Pall Mall.

The sale of the library of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps—or of so much, at least, as was not made the subject of special bequests—is fixed to take place at Messrs. Sotheby's during the first four days of next week. Mention has already been made in the ACADEMY of the unrivalled series of Shaksperiana, both printed and in MS., that it contains. There are also included other bibliographical rarities—such as the first edition of *Lycidas* (1638); Milton's copy of *Polyolbion*, with his autograph and marginalia; the first edition of Mrs. Glasse's *Art of Cookery*; Goldsmith's earliest work, *Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Galleys*; and the entire remainders of Halliwell-Phillipps's own privately printed publications.

ON Friday and Saturday the same auctioneers will sell the library of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, which seems to have been chiefly acquired during the early years of the present century. A special interest, however, attaches to a collection of Civil War Tracts, whose latest home, at least, has been at Great Hampden.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE greatly pleased the Shelley Society and his audience of three hundred by the lecture he gave them on Wednesday night, "Some Remarks on the Lyric Poetry of Shelley." He praised the society's quiet and useful work, he forgave the small jokers who had exercised their small wits on it, he referred generously to the misconceptions of Matthew Arnold, and then he turned to some of the specialities of Shelley's lyric poetry: (1) the unconscious logic in the arrangement of some of his poems, illustrated by the "Ode to the West Wind"; (2) his nature myths, as independent of man as if they had been written by a primitive heathen—nature before man's existence was often Shelley's theme, and he alone of poets had created nature-myths in the subjective nineteenth century; (3) his lyrics of humanity, of love, liberty, and hope, and confidence in the future; and (4) the music of his lyrical changes, the metre swaying with the varying pulses of emotion.

AT the seventy-ninth annual meeting of the Swedenborg Society it was stated that 3294 volumes of the society's publications have been issued during the past year, showing an increase over the previous one. Copies in the Welsh, Latin, French, and Russian languages are included in this total. Free public libraries and other institutions have received upwards of 500 volumes, and ministers and theological students 364 volumes.

DR. S. KUNZ has printed his Doctorate-Dissertation on the relation of the MSS. of Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women." He arranges them in two classes (Y and Z) as Prof. Skeat does; but he names the older and better of the two sets Z, as if it were inferior to Y, whereas it is superior, as he allows.

THE masonic lodge called Quatuor Coronati—which is largely composed of men of letters and artists, and which has, besides, a correspondence circle of masons in all parts of the world—has just issued a volume of Masonic Reprints of interest to the general. Here are given coloured facsimiles of portions of three Old English MSS. in the British Museum, throwing light on the early history of masonry. The most important of these is the poem entitled "Constitutiones artis gemetriae secundum Euclydem," contained in MS. Bib. Reg. 17 A, which has already been published by the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (1840). This dates from about 1390, and claims to be the oldest document in any language relating to freemasonry. A learned commentary is appended, written by Mr. R. F. Gould; and Mr. W. P. Speth, the secretary of the lodge, has himself added maps and an appendix. The volume further contains reprints of some rare pieces relating to English masonry and rival societies, published in the early part of the eighteenth century. The Quatuor Coronati Lodge—some of our readers may be interested to know—has previously published a volume of *Transactions*, from its foundation in 1884 to 1887, containing elaborate papers on "The Threefold Division of Temples," by Sir Charles Warren and Mr. W. Simpson, and on "An Early Version of the Hiramic Legend," by Prof. T. Hayter Lewis.

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A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"Mr. Dunlop, in his *Life of Grattan* (reviewed in the ACADEMY of June 15), calls attention to the fact that "the investigations of the Historical Commissioners have revealed the existence of a number of MSS. volumes of Irish Parliamentary debates, ranging from 1776 to 1789." Mr. McCullagh Torrens possesses the MSS. in question, which consist of thirty-four volumes. The notes are believed to have been confidentially made by a shorthand writer under the direction of the government. The collection was preserved till 1817 at the Stamp Office, King William-street, Dublin, when it was sold for waste paper on the consolidation of the Irish and English Exchequers. In 1842 these MSS. volumes were advertised by Messrs. Grant & Bolton, of Dublin, and purchased by Mr. Torrens (Hist. MSS. Com., Appendix to Second Report, p. 99). Mr. Torrens is now engaged on a "Political History of England," in which these interesting MSS., for which historical students are indebted to his forethought, will doubtless be used.

"Another MS. volume of debates in the Irish Parliament has been brought to light by the investigations of the Historical Commission. This volume is written by Chief Baron Willes, and the notes commence in 1757, when the Chief Baron arrived in Ireland. It contains an account of the debate on the Pension List, which occurred during the Duke of Bedford's government, and of the agitation for the repeal or modification of Poynings' Act, by which it was followed, and other interesting matter (Hist. MSS. Com., Appendix to Third Report, p. 435)."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

IN the July number of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Walter Besant writes the story, based upon original documents, of the first Society of British Authors, which died stillborn in 1843, though Campbell took the chair at the first meeting and Dickens at the second. There are also articles on "The Primitive Home of the Aryans," by Prof. Sayce; on "The Future of English Theology," by Prof. Sanday; on "Bosnia and its Land Tenure," by Miss Paulina Irby; and a criticism of Thomas Hardy, as "the historian of Wessex," by Mr. J. M. Barrie.

IN the forthcoming number of the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* will be printed extracts from letters written by D. G. Rossetti to Mr. Frederic Shields, chiefly between the years 1868 and 1871, and referring to his poetry as well as to his painting. Among the illustrations will be a photogravure of a drawing of a head by Mr. E. Burne-Jones, and facsimiles of two woodcuts from the *Hypnerotomachia* (Venice, 1499).

"GIORDANO BRUNO AND NEW ITALY" is the title of an essay, by Karl Blind, which will appear in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The speculative ideas and the reforming tendencies of the martyred poet-philosopher are described from his Italian and Latin works, together with the latest researches on Bruno's life. The article also discusses the question pending between the Papacy and the Italian nation and government.

THE forthcoming number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* will contain the following articles: "The Study of the Talmud in the Thirteenth Century," by J. H. Weiss; "The Future Life—Rabbinical Literature," by Prof. Castelli; "The National Idea in Judaism," by Lady Magnus; "The Age and Authorship of Ecclesiastes," by Dr. Friedländer; "English Judaism," by Mr. Israel Zangwill; and the conclusion of Dr. Neubauer's article on "The Ten Tribes."

THE July number of the *Archaeological Review* (which will be a double number and conclude vol. iii.) will contain two important memoirs—by Mr. O. E. Pell, on "The Identity of Ancient and Modern Weights," and by Mr. Robert Brown, jun., on "The Etruscan Numerals." Mr. Cecil Smith will report on "Recent Research in Greek Archaeology," and Mr. Gomm conclude his paper on "Totemism in Britain."

THE socialist monthly magazine, *To-Day*, changes its title with the July number, and will henceforth be known as the *International Review*. It will be edited by Mr. H. M. Hyndman. Among those who have already promised to contribute are E. Belfort Bax, Annie Besant, Hubert Bland, Herbert Burrows, Edward Carpenter, Walter Crane, Stewart Headlam, J. L. Joynes, Prince Kropotkine, H. S. Salt, and H. Halliday Sparling.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IN accordance with general expectation, Dr. W. Robertson Smith has been elected to Sir Thomas Adams's professorship of Arabic at Cambridge, in succession to the late Dr. Wright.

WE understand that Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, fellow of Trinity, and the editor of the *Collected Papers of Henry Bradshaw* (which the Cambridge Press announces for immediate publication), will offer himself as a candidate for the office of University Librarian, which is thus rendered vacant.

THE name of Mr. H. F. Pelham, of Exeter—at present reader in ancient history at Oxford—is mentioned as the probable successor of Canon Rawlinson in the Camden professorship of ancient history.

CONSIDERING the small value of the professorships at Trinity College, Dublin, it is not surprising to learn that both Prof. Dowden and Prof. Tyrrell are candidates for the vacancies at Glasgow. As regards the succession to Prof. Jebb, it is thought that youth will probably be considered a recommendation; and among the names of young men mentioned we have heard those of Mr. Mackail, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Murray.

THE University of Oxford will be represented by Prof. Sayce, and the University of Cambridge by Prof. Bensley, at the forthcoming international congress of Orientalists. Prof. Max Müller will also be present as the guest of the King of Sweden and Norway.

THE Hopkins prize for the period 1877-1880 has been awarded by the Cambridge Philosophical Society to Prof. George Darwin.

IT is announced that the departmental committee appointed by the Treasury to inquire as to the best plan upon which to allocate the Government grant of £15,000 in aid of university colleges has reported in favour of the following: to University College and King's College, London; the colleges of Victoria University; the University Colleges of Bristol and Nottingham; Masons College, Birmingham; the Dublin College of Science; the Newcastle-upon-Tyne College; and the Firth College, Sheffield.

WE have received a letter, signed by the rector and senate of the Royal University of Griefswald, protesting, with reference to a recent scandal, that neither in that nor in any other Prussian university can a doctor's degree be obtained by anyone except after passing an examination, and after the approval by the faculty of a written dissertation.

WE have to acknowledge the first number of *Haverford College Studies*, published by the Faculty of Haverford College, Philadelphia—which is, we understand, connected with the Society of Friends. The longest papers deal with astronomy, recording the work done at the observatory, under the direction of Mr. F. P. Leavenworth, chiefly in micrometrical measurements of double stars. There is also a learned paper, by Mr. F. B. Gummere, on "The Symbolic Use of the Colours Black and White in Germanic Tradition." But that which gives to this number its special value is the first article, in which Mr. J. Rendel Harris contributes a preliminary account of his investigations in the library of the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. If he does not report any extraordinary finds, it must be remembered that he is gleaning after the late H. O. Coxe, to whom he pays a deserved tribute for the catholicity of his palaeographical interests. We are glad to hear that a complete catalogue of the MSS. in this library has been prepared, and will soon be printed.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

NUNC FORMOSISSIMUS ANNUS.

BORN darkling 'mid rough gales and drifted snow,
And not ungently tended by warm noon,
Eve's muffled arms, the young year thrusts eftsoon
Its head to length'ning days. And yet full slow
The swelling buds through rain and zephyrs grow;
One day comes biting frost; then nature boon
To all her nurselings sends a kindly moon,
And beautiful Time's child stands ere we know.
Spring glides to balmy summer, and the song
Of thrush and blackcap dies like cherished dreams;
The river's murmur falls; light fancies throng
The wand'rer where heaven's sapphire glads the streams;
Then blossoms, while admiring suns draw near
June's perfect rose that crowns the splendid year.

M. G. WATKINS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE first article in the *Antiquary* for June is on "The Orientation of Churches," by Mr. C. A. Ward, who has gathered together much fragmentary information ranging from the earliest days of Christianity to the times of the modern Jesuits. His collection will be most useful to future enquirers, but we do not think he has added any new knowledge to an obscure subject. The habit of turning to the East in prayer is much older than Christianity, and is spread over nearly the whole earth. Except in large towns, where building ground was difficult to obtain, there are hardly any churches older than the fifteenth century which have not their principal altar at the eastern end. In the few instances where this rule has been violated, the error may almost always be accounted for by some natural feature of the ground. Mr. Philip Norman concludes his interesting series of papers on "London Sculptured House Signs." England never seems to have been as rich in this mode of decoration as certain foreign countries. Holland and Belgium are a perfect museum for collectors of ornaments of this kind. Few of them possess much artistic merit, but almost all have a quaintness about them which delights the soul of the antiquary. The few we have in England remain for the most part unnoted. Those of Holland have been elaborately described and illustrated by MM. Van Lenneh, Ter Gouw, and Zürcher. Mr. John Tomlinson's paper on "The Church of St. Mary Magdalen, Doncaster," is a useful contribution to local history. This church was secularised at the Reformation; and our forefathers who thought on the matter at all believed that it had been pulled down in the seventeenth century and a town hall built on its site. About fifty years ago it became necessary to remove the town hall, and it was then found that the old walls had been used for the new secular structure. The windows had been built up, and new doors opened in convenient

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places. When this discovery took place efforts were made to preserve the old building, but they were fruitless. Correct drawings were taken, and then every relic of the old building was carted away. It was a late Norman structure with many claims to artistic beauty. Some correspondent, who does not give his name, has reprinted from Watkin's *Treatise on Copyholds* the customs of the Forest Court of Weardale, in the Bishopric of Durham. We are grateful for this. It is much to be wished that all the old manorial and forest customals should be printed or reprinted where they can be easy of access. Mr. W. Sydney contributes a short sketch of anchorites and their dwellings, but the subject requires much fuller treatment than Mr. Sydney has given to it.

THERE are to be found in the June *Livre* a paper, not without interest, on one of the forgotten sonneteers and rondeau-writers of the sixteenth century, the Bishop of Rieux, with an attempt to identify the author; and also a continuation of M. Drujon's catalogue of books which have, for this or that reason, been destroyed by their authors. Both are noteworthy; but the article of the month is undoubtedly the editor's notice of that singular man of letters, M. Barbey d'Aurevilly—who died the other day—accompanied by an excellent portrait. Little was known in England, except by those persons who have specially devoted themselves to French literature, of the author of *L'Ensorcelée*; and it is to be feared that in future too many even of such persons will go for their knowledge of him to a very clever, but by no means judicial, essay by M. Jules Lemaître, which has just been republished. The fault of Barbey d'Aurevilly was that he would not consent to have only as much talent as he actually had; but there are infirmities to which noble minds are less prone than this.

THE *Boletins* of the Real Academia de la Historia for May and June are of interest for prehistoric, classical, and mediaeval archaeology. On the first, J. Vilanova tells of recent discoveries near Linares and Seville, confirming the existence of a copper age between the neolithic and the bronze; Rubio de la Serna describes a Keltiberian cemetery near Mataro; Roman remains and inscriptions are reported from Numantia, from Juliobriga near Reinosa, and from Saguntum. Of Gothic Spain, SS. Cardenas and Fita discuss a law of Theudis (546), which shows that the expenses of justice were as great then as at any other period. Mediaeval archaeology is illustrated by F. Codera from a Tunisian Arabic MS., narrating a campaign of Gormaz (975) unnoticed by other historians; by an account of the archives of Leon, by Diaz Jimenez; and by several papal bulls of the twelfth century from Pamplona, and of the thirteenth from Toledo, commented on by Father Fita. In more modern times we have the charter of nobility given by Charles V. to Diego of Avila for his unhorsing and capture of Francis I. at Pavia; a detailed description of the standards of the galley of Don John of Austria at Lepanto, still preserved at Toledo; and the sermon preached by the Archbishop of St. Domingo at the translation of the bones of Columbus to Havanna in 1795. With reference to the Serapis inscription found at Astorga, and by Prof. Sayce in Egypt, Father Fita remarks that, according to the *Notitia Dignitatum*, the Legio Asturica was quartered in Upper Egypt. He would take ΨΗΛ or ΨΗΛ of the Egyptian as equivalent to the Ἰαώ of the Astorgan inscription, and would read, "One is Jupiter, Serapis, and El; one Hermes and Anubis."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

GOPČEVIĆ, S. Makedonien u. Alt-Serbien. Wien: Seidel. 23 M.
GOUDAREAU, G. Excursions au Japon. Paris: Picard. 7 fr.
JAHRE, elf, Balkan. Erinnerungen e. preussischen Officiers aus den J. 1876 bis 1887. Breslau: Kern. 10 M.
PELLISSIER, G. Le mouvement littéraire au XIXe Siècle. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
RHOEN, C. Die karolingische Pfalz zu Aachen. Aachen: Creutzer. 2 M.
ROHAULT DE FLEURY, Ch. La Messe: études archéologiques sur ses monuments. T. 8. Paris: Motteroz. 85 fr.
SZENDRES, J. Catalogue descriptif et illustré de la collection de bagues de Madame G. de Tarnóczy. Budapest: Réval. 6 fr.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

BRANDT, A. J. H. W. Die mandäische Religion, ihre Entwickelung u. geschichtliche Bedeutung. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 8 M.
FLEISCHMANN, O. Das Christentum u. seine Gegner. Leipzig: Richter. 3 M.
SCHURÉ, E. Les grands initiés: esquisse de l'histoire secrète des religions. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

CANSTATT, O. Drangsale der Stadt Worms u. ihre Zerstörung durch die Franzosen am 31. Mai 1689. Worms: Reis. 4 M.
CODEX diplomaticus Saxoniae regiae. 1. Hauptth. 2. Bd. Urkunden der Markgrafen v. Meissen u. Landgrafen v. Thüringen 1100-1195. Hrsg. v. O. Posse. Leipzig: Giesecke. 23 M.
CUVILLIER-FLEURY, A. Portraits politiques et révolutionnaires. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr.
ERMISCH, H. Das Freiberger Stadtrecht. Leipzig: Giesecke. 9 M. 60 Pf.
GREGOROVIUS, F. Geschichte der Stadt Athen im Mittelalter. Von der Zeit Justinian's bis zur türkischen Eroberung. Stuttgart: Cotta. 20 M.
HESSELBARTH, H. Historisch-kritische Untersuchungen zur dritten Dekade d. Livius. Halle: Waisenhaus. 10 M.
LEGRELLE, A. La diplomatie française et la succession d'Espagne. T. 1. Le premier traité de partage (1659-1697). Paris: Cotillon. 10 fr.
ROBIDOU, B. Histoire du clergé pendant la Révolution française. T. 1. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
SCHULIN, F. Lehrbuch der Geschichte d. römischen Rechtes. Stuttgart: Enke. 11 M.
WALLON, H. Les représentants du peuple en mission, et la justice révolutionnaire dans les départments en l'an II. (1793-4). T. III. Le Sud-est, l'est et la région de Paris. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
WIESENER, L. Études sur les Pays-Bas au XVIe Siècle. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

COMMENTATIONES in honorem G. Studemund quinque abhinc lustra summos in philosophia honores adepti conscripserunt discipuli Gryphiswaldenses, Herbopolitani, Argentinenses, Vratislavienses. Strassburg: Heitz. 10 M.
FISCHER, K. Geschichte der neuern Philosophie. Neue Gesammtausgabe. 1 Bd. 1. u. 2. Thl. Heidelberg: Winter. 22 M.
FOVEL, A. Der Hypnotismus, seine Bedeutung u. seine Handhabung. Stuttgart: Enke. 2 M. 40 Pf.
KATZER, F. Geologie v. Böhmen. 1. Abth. Prag: Taussig. 7 M. 20 Pf.
MICHEL, MM. Marius. L'ornementation des reliures modernes. Paris: Michel. 20 fr.
ROUCHÉ, Eug. Eléments de statique graphique. Paris: Baudry. 12 fr. 50 c.
SIMSON, E. W. Der Begriff der Seele bei Plato. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 4 M. 20 Pf.
TEICHMÜLLER, G. Neue Grundlegung der Psychologie u. Logik. Hrsg. v. J. Ohse. Breslau: Koebner. 8 M. 40 Pf.
THOMAS, P. F. La philosophie de Gassendi. Paris: Alcan. 6 fr.

PHILOLOGY.

ARMBRUSTER, K. Geschlechtswandel im Französischen. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
KOERNER, K. Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Geschlechtswechsels der englischen Substantiva. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
WISSER, W. Das Verhältnis der Minneliederhandschriften B u. C zu ihrer gemeinschaftlichen Quelle. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF."

Cambridge: June 24, 1889.

I suppose that no critic who has any practical acquaintance with Chaucer's metre any longer supposes that "The Flower and the Leaf" is his. In fact, the allusion to the "Knightes olde of the Garter That *in her time* dide right worthily" (l. 519) at once lands us in the fifteenth century. But my present object is not to show what the poem is not, but to show what it is.

The old ideas about it were founded upon a curious misconception. People first assumed that it was Chaucer's, and on that account overrated it; and next, having formed an exaggerated idea of its merit, have claimed it as Chaucer's on that very account. If, however, it be impartially examined, it is no such very great performance, though it is superior to such rubbish as "Chaucer's Dream."

There is no reason for doubting that it was written by a woman, as the author distinctly tells us in lines 462, 467, 500, 547—*i.e.* four times over; since she makes the Lady in White address her as "my daughter." Next to this, the most striking point is that the poem is positively devoid of any human interest, as regards revelation of character. It is a specimen of word-painting almost absolutely devoted to glitter, dress, and heraldry. It must have been written by a lady well acquainted with the court—by one, in fact, who would have made a good wife for a herald. It is this showiness, this tinsel, which people have mistaken for genuine description. It is interesting heraldically, but not otherwise. Hence we have the full particulars about surcotes of white velvet, garnished with emeralds, with gems on the purfles, colours, trains, sleeves, pearls, diamonds, chaplets, and all the rest of it. It is no new thing for a lady to be able to describe dresses minutely and with an eye to colour. Then, again, at l. 204, we have another description of "array"; white cloaks, more chaplets, trumpets, "tartarium," more pearls, collars, precious stones, white horse-harness, more white cloaks, chaplets, escutcheons, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds. Then comes a company of heralds and pursuivants, men in golden armour, cloth of gold, ermine, bridles, poitrels, crowns, henchmen bearing helmets, shields, and spears; then more knights, more chaplets, and so forth. Then another company in green, with mantles, surcotes, and chaplets. After which, we are told what the colours mean; and the moral is, that one ought to wear green, because it typifies everlasting endurance. The only other remarkable passage is near the beginning, where we have the description of the scenery, and of the goldfinch and the nightingale.

It is easy to see that the notion of the poem was taken from Chaucer's Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, which is palpably imitated, and where we have mention of the Leaf and the Flower as typical of different kinds of men. Several details are copied from Gower's remarks about the Leaf and Flower near the end of his poem; see *Conf. Amantis*, ed. Pauli, iii. 358, with its description of the garlands, and pearls, and loud melody. The part about the goldfinch and nightingale was suggested by "The Cuckoo and Nightingale," which I am inclined to attribute to Hoccleve. Line 40 has a verbal resemblance to the latter poem, l. 54. I do not remember any other instance of the phrase "of al the yere." Note the *cf.* L. 31 is from "the Book of the Duchesse," l. 420; l. 43 from the same, l. 397. L. 50 is from "The Legend of Good Women," 204. L. 100 is from "The Cuckoo and Nightingale," l. 98. L. 121 from "The Legend," l. 177. L. 150 is misprinted; it is a false rimè, and the right reading is: "of which I wante The names now"; see "Parl. of Foules," 287.

The treatment of the final *-e* is due to mere imitation. It is tolerably frequent near the beginning, but becomes less frequent afterwards. It is sometimes required for the metre, and sometimes not: I have tabulated most of the examples, and can prove this. There are numerous non-Chaucerian rimes, *e.g.*, "delyt, whyt-e," 207; "thing, bring-e," 418; "brought-e, ȝ-wrought," 48; &c.; together

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with an utter confusion of such endings as *-as, -ac-e*; *-y, y-e*; &c. I have tabulated them all; and there are certainly more than twenty examples of rimes such as Chaucer avoids. They cannot be explained away.

I have no space to do more than indicate the high probability that the same author also wrote "The Assembly of Ladies," which was likewise written by "a gentlewoman," who is now addressed as "sister," and discourses frequently of dress, with the moral that one ought to wear blue, the colour of constancy. The "Assembly" is inferior to the other, and less inspired by a study of Chaucer; yet here, again, we have the "strait path," the "herber," quotations from French, gowns, colours, purfles, and various descriptive attempts; and a direct allusion to the "Legend of Good Women" in st. 66. I could show how the non-Chaucerian rimes are much the same; there is the same confusion of *-as* with *-ac-e*, and of *-y* with *-y-e*; the same use of stupid "tags," such as "I you ensure," "by and by," "one and one," "by mesure," and the like. And the poems have two lines almost identical; *cf.* "F. and L.," 295, 567, with "The Assembly," stanzas 50, 105. I could expand this at great length; but this is perhaps enough to tell students what may be found.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE OLD NORTHUMBRIAN GLOSSES IN MS. PALATINE 68.

Oxford: June 22, 1889.

When sending the Old Northumbrian Glosses to the ACADEMY (May 18) I omitted one gloss which, as I could make nothing of it, I imagined must be Keltic. As, however, Dr. Whitley Stokes did not include it among the Irish glosses printed in the ACADEMY, May 25, I presume that he, for a similar reason, regarded it as English. The result is that this one gloss has remained unpublished, and I therefore give it here.

In fol. 15a, immediately after "Et ranam .i. *frosc*" (*cf.* ACADEMY, May 18), follow the words:

"Et dedit erugini .i. *brondegur*."

According to the usage of the scribe the stroke over the *r* may stand for one or more letters, or even syllables. I can suggest no explanation.

With regard to the age of the MS., Mr. Maunde Thompson, who has kindly examined a photograph of fol. 12b, tells me that it may safely be ascribed to the ninth century. And since then, I have heard from Dr. Whitley Stokes that he, too, has, on the evidence of the photograph and the language of the Irish glosses, come to the same conclusion.

A. S. NAPIER.

TWO REFERENCES TO DANTE IN EARLY FRENCH LITERATURE.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: June 10, 1889.

The following two references to the *Divina Commedia* by early French authors may be of interest to students of Dante.

The first occurs in a poem called "Le Livre de Mutation de Fortune" by Christine de Pisan, a Frenchwoman born at Venice in 1363, rather more than forty years after Dante's death. Speaking of Italy and the deadly strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, she says:

"Tuit s'entr'ocient à l'estrive,
L'une part contre l'autre estrive . . .
N'en scevent nule autre achoison
D'eulx entrocire sans raison,
Fors que l'un dit que tout son lin
A tout temps esté Guibelin,
Et lui aussi Guibelin est.
Li autres dit que Gueffes rest
D'ancienneté de lignage . . .
C'est grant dommaige
Qu'entre eux court si mauvais usaige;
Leurs aucteurs meismes en ont dit,
En les blasmant, maint divers dit.
Dant de Florence, le vaillant
Pouete qui tout son vaillant
Perdy pour cel estrif grevable,
En son bel livre très notable
En parla moult en les blasmant." . . .

She then mentions Cecco d'Ascoli, and quotes from the "Acerba" his opinion of the Bolognese, after which she returns to Dante:

"Et Dant en parlant à Flourance,
Où il avoit sa demourance,
En manière de moquerie
Lui dit que: 'S'esjoisse et rie,
Car sur terre et sur mur s'ebatent
Ses elles et mesmes s'embatent
Jusqu'en enfer, en quel maison
A de ses citoiens foison.'"

Christine has here freely translated the opening lines of *Inf.*, xxvi. (For an account of her poem see Paulin Paris, *Manuscrits François*, vol. v., pp. 133 foll.)

The second reference is by Geoffroy Tory in his *Champ Fleury*, published in 1529, some sixty years before the appearance of the Abbé Grangier's translation of the *Divina Commedia* (which, by the way, Dean Plumptre is mistaken in styling "the first translation of the *D.C.* into any modern European tongue," for it was preceded by at least one version, viz.—that in "rims vulgars cathalans" of the fifteenth century by Andreu Febrer). Geoffroy, in giving a list of authors whose works he regarded as authorities in the matter of language, says:

"On porroit en oultre user des oeuvres de Arnoul Grabau et de Simon Graban son frère. Dantes Aligerius, Florentin, comme dict mon susdict bon amy frère René Massé, faict honorable mention dudict Arnoul Graban. . . On porroit semblablement bien user des belles chroniques de France que mon Seigneur Cretin, nagueres chroniqueur du roy, a si bien faictes, que Homère, ne Virgile, ne Dantes n'eurent oncques plus d'excellence en leur stile."

(See Génin's edition of Palsgrave's *Eclaircissement de la Langue Française*, pp. 8-11.)

It is evident that neither René Macé nor Geoffroy Tory can have known much about the *Divina Commedia* or its author, for Arnoul Greban, who was the author of the "Mystere de la Passion," a poem in about 30,500 lines, was born just a hundred years after the death of Dante. The "Arnaldo" of whom "honourable mention" is made by the latter is, of course, Arnaut Daniel.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

P.S.—It may perhaps not be out of place here to point out that the concluding statement of Mr Whitley Stokes's interesting letter on "Folklore in the *D.C.*" in the ACADEMY of June 8, viz.—that "Dante resided for two years in France as a student at the University of Paris," is more precise than is warranted by the scanty information we possess on the subject. Our only grounds for believing Dante to have studied at the University of Paris are the somewhat vague statements of Giovanni Villani, Boccaccio, and others. The former says that after the expulsion of the White Party from Florence, "Dante andossene allo studio a Bologna et poi a Parigi." Boccaccio remarks simply that Dante, seeing all hope of a return to Florence at an end, "se n'andò a Parigi." He refers, however, elsewhere—but in the same vague fashion—to his theological studies at Paris. Beyond this we know nothing.

One of the chief arguments in favour of Dante having visited Paris (based upon *Par.* x. 133-8) has, as I pointed out some time back in the ACADEMY (March, 13, 1886), been disposed of by the discovery that Siger de Brabant, whose lectures in Paris Dante is supposed to have attended, came into Italy, and, in fact, died there; so that it is not any longer necessary to assume a visit to Paris on Dante's part in order to account for his acquaintance with the teacher of the "invidiosi veri."

T.

THE DERIVATION OF "HALIMOT."

Oxford: June 15, 1889.

At p. lxxvi. of his valuable introduction to the second volume of the publications of the Selden Society (*Select Pleas in Manorial Courts*, vol. i.*), Prof. Maitland says that Prof. Skeat tells him that the thirteenth century form *halimot* points "not to 'hall-moot,' but to 'holymoot.'" On the strength of this, Prof. Maitland ventures to "guess that the term was first applied to the courts belonging to monastic houses in the sense of 'the Saint's Court,'" and that "the name may have been extended to similar courts of lay lords." But, he he remarks in conclusion, "it would be convenient if philology would suffer us to believe that we have to do with a 'hall-moot.'"

It is curious that Prof. Skeat should have overlooked the obvious etymology of "halimot," for it was known to Spelman, who derives it

"a Sax. *heal*, id est, *aula*, et *gemot* seu *mot* simpliciter, id est *conuentus*; *g* autem in *gemot* (ut in aliis plurimis) in *i* et *y* transit."

This derivation, which is phonologically correct, is evidently the right one, for it gives *halimot* the meaning that we require. There is no reason to believe that *halimot* was applied exclusively to the courts of manors belonging to monasteries. The following passage from the Pipe Roll 4 John, in Madox, *Firma Burgi*, 64 n. 9, proves that *halimot* was then a general term in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire:

"Homines de Lechton [debent] x. marcas, pro habenda inquisitione per proxima *hallimota* et per legales milites et alios homines de uisneto, quas consuetudines ipsi fecerint tempore Henrici Regis patris."

The Charter Rolls of A.D. 1214 (p. 200a) contain a grant of immunity "de sectis comitatuum et hundr[edorum] et halimotorum," which also testifies to the general use of the name *halimot*. That *imot* here represents *gemōt* is proved by the form *swan-imotum* in the same rolls, A.D. 1214, 1215 (pp. 204a, 214b)†, this word evidently representing an O.E. **swān-gemōt*. The form *swan-imotum* occurs in the Forest Charter of 1217 (c. 8). The change from O.E. *ge* to M.E. *i* in weak syllables is quite regular. Besides this, there was a decided preference in O.E. for the use of the collective prefix *ge* in such words as *ge-mōt, ge-mēre, ge-lēte, ge-fylce*, &c. Moreover, that *halimotes* were not holy-moots is proved by the use of this word to designate the general meetings of the London bakers (see *Liber Albus*, p. 356; *Liber Custumarum*, p. 104). These must have been real "hall-moots," meetings at the hall of the gild. The word was, I believe, applied in other places to the meetings of trade gilds. Curiously enough, the London bakers' *halimot* became Latinised, according to Jacobs, as *Curia Sanctimotus*, but this can only have arisen

* By some singular oversight the binding is stamped "vol. ii.," though the title-page says "vol. i."

† The *swainmotum* of A.D. 1200 (p. 82b) should, no doubt, be read *swan-imotum*. The form *swanymote* was in use until the time of James I. Since then the word has been altered to *swainmoot* under the influence of *swain*, from the O.N. cognate of O.E. *swān*.

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from a mistranslation. According to Spelman's derivation, *halimot* is, as Mr. Mayhew has suggested to me, parallel to *handywork*, from O.E. *hand-geweorc*.

Mr. Maitland believes that the Leet was originally an East Anglian term. In the same way *halimot* seems to be a Southern English term, possibly restricted to the *West-Seaxna-lagu*, and, perhaps, the *Miercna-lagu*. It is, however, dangerous to generalise from one's own limited acquaintance with manor records. But I venture to make the suggestion that considerable light might be derived from a careful mapping out of the areas where such words as *halimot*, *portmanmot*, *burhwaremot*, *bylaw*, and other old law terms were in use. Such a mapping out would, I believe, prove that the legal vocabulary of the Danish districts differed considerably from that of the purely English.

There are two other points in Mr. Maitland's introduction that I wish to refer too, although they are not germane to the title of this note. One is that there is an account of the earlier assize of bread that Mr. Maitland thinks may be ascribed to John's reign in Matthew of Paris, *Hist. Maiora*, ii. 480, where it is ascribed to 1202. This description seems to be an insertion of Paris's own, for Mr. Luard has not found the source of it. The second is the suggested connexion with the *litus*, *lidus*, *lazzus*, &c., of early Teutonic law of the word *litorum* in the formula:

"cum omnibus ad hoc rebus rite pertinentibus, siue *litorum*, siue camporum, agrorum, saltuumue" (Kemble, *Cod. Dipl.*, No. 425; Earle, *Land Charters*, p. 186).

As this charter conveys land at Reculver, and the boundaries proceed from Yfinga hōh into the sea, and along the sand to the north mouth ("of Yfinga ho ut on sæ . . . swaforð be sande oð norð muþan"), returning to Yfinga hōh, and so into the sea ("þanon on Yfinga ho and swa ut on sæ"), the conclusion that *litorum* is merely the gen. pl. of the classical *litus* seems obvious.

W. H. STEVENSON.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "KEEL."

Oxford: June 11, 1889.

In the Dictionaries of Webster-Mahn, Mr. Wedgwood, and Prof. Skeat, the word "keel" is supposed to be the formal representative of the Old English *cēol*, a ship. Mr. Wedgwood also connects "keel" with Icel. *kjölr*, a keel. Now, one of these equations—"keel"=*cēol* or "keel"=*kjölr*—must be wrong, for *cēol* comes from a Germanic base *keula*, a ship; whereas *kjölr*(=*kelu*) is derived from a primitive Germanic base *kalja*, a keel. To this latter base belongs the word "keel." In his Dictionary, Prof. Skeat gives us from Trevisa the Middle English form of "keel," namely *kele*, a form which connects the word unmistakeably with Old English *cele*, keel—a word occurring in the Epinal Glossary (see Sweet's *Oldest English Texts*, p. 540). This *cele* (*celu*) is the precise phonetic equivalent of Icel. *kjölr* (the *jö* being the *u*-umlaut of the Germanic umlaut *e*; see Noreen, § 310). Our word "keel" is, therefore, a genuine English word, not of Scandinavian origin, though it is identical with Icel. *kjölr*, and it has nothing in the world to do with Old-English *cēol*, a ship. The German *kiel* is a form from the base *keula*, and is identical with Old English *cēol*. It has nothing to do with Icel. *kjölr*, as Fick maintains (vii. 47).

A. L. MAYHEW.

"CANTERBURY POETS."—"W. S. LANDOR."

London: June 24, 1889.

My name appears as the writer of the preface to a small volume on Landor in this series, of which my friend, Mr. William Sharp, is "general editor."

I wrote the preface, and corrected "proof," and rested content. To-day I receive a copy of the book, and I find that what stands over my name is not what I wrote. Short as it was, it is curtailed. The first pages are mangled beyond recognition; the last are omitted wholly. For the rest, the intellectual and euphonic relations of sentences are utterly altered by the omission of many whose place had been studied.

The "general editor" may have much to say upon his side. On mine, I have only to deny emphatically that I am the author of *this* preface. I gave Mr. Sharp some trouble, and was late with my copy, &c. Also, I sought to beguile the weariness of labour by light occasional references to that school of poets of whose writings (to repeat an old jest) Mr. Sharp remains the most voluminous exponent. In making his composition mine he has enjoyed a hideous revenge.

ERNEST RADFORD.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, July 1, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: General Meeting for Business.
THURSDAY, July 4, 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Roman Antiquities of the Middle Rhine," by Prof. B. Lewis; "A Manuscript of Sarum Hours," by the Rev. E. S. Dewick; "A Ring of Bishop Andrewe," by the Rev. Greville I. Chester.
FRIDAY, July 5, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

SOME GERMAN BOOKS ON GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

Die Psychologie der Stoa. Von Dr. Ludwig Stein. Erster Band, Metaphysisch-Anthropologischer Teil, 1886. Zweiter Band, Die Erkenntnistheorie der Stoa, 1888. (Berlin: Calvary; London: Nutt.) Along with his main task of unfolding the psychology or rather pneumatology of the Stoics, Dr. Stein discusses various side-issues. The physical and metaphysical theories he only cares to take up so far as they come into contact with the psychology; but still he stoutly, and, as we think, successfully, maintains the claim of the Stoics to originality in speculation. Still, his admiration for "the most independent school after Aristotle" does not prevent him from recognising fully its obligations to those who went before; and some of his most interesting suggestions are about the debt of the Stoics to Herakleitos, and medical writers. On the other hand, he rates very low the chance that Zeno was acquainted with the Old Testament (i. 98-9). At the other end of the history of the school, he holds with H. Winkler that the Stoa influenced Christianity rather than that Christianity influenced the Stoa. Of course he rejects as the fancy of a "kritiklose Zeit" the idea that Seneca was a pupil of Paul. His notice of this matter is naturally brief; but it might well have included some mention of the inscription said to have been found at Ostia in 1867, and published by De Rossi, naming a certain M. Annaeus Paulus Petrus. This may be a modern forgery, or an old one, like the letters of Paul and Seneca; but the juxtaposition of names is curious, and some people think it more than curious. Poor M. Aurelius is rather hardly used by Dr. Stein, who tortures some of his ethical remarks into metaphysical or psychological meanings which they were never intended to bear. Nor can we always agree on other occasions with Dr. Stein's explanations of the emperor's words. The παλιγγενεσία (not παλιγγένεσις) of xi. 1 cannot well (as Dr. Stein says, ii. 204) imply a doctrine of immortality or metempsychosis; xii. 5 looks as if it might; but x. 31 declares roundly that τὸ ἅπαξ μεταβαλὸν οὐκετι ἔσται ἐν τῷ ἀπείρῳ χρόνῳ. The προσεπιδοξάζειν of Epiktetos, explained by Stein (ii. 386) as "das vorzeitige und übereilte Erteilen des Beifalls," is not identical with the προσδοξάζειν of M. Aur. vii. 64. Nor does the αἰσθητικὴ ἀντιτυπία of M. Aur. vi. 28 seem to us to mean "der ewige Widerstreit der Sinne": does it not merely contain the same metaphor for perception as φτυπούσθαι φαντασιτικῶς in iii. 16?

Untersuchungen zur Philosophie der Griechen. Von Dr. H. Siebeck. Zweite Auflage. (Freiburg i. B.: Mohr.) Dr. Siebeck has added three papers to the present edition of his "Enquiries"—an essay on the chronology of the Platonic dialogues; an examination of some passages of Aristotle; and an essay on the "Katharsisfrage"—an inquiry into what Aristotle understood by κάθαρσις as an effect of tragedy. The last-named paper, perhaps, affords the most curious reading. A right idea of what Aristotle meant was for some time prevented, as Dr. Siebeck says, by ascribing to his view a moral significance, and overlooking its psychological side; and even now the psychological interpretation generally adopted is one modern in character, rather than fitted to ancient psychology. There are three factors to be considered: how and why a tragedy, written as Aristotle wished, affects a spectator; the doctrine of purification which he inherited from Plato (as the account of pure and mixed pleasures in the *Philebus*, or the passages of the *Phaedrus* 268C *sq.* and *Rep.* 606 A,D); and the analogy of medical κάθαρσις. The latter is not a total removal of a given matter from the body, but a removal of so much as is superfluous and burdensome; a total removal would be not κάθαρσις, but κένωσις. Κάθαρσις τῶν τοιούτων παθημάτων in *Poet.* 6 means the getting rid of some of these emotions, and the consequent purification of what remains in the soul. The result is κουφίζεσθαι μεθ' ἡδονῆς. To some extent Zeller anticipated Dr. Siebeck's analysis of Aristotle's probable meaning, but explained it less clearly and less fully. In the first of the three essays Dr. Siebeck returns to the standing question about Plato's *Republic*; was it published all at once, or in pieces? and, in the latter case, in what pieces? He draws attention, as other dissectors have done before him, to apparent inconsistencies in the dialogue. How can book x. condemn all poetry as imitative, when book iii. said that only dramatic or dramatising poetry is imitative? The answer seems to us obvious—that the two passages do not mean imitation of the same thing, and that therefore both propositions may be true. But he also goes very fully into the question of minute linguistic differences found within the dialogue and between different dialogues, carrying further the line of inquiry commenced by Schanz in *Hermes* 21; and he concludes that the *Republic* was written in four pieces. P. 148 gives the four thus: i.; ii.-iv. 18; iv. 19-ix.; x. Pp. 265-6 print them thus i.; ii.-iv.; v.-ix.; x.. Between these sections Plato wrote several other dialogues, in an order still capable of determination. All this is very wire-drawn, and it is accompanied here and there by mistakes or confusions which we cannot clear away. For one instance see p. 142: What is said of poetry at the beginning of book x.

"macht den Eindruck einer Begründung durch welche das im zweiten und dritten Buche über deren Verhältniss zum Staate Gesagte nachtraglich vertheidigt werden soll. . . . Der Anfang des achten Kapitels scheint dies sogar ausdrücklich zuzugeben: ταῦτα δὴ ἀπολελογίσθω ἡμῖν κ.τ.λ."

Is not Dr. Siebeck thinking of ἀπολελογῆσθω, the reading which he does not follow?

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Ueber die Theologie des Xenophanes. Von J. Freudenthal. (Breslau: Koebner.) That Xenophanes was a pure monotheist has apparently been the universal opinion of modern historians; it is asserted by the author of the treatise, *De Melisso, Xenophane, et Gorgia*; and the unity of his universe appears to point to a unity of Godhead as its logical corollary. But Herr Freudenthal is bold enough to oppose this view. Xenophanes was, he thinks, a polytheist like his contemporaries. He insists that there is no authority, except the above treatise, for ascribing monotheism to Xenophanes. The fragments of his poetry speak, and some of them speak in an emphatic way, of a plurality of gods: Εἷς θεὸς ἔν τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι μέγιστος. Aristotle and Theophrastus speak of his gods in the plural, and so does Cicero, probably following Posidonius. Moreover, by giving up Xenophanes's monotheism, we get rid of some difficulties. How should he have arrived suddenly at an idea to which his predecessors scarcely show an approach, and to which a Sokrates, a Plato, and an Aristotle failed later to attain? Why, again, if he was a monotheist, was Anaxagoras persecuted and Xenophanes let alone? If he was not a monotheist, we can escape the far-fetched explanations by which Kern, Brandis, and Zeller try to reconcile what he certainly wrote with what he is said to have taught. The fact is that the ancients knew little more of Xenophanes than we do. His writings were lost early, and the assertion of the *De Melisso* is mere invention. Yet Xenophanes was really a religious reformer. He derided the anthropomorphic idea of the gods, and strove to refine man's conception of them; and this alone would give him an honourable place in the history of religion. But he was still satisfied with many gods. As the one greatest god interpenetrated and controlled the universe, so did minor gods themselves—eternal, though yet a part of the great godhead—preside over single provinces of the universe. This interpretation is certainly ingenious. Such minor gods, whether we are to think of them as spirits or emanations or hypostases, would certainly be devoid of those human characteristics which were the joy of the Greeks and the stumbling-block of the philosopher. But, whether this theory belongs to Xenophanes or only to Herr Freudenthal, it seems to play rather fast-and-loose with the meaning of "god." Historically, "god" ought to mean a personal, powerful being of a spiritual nature. In the theory before us we see the power, but not the personality, perhaps not the spirituality. But, after all, Spinoza, too, gave the name of "god" to his impersonal substance, and thereby set the world wrong for generations. Herr Freudenthal's pamphlet is convincing, at least on its negative or destructive side. After reading him, we feel that we understand better the age and mental surroundings of the philosopher, and we cannot believe that he taught the unity of a personal God.

WE have received from Messrs. Williams and Norgate the following pamphlets:—(1) *Aristotelis περὶ Ἑρμηνείας* Librum pro restituendo totius philosophiæ fundamento interpretatus est D. Fr. Michelis; (2) *Hypatia von Alexandria*, Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Neuplatonismus, von W. A. Meyer. As regards the former, Herr Michelis does well to insist on the connexion between logic and philosophy. Bacon, when he said *Demonstrationes potentia quadam philosophiae ipsae sunt*, was nearer the truth than Mill in his attempt to make out that logic was common ground on which the partisans of opposed philosophies might meet and join hands; and Michelis's commentary, a thoughtful and painstaking piece of work, gives strong, though indirect, support to Bacon's dictum. But the perusal of his Latin is made harder by a somewhat unpolished style. The sentences read heavily, and the vocabulary (*e.g.*, *preambulus*) is not always quite classical. As to Hypatia, Herr Meyer leaves the cause of her death, as he found it, still uncertain. The existing evidence is very scanty, as indeed is all our information about this unhappy victim of Christian outrage; and it does not admit of certain inference. That she was torn to pieces by a mob is certain, but the reason of the deed is not plain. Herr Meyer argues that if, as Socrates says, the mob had in mind the hostility existing between Orestes, governor of Alexandria, and the Bishop Cyril, it would rather have attacked Orestes—as, indeed, it did on one occasion—than have assailed Hypatia as his counsellor. He, not she, was the person who really stood in Cyril's way. According to Damascius, again, in Suidas, Cyril incited the mob against her from jealousy of her renown and influence as a teacher. But this was no new discovery of his. She had enjoyed her position for years. Accepting, then, Cyril's agency but not his motive, Herr Meyer suggests that he caused her death as a means of wounding either Orestes or Synesius, friends of Hypatia, enemies of his. But this remains a bare possibility; and it is noteworthy that the words *ὁ φθόνος* occur, though unexplained, in Socrates's account. The argument is more convincing in which Herr Meyer maintains that Hypatia was not a neo-Platonist in the ordinary sense of the word; but that, free from magic and theurgy, she stood much nearer in thought to Plato and Aristotle than to Iamblichus or even Plotinus, and that among her contemporaries her views were more like those of Hierokles.

Platonische Studien. Von H. Bonitz. Dritte Auflage. (Berlin: Vahlen; London: Dulau.) The third edition of these already favourably-known essays is but little altered from the second. The author maintains, it will be remembered, that each dialogue of Plato is a self-contained whole, and should be studied as such before we try to fit it into any Platonic system. His original object was to carry out this undertaking for the *Gorgias*, *Theaetetus*, *Euthydemus*, and *Sophistes*. He has now included some discussion of the *Laches*, *Euthyphron*, *Protagoras*, *Phaedrus*, *Phaedo*, and *Charmides*.

THE *Charmides* is also made the subject of separate discussion by K. Troost (*Inhalt und Echtheit der Platonischen Dialogue auf Grund logischer Analyse*. Erster Heft. Berlin: Calvary; London: Nutt). He decides that the dialogue has no originality; it is full of matter stolen from other parts of Plato's writings, and from the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. The writer of it was also, as Ohse argued, acquainted with Aristotle's works. In short, the *Charmides* is a fraud, composed perhaps in the time of Xenokrates. What a pity that so many scholars should have been imposed upon!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VENICE ATHENAEUS.

Queen's College, Oxford: June 24, 1889.

Being, a few days ago, in the Marciana at Venice, I asked out of curiosity to see the well-known MS. of Athenaeus, No. 447. Upon opening it I was at once struck with the resemblance of the hand to that of the Clarke Plato, with which I am familiar; and further examination made my impression a certainty. The MS. is written in two hands. It is only to the earlier that my conclusion applies. A facsimile of a page of this (as of the other) is given in Wattenbach and Von Velsen's *Exempla Codicum Graecorum* (plate 29); but the page is chosen from a part of the MS. where the scribe, feeling confidence in the capacity of his material, or from some other motive, relaxed the severity of hand with which he began, and adopted a freer, and indeed somewhat coarser, style. The facsimile, therefore, does not exhibit the same striking resemblance to the Plato that is manifest in the first 120 pages.

The book, then, was written by John the calligrapher. Whether it belonged to the extensive library of his patron Arethas cannot be said for certain, but it is likely. There is a broad erasure at the end that may have contained a subscription. In the similar case of the Laurentian Aristides, 60, 3, Prof. Vitelli was able to establish Arethas's ownership from the scholia in his hand; but Athenaeus has no scholia, and the marginal abstracts are, as Wattenbach and Von Velsen observe, in the hand of the text. Still, in all probability this book also is to be added to the list of authors ordered and read by Arethas.

The identification of the hand has the further interest that the date of the MS. can thereby be more nearly fixed. The MS. has always been said to be of the tenth century; but now, however difficult it may be to limit the period of a scribe's activity, one can hardly suppose it written much after 900.

T. W. ALLEN.

THE VERB SUBSTANTIVE IN ETRUSCAN.

Settrington Rectory, York: June 24, 1889.

Twelve years ago I suggested in *Fraser's Magazine* that *am-ce* in Etruscan inscriptions must be translated *fuit*—an explanation which has since been generally accepted.

A very large number of Etruscan inscriptions begin with *mi*, which is not unfrequently accompanied by the word *ma*. It was formerly supposed that *mi* was equivalent to *sum*, and *ma* to *ego*; but since *mi* is occasionally followed by a transitive verb such as *turce*, it seems better to adopt Dr. Pauli's explanation that *mi* is the demonstrative pronoun, and to translate *mi turce* as *hoc dedit*. But if *mi* cannot mean *sum*, then *ma*, which occasionally follows or precedes it, cannot mean *ego*. Dr. Deecke has suggested that it may be a contracted form of the proper name *Marce*; but though this is sometimes not impossible, as when *ma* follows *mi*, it is is inapplicable where *ma* precedes *mi*, as in the mortuary inscription *ma mi march*[*na*]*s senties chestes* (Fabretti, No. 2328), where the three last words are proper names in the genitive. But if we take *ma* to mean *est* the difficulty disappears, and *mi ma* at the beginning of an inscription can be translated *hoc est*. The word *ma* sometimes occurs without *mi*, as in an inscription on a cinerary urn in Fabretti's second supplement, *Alsinas ma svalce avils lxvi*. Here there is no doubt about the last words, which mean, "died, aged 66," while Alsinas is a proper name in the genitive, since the nominative Alsina occurs in other epitaphs in the same tomb; and, as *svalce* means *obiit* or *decessit*, it is impossible that *ma* can be *ego*, so that *est* seems to be the only reasonable interpretation. To translate *mi ma* as "this is," suits the other inscriptions in which it occurs—*e.g.*, the inscription on a cippus, *mi ma velus ratlnis aulesla* (Fabretti, No. 352); and No. 351, also on a cippus, *mi ma laris suplu*. Varro and Festus inform us that *subulo* meant a flute player (*tibicen*) in Etruscan, and *laris*, according to Dr. Deecke, may be either the nominative or the genitive of a proper name; so that we may translate "This is Lars the flute player."

So far, I have not come across any inscription in which *am-ce* may not be translated by *fuit* and *ma* by *est*.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

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PROF. SMITH'S "GRAPHICS."

London: June 23, 1889.

No doubt Prof. Smith thinks his new symbols are advantageous, or he would not have adopted them. They are facile and definite to him because he has made considerable use of them. I, however, had to place myself in the position of a novice trying to use his *Graphics* as a students' text-book; and, in my judgment, Prof. Smith's symbolism would hinder—if nothing else did—the use of the book beyond the range of his own students, who have grown accustomed to his special modes of abbreviation.

I accept Prof. Smith's assurance that he has studied the literature of Graphics; but all the more I regret he did not see well to drop a hint to his readers that continental writers had given constructions which differed from his own. Personally, after the labours of Lill and Reuss, I can only wonder that Prof. Smith finds it good to solve quadratic equations by aid of a parabola and cubic equations by drawing a cubic curve.

But the main point Prof. Smith raises is the obscurity of Clifford's definition of a "rotor." It is possible that Prof. Smith has had better opportunities than I have of knowing what Clifford meant by the word. But, so far as I have examined Clifford's papers, they are perfectly consistent and clear. Prof. Smith says that "Clifford used the term 'rotor' to mean two essentially different things." This is news to me. *Any* physical quantity which could be represented by a step having magnitude, direction, sense, and position, and which obeys the parallelogram law of addition, was for Clifford a "rotor" quantity. Thus he terms spins, forces, momenta all "rotors," just as he terms translational velocities and forces-moments "vectors." I believe the first published introduction of the word is in the "Preliminary Sketch of Biquaternions" (*Math. Soc. Proc.*, vol. iv., p. 382, 1873).

"In analogy with this [Hamilton's use of the word *vector*], I propose to use the name *rotor* (short for *rotator*) to mean a quantity having magnitude, direction, and position, of which the simplest type is a velocity of *rotation* about a certain axis. A rotor will be geometrically represented by a length proportional to its magnitude measured upon its axis in a certain sense."

It will be seen that Clifford thus adopted the word "rotor" to denote a whole class of physical quantities, and he derived its name from the simplest species, just as he considered it convenient to derive "vector" from its simplest species, a velocity of *translation*. But Clifford, so far as I know, *never* especially terms rotations "rotors." He terms them "spins," when he wishes to distinguish them as a special class of the genus "rotor." This is in complete analogy with his introduction of the word "motor" to embrace the species twist and wrench. Chapter ii. of Book II., and chapter iii. of Book IV. of the *Dynamics* consistently carry out this conception of "rotor" for spin, momentum, and force. If Prof. Smith wants to introduce new names for distinctions, which are to me at least not quite obvious, all that disciples of Clifford would request is that he would leave Clifford's nomenclature alone, and not use it in a sense exactly opposite to that of its inventor. In his Glossary, Prof. Smith tells us that a "rotor" can be represented by a vector, and cites, as an example, a force-moment! That Clifford could have conceived of a force-moment as a "rotor" is to suppose an inconsistency in his methods of thought which, in my opinion, is utterly unwarranted by anything he has ever written. It is to introduce total confusion into the perfectly clear and admirable system of notation of the "Preliminary Sketch of Biquaternions." In what manner Clifford's rotor "incompletely" represents the properties of a spin, as Prof. Smith seems to hint, I fail to understand.

KARL PEARSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE last number of the *Mineralogical Magazine* opens with a paper by Mr. L. Fletcher, the late president, in which he describes a new South American mineral under the name of "Daviesite." This mineral was obtained from the Mina Beatriz in the Sierra Gorda, Atacama, where it occurs in association with percylite, caracolite, and other minerals of less rarity than these species. Daviesite is found in very minute colourless crystals, of prismatic habit, belonging to the ortho-rhombic system; and it appears, from qualitative analysis, to be an oxychloride of lead. It is named after Mr. Thomas Davies, the well-known mineralogist, who for upwards of thirty years has been an officer in the mineralogical department of the British Museum.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AT the meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres on June 14, the Prix Julien for the best work on Chinese philology published in 1888 was awarded as follows: 1000 frs. to Father Bouchez for his *Boussole du langage mandarin*; and 500 frs. to Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie for his papers generally.

THE second part of the new series of *Trübner's Record* fully maintains the high standard both of learning and general interest set by the first. The most important article is a report on the progress of Assyriological research during the last twelve months, by Dr. Carl Bezold, who (as our readers know) is at present engaged at the British Museum. Then we have some anticipations of Mr. E. H. Man's forthcoming monograph on the Nicobarese Islanders, which will form a companion to his work on the aboriginal inhabitants of the Andamans. A detailed account is also given of the arrangements for the international congress of orientalists to be held at Stockholm and Christiania during the first fortnight of September. Prof. Nöldeke reviews Dr. Snouck Hurgronje's elaborate volumes describing his six months' stay at Mecca—a book which (probably because printed in Dutch) has not attracted the attention it deserves in this country. Among the notes is a list of the works (chiefly in Arabic) published by the late Gen. W. Nassau Lees.

THE last number of the *Transactions* of the Asiatic Society of Japan (XVII., i.) contains a valuable translation by Mr. James Troup of the Epistles of Rennyo Shônin, a fifteenth-century head of the great, rich, and powerful Buddhist Shin-shiu (true-doctrine) sect, which believes in attaining "faith by the power of another," that is, by the power of Amida or immeasurable Buddha, on whom alone they rely. "There is nothing to be done" to become a Buddha, except simply with singleness of mind to place reliance on Amida Buddha alone. They admit the salvation of women, that is, that a woman, at the end of her life as such, may obtain nirvâna without going through the rebirths in other forms, which the earlier doctrine demanded. In connexion with this it is essential to bear in mind that the priests marry, and that the priesthood is hereditary. A Shin-shiu woman is to follow the behest of the priesthood; to remember that, high or low, she is a vile personality, and sinful beyond what is known; she is not to go after other paths of salvation, not to practice austerities, not to worship heaven (as the Chinese do), not to do service to demons and gods, and not to respect lucky days. We could wish Mr. Troup had added the original technical terms which he renders heaven, demon, and god. But even the Shin-shiu woman is still subject to the five disabilities of the sex: she cannot become a universe-conqueror or wheel-deity (chakravartin), nor Brahma, nor Sakra (Indra), nor Mâra, nor a personal Buddha. As to the theologico-metaphysical expositions, these epistles evince throughout that vagueness and entanglement of thought which characterise all such Japanese efforts in the past. The celebrated Whitened-Bones Epistle is poetical and pessimist enough.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(*Saturday, May 25.*)

W. C. H. CROSS, Esq., president, in the chair.—Miss Louisa Mary Davies, in a paper entitled "The Mutual Contamination Guild," said that the mere name of college life has a fascination for all sorts and conditions of men and women, and that work or play pursued gregariously, is much more pleasantly and, as a rule, more effectually done than the same study or recreation taken up in solitude. Before the foundation of Girton and Newnham, Tennyson gave us, in a dream of loveliness and purity, the vision of a seat of learning for women. From such it is a flight sudden and rapid as Lucifer's nine days' fall into hell to discuss rare Ben Jonson's picture of a ladies' collegiate institution, given in "The Silent Woman." Truewit's description soon scatters any associations of literary culture suggested by the name. The least of the vices of the members seems to have been the pursuit of beauty at any price. And this has its pathetic side, and a sneer, in process of evolution, might easily find itself a tear. Lady Haughty, the president, has not a redeeming point in her character. Little else but frivolity, she shows just a glimpse of the blue-stocking. She can expound dreams out of Artemidorus, that ancient authority on them; but from being a student of classical literature she has become a mere society scarecrow. The other women are all alike in their loathsomeness. Cynics rail with some show of justice at the hollowness of modern society; but surely it is far better to find a vacuum where refreshment and gladness were hoped for, than to penetrate the brilliant surface only to find the mouth filled with ashes and the spirit with loathing.—Mr. John Taylor, in "A Few Notes on Drummond's Interview with Ben Jonson," said Drummond was no more a Boswell than was Boswell a Drummond. He was a gracious poet, but sorry reporter; and his recollections of Ben Jonson's table-talk would have been little loss to the literary world and even less to Jonson's fame, had they never been published. Jonson's reported criticisms of Sylvester, Fairfax, Chapman, and Harrington are unfinished, impertinent, and commonplace. When Jonson said that Shakspere "wanted art" he said that which is untrue unless artificiality be meant; but Ben's real meaning was that Shakspere was without pedantry, and therefore deficient in art. Shakspere's art is the highest in all dramatic literature, even if not copied from the ancients and constructed with their materials, as in the Jonsonian plays. Like Thomas Carlyle of later day, Ben Jonson was fond of detracting from the merits of his compeers, though he frequently contradicted himself even in this. But unlike Carlyle, who never loved another's work more than his own, Jonson could laud and magnify as well as censure. His eulogies of Shakspere, Donne, Beaumont, Drayton, Bacon, Southwell are evidence of this.—Prof. C. H. Herford sent "A Note on the Masques of Jonson." He said that Jonson's Masques are the result of a combination which has only two or three times in literary history been realised—a combination of poetic faculty with the taste for ceremonious magnificence inherent in a court. In them Jonson adopted the features of the old "Revels" and "Barriers," but impressed them with the stamp of his more poetic and refined aims. Notwithstanding, however, the survival of these older elements, the accession of James I. and the employment of Jonson, which shortly ensued, mark a date of first-rate importance in the history of the Masque.

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The tastes of the new sovereign and those of his queen were distinctly more favourable to the Masque, such as it became in Jonson's hands, than those of their predecessors. Elizabeth shared no doubt both James's love of classical allusion and Anne's love of spectacle; but she was devoid both of the enthusiasm and of the taste for art which the latter transmitted to her sons, Prince Henry and King Charles I., while her natural frugality disposed her rather to be a spectator at the shows provided by others (notably by Leicester in 1575) than to organise them herself. The extravagant sums lavished by the court of James upon Masques—which, it is to be remembered, were, in ordinary cases, performed but once (the "Masque of Blackness," *e.g.*, cost the exchequer £3000)—were applied under Elizabeth to furnish the fabric of less baseless visions. In the long series of Jonson's Masques, the evidence of a regular development can be traced, modified occasionally by the purposes for which they were composed. They can, however, be conveniently classified according to their degree of participation in the cardinal element of plot. One class, including the "simple debates" and also the "mummings," is, strictly speaking, without it. But in the others one invariable feature is the plot, which leads up to an emphatic and strongly-marked climax; and the principal structural differences among these lie in the various methods by which the climax is prepared for and approached. The least dramatic of the metheds is that of "Transformation," examples of which are seen in the twin Masques of "Blackness" and of "Beauty," the "Masque of Lethe," and the "Gipsies Metamorphosed." A second method is that of "Contrasted Tones," where two distinct parts exist, the one serving as a foil to the other. This is characteristic of Jonson's later Masques, composed after his return from Scotland, and is found in "News from the Moon," and the "Masque of Augurs." The third method is the most dramatic, and is that of "Counterplot," which is followed in all the Masques of Jonson's golden period from 1606 to 1620. It can be seen in the splendid "Masque of Queens," "Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly," "Mercury vindicated from the Alchemists," "The Golden Age," "Vision of Delight," "Pleasure reconciled to Virtue." They all have innumerable beauties and graces, and Jonson's lyrical faculty cannot be appreciated by anyone who is not familiar with them.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read an "Outline of the Life of Ben Jonson," calling special attention to his narrow escape from hanging, his share in the Gunpowder Plot disclosures, and his connexions with the court of James I.—This meeting brought to an end the work of the society's fourteenth session. The plays for next session are "All's Well that Ends Well," "The Alchemist," "Othello," "Measure for Measure," "Philaster," "Lear," "Timon of Athens," "A King and No King."—The hon. secretary (9, Gordon Road, Clifton, Bristol) will be grateful for any magazine-articles, newspaper-scraps, or anything else to add to the Society's library, which now consists of 406 volumes.

NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(*Friday, June 14.*)

DR. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. Gollancz, of Christ's College, Cambridge, read a paper on "The Saga of Hamlet, with special reference to the Icelandic Saga of Ambales." The Saga of Ambales, of which many MSS. exist in Iceland, several in the libraries of Copenhagen, and one in the British Museum, is a romanticised version of the ordinary story of Hamlet. It was of peculiar interest as affording an early view of the hero's personality and history. The story of the birth of Hamlet had a thoroughly *volksthümlich* character. It told how a spae-wife, offended at not being invited to bespeak the fortune of a child about to be born to Queen Amba, the wife of King Salman of Cimbria, makes her way to the pleasure garden of the queen and prophecies the trouble in store for her in the future: "Thy king shall be slain in war; none of his weapons shall strike home when he fights against his foes; thy first-born son shall likewise meet a disgraceful death, and so hard shall it go with thee that death shall seem to thee more desirable than life; and that son of thine about to be born be for thee but of little joy, for he shall seem to all men a fool." Later on, the spae-wife befriends the queen; and, although hated by the king, tends her through her illness. The child is described as "very large and unsightly, dark-skinned, and with bristle hair, black as coal, but yet beautiful by reason of his eyes." This child is called Ambales, after his mother Amba, for the king would not give him a name. As he grows up he is called by the king and the court "Amlode," evidently in derision. The word had early become a common noun in Iceland, and is, to this day, applied to any feeble or impotent person. The story, the geography of which is placed in Spain, Greece, Asia, &c., contains many quaint and pathetic episodes, and dwarfs, trolls, giants play important *rôles*. The charmed life of Ambales is throughout referred to the promised aid of the witch. The name of the mother, Amba, was evidently evolved from the form "Ambales," which was an Icelandic form of Ambaleth(us), itself an extension of Amblethus=Amlethus, the Latinised form of the Scandinavian Amloda; the *b* being merely parasitic between *m* and *l*. The Icelander was troubled by the two forms. The passage quoted above explains his method of settling the difficulty. Vigfusson assigned the composition of the story to the seventeenth century; but this scholar, as all other northern scholars, had not given the subject the attention it deserves. A curious passage in Torfaeus's Series Regum Daniae proves that, at least in the sixteenth century, a story which must have been a romanticised version of the story of Hamlet was current in Iceland: "Ad Saxonis Amlethum quod attinet, ego in patria puer a vetulis anibusque et ejusdem furfuris homuncionibus Amlodii historiam narratam audivi, inque tenerrima illa aetate pro fabula tantum aestimavi. Verum postquam adultior, suada Saxonis expositam amplificatamque conspexi, conceptam prius persuasionem ut puerilem antiquavi. Exinde amicorum quosvis sollicitare non destiti ut illam historiam ubique quaererent, qui se nihil profecisse scriptis ad me literis crebro questi sunt. Tandem ante aliquot annos eam nactus, lectione omnino indignam deprehendi, anilem quippe nec tressis fabulam, nuperque confectam; *quae Amlodum istum non Danum sed Hispanum fuisse suggerit.* Fabulam post Tamerlanis seu Tamercutli tempora confectam esse ex eo liquet, quod ex ejus gestis aliquod ibi assutum compareat." Torfaeus was born in 1636. In the same century the great Arni Magnusson seems to have instituted a search for some saga of Hamlet he had heard as a boy in his native Iceland. He commissioned one Jon Thorlaksson (known as the "saga spoiler") to send it him, if by any chance he lighted on it. Jon Thorlaksson, failing to find the saga in question, set to work and paraphrased into Icelandic the Latin version of the story as told by Saxo Grammaticus. He sent it to Arni with the intention of deceiving him. This was in 1705. The very MS. is now at Copenhagen (A.M. 521a), with a note by Arni: "Me nimirum decipere voluit vir bonus, et persuadere se rem vetustatem mihi mittere. Sed non ego credulus illi." By this time the antiquary had got together several MSS. of the saga he was then searching for—*i.e.*, the saga of Ambales; one of these is the MS. A.M. 521b, which contains a note that it came from Páll Bjarnarson of Unnarholt, in whose handwriting it is supposed to be; it was therefore written in 1680-1700. In addition to the prose saga there are also several poetical versions, "rimur," of the "Ambales" form of the Hamlet story. These "rimur" are ballad-cycles, each consisting of 20-30 cantos, the cantos being recited or chanted on successive nights. They are inordinately long, and at times wearisome, the poet being fettered by the strangest of metrical rules, and forced to invent poetical paraphrases of which it is often difficult to find the key. The length of some of the "rimur" extended to more than six thousand lines There is evidence that as many as five different Ambales rimur once existed; of these only three are extant—A.M. 521e, Bokmfj 273, Safn Jóns Sigurdssonar 72. The first of these contains a remarkable passage in the prelude to one of the ballads, the 21st. The poet apologies for his want of skill as follows:

> "I cannot tell this better
> than in these words,
> I never saw the saga
> in my mother tongue.
> But this saga itself
> I often used to see;
> *I have possessed it only*
> *in the German tongue.*
> Though my poetical skill
> fail to compose worthily of this fine subject,
> I yet have tried,
> to translate it correctly."

These lines complicate considerably the problem of the source of the Ambales-saga, for no version in any German dialect is known to exist. Search must be made in continental libraries for some popularised story of Hamlet. The peculiarly Scandinavian character of the saga would point either to a Scandinavian source (other than the Saxo version) of a lost German Hamlet story, or to a thorough recast of the German by an Icelander. A comparison of the Icelandic ballads and the Icelandic saga shows incontestably that the former (as in the case of most "rimur") are derived from the latter. If the poet's statement in the passage quoted above is correct, he must be at once the first translator of the Ambales saga, and the first ballad-writer on the subject. The saga A.M. 521, and the "rimur" 521e, are (according to the opinion of experts) both in the handwriting of Páll Bjarnarson; but Páll, though he is known to have composed "rimur," cannot be the author of these, for the MS. shows clearly that the writer had a MS. before him either very old, or difficult to read. Possibly the MS. in Jón Sigurdsson's collection in Iceland (of which Mr. Gollancz has not yet been able to obtain a transcript) may throw some light on the question. The present saga contained elements connected with an original Hamlet story which must have been added by an Icelander, notably the name "Amlode" as applied to "Ambales" in derision. In no German dialect would the statement have had any meaning. Again, the saga contained the chief features of the Brian saga, which could only have got into Germany from Iceland. Mr. Gollancz is inclined to regard the Brian saga (contained in Arnason's *Folk Legends of Iceland*) as the popular legendary form of the Hamlet story. In the earlier part of his paper the writer pointed out that there was evidence enough to prove that at no time, from the settlement of the Norsemen in Iceland to the present day, was the story of Hamlet unknown to the Icelanders. Saxo's account was probably due to an Icelandic original, for in the twelfth century writers on northern antiquities had to turn to "Ultima Thule" for particulars concerning their myths and heroes. Saxo himself states this, but rather mildly; for a true estimate of the value of Icelandic literature one must turn to the Norwegian writer, Theoderic. From internal evidence Saxo's Hamlet story can be shown to be Icelandic. The source was probably lost with the earlier parts of the Skjöldunga Saga. It must be borne in mind that already in the tenth century the story of Hamlet was so well known to the Icelanders that the name, with traditions concerning the hero, could be used as poetical circumlocutions (see the prose Edda, Skaldskaparmal, where Hamlet's quern = the sea, alluding to a tradition preserved in Saxo's history). In a future paper Mr. Gollancz will give an account of other Scandinavian analogues to Shaksperian stories.—In the discussion which followed, Mr. Gollancz explained the plan of his "Hamlet Saga, with Illustrative Texts," which, it is hoped, will be ready for publication by the end of the year.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(*Monday, June 17.*)

SIR FREDERICK GOLDSMID in the chair. — Mr. Edward G. Browne read his second paper on "The Bábís of Persia," in which an account was given of their literature and doctrines, and an attempt made to trace the development of the latter from those advanced by Sheykh Ahmad Ahsá'í and his successor Hájí Seyyid Kázim, who was the teacher of Mirza 'Alí Muhammad the Báb. The literature to be examined was divided into four periods, as follows: (1) The writings of Sheykh Ahmad and his successor, which were briefly considered, only the chief peculiarities of their doctrines being indicated. (2) The writings of the Báb himself, and some of his contemporaries; the former being

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further subdivided into those composed before their author claimed to be divinely inspired, and those written subsequently to this claim. Of the first class only one work is known, the so-called "Book of the Pilgrimage," which is a form of prayer to be used on visiting the tombs of the Imáms. Of the second class the commentary on the chapter of the Kurán called the Sura-i-Yúsuf, and the Persian Beyán, which represents the ultimate development of the Báb's views, were most fully discussed. A work of uncertain authorship called "The Seven Proofs" was then described, and a sketch was given of the line of argument adopted by the Bábís in dealing with those of other creeds, especially Muhammadans. A poem attributed to the Bábí heroine and martyr Kurrat-ul-Ayn, and a letter written by the fellow sufferer of the Báb to his elder brother on the night preceding his execution, were also noticed. (3) The writings of the third period, called "The Interval," during which Mírzá Yahyá, under the title of "His Highness the Eternal," acted as chief of the sect, were then described, especial attention being bestowed on a work called "I'kán" (the Assurance) by Behá, who had not at that time put forward his claim to supremacy. (4) The last period embraced the writings of Behá composed at a date subsequent to this claim, the first of which was an epistle addressed to one entitled Nasír. The epistles addressed to the kings and rulers of some of the principal countries of Europe and Asia were next discussed in detail. These were six in number, the longest being the letter to Násiru'd-Dín Sháh, King of Persia. Of the others, the letter to Napoleon III. is of special interest, inasmuch as the downfall of the latter is therein foretold. The letters to the Pope of Rome and the Queen of England are also curious. In the latter much commendation is bestowed on the English nation because of the part taken by them in the abolition of slavery, while their system of representative government is highly applauded. Most of these letters appear to have been written about the year 1869. The paper concluded with an analysis of the contents of the latest and most systematic of Behá's works called the "Most Holy Tablet," wherein the prescriptions of the new religion are arranged, revised, and codified.—An interesting discussion followed, in which Dr. Leitner, Mr. Kay, and Sir F. Goldsmid took part.

FINE ART.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters. New Edition, revised and enlarged. Vol. II. Edited by Walter Armstrong and Robert Edmund Graves. (Bell.)

THE new edition of Bryan is at last complete. It was a wise foresight on the part of the publishers not to put any date on any of the parts, for it has been a long time in hand; and, if we add to the period over which the publication has extended the period of gestation before the first part appeared, a very long while indeed. The activity of research in every branch of art history has been so great during this period that, even if every part of the work had been quite up to date at the time it was issued, it would necessarily have contained many facts which no longer obtain credence; but it is the misfortune of the work as a whole that the earlier portion of it contained a good many more slips and omissions than was easily excusable.

But the ACADEMY in its notices of the parts as they appeared from time to time has called attention to some of these blemishes; and, now that the work has been finished, it is more pleasant to record the fact that the new edition of Bryan is, on the whole, a creditable performance, and the best work of its kind with which we are acquainted. Begun under the editorship of Mr. Robert Edmund Graves, of the British Museum, whose contributions to its pages, together with those of Dr. J. P. Richter, the late Mrs. Heaton, and Mr. William Bell Scott, did much to enhanse the value of the first volume, it passed into the care of Mr. Walter Armstrong, who is responsible for the whole of the second volume with the exception of the letter L. The vigour, the knowledge, and the care with which Mr. Armstrong has executed his share of the task are conspicuous to the end of it. The last part is not the least important, for it contains the names of Velazquez, Leonardo da Vinci, the Vivarini, Watteau, Wilkie, Wolgemut, Wouwerman, and a supplement giving the names of artists recently deceased or for some other reason omitted from the body of the book. Among the latter, we are glad to see the name of Kenny Meadows. Mr. Armstrong's articles, especially those on Velazquez, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Vivarini, are models of what such things should be. The biographies are terse, full, and scholarly, the list of works is sufficient, and in the case of Velazquez and Leonardo a copious bibliography is added. It may be noted, by the way, that Mr. Armstrong has the courage to assert the originality of the Suffolk Leonardo, "The Madonna among Rocks," now in the National Gallery, and to call the Louvre picture a copy. It does not require quite so much courage to abolish Giovanni Vivarini; but he has done it in a properly decisive manner by devoting a short article to this manless name. His account of the Vivarini - Antonio, Bartolommeo, and Luigi—puts in the clearest way the latest knowledge about this once puzzling family, and their not less puzzling works.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUCCIO OF SIENA.

Perugia, June 21, 1889.

Mr. C. Fairfax Murray labours under the disadvantage of not having read either my first letter or Mr. Stillman's reply to it. But what he writes in ACADEMY of June 15 is quite enough.

He says: "The Duccio picture was taken down for him some years ago in order that it might be photographed." I presume *inside* the Cathedral. Then he adds: "Some years later, a special gallery having been built (?), the picture was finally removed there." If this substantiates Mr. Stillman's statement in the *Century* that "Mr. Murray's efforts" were the occasion of the transference, I yield to superior knowledge.

WILLIAM MERCER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MESSRS. DEPREZ AND GUTEKUNST will, we hear, immediately have on view at their rooms in Queen-street, St. Martin's-place, the collection of water-colour drawings by Jules Jacquemart, to the existence of which, among the almost concealed treasures of M. Techener, we lately called attention. These, it will be remembered, are the drawings—about thirty in number—which Jacquemart executed for the *Histoire de la Porcelaine*. He made from them the famous etchings which grace that monumental work.

WE are glad to hear that one of the most attractive of our sculptors—Mr. Roscoe Mullins—will shortly open his studio to the students of his art. The plan, in England at least, is almost novel; but it is obvious that a beginner in sculpture can have no greater advantage than that of working under the supervision of an accepted and charming artist. We are glad to hear likewise that Mr. Mullin's *Primer of Sculpture* is in a forward state.

THE exhibitions to open next week include a collection of pictures of Japanese and Chinese life, painted by Mr. Theodore Wores, at the Dowdeswell Galleries; a collection of drawings of Cairo, by Mr. A. N. Roussoff, at the Fine Art Society's—both in New Bond Street; and a special exhibition of sketches and other works, given for the formation of a reserve fund, at the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that two large editions have been produced of *Royal Academy Pictures 1889*, the demand has been so large that the stock is already rapidly becoming exhausted. In order, however, that all the copies may be of the highest quality, the publishers have determined not to reprint the work again. The price of the two parts will be raised as copies become scarce.

THE Naval and Military Exhibition which opened on Waterloo Day in the Royal Scottish Academy galleries is not the first of its kind that has been held in Edinburgh. Last year an exhibition upon similar lines was brought together there in a smaller hall; and, though hurriedly organised and on view for only two or three days, it elicited sufficient interest to encourage its promoters to repeat the experiment upon a greatly extended scale. We hope to deal more fully with the present exhibition when the catalogue is in a complete condition—a catalogue presenting unusual difficulties to its compilers, as it details about 3500 separate exhibits, from nearly 500 lenders, and gives valuable notes on the more important items.

THE Société Centrale des Architectes Francais, acting on the recommendation of the Académie des Inscriptions, has awarded its annual medal for archaeological research to M. Gsell, of the French School of Rome, who has lately been conducting some fruitful excavations at Vulci.

WE quote the following from the *Oxford Magazine*, which (as our readers may know) is edited by Mr. D. G. Hogarth:

"Undeterred by the scanty results obtained from Arsinoe, the Cyprus Exploration Fund propose to continue excavations in the island next winter. The site selected is that of Salamis, the most clearly defined and striking in the island. If there is anything worth finding in Cyprus it should be here. Salamis was by far the largest and most Hellenic of her cities—twice ruined, once by the Jews in the time of Trajan, and secondly by an earthquake in that of Constantine, it was rebuilt upon itself; and the drifting sand and deposits of the Pediaeos river have buried its remains to a great depth. When Alexander di Cesnola was stopped in his excavations there in 1879 by the peremptory mandate of the British government, he was finding things of considerable value in the tombs; and more miscellaneous treasures, such as coins and gems, are picked up among the tumbled heaps of columns, cornices, capitals, and blocks than anywhere else in Cyprus. The fund will probably begin on a well-defined temple-site, which stands almost in the centre of the city, and perhaps represents the shrine of Zeus Salaminios, equal (so it was said) in splendour to that of Aphrodite of Paphos. Considering that so much of the find can be secured for English museums—which, is, of course, not the case in Greece—those interested in archaeology ought to support the venture liberally."

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THE STAGE.

MR. BUCHANAN'S NEW COMEDY.

WHY is it that there are scarcely three writers for the Theatre who have the individuality, the full literary independence, of the high-class novelist and of the only poets whom it is possible to read? One asks the question even in regard to a comedy, in the main as interesting as that which Mr. Robert Buchanan produced at the Vaudeville last Wednesday week. Over and above some faults of construction—they are not very great ones—one feels, what the writer himself is probably not conscious of, that his utterance on life is not entirely sincere and personal: is not wholly his own. In saying this, I judge him by a high standard. A certain commonness, that belongs to the stage too often, lingers in characters which, on the whole, he has polished to distinction. That is, the conventional stage character is mixed here and there with the characters of Mr. Buchanan's imagining. The answer to our question is no doubt partly to be found in the fact that it is too much the custom of the stage writer to be literary tailor—as I have said before—as well as artist. Mr. Buchanan's literary tailoring is of a good sort. His best customer of all, Mr. Thomas Thorne, has had his measure taken perfectly. Nor are others neglected. Mr. Frederick Thorne has rightly enough been well looked after, and Miss Winifred Emery's raiment—so far as Mr. Buchanan has supplied it—is unquestionably "tailor-made." These three artists, all admirable in their way, are asked to do nothing whatever which is not within their province—which does not suit their method and their personality; and they are enabled to do nearly everything which is absolutely of their best.

I shall not exactly tell the story, but I shall hint at it in speaking of a few of the characters. Mr. Septimus Porter, personated by Mr. Thomas Thorne, is a worthy and wealthy gentleman from the Colonies. He has a partner, Mr. Frederick Thorne, who is his *fidus Achates*. This Matthew Bramble believes in him entirely, advocates his causes always, and has a right to do so. Mr. Porter has likewise a daughter, who is very charming. That is Miss Winifred Emery, and she plays with singular refinement and truth—presenting the very best impersonation she has yet afforded to the stage. The daughter of Mr. Porter has married one Sir Charles Fenton, who, after the fashion of the day, has had a "Past"—not a very serious "Past" however, as it consisted chiefly in a flirtation with Mrs. Waldegrave before she became a widow; nay, more, before she became a wife. *On revient toujours à ses premières amours;* and though Sir Charles Fenton likes his wife very much as the companion of many days, he finds Mrs. Waldegrave still very acceptable to him as the companion of a few. A false friend of Sir Charles's, one Major Dashwood, does his best to fan into fiery jealousy young Lady Fenton's childish dislike of the widow. He wishes to make love to her himself, and that is his way of setting about it. But Sir Charles is to be accused too of worse proceedings than any of these. It seems that he has brought to town, and retained in a bijou villa, a young woman of the name of Mary Mason, who had sold butter and eggs, or something of the sort, in the country. In reality, he is innocent of any dealings with Mary Mason. She has been besieged, in truth, by the false friend, as duly appears in the sequel. The end is that Sir Charles and his wife are entirely reconciled. Love is not dead between them, though the day of friendship has dawned. Excellent Mr. Porter—who, having made his fortune in the colonies, where there is no aristocracy, had believed that well-bred people were wholly faultless—understands that his son-in-law has gambled a little, and in many ways has been foolish, but is spared the distress of having to believe that he is a knave.

There is a comic under-plot, which is very distinctly amusing, though a keen analysis might discover the fact that it is not quite natural. It deals with a certain Hon. Mrs. Hackabout, her son John Hackabout, and one Dolly Drew, who is in an extremely subordinate position on the London stage. It is with a cynicism that is rather overdone that Mr. Buchanan opposes the morals and the thoughts of Mrs. Hackabout, and the other people in society, to the morals and the thoughts of those to whom society offers no charm. Mrs. Hackabout does not in real life express with quite so appalling a frankness her opinion of the temporary connexions that may be formed by her son. There is, nevertheless, an element of genuine comedy in her change of attitude towards the young person Dolly Drew when she learns that her son has actually had the audacity to marry her. Dolly Drew is in a sense a second Polly Eccles. At all events, it is in that fashion that Miss Edith Bruce represents her. Miss Bruce is clever, but I think her impersonation a mistake. The Hon. Mrs. Hackabout is at all events polished; and she would never have been reconciled to a daughter-in-law so hopelessly loud—dare I, without offence to the lady, add so vulgar? The thing is too highly coloured. Miss Marion Lea, on the other hand, in her telling representation of the young widow of good society, does not overstep the limits proper to comedy; but it is well to remember that, while her art is seen in comedy, something more than her art is seen in pathos. Miss Fanny Robertson makes Johnny Hackabout's mother quite amusing, though she lacks a certain distinction. Johnny himself is represented to perfection by Mr. Cyril Maude. He is thoughtless, he is good hearted, he is inferior to Dolly in mental power—she leads him which way she will; and yet Mr. Cyril Maude manages to suggest that somehow he is not a nobody. The part of Mary Mason, which wants variety—being almost all upon one note of elegant affliction—is looked and acted very gracefully by Miss Banister.

Among the men's parts in "The Old Home," minor characters are sustained fittingly by Mr. Grove and Mr. Wheatman. Mr. Garthorne, with a touch of Mr. Kendal in voice and manner, yet manages to convey what Mr. Kendal hardly ever could—that the character he impersonates is a very bad lot. As Sir Charles Fenton, Mr. Erskine acts for the most part intelligently; but he is not sympathetic, and he so represents the part that we are much more apt to believe in Sir Charles's weaknesses than in such virtues as the author has allowed him. Had Mr. Gillmore—who plays, to my entire satisfaction, in a piece in which I am more vitally interested—undertaken this character, he would have made it easier for us to forgive Sir Charles's faults and to believe in his qualities. To Mr. Fred Thorne's excellent character-acting in the part of Matthew Bramble—the genial Chorus to the story—I have already paid tribute; and Mr. Thomas Thorne, as Mr. Porter, is of course thoroughly at home in a character that is simple while yet it is shrewd, affectionate and irascible, sensible but homely.

The play itself, if it does not bear about it a complete proof of unity of design or of quite thoroughly original conception, at least interests us in its serious moments and entertains us in its lighter. Mr. Buchanan writes with vigour, and he aims many arrows—and some of them strike the gold—at the latest follies, now and then even at the latest wisdom, of to-day.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

"ELIJAH," the greatest oratorio of modern times, was given last Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace, with choir and band of festival size. It has generally been thought that Mendelssohn's music, with its complicated harmonies and orchestral lights and shades, could not be heard distinctly in the central transept. Handel alone, with his grand simplicity, was considered capable of indefinite enlargement. However, Saturday's performance proved that such fears were groundless. In spite of fine singing, the solos certainly did not produce their full power, but at the Handel Festivals the solos of the Saxon master suffer in like manner. In recording the success of "Elijah," it is well to remember some of the causes which produced so grand an effect. The voices had evidently been carefully selected; and the steadiness, precision, and delicacy with which the choral music was rendered, showed how carefully it must have been rehearsed. The volume of tone in the "Baal Choruses" and in the "Thanks be to God" was most impressive. But what appeared to us quite wonderful was the clear, soft singing in such choruses as "He that watcheth over Israel" and "The Lord God passed by." And then, besides careful selection and preparation, there was the coolness of the general in the heat of action. Of course, Mr. Manns' ability to preside over large forces is well known; but this time his undertaking was a somewhat hazardous one, and had he shown anxiety it would not have been surprising. But there was no trace of it. Signor Foli gave a dramatic rendering of the Prophet's music. Of the other principal soloists, it will be enough to mention their names—Mdme. Albani, Mdme. Patey, and Mr. Lloyd. The valuable services of Miss E. Squire, Miss J. King, and Messrs. M. Humphreys, F. Davies, and Plumket Greene deserve recognition. The chorus and band numbered over three thousand. We should not be astonished if the brilliant result of this effort should lead to the inauguration of a Mendelssohn Festival at the Palace.

The seventh Richter Concert on the following Monday formed a striking contrast to the Palace performance. There Mendelssohn reigned supreme: here Wagner. We have no sympathy with those who would decry the one at the expense of the other. The sum of the whole matter is this: Mendelssohn could not have written "Parsifal," nor Wagner "The

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Elijah"; and musicians who cannot enjoy both are not so fortunate as those who can. The Richter programme consisted entirely of Wagner's works, and it ought to be mentioned that the concert was given in conjunction with the Wagner Society. Mr. Lloyd sang magnificently the "Farewell," from "Lohengrin"; and Mr. Max Heinrich gave an excellent rendering of Sachs's Monologue from Act iii. of "Die Meistersinger." From the latter work was also given Sachs's address and the closing chorus; and from "Siegfried" the closing scene of Act i. The Verwandlungsmusik und Gral-Feier, from the first act of "Parsifal," was given for the first, and we hope the last, time at a Richter Concert. Of course we know all that could be said in favour of presenting this excerpt. We might be reminded by enthusiasts that Beethoven's Symphonies were at first given by bits. We might be told that this taste of "Parsifal" will create a desire to know more of the work—in fact any amount of reasons might be assigned to show that good will come out of evil. "Parsifal" was attempted a few seasons back at the Albert Hall; and then a careful rendering of the music just enabled some of the audience who had been to Bayreuth to recall the marvellous sights and sounds of Wagner's great music drama. But the performance made but little impression on the public. How then could an "arrangement for concert use" of the Grail music be expected to make any impression at all. Those who came to admire must have gone away disappointed, and those who came to scoff must probably have remained to scoff. Amfortas's address to the knights, and other portions of the music, were left out, the bells of the Grail Temple proved ineffective on the concert platform, the voices in the choral music were not sufficiently subdued, and the brightly lighted St. James's Hall contrasted painfully with the dim religious light of the Grail Temple at Bayreuth. Herr Richter, to whom Wagner's works are so familiar, and who can picture to himself the Bayreuth stage, is probably quite unaware of the effect produced on the audience. But, if mistaken, there can be no doubt that he and the Wagner Society were both actuated by the best motives in giving this concert-version of the Grail music.

Dvorak's Quartet for strings in E (Op. 80) was given by Sir Charles Hallé at his seventh concert last Friday week. This, one of the composer's late works, shows plenty of skill and earnestness; but, at times, as Liszt once said in reference to a composition of Chopin's, "il y a plus de volonté que d'inspiration." Exception, however, must be made of the second movement which, were the authorship unknown, one might fancy to be from Schubert's pen. Sir Charles played Chopin's Nocturne in E (Op. 62, No. 2) and the Barcarolle (Op. 60) with his usual skill, and with more than his usual delicacy and charm. The programme included Grieg's Sonato in C minor, for piano and violin, and Brahms' Trio with horn (Op. 40).

Señor Albeniz gave a second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall last Monday afternoon. His reading of Bach's Italian Concerto was a scramble, so far as the first and last movements were concerned. In some Scarlatti pieces his strength and dexterity of finger were made manifest; but his attempts to modernise the old master bordered on the ridiculous. His Chopin playing was unequal. He gave a good rendering of the Berceuse and of two Etudes, but his reading of two of the Polonaises was wild.

Mdme. Sembrich, who has not visited London for several seasons, appeared at Mr. E. Bach's Concert on Tuesday evening, and her fine voice and excellent method of singing won for her much applause. She sang an Aria of Mozart's, and the "Ardon gl' incensi" from "Lucia," and after the latter was recalled thrice. Miss Lena Little sang with much success an effective Aria from Mr. Goring Thomas's "Nadeshda," written specially for the performance of that work at Berlin.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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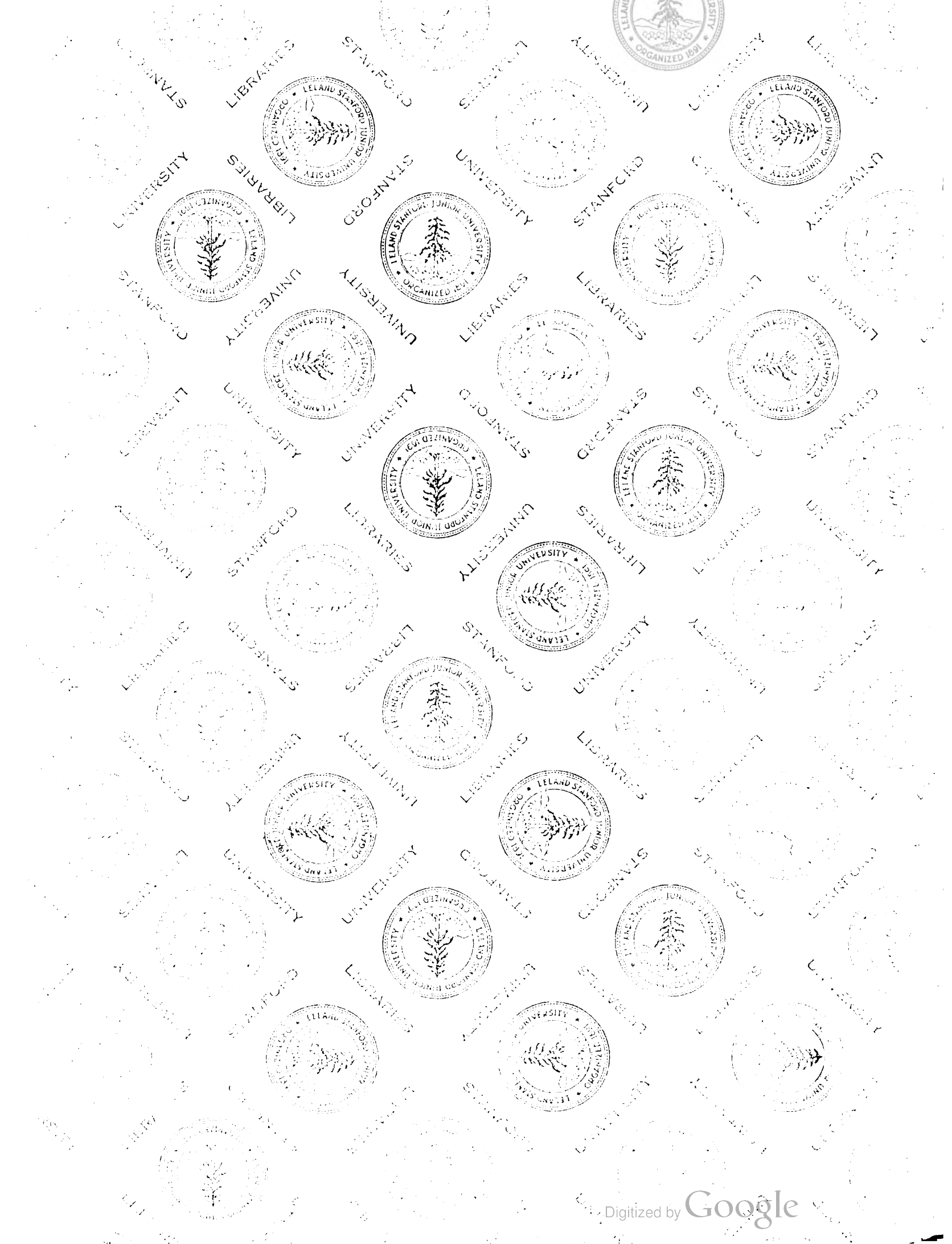
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